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A FUND is being formed in consideration, so far as possible, the loss sustained, and the Gentlemen have undertaken the distribution.

ROBERT GAGHARD, Esq., Chairman and Treasurer.

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Subscriptions will be received at the London Joint-Stock Bank, Princes Street, Mansion House, and at the Branch Pall Mall; also by Messrs. Mitchell, 33, Old Bond Street; Cramer, Beale, & Chappell, 201, Regent Street; Messrs. Chappell & Co., Messrs. Cock & Co., New Bond Street; Mr. Sams, 1, St. James's Street; Messrs. Lucas & Co., Opera Colonnade; and Messrs. Hill, Tyson, & Co., Cheapside.

A list of contributors will be shortly published.

ARTHUR TALBOT, Hon. Sec.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA PROPERTY FUND.

THE late serious and lamentable Fire at Her Majesty's Theatre having totally destroyed the valuable Library, Properties, and Dresses, belonging to the Lessee, the Friends and Patrons of the Theatre have determined to form a Public SUBSCRIPTION to a Fund to replace the Property of the Lessee so destroyed, in order that he may be enabled to resume his Opera Representations during the forthcoming season at some other establishment, and to furnish Her Majesty's Theatre when rebuilt. Subscriptions, lists of which will be duly published in the Times, will be received by the Hon. Secretary, Lieutenant-Colonel L. E. Hamilton, Army and Navy Club, Pall Mall; Messrs. Coutts and Co., Cavendish Square; the Bank of England (Western Branch); and Hanbury, Barnett, Kentish & Co., Pall-Mall; and by the Musicsellers—Messrs. Boosey, Duff, Leader, and Chappell.

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"RUTH."

THE FIRST PERFORMANCE in England of Mr. Cipriani Potter's Oratorio, "RUTH," will take place on the Evening of Wednesday, January 8th, 1868.

Principal Vocalists:—Miss Robertine Henderson, Miss Helen Mayne, Madame Sainsbury, Mr. Cummings, and the Lewis Thomas. Full Chorus and efficient Orchestra. Conductor, Mr. James Turner. The work will be produced under the personal superintendence of the Composer.

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EXETER HALL.—Christmas Oratorios.—"ELIJAH" (the last of these performances), next Wednesday January 8th.—NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY.

EXETER HALL.—Mr. SANTLEY'S only appearance in the "Elijah" this Christmas.—NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY.

EXETER HALL.—NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY. Conductor, Mr. G. W. MARTYN.—"ELIJAH," Wednesday next. Commence at half past Seven. Mr. Santley and other eminent artists. Organist—Mr. E. J. Hopkins. Band and Chorus, 700. Tickets, 2s., 3s., 5s., 10s. 6d., and reserved the whole evening 5s. 10s. 6d. 21s.—Offices, 14, 15, Exeter Hall (first-floor).

THE FIFTH BALLAD CONCERT.—Mr. JOHN BOOSEY begs to announce the FIFTH of his LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS, at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday Evening, January 8th, at Eight, at which the following popular artists will appear:—Madame Sherrington and Miss Banks, Miss Jessy Pratt, and Madame Sainton-Dolby; Mr. Nelson Varley and Mr. Lewis Thomas. Violoncello, Signor Piatti. Pianoforte, Mr. Harry Sanderson. The Mr. Cecilia Choral Society of Eighty Voices, under the direction of Mr. C. J. Hargitt. Conductor, Mr. B. L. Hutton. In addition to numerous part songs, glees, duets, etc., the favourite songs will be sung:—Madame Sherrington will sing "Away with melancholy;" Mr. Patti Gassier, and a new song by Mr. Molloy; "Rival Roses" and "Blighted Flowers," by Mr. Lockhart will sing a song by J. L. Hatton, and Jul. Benedict's "Kiss Quite;" "Wilt thou love me Ellinor," "The Ringing Leaves," and "Sister Anne," Miss Banks will sing "The Hon. Mr. Daughter of Islington" and "The Captive Maid;" Miss Jessy Pratt will sing "The Lady of the Lea" and "The Stream;" Madame Sainton-Dolby will sing "Called Home," "Lost Robin Gray," and a song by Virginia Gabriel, entitled "Somebody's Darling;" Mr. Nelson Varley will sing "My Pretty Rose," "Maid of Athens," and a new song by J. Lamotte, entitled "Mary Dear;" Mr. Lewis Thomas will sing "The White squall" and "The Lass that Loves a Sailor." Tickets, 10s. 6d., 7s., Balcony 3s. Both Halls, 5s.; to be had of Boosey & Co., Holles Street.

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BEGS respectfully to inform Ladies and Gentlemen of the Musical Profession that he continues to undertake the management of Concerts, Harmonic, and Soirées, also the superintendence of Balls, Bates, Conversaziones, etc., and to solicit their kind patronage for the present season.

Mr. VAN PRAAG follows himself that, after his many years experience, and the ample satisfaction he has hitherto given to the Musical Profession and the Public in general, he may be again favoured with their commands.

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MISS ROBERTINE HENDERSON will sing—Jan. 7th, Cox Heathlake (Mrs. John Macfarren's Concert); 8th, Brixton; 13th, Guildford; 21st, Brixton Mechanics; 23rd, Leeds (Mrs. John Macfarren's Concert); 31st, Sydenham; 30th, Store Street Rooms (Tolhurst's Oratorio, "Ruth"). February 4th, Hackney; 11th, Islington; 18th, London Institution (Mrs. J. A. Macfarren's Lecture); 19th, Newbury; 19th, Bread Mrs. John Macfarren's Concerts; 11th, Newcastle; 19th, Durham; 11th, 21st, Newcastle; 24th, Leicester (Mrs. John Macfarren's Concerts); 27th, Vauxhall. March 11th, Croydon.—19, Newman Street, W.

MISS GRACE AGUILAR will play Ascher's popular Romance, "ALICE," at the Madame Park Concert, Pembroke Rye, January 7th, 1868.

MISS FLORENCE DE COURCY will sing "THE SONG OF MAY" (composed by W. V. Wallace), at Isleworth, Jan. 13th.

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MISS ADELAIDE NEWTON will sing BENEDICT'S admired song "ROCK ME TO SLEEP" at the Metropolitan Free Hospital Concert, St. James's Hall, January 23rd.

MISS ROSE HERSEE will sing her own admired song "A DAY TOO LATE" at Stanbury Hall and Freemasons' Hall, January 4th; Brentford, 11th; Windsor, 20th; and Middleton Hall, February 7th.

MISS ROBERTINE HENDERSON and Mr. WALTER BEHNKE will sing "I'M EN ERRATAR," the popular Duet from OFFENBACH'S "Lischen and Fritzchen," at Mr. John Wilson's Concerts, Hertford, January 9th; Guildford Institute, 12th; the Misses Rose Hackney, February 6th; the Islington Institute, 14th; and Croydon Literary Institution, March 5th.

MISS FLORENCE DE COURCY will sing WALLACE'S celebrated "SONG OF EAT" at Mrs. John Mackenzie's Pianoforte and Vocal Recital at Isleworth on Thursday, January 11th.

MISS FANNY HALDANE will sing "I'M NOT IN LOVE, REMEMBER," accompanied by the Harp by Mr. Fountaine Clay, at Christ Church Schools, January 6th.

MISS CLINTON FYNES requests that all communications respecting Concerts, Pianoforte Lessons, etc., be addressed to her, 27, Harley Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MISS BERRY GREENING will sing GOUNOD'S admired Ballad "THE LOVER AND THE BIRD" during her Tour in the North next week.

MISS BERRY GREENING will sing her Favourite Song "CHERRY RIPE" with Variations (composed expressly for her), at all the Towns during her forthcoming Tour in the Northern Counties in January.

MISS BERRY GREENING will sing her New Song "WHISPERING SPRING," expressly composed for her by HENRY CAREY. Words by H. R. Newman, at all the Towns during her forthcoming Tour in the Midland Counties in January.

MISS BERRY GREENING is now making her engagements as principal Soprano for Miscellaneous Concerts and the following Oratorios:—Mozart's "Creation," "Samson," "Seasons," "Ave," and Litanies, "Belshazzar's Feast," "Israel in Egypt," "St. Paul," "Elijah," "Messiah," "Lilas of Athens," "Stabat Mater," "Haydn," "Solomon," "Judas Maccabæus." Northern Open 16th to January.—Address, Miss Berry Greening, care of Messrs. Chappell, 50, New Bond Street, London, W.

MR. FRANK ELMORE will sing "THOU ART SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR" on Wednesday next.

MR. SANTLEY will sing the new song "WAKE, HART WAKE," composed by Mons. Sans (the Poetry by Rose Lane, Esq.), at the Monday Popular Concert, St. James's Hall, January 1st.

MR. EMILE BERGER will play his admired Transcription of Sans's popular song, "SI TU SAVAIS" ("Did Thou but Know"), at the City Hall, Glasgow, and at his numerous engagements in Scotland.

MR. CUMMINGS will sing Mr. G. B. ALLEN'S new song "THE BRIDE OF A DAY" at Newport, January 4th, and St. James's Hall, 3rd.

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MR. KING HALL, having returned to London, will be glad to receive his Pupils for the Pianoforte and Harmonium at 199, Euston Road, N.W.

MR. VERNON RIGBY will sing BLUMENTHAL'S popular song, "THE MESSAGE," at the Town Hall, Birmingham, This Evening (Saturday), January 6th.

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SIGHT-SEEING IN GERMANY

(Concluded from p. 884.)

The two last letters of this phantasmagoric correspondence having been rescued from the waste-paper basket, where they may very justly be said to have found their proper level, the order of our sight seeing has been somewhat disturbed—that is to say, the description of it. Three weeks ago we were at Ghent, on our road home when suddenly, perhaps much to the reader's surprise and disappointment, we returned to Wiesbaden, Leipzig, and Dresden.

There's a story told of two North country men who had left their native hills, and were journeying southward. They had travelled some distance together, when one of them woke the other in the middle of the night by crying out, "Sawnie I've had an awfu' dream." "Aye, man, what was it?" replied Sawnie. "Eh, Sawnie, I dreamt we were gaun back agen!"

Sawnie re-assured his friend, and I likewise re-assure the readers of the *Musical World*, we are not "gaun back agen." The two last letters were intended to have been the first of the series, but somehow or another got mislaid. This explanation moreover is necessary lest any one, having had the curiosity to trace our route upon the map, has got confused by doing so.

There will be no more "barking back." It only remains to be said what we saw in Antwerp, Calais, and Boulogne, and our sight-seeing will then be at end for this year, or rather last year, at any rate.

We travelled by the "home-made" railroad from Ghent, crossed the Schelde to the Ferry steamer, and found ourselves on the quays of Antwerp, surrounded by porters insisting to carry luggage we hadn't got, importunate cabmen, and touts in general. Refusing all the offers of assistance, politely made in a language sounding very much like our own, we determined upon finding our way to the Cathedral and Picture Gallery on foot. It was not a prudent course to adopt, as experience proved. A cab would have saved us much trouble, and added not little to our comfort. Wandering about a strange town the principal streets of which you don't know when you see them is seldom amusing. Ask anyone for Lombard Street in the City, and the chances are you will be laughed at for your ignorance. So it was with us in Antwerp when we asked for the Place Verte. Of course everybody knew the Place Verte and how to get to it! we who did not, were looked upon as facetious foreigners wishing to crack a joke at the expense of the innocent natives, who were not however to be taken in. "Will you tell me the way to the Place Verte, I asked addressing a dirty looking *bloke*. "That's good," said the fellow turning to a friend, "they want to know the way to the Place Verte." "Ha, ha," replied the friend enjoying the joke. We went on, and presently came to a more respectable-looking man. "Will you tell me, sir," but the respectable-looking man was deaf and answered my question by pointing to his ears. At length a perky little officer passed by. "Will you tell me?" said I, putting the old query as politely as I could and this time with success. The officer bowed to the ladies, who had lost all patience—though to tell the truth, they had insisted upon walking instead of riding—and kindly informed me we might take any turning we pleased they all led to the Place Verte, which was but a short distance off. We returned the officer's salute and trudged along. "There! the Cathedral," said one of the travellers, pointing to a tremendous steeple which appeared to overhang the lane in which we were. It was a cheering sight, but we were in a labyrinth of lanes, and as misfortune would have it, took the wrong turning on that we were longer in getting to the Cathedral than the officer led us to expect we should be. Our destination was reached at last and we stood in the Place Verte gazing at the massive walls of the sacred edifice with all the heartfelt gratitude and admiration of weary pilgrims. It was a walk to be remembered. We had come through the worst quarter of the town—a sort of Continental Wapping—where cabs are unknown, and the inhabitants of the waterside ways and byeways of Antwerp indulge in those dirty habits which are peculiar to their class all over the world. Into the Cathedral, by paying one franc each. The sacristan was a man of business. The church doors were locked. He came to open them but refused to admit us until we showed him the cash. A better door-keeper never lived. He would be invaluable to any theatrical manager. The pictures, it being All Saints' Day, were unveiled, and the sacristan feared we should see them for nothing, as we could have done had we come into the church during service. But the service was over and he was anxious to recoup the receipts which had been lost in the morning.

The great attraction in the Cathedral is Rubens' *chef d'œuvre*—"The Descent from the Cross." It hangs, very unlucky too high to the south transept. Without the aid of opera glasses it is almost impossible to judge it, and opera glasses not being among those things you generally take to church with you, the effect of the picture is lost. The composition is said to be borrowed from an Italian print. Its greatest peculiarity is the contrivance of the white sheet on which the body of the Saviour lies: to obtain the contrast between the colour of the linen and that of the dead flesh was very likely what induced Rubens to adopt the composition. Any other painter would have been afraid of the linen hurting the colouring of the body but he well knew what effect could be produced by such a contrast.

As Sir Joshua Reynolds says: "None but great colourists can venture to paint pure white lines near flesh, but such know the advantage of it."

It seems presumptuous, nay ridiculous to criticise a work such as this of Rubens, which has been the admiration of the world for ages, but I confess I was disappointed with it to some degree. The expression of all the figures in the picture is hardly consistent with the action that is represented. They show no signs of grief nor any sympathy with what is going on. Their features are almost, without exception, in a state of repose but it is not even the repose of affliction. Then again the brilliant effect which the colouring undoubtedly once had, is lost in a mist of varnish which appears to be mildewed. Though seen at a great distance the Christ seems to have been retouched which may have been the case with the faces of the other figures, and their expression thereby destroyed. The historical anecdote relating to this picture says that it was given in exchange for a piece of ground belonging to the Guild of Arquebusiers on which Rubens built his house, and that the agreement was only for a picture representing the patron, St. Christopher, bearing the infant Christ on his shoulder. Rubens, who wished to surprise the Guild by his generosity, sent five pictures instead of one. All the pictures were intended to refer to the name of their patron Christo—phus. The work was undertaken in 1611 and set up in 1612. While it was in progress, and during the absence of Rubens, the picture was thrown down and received serious injury in the fall. Vandyck, the most skilful among the pupils in Rubens' studio, was chosen to repair the damage, and succeeded so well that the master on his return declared that he preferred his scholar's work to his own. There are other splendid paintings in the Cathedral by Rubens. The "Elevation of the Cross" and the "Assumption of Virgin," which latter hangs over the high altar of the choir, being the most important.

After vainly staring our eyes out at these miracles of Art, we left the Cathedral and proceeded to the Picture Gallery. We had come to Antwerp to see pictures, and these were certainly enough to occupy us. Van Dyck, Teniers, Rubens, Jordaens, Quentin Matsys, and other mighty masters all natives of the city, have left treasures in their birth-place which lend a lustre to its name now that its ancient glory has departed. "The 2,500 vessels which in the days of Charles V crowded its river—the 500 waggons loaded with merchandise which daily entered its gates the 500 000 000 guilders annually put it to circulation from its mint, and the 5 000 merchants who met to close day on its Exchange" are all past away, and but few traces remain of the former opulence of the city. The pictures are almost its only riches at the present day indicating the splendour of times gone by and they indeed shed a light around them—the light of genius which never fades away.

The Gallery is not large but every picture is a gem. Rubens reigns supreme. His pre-eminence is disputed by Vandyck who asserts his superiority by some marvellous productions. It is a contest of giants, and the spectator is at a loss to know to whom the palm of victory shall be awarded. There are also some capital Teniers in the collection. It is interesting to observe how cold and feeble a modern work by one Van Bree looks in the company of such gorgeous colouring as that of Rubens and Vandyck. It represents the death of Rubens and is very popular as, in fact, is everything connected with the great painter. His chair is kept

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with the greatest reverence, and the house in which he lived and died is shown as one of the most interesting sights of the city. In the garden stands the pavilion where he painted and the stone table at which he sat.

From the Picture Gallery to the Church of St. Jacques to see his tomb, which is covered by a slab of white marble let in to the pavement of the church. It is situated exactly behind the high altar. In 1793, according to the guide books, when every other tomb in the church was broken open and pillaged, this alone was respected. Thence to the Church of St. Paul to see a representation of Calvary, which is put up, like a set scene, outside the walls of the building. It is constructed of slag or rock work, and a greater outrage upon common sense was never perhaps attempted. On the summit of the artificial eminence is the Crucifixion, at the bottom is a grotto copied, it is asserted, from the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. The body of Christ is seen inside, while near the entrance is a recess representing Hell, with its glowing flames painted on boards, in the midst of which are figures and faces bearing the expression of agony. The approach to Calvary is studded with statues of prophets, angels, saints and patriarchs. In a city so celebrated for its encouragement of art as Antwerp, it is strange that such a discreditable work as this should be allowed to exist. We entered the church as it was being decorated for some great service that was going to be celebrated. The pew-opener, a very shabby looking woman, were dressing up the figures of the saints. One, whom I watched with curiosity, was busily employed in sticking a jewelled crown on the head of a doll which she pulled and knocked about in the most irreverent manner. A lofty canopy with black hanging drapery, suspended in the transept of the church, had a very imposing effect, and was well worth studying. There is a wonderful picture by Rubens, "The Scourging of Christ," in St. Paul's Church. It is disagreeable to look at by reason of the faithfulness with which the stripes are marked. There are also other good pictures, and the wood work round the pulpit and in the side chapels is very fine.

By the time we had gone through all this sight-seeing in Antwerp we were tired and hungry. As may be supposed, the Gallery, churches, and Mount Calvary made altogether a very hard morning's work. The next and most important consideration was where to dine. The Hotel du Nord looked inviting, and there, accordingly, we rested and ordered dinner. The hotel proved remarkable for nothing but its waiter. The cooking was moderately good, the wine not very bad, but the waiter was the sharpest young rascal I ever met with. When paying the bill I observed that the wine was charged very much more than the price at which it was in the carte. "How this?" said I to the waiter, pointing to the discrepancy. "Quite right, sir," was the ready reply; "your bill is made out in English money, the carte in French." "That explanation is not quite satisfactory," I answered; "you charge eight francs fifty here, and only six francs in the price list." "Just so, sir, eight francs fifty are English money." He stuck to it, and I had to submit to the swindle which was amusing from the effrontery with which it was perpetrated. After dinner we had to hurry back to the river side to catch the steamer. This time we took a cab, but should have done better had we walked, for we had learned the way, and the cabman who drove us had forgotten it. He had been celebrating All Saints' Day after his own fashion, and was more or less confused. The lives of many foot-passengers were endangered by his furious driving, but we caught the boat, and consequently the train on the other side of the river. We reached Ghent in due course. That night I had but little sleep. A carillon in the belfry tower sounded merrily every hour. Notwithstanding the cheerful tune it played the effect was not agreeable, and I longed for the wind to change to blow the carillon into another quarter.

The day after our visit to Antwerp we left Ghent for Calais. It is, I believe, generally supposed that on foreign railroads trains go at a much pace compared with the speed kept up on English lines. I thought so once, but have had good reason to change my opinion on the subject. I have driven a steam engine between Manchester and Liverpool with Tamberlik as stoker. We went then as hard as the professional driver, whose place we had usurped, would let us. I remember Tamberlik handing sovereigns to the man to let us go *pis presto*, and Crivelli, who was in the train, putting her head out of the window, terrified at the speed. That was something like flying through the air, but it was nothing to the pace at which we travelled on some parts of the road between Ghent and Calais. There was some special reason for it, I fancy, for such speed one never pay it kept up constantly. While we were tearing on as though the engine had broken loose and defied control, the guard walked along the train, passing from carriage to carriage to collect tickets, as unconcernedly as possible, though by one false step he would have been dashed into eternity.

We alighted at the Railway Station Hotel in Calais, where, fortunately, I had ordered rooms. It was late at night when we arrived, and the demand by numerous travellers for beds, very largely exceeded the possibility of supply. I had telegraphed for three, but the waiter politely informed me they never kept more than two for one family (!). I must go to an hotel in the town if I wished to sleep anywhere. Thanking him for the information, I hastened to secure a lodging for the night. Many other travellers were "left out in the cold" and crowded round the Restaurant fire, waiting for the Dover boat to start, or until some present occupant of a bedroom vacated his quarters to go on board, and a room was to be had for half the night.

The next day we proceeded to Boulogne.

The pleasant little town so gay in summer then looked dismal enough enveloped in an autumnal sea fog. The Etablissement was partly closed, the bands had ceased to play, the bathing machines were huddled together high upon the strand. The Pavilion Hotel was deserted. Its excellent cook had departed and taken up his winter quarters at the Imperial. Some of the summer visitors still lingered on, unwilling or unable to leave the hospitable shores of France. A few of these had formed themselves into movable *coteries*, and frequented the different *tables d'hote* of the town together. Either from the force of circumstances or by nature, these agreable people are simple in their habits. They devote but little time or attention to intellectual pursuits, their chief occupation being eating and drinking, observation of the weather, watching the steamers, and gaining as many threepenny points on their skill and good luck will allow them every evening. Whist is an institution at Boulogne, and seems to be the only power invoked to drive dull care away, although on occasion of excitement its strength is very much reduced.

The few days I remained in Boulogne a fair was going on, by which the dullness of the winter season was somewhat relieved. I went to the fair, and found that several French Richardsons had opened their booths, and were giving theatrical representations in the style of the popular English manager. There were giants to be seen for a few sous, learned pigs, and a genuine Dolamara sold his patent medicines, to the sound of drums and fife, from the box-seat of his travelling chemist's shop.

On one booth, which was unfortunately closed, I observed an announcement of the performance of what must have very nearly resembled a Miracle Play. The subject of the drama was an incident in the life of Moses, taken from the Old Testament. I inquired why the booth was closed, and was answered by the manager in person. He replied in very harsh language, that it was not his fault, but that of Moses, who had drank so much the previous night as to be quite unfit to appear before the public. The manager requested me to walk round the booth, and to convince me of the truth of what he said, showed me Moses—a man with a splendid head and beard, who was lying in a state of torpor on a bag of shavings. And now, if you please, we will step on board the Folkestone boat, our sight-seeing on the Continent being at an end.

WALTER MAYNARD.

CHELTENHAM.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—The Cheltenham Harmonic Society gave a highly successful performance of the *Messiah* on Friday evening at the Assembly Rooms. A very large audience testified its appreciation by frequent and hearty applause. The choruses and some of the solos were remarkably well sung. Indeed the former could scarcely have been excelled in precision, and Cheltenham has reason to be proud of possessing so good a society, and ought to come forward liberally in its support. Nothing tends to do more good than the cultivation of sacred music. We should like such performances oftener. Great praise is due to the conductor, Mr. Brereton, who showed both tact and ability, and is doing good service in the town by promoting a taste for the "beautiful." In order Mr. an excellent an institution as the Cheltenham Harmonic Society go on and prosper.

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CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The temporary cessation of the Crystal Palace winter concerts, and the close of the first half of the series invite a retrospect which neither we nor our readers are at all indisposed to make. Probably no musical enterprise whatever and certainly none having to do with orchestral works, so well repays attention as that over which Mr. Manns presides. The history of the Saturday Concerts has now come to be valuable not only for its standard but also for its representative character. In some sort it indicates the progress of the art in this country, and is tacitly accepted as a standard by which that progress can best be judged. So far, we may consider ourselves fortunate because no other country can boast such performances, or an audience of amateurs so unique in numbers and enthusiasm. But before reviewing the whole of the past, it may be as well to notice more particularly the closing concert of the year, which was thoroughly representative in the character of its programme and the interest it excited. The works selected for performance were the following:—

Overture, *Le Siège de Corinth*	Rossini.
Cavatina, "O come, Rapida" (*Il Crociato*)—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington	Meyerbeer
Song with chorus, "Nazareth"—Mr. Lewis Thomas and the Crystal Palace Choir	Gounod.
Air, "O rest in the Lord" (*Elijah*)—Miss Julia Elton	Mendelssohn
Air, "If with all your hearts" (*Elijah*)—Mr. W. H. Cummings	Mendelssohn
Hymn, "Hear my Prayer"—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and the Crystal Palace Choir	Mendelssohn.
The Choral Symphony—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Julia Elton, Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. Lewis Thomas, and the Crystal Palace Choir	Beethoven

Rossini's brilliant overture to *Le Siège de Corinth* need not detain us longer than is necessary to say that it was brilliantly played and loudly applauded. On the contrary, much might be written of the exquisite psalm in which Mendelssohn has wedded the least pathetic of music to the most pathetic of words. That music is now almost as well known as the plaintive cry of the old Hebrew poet, "O that I had the wings of a dove then would I flee away and be at rest;" but it is none the less welcome—a fact proved by the profound attention paid to it on this occasion. Mendelssohn could have had no more suggestive subject, and into it he poured all the deep feeling of a musical nature. The result is unexpressibly touching, and affords one of the finest examples of the power of music that the whole domain of music can supply. Of the performance we can speak generally in terms of favour. Madame Sherrington's rendering of the solo was obviously marked by an earnest desire to bring out all its meaning, and the chorus was sufficiently precise and careful. The band, of course, left nothing to be wished for. The chief interest of the concert, however, was centred in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, the most gigantic and most difficult of its kind. For the performance of this extraordinary work extraordinary preparations had been made. The band was specially augmented, the chorus thoroughly drilled, and the services of Madame Sherrington, Miss Julia Elton, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Mr. Lewis Thomas secured for the vocal solos. No work could have been presented under greater advantages, and none could better repay the time and attention spent upon it. It is not always, however, that adequate results follow elaborate preparations, and everybody felt relieved from more or less of anxiety when the closing bars of the "Choral" marked the achievement of a genuine triumph. Every movement in the work was well done, the band most distinguishing themselves in the *scherzo* playing it with infinite taste and delicacy; the chorus doing their portion if not with refinement, at all events without giving cause for offence (this negative statement is positive praise in the case of the Ninth Symphony), and the principal vocalists discharging their honourable but ungrateful task with all necessary skill and judgment. The audience, who sat out the sixty-five minutes' performance with most exemplary patience, were unanimous in praise of the work and its executors. We shall hardly be expected to enter into a description of the Symphony itself, because in the first place it is well known, and, next, because the theme is so vast and suggestive that to do it the barest justice requires all too space. The work will ever stand alone and unapproachable—a thing in the shadow of which men feel the fathoms of speech. We cannot resist, however, making an extract from the book of words, which every admirer of the great musician will read with interest:—

"The original MS. of the Choral Symphony is in the Royal Library at Berlin. Like the originals of most of Beethoven's works, it is a rough manuscript, with many a blot and many a smear; not smooth and clean like those of Mozart, Schubert, or Mendelssohn. But it does not appear to contain any afterthought of importance such as those in the MS. of Schubert's Grand Symphony in C, mentioned a last programme. Neither the well known oboe passage in the trio, nor the dramatic bass at the end of the first movement—so wonderfully personal and characteristic of the composer—nor any other of the many individual points in this work, have been interpolated. Each appears in its place from the beginning. Here and there a determ note of phrase or arrangement is scrawled on the margin, every one of which has its interest; and it is greatly to be wished that these could be inserted in an edition of the score for the advantage of those who love every trace of the great musician and desire to connect his person with his works down to the minutest detail. One fact appears hitherto to have escaped notice—namely that in the original MS. the trio is written, not in 4-4 as it stands in the printed score, but in 2-4. This is hardly very material, but it is interesting and worth recording. In the MS. copy carefully corrected by Beethoven himself and containing the dedication to King Frederick William III. the time is altered and appears as printed."

The rest of the programme calls for but a passing notice. Mr. Lewis Thomas did all that was possible with Gounod's monotonous "Nazareth." Miss Julia Elton's "O rest in the Lord" took a trifle less than the usual impression on the audience, and Mr. Cummings gave the air from *Elijah* with his customary carefulness and effect.

Glancing now over the works performed at the fourteen concerts, of which that of Saturday was the last in order, we find a catalogue unequalled for interest and value. At the head of the record appear eleven symphonies, viz.:—Beethoven's Nos. 4, 5, 8, and 9; Haydn's "Oxford;" Mozart's in G minor; Mendelssohn's "Scotch" and "Reformation;" Schubert's in B minor and C, and Schumann's in B flat. Following these come twenty three overtures and orchestral pieces, of which six belong to Weber (their names need not be mentioned); one to Auber (*L'Enfant Prodigue*), one to Bargiel (*Prometheus*), two to Beethoven (*Coriolan* and *Leonore* No. 3), one to Cherubini (*Anacreon*), one to Gade (*Hamlet*), two to Mendelssohn (*Meeresstille* and *Trompete*), two to Mozart (*Le Nozze* and *Il Flauto Magico*), two to Rossini (*Semiramide* and *Le Siège de Corinth*), one to Sullivan (*Marmion*), one to Gounod (*Entr'acte* from *Le Colombe*) and two to Schubert (*Alfonso and Estrella* and the *March Militaire*). The concerto and instrumental solos, eight in number, come next, the more remarkable being Mendelssohn's No. 1 in G minor, his new *Lieder ohne Worte* and Spohr's Dramatic Concerto for violin. Lastly of sonatas and other choral works, the list contains six, chief among which are *Acis and Galatea*, the *Walpurgis Night* and the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The soloists, vocal and instrumental, who have appeared in the course of the season are thirty two in number, and comprise many of the most eminent in their respective departments, as well as some (it must in justice be said) whose pretensions to be heard at the Crystal Palace were by no means apparent. This record speaks for itself. The energy and sound judgment of the management, and, no less, the immense value to the art of the winter concerts, need no other exemplification.

But, satisfactory as is the retrospect, the prospect is even more. A simple enumeration of the works promised during the remaining fourteen concerts will suffice by way of proof. The symphonies will be ten in number and include Beethoven's Nos. 6, 7 and 9, Mozart's "Jupiter," Haydn's in B major (first time in England), Schubert's No. 4 "Symphonie Tragique" (first time in any country), Mendelssohn's "Reformation," Schumann's No. 2 in C, Spohr's "Consecration of Sound," and Sullivan's No. 1 in E minor. In addition to these works, the music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* will be repeated. Handel's Cuckoo Ode will be given at the opening of a new organ in the concert-room at the end of February and last, not least, Schubert's *Rosamunde* music will be performed entire for the first time. Mr. J. F. Barnett's *Ancient Mariner* is also announced, and the names of Madame Arabella Goddard, Madame Schumann, and Herr Joachim appear among the engagements. Increased attention is promised to the solo vocal department, and every assurance made that the enterprise shall be carried on with more and more completeness. After this there is nothing wanted but adequate public support, to withold which would be to court public shame.

DILETTANTEISM IN MUSIC*

In an art so dilettanteism more hurtful and at the same time more—indispensable than in music; more hurtful because it everywhere penetrates deeply into the whole life of the art, to which it imparts a wrong tendency; more indispensable, because its mere existence has become one of the most important facts in musical matters. Many causes have contributed to its overgrowth: the capability of musical talent for development, a capability far greater than aught found in any other reproductive art; the social applicability of music, by which the latter has become a universal means of culture; and, lastly, the love for art itself, a feeling which we would not value highly, though not more highly than the two grounds first adduced.

In a piece which gives us a splendid and imperishable picture of German domestic life at the end of the last century, in *Hermann und Dorothea* there is a significant scene most plainly showing how and why dilettanteism has taken the upper hand in music. The host of the Golden Lion, enraged at what he considers the boorish conduct of his son, specifies the qualities necessary for his future daughter-in-law: he does not require that she shall be able to draw or paint his portrait, he does not suppose she will be acquainted with the great authors of her native land, and able to read their works to him; no, he says distinctly: "I must have him play the piano," and he immediately gives his reason.—"I want the best and most fashionable people of the town to meet in my house, as they do at my rich neighbour's, whose daughters sing so nicely." Music, in fact, is that art which may be turned to better advantage socially than any other; a man cannot sit down and paint or write something for the company, but he can always sing and play to them. The result is that a number of friends never cannot be without such as are at all musical being immediately called upon to play or sing something, and this strange to say, occurs most frequently where less enjoyment is derived from the music, as it is anywhere else, in what is called fashionable dancing. In such society—except there exist certain feelings of consideration for the performer, considerations entirely independent of his performance—a song or a pianoforte piece is, as a rule, the signal for general and loud conversation, instead of the isolated observation spoken in a low tone in which the company have previously indulged.

To this abuse introduced by dilettanti, the professional musician is, unfortunately, compelled to submit, unless he enjoys so great a reputation that the company listen quietly to him in consequence, or unless favourable circumstances have rendered him perfectly independent of them—and even in this case he will be able to old them sooner than compel them to be attentive. If we reflect how inseparably social relations are wound up now-a-days with the public position of an artist, especially if he be a virtuoso, we shall perceive how hard an ordeal must be undergone by a musician entertaining high ideas of art, what sacrifices he is obliged to make to dilettanteism, unless he can resolve on practising an amount of resignation or patience, with artistic self-esteem, can we suppose that such a man will give way to one beneath him, because that latter understands better how to satisfy the claims of society? He must do violence, to his better feelings not to relinquish the contest—at the quasi an end gain, and the miserable details connected therewith, we will not say a word.

If we now descend one step, or some two or three steps, out of the region of tea parties and coffee parties into that where beer is drunk, we come to the *Liederfeste* †. We trust our readers will dispense with our offering any observations upon this branch of dilettanteism, all that was to be said on the subject has been said—without any effect. The Breslau Sängerfest with its deficit at least taught the members of *Liederfeste* not to climb too high, and thus did more good than all the esthetical articles and artistic protests in the world; the criticism of figures is often the most disagreeable criticism.

It has here satisfactorily shown how dilettanteism degraded music into a mere source of amusement. We will point out, at some future period, the means for nullifying, to some extent, its injurious influence; at present, we will devote a few words to describing its better influence, and to showing how it has become indispensable to art.

That the dilettanteism of the Princes and Noblesse of South Germany in the last, and at the commencement of the present, century was the principal support of instrumental music is a well-known fact, but so far not affecting musical matters at the present day as high born dilettanti who made *acrobates* for art (and not merely for their own amusement) have now become myths. On the other hand, art has to thank dilettanteism for an increase, which is decidedly very large, of *co-operative* forces in executing works of more than ordinary magnitude. In most towns of Germany, it would be physically impossible ever to hear an oratorio, were it not for the existence of the *Gesangvereine* (Vocal Unions), the members of which devote themselves with zeal and love to this class of composition in preference to any other. Without such dilettanti associations we should be deprived of the enjoyment of listening to works which may be called the exclusive property of the German spirit of music. In France, Oratorio will never be at home, because Romanic natures generally will never listen to religious music out of their churches, and because it is repugnant to their nature to hear a action narrated, without seeing it represented. Handel's Oratorios, as well as even Bach's Passion Music and Motets, which rest upon a strictly Protestant basis, may, at some future time, be produced in Paris, because everything is tried there—but in Paris they will never find a home. For the present, however, even a mere trial of them is out of the question, because there is no choral society which would undertake it. In England, Oratorio is greatly fostered, but more on religious than on musical grounds; there are a large number of families in easy circumstances who attend only sacred concerts, and the great musical festivals, get up in various towns, owe their origin to ecclesiastical objects, and are not conceivable without a preponderance of church music. It must, also, be mentioned that Bach's Oratorios and Motets are not at all known, while Handel's *Messiah* and *Israel in Egypt*; and Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, and the Psalm, "As the hart," are looked on as the common property of all vocal dilettanti. Nor must we pass over in silence the fact that in England many persons not professional in uniform charge for singing in the chorus, because the concerts are not got up by musical societies but always by persons who undertake them as money speculations. It is only in Germany, therefore, that we can find that dilettanteism which is always ready to assist itself in art, and which as a whole does not shrink sacrifices, which appoints excellent musicians as directors, which pays numerous expenses, and even makes up deficits out of its private purse. Though many motives in addition to those of an artistic nature may have to do with its efforts and undertakings, what the musician has more especially to acknowledge is the thankworthy result. It is more a very difficult task, even in the case of exceedingly celebrated musicians, to decide whether their everlasting concert-playing, their travelling to and fro in all directions and their frequently repeating the same programme four times in one week, is the result of inward artistic impulse, or whether other motives do not predominate—why should we blame the dilettante for gratifying a little vanity by taking part in an oratorio by Bach without feeling any particular predilection for such profoundly serious music, but merely in order to pay homage to a prevalent current? It is highly necessary that professional musicians should correctly appreciate the advantages of dilettanteism, so that they may, with some prospect of success, counteract its disadvantages. This is certainly very difficult, as we have already hinted when taking a hasty survey of the matter. Musicians must, above all things, have a clear idea of their own position and of their own intentions, as well as of the path they ought to pursue. They will then, supposing they really strive after what is good and beautiful in their art, soon arrive at the conviction that in reality only the *small* circle of those who truly love music and those who understand it, combined with the great mass of the public, are the tribunals to which they must appeal for judgment, in other words, that the concessions we have already described are made to society condemn little in fame.

The road to fame, and especially to gain, is perhaps a much more difficult, or at anyrate more circuitous one when it runs only through the first two classes just mentioned, and not through elegant society as well, though it leads perhaps with more certainty

* From the "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik."

† For the benefit of such of our readers as do not understand German we may state that *Liederfeste* is the plural of *Liederfest*, the name given to a vocal society whose members combine the gratification of their love for art with that of their predilection for refreshment.

to a permanent goal. The musician must not despise dilettantecism, but endeavour to meet it where its judgment is not taken as the standard by which to go. With regard to the directors of the *Vereine* or Associations, their position, in an *artistic* light, is a far easier one than that of the virtuoso; in Associations the inclination for good music really predominates, and the members are mostly industrious and willing. It certainly is not easy to induce them to study new, that is to say, *living* composers, though Brahms, Bruch, and Kiel, succeeded in overcoming their shyness, and owe a part of their reputation to the Associations of dilettanti who have executed with love and artistic zeal their choral works. The greatest difficulties the conductor has to surmount are of a social nature, and cannot, therefore, be taken into account here.

Summa Summarum: dilettantecism is injurious, very injurious when artists do not clearly understand their own position; it is exceedingly useful when it subordinates itself of its own accord to artistic ends.

OPENING OF THE MEYERBEER HALL.

On the last night of the old year the Meyerbeer Hall, Hardman Street, Liverpool was formally opened by Mr. Henry Edward Hime, of Church Street, who spoke an address written for the occasion by Mr. R. W. Pearson. The hall consists of a spacious suite of rooms, and would in every particular admirably serve the purposes of a "club." However it is not with this view that it has been erected but rather to meet the want of a private concert and ballroom. For this service the hall has been specially fitted up. The inauguration was the occasion of a concert in aid of the fund for the relief of the Jewish poor in Liverpool. The ladies and gentlemen who gave their services were Mrs. Reis, Miss Tobias, and Miss Annie Patti Berrick; Mr. Bolton, Mr. E. Nelson, Mr. R. Lawson, Mr. Haddock, and Mr. H. Rensburg. The concert opened with the National Anthem by Mrs. Reis and Mr. Bolton. The following is the address, delivered with great applause by Mr. H. E. Hime:—

> Seedtime and Harvest! Oft do poets show
> How the gold corn is ripe'd 'neath Autumn's glow—
> How busy toilers scatter thy seed,
> Which rises strong despite the gaudy weed,
> Which rises lordly above neighbouring tares,
> And more to ripen almost unawares.
> We meet to-night—your toilers at the land—
> In a strong cause, the cause of the distressed;
> We wield no sickle, plough no stubborn soil
> But yet we fain would work, with hearts warm toil,
> To shield the weak, and help with willing hand
> Each chosen people in a stranger land;
> To soothe the aged's few aspiring years,
> To find a genial course for sorrow's tears
> To put a smile upon poor lowness' faces,
> And lead their footsteps into pleasant places.
> This temple to MEYERBEER, the King of Song, is rear'd
> Whose brows are bound with bays no time can sear—
> One of our people who will Memory keep
> Warm in our thoughts a name lower angels sleep.
> To him we dedicate our first endeavour—
> We, the poor sowers who would keep together
> Thus we proceed upon our young career
> Know on the threshold of the coming year
> We sow our little seeds of good to-night,
> And friendly wage in this a goodly fight,
> So may our little meetings prove to be
> A harvest worthy of stout husbandry
> Like grain of corn that 'neath the Summer sky
> Spring to new life and kindly multiply
> That after all in garnered sheaves may
> Even take little sheaves of good away.

A ball followed, and dancing was kept up until long after the new year had been toasted in.

Liverpool, Jan. 2.

BLACKBURN.—Handel's *Messiah* was performed on Christmas Eve for the benefit of the funds of the Infirmary, principal singers Mdlle. Gollicz, Miss Fanny Heywood, Madame Heywood, Messrs. Hobart Bond, Hryda Corri and Barry Corri. Miss Fanny Heywood's tasteful rendering of "How beautiful are the feet," gained for this promising young artist the honour of an encore. The hall was fashionably attended.

"HUMBUG" AT THE NEW ROYALTY.

To the Editor of the "Times."

SIR,—Your critic in calling my comedy of *Humbug* mentions the character of the Duke of Cliffborough as "acted by Mr. Fairfield in a style which suggests the belief that he has formed himself on Mr. Hare of the Prince of Wales's Theatre," alluding, no doubt, to Mr. Hare's Lord Pterringan. Had I been in your critic's place the similarity, I must confess, would have struck me as forcibly as it has struck him, and therefore, as the author wishing to do justice to a rising young actor, I think it but fair to say that Mr. Fairfield's delineation of the old Duke is a consistent development of my idea; and, further, that the notion of such a character occurred to me after seeing, not Mr. Robertson's Lord in *Society*, but MM. Barrière and Capendu's M. Varillac in *Les Faux Bonshommes*, so that these two stage noblemen may after all have a common ancestor in the secondary hero of the French comedy.—I remain, Sir yours,

F. C. BURNAND.

*** Mr. Burnand's reasoning, as far as we understand it, is curious. The character of the Duke of Cliffborough was taken not from Lord Pterringan in Mr. Robertson's comedy, but was conceived or derived from the French before the author of *Humbug* had seen *Society*. Mr. Fairfield's delineation of the Duke was a consistent development of Mr. Burnand's idea—argal Mr. Fairfield did not form himself on Mr. Hare. Such is the reasoning. Obtuse as we are, we cannot deduce the conclusion from the premises. No doubt, many an author's idea was consistently developed by (say) Moore, Harley and Keeley, yet nothing could be more distinct than the manner in which those two eminent comedians performed any one part. The relation between the artist and the author is quite different from that between the actor and another actor, also every part would be played to precisely the same way by all save mere blunderers, and the development of individual talent would be impossible. To prove that Mr. Fairfield did not form himself upon Mr. Hare, Mr. Burnand should have shown, not that the notion of the Duke of Cliffborough occurred to him before he had seen Mr. Robertson's *Society*, but that Mr. Hare had never been seen by Mr. Fairfield. Mr. Burnand's zeal to do justice to a rising young actor is laudable enough, but against what injustice or error objection, just or no, not does he defend him? Mr. Hare is the very best actor in London of certain small strongly defined parts, and when undertaking similar parts, Mr. Fairfield only showed his judgment if he chose so good a model. Altogether, looking at the general purport of the letter, we are inclined to surmise that Mr. Burnand is not so much defending Mr. Fairfield against an injustice that was never committed, but that he is vindicating himself from a suspicion that his own Duke is a copy of Mr. Robertson's Lord. This suspicion has never been expressed by us—but, now it is forced upon us, we cannot help remarking the French proverb, *Qui s'excuse, s'accuse*.

ABERDEEN.—The second Saturday Evening Entertainment given by the Aberdeen Choral Union was quite as agreeable as the first. Miss Anna Hiles was the principal lady vocalist. It was her first appearance before an Aberdeen audience, and she may congratulate herself on the decided success she met with. All her songs were received with favour, especially the Jewel Song from *Faust* and Mr. George Perren's Cuckoo song. The fair vocalist was recalled after her Bishop songs, and was warmly applauded after Bishop's "Tell me my heart" and Balfe's "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls." Mr. R. Cooper was the gentleman vocalist. Though an amateur Mr. Cooper is a capital singer, and he was deservedly encored in a pleasing Irish song—"Green Leaves," but instead of repeating it he sang "The Flower of Ellerslie." The choir, consisting of about forty members, under the conductorship of Mr. Lester, sang a number of glees and part-songs with care and precision especially "When winds breathe soft" and "Sweet and low." Mr. Laing played "Bella's March" on the organ, which was encored, and the orchestra played several pieces with commendable spirit.

CARDIFF.—The public will agree with us that *Il Trovatore* last night was a very creditable performance. Mr. Parkinson as Manrico acquitted himself satisfactorily. One of his characteristics is that he knows the powers of his voice, and employs them to advantage. Further than this, we hope it would be hazardous, with a due sense of propriety, to go. He satisfied his audience and more than this one cannot effect. Mr. Durand's "Tempest of the Heart" was one of the gems of the evening. Madame Florence Lancia (Leonora) seemed to surpass herself. Verdi's music is fortunately suited to her compass, and this combined with her perfect knowledge contributed in a great degree to the mindful on which her vocalism gain. She aims at nothing which it is not in her power to accomplish and, if some of the company would follow her example, much of the harshness which grates upon the musical ear occasionally would be avoided. To overlook Miss Carlotta Zerbini (Azucena) would be neither compliment nor not justifiable. Her execution of the part was faultless. Of her singing we wish cannot be said, but time and practice will remedy her defects in this respect.—*Daily Herald*, Dec. 31.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
ST JAMES'S HALL.

MONDAY EVENING JANUARY 6TH 1868,
(NOT INCLUDED IN THE SUBSCRIPTION),
To commence at Eight o'clock precisely

Programme

PART I.

QUARTET, in E minor, Op. 59, No. 1, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. SIMAN, L. RIES, HENRY BLAGROVE, and PIATTI — *Beethoven.*
SONG "Nearer?" Mr SANTLEY — *Gounod.*
PRELUDE, COURANTE, and SARABANDE, in E, for Violoncello (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts)—Signor PIATTI — *Bach.*
SONG "Wake, Mary Wake"—Mr SANTLEY — *Henry Smart.*
SONATA, in G minor, Op. 23 (No. 4 of Haslé's Edition), for Pianoforte alone—Mr CHARLES HALLÉ — *Scharwenka.*

PART II.

TRIO in E major, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts)—MM. CHARLES HALLÉ, SIMAN, and PIATTI — *Mozart.*
SONGS { "The Appeal" / "As over the Alps he ranged" } Mr SANTLEY — *Schubert.*
QUARTET, in C major, Op. 64, No. 3, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts)—MM. SIMAN, L. RIES, HENRY BLAGROVE, and PIATTI — *Haydn.*

CONDUCTOR—Mr. BENEDICT.

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DEATHS

On the 21st December 1867, Sir GEORGE CLARK, Bart., chairman of the Royal Academy of Music, aged 72.

On the 27th December 1867, Martha, Countess of Harrington, formerly Miss Foote, of the Theatre Royal, London, aged 70.

On the 30th December, 1867, Miss SARAH BOURN, formerly of the Theatre Royal, London, aged 76.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FOX.—"Des brigands de la Calabre arrêtent un pasteur protestant, et l'ayant conduit dans leur caverne, excellent, après un angle du plus échevelé, le forcer à leur faire la lecture.—Mais, n'importe, objecte le saint homme, je ne connais pas la langue du pays.—Allez, allez, répond le chef des brigands de la Calabre, quand il faut, il vous pousse!" These are the words of "Du Rets" of the *Ménestrel*. Less they convey but a faint notion of the peculiar humour of M. Viller.

SIGNOR SIMONI.—"We were honoured with a Shoko war-dance after dinner last night, which said a good deal more for the agility and independence than for the talent or genius of our gallant allies. It consisted in the monotonous repetition of one line chanted—or rather screamed—in a tone harsh enough to strike terror into the heart of any man, with the faintest notion of music, accompanied by an equally monotonous and stiffing movement of foot and knee. Every now and then one man rushed out from the group, leaping and gesticulating round the camp fire, poking his lance and brandishing his sword in our faces with a gallantry which, if he carried into the battle-field, must make him a formidable foe indeed. The ceremony, being Shoko, naturally ended in a request for money. There was throughout a grimly humorous look in the faces of the principal performers which made me think that they were not altogether as fierce as they appeared, and on a word of protest being given, the fiercest warriors went off whooping and dancing to bed, or drank as their tastes inclined." Foul is the prestige as it stood in the letter of the Special.

A. C.—The editor of the Paris journal *Le Monde Artiste* is M. Gourdon de Genouillac.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of* THE MUSICAL WORLD *is at* Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244 *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as eleven o'Clock* A.M., *on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1868.

AN institution of old standing is Christmas music, beginning with the *Gloria in excelsis* which startled certain shepherds 1867 years ago. Remembering who were the singers on that occasion we are bound to assume that the first anthem of the Nativity was also the best. But there can be no question as to the zeal and constancy with which the angelic example has been followed up. Christmas has always had as much of distinctive music that it is now the musical feast par *excellence*, the greatest occasion on which Art and Religion go hand-in-hand. To separate the two at that season, or even to be content with their ordinary relations would be to violate one of the most binding clauses in society's unwritten law, as well as to disregard the instinctive promptings of the "second nature" due to long centuries of usage. Christmas is a time, therefore, when the land, over its length and breadth, becomes musical. No village choir, let it be ever so rude, neglects to make some special effort whereby to mark the season; for weeks painfully practising the anthem which is to please the rustic ear as much as the holly bedecked church will please the rustic eye. In these days of religious revivals, carols are coming to hold their ancient place in the programme and to be duly sung about the streets after the ancient fashion. There is no objection to this beyond what may be urged on sanitary grounds by those who consider "making a night of it" an, rather a dangerous pastime, or by those who love unbroken sleep more than they do the suggestive music of the carollers. With all due respect, however, to the old Christmas ditties, it is to be wished that our friends who emulate the angels would sing something better. If they must disturb us let them not "add insult to injury" by torturing our ears with the silly and childish stuff which passed current centuries ago. There are some ways of showing a regard for the *tempora acta* perfectly unobjectionable, but no man has a right to annoy the public with the bad music of 400 years since, any more than he has to make himself offensive by copying the uncleanliness of the period. To be old is not even synonymous with to be harmless, much less with to be desirable, and the ancient carols are a case in point. But there has lately come upon a large party among us "an exposition of antiquity" of the most uncharitable sort where religious music is concerned. They have discovered some peculiar holiness in the stiff melodies and barbarous progressions which were the advanced art of bygone times, or else they are the subjects of a blind retrogressive zeal, most decidedly at variance without knowledge." At any rate they labour to take religious music back some centuries, firmly convinced, no doubt, that they are doing the Church substantial service thereby. Christmas, in common with all other "festivals," has had a share of attention, and the result is only too apparent in the prevalence of remanufactured carols such as did well enough during the term of their natural life, but are most unfit subjects for the ecclesiastico-musical resurrection scene. If the people in question would rest content with a private enjoyment of their queer favourites we should have no ground for complaint, however much we may wonder at their doings. But, so far from this they bring them into the streets, and, latterly, into the churches, treating worshippers of taste to doggerel rhymes and music at which one hardly knows whether to be amused or irritated. Even this is not all,

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for the books containing the rhymes and music aforesaid are got up in the style of a long gone age and entitled in some such fashion as "Carols for ye Merrie Tyde of Christemass."

What ridiculous affectation is this? It is the "make believe" of children carried on in connection with the most serious concern of life, a veritable game at "old times," in the shadow of the sanctuary with the difference that the results are not quite so harmless as are those of childish sport. The rubbish which religious antiquarianism is forcing upon us has nothing to recommend it beyond the quality of age—a quality which would equally belong to organs played with the fist of the hand instead of the fingers. Against this doubtful attribute we need only put the positive affront and injury thus to public taste, in order to make the matter one for serious reprobation. We apprehend, however, that it is of little use to rail against this unusual folly. The thing is one of the absurdities into which men are prone to fall, and which go through their various stages with the regularity and certainty of scarlet fever. We must, therefore, endure to see otherwise sane people striving to carry religious music, in some of its noblest applications, back to the times when Art was an infant, fancying that He who demands the best offering is most pleased with a miserable parody of the worst. Thus we can do all the better knowing that the movement will run its course and by-and-by be consigned to the limbo of its order. For the speedy advent of that time everybody wishing well to religious music ought to pray. Let carols flourish for ever, let also every age have its own, or at any rate, be allowed to enjoy those which do not affront its intelligence.

But there is Christmas music other than that connected with the great event Christmas is meant to celebrate, and this requires a notice, because that, too, is hardly what it should be. Some things have come to be accepted among us which, when looked at critically, make us wonder at their toleration. For example, he who goes to see a Christmas pantomime may have a perfect and very justifiable loathing of the foolish or indecent songs or wretchedness up in such rank profusion from the hot beds of the music-halls but he must be quietly prepared to submit to hear these "popular melodies" during three or four mortal hours. Ask him why there should be any necessity for this and he is surprised to find society has stood the infliction so long. It has somehow come to be accepted as a pantomime canon that the music of the popular Christmas entertainment shall be as vulgar as possible. Hence the arranger or adapter has to descend into the streets and still lower, into the regions of the "Great Fance" and the "Jolly Hash," after themes to put, it may be, before a cultivated audience. Is there anything in the "eternal fitness of things" to make this compulsory? Could not the Princess Pettitoes receive her fairy patron (through the wall) to another tune than "Pal o' mine?" Would it be impossible for the Giant Grypdonnell to come to grief otherwise than to the strains of "Not for Joseph?" And finally, is it imperative to celebrate the triumph of innocence with the blast of "Champagne Chaulie?" In certain scenes we can conceive the expediency of picking up tunes in the gutter. With such music some audiences are more familiar than with any of a higher order, and find it more congenial to their tastes. But in other scenes there is fairly cause to suggest that the rule would be honoured by being broken on less than the pleasure of the public would be enhanced. Take for example the pantomime—an excellent one with scenery worth a journey to look upon—now running at Covent Garden Theatre would any one think the worse of it for the absence of some half-dozen repetitions of "Not for Joseph," and the presence of music really adapted to illustrate the progress of the story? On the contrary would not the people frequenting that house more a way better pleased? These may answer who, during the transformation scene have said their ears charmed by the really excellent music accompanying the progress of the "Fleeting Seasons." Let us hear such music all through the chapter and not the hash of most vulgar ingredients it is now the fashion to present.

Singularly enough both in the church and the theatre Christmas music tends to coarseness and vulgarity. Wherefore, some may say it is in harmony with Christmas observances generally—with gross feeding, boisterous mirth, and free manners. We leave such to establish best their premises and conclusions, only expressing a hope that the artificial retrogression of the religious and the slow advance of the secular art, as they have been neither lovely nor pleasant in their lives, so in their deaths they may not be divided.

T. S.

Music in Birmingham.—The compliments of the season, to begin. The Festival Choral Society's second concert was given Dec. 26th, when the *Messiah* exercised its unfailing attraction and brought together a large and appreciative audience. To name three out of the four principal singers would be sufficient guarantee for excellence in the solos, and it would appear almost superfluous to say how incomparably Mr Sims Reeves gives utterance to the tenor music, the tender feeling of "Comfort ye my people," the touching pathos of the "Passion" music, or the overwhelming energy of "Thou shalt break them" being all long familiar to the musically inclined throughout the kingdom. The steady and continued improvement of Madame Patey-Whytock was particularly noticeable in the soothing air, "He shall feed His flock," which was sung with such tone and unfailing expression as to win an encore hearty and unanimous. Mr Patey also honourably acquitted himself in the bass music, and, now that poor Weiss is lost to us, will probably take a more prominent position before the public than has hitherto been accorded to him. I have purposely reserved all mention of the lady who undertook the soprano music until the last, not that this seeming neglect should indicate the order of her merit but rather that I wished to make her the subject of a separate paragraph this being her first appearance in Birmingham, and (as I am informed) the second time that she has sung in the *Messiah*. Miss Poyntz, the young lady in question, appears to possess certain very necessary qualifications for the profession she has chosen. In the first place she has that exquisite and too rare essential a good voice even and even in quality, equal throughout the register, very sympathetic and without being remarkably powerful quite sufficient to make every note heard in every part of the Town Hall which upon this occasion contained some 2,500 people. If Miss Poyntz has yet something to learn before she can aspire to the highest rank in music, fortunately she has nothing to unlearn her method being remarkably good and showing clearly that she has been well and carefully taught—as must always be the case with any one who is a pupil of Signor Schira, eminent among the eminent of vocal professors. In "Rejoice greatly" Miss Poyntz sang the florid passages with a fluency that much more experienced singers might envy, while throughout the oratorio her correctness in time and tune was by no means her least recommendation to the favourable consideration of her audience. It only remains for Miss Poyntz assiduously to continue her studies with the same care and earnestness she appears already to have bestowed upon them and an encouraging if not brilliant future awaits her. The chorus sang with wonderful vigour "For unto us a Child is born" being repeated in obedience to general demand; but I cannot, without flattery (closely allied to untruth) say that the band was as good as the chorus, much more frequent practice being required to bring about even a remote approach to perfection. A dense fog of London consistency and Birmingham flavours, a darkness that might not only be "felt" but tasted, filled the hall and when it is difficult to breathe how much more must it be to sing.

Birmingham New Year's Day. Venables of Venables.

Mr. Tolmie Smith's "Ruth."—A new oratorio by a new composer, the libretto founded on the biblical story of Ruth, is to be produced for the first time in England at the Store Street Concert Hall, on Wednesday, 29th January with Miss Robertine Henderson, Miss Helen Hayes, Madame Sainsbury, Mr Cummings, and Mr Lewis Thomas as principal vocalists. Mr James Turner is to be conductor.

REVIEWS.

Zwei Entr'actes zu dem Drama "Rosamunde," für das Orchester. Componirt von FRANZ SCHUBERT. Partitur. [Wien: C. A. Spina.]

These *entr'actes* have been performed at the Crystal Palace with so much success and have so freely commented upon at the time that any description of them must appear superfluous. Musicians will assuredly be glad of the opportunity to form an intimate acquaintance with their merits. How great Schubert was, the most cursory glance at the gloriously magnificent "Rosamunde" is a graceful and beautiful companion will suffice to show. The whole of the *Rosamunde* music has now been brought to light, and will soon be given at Sydenham; on which occasion the *entr'actes* will again have the advantage of a perfect rendering. Let those of our readers who do not expect to hear the performance get the book and study. Let them, at all events, not omit going to the Crystal Palace, or to Novello, Ewer & Co.—or to both.

Hanover Square. A Magazine of New Copyright Music. Edited by LEONARD HOWARD. [London: Addison & Parry.]

Two numbers of this already successful musical serial are now before us—one an "extra" for Christmas, the other "No. 3" for January. The issue of the former might have been anticipated since magazines and journals of all kinds, newspapers (have intercepted for called upon to announce that everybody wants to read all through the Christmas holidays. The publishers of *Hanover Square* however have the credit of presenting a little variety. They do not offer the public a batch of stories all more or less bigamous, or murderous, of Reform cast or other original, but rather do they give a restorative much called for by the reading of the period. This Christmas number consists entirely of dance music, and contains a valse by Signor Arditi, a polka mazurka by Gung'l, a quadrille on old French airs by H. W. Goodban, another valse by Charles Godfrey, and a polka by C. de Mauchère. The flavour, therefore, is of a cheerful sort, and well adapted to get rid of the depression certain to follow a course of Christmas reading. We are not going to criticise the pieces just named; with as much propriety might we listen in a fault-finding mood to the Christmas joy-bells. Enough, that they are fit for our place "where youth and pleasure meet" and that the price of the "extra"—one shilling—makes it possible for many gay and festive souls, however modest its resources, to have the pleasure of their company.

The number for January contains, as usual, two pianoforte pieces and two songs. Of the former, the more serious is a *barcarolle* "Felice Notte," by Ernest Pauer. This composition is marked by considerable grace and delicacy of treatment, winning thereby for an occasional repetition of some ideas, which, however, would have been a gain. It is not difficult to play, is written for the instrument with the technical skill one might expect from the composer, and will, no doubt, be very acceptable to large an number of subscribers. The companion piece, "Twilight Night," a rêve *de salon*, is by Mr. Brinley Richards, and its merits will therefore be taken for granted. It displays all the composer's command of fluent and pleasing melody, is agreeably varied, and altogether a charming thing of its kind. The first song, "A Video from the Sea," by M. J. L. Hatton, is a ballad like in its simplicity as well as in the absence of very salient features of any kind. Laid up with contralto voices, and in want of "something easy," will no doubt look favourably upon it. The second is a setting by Herr Reichardt of some words translated from the German by Mr. Walbington Gaunt, of "If the subject—it concerns a ghostly maiden who can only visit her lover in his dreams—be a little unsatisfactory, there can be no doubt as to the merit of Herr Reichardt's music. Title "King's Daughter" is equal to any song by the same composer.

Little Willie and other Poems on Children. By MATHILDE BARR. [London: Longman, Green, & Co.]

The poet of childhood needs peculiar gifts. It is not enough that he have technical skill or the perceptive and imaginative powers of all suffice for ordinary subjects. He also should sing of children must possess all these and more. He must first of all, love the little ones, and then be able to feel a hearty sympathy for the joys and sorrows, the hopes and fears of child life. In such respects, and judging solely by the examples before us, Mr. Barr seems well qualified for his task. His notes of childhood with a fondness one feels to be real, and moreover, with a tender grace and beauty than which nothing could be more appropriate. He has evidently a quick susceptibility where children are concerned and it is no less clear that he possesses the ability to give utterance to his feelings in the language of true poetry. We cannot make an extract from "Little Willie" without injury to the whole but the smaller poems give us a fair chance of illustrating Mr. Barr's powers. Thus the parents of a dead babe recall her memory:—

> "She nestled here, our precious Dove,
> Upon the green bough of the heart
> And all the joys of her little part
> In singing songs of Hope and Love."

Thus, too, they comfort one another:—

> "And we shall get so near our day
> That we shall hear our darling's feet
> Upon the starry pavement beat,
> For joy that we are come that way.
>
> "And we shall fold and clasp again
> In arms of love, the love we miss,
> And send all greetings with a kiss
> That shall seal up the gates of pain."

One more fortunate sings in the following strain of the child treasure:—

> "Curly, curly locks of gold
> Little eyes of blue,
> Ruby lips and dimpled cheeks
> Rose and lily hue
> Restless feet, whose patter makes
> Music for the ears
> Lisping tongue that babbles forth
> Tiny hopes and fears.
>
> Tears and sunshine all in one,
> Like a summer's day
> Dull and bright, as passing clouds
> Come across its way
> These are precious, these are mine,
> These the joys I prize,
> Than all else the world can give
> Dearer in mine eyes."

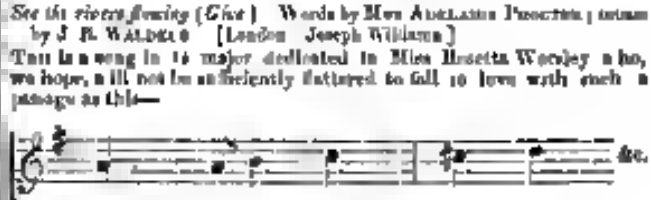
In "The Mother's Moan" there is so much of beauty and pathos, that we cannot resist another extract:—

> "And I wake and I weep in the wondering stars,
> And I cry in my bitter sorrow
> My Beautiful, leave out of Heaven and shade
> In the dawn of a golden morrow
> Lean out till I feel thee, glow in my heart
> And my spirit leaps up to meet thee,
> Like the blood to thy virgin lily cheek
> When the love-kiss of Christ doth greet thee.
>
> "Ah! Darling, I know thou art waiting for me,
> And watching in silent wonder
> And looking with joy on each happy face
> That comes from the bleak world under
> And yearning and longing with outstretched hands,
> And pining in hush and listen
> For the sound of my voice, while up in thine eyes
> The old thoughts rise and glisten."

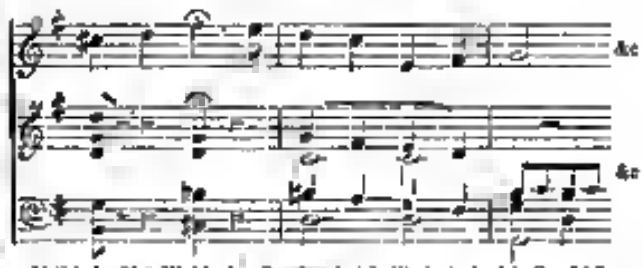
Extracts like these will commend Mr. Barr's little work to every lover of pleasant numbers" and to every sympathetic heart.

See the rivers flowing (Glee.) Words by Mrs. ADELAIDE PROCTER; music by J. R. WALDECK. [London: Joseph Williams.]

This is a song in G major dedicated to Miss Rosetta Woodley who, we hope, will not be sufficiently flattered to fall in love with such a passage as this—



and this—



If this be Mr. Waldeck's Op. 9, what is likely to be his Op. 90?

The Village Curfew. A Twilight Carol. By Charles Gounod. [London: Duff & Stewart.]

The well-known characteristics of M. Gounod are by no means absent from this little work. There is a good deal of poetic feeling in it, and the subject is effectively treated, notwithstanding the extreme simplicity which was, so to speak, forced upon the composer. To admirers of M. Gounod this song will be welcome as a good specimen of their favourite writer.

MADAME PAREPA IN AMERICA.

(From the New York "Sunday Times")

Mr. Maretzek may thank his lucky star for his ability to contract through Mr. L. F. Harrison for the services of Madame Parepa Rosa for a limited number of nights for to the presence of this favourite artist is due the crowded house that graced the *Don Giovanni* night on Friday, while her popularity has retrieved the pecuniary fortunes of the week. It was indeed pleasant to see such an audience present. The ladies looked charmingly in their rich and variegated evening dresses, and every one seemed in excellent humour, although the troupe roared, and the night was one of the pelting of pitiless storm out of doors. The opera was cast with the full strength of the company, with Madame Parepa-Rosa as Donna Anna, Miss Hauck as Zerlina, Mr. Bonconi as Donna Elvira, Signor Bettini as Ottavio, Ballini as the Don, Signor Bossoni as Leporello, Tacchi as the Commendatore. Rarely has the opera been so well represented, the chief features of the occasion centering in the Donna Anna of Madame Parepa and the Leporello of Signor Bossoni. Of the former it may be credited as one of the most able efforts of this lady's professional experience in Italy. To the role she gave the best culture of her vocal resources, sustained by a presence and bearing at once impressive with the dignity of the part, and by the full sympathy of the audience from first to last. In the trying scene in the opening act, in the long and difficult scene and aria following, comprising the latter song as well as in the concerted pieces, she gave the best of her vocal powers, which responded to her will with a remarkable purity of intonation, and freedom of delivery—characterised by that facility to execute any difficult phrase without any apparent effort so often and proverbially lamented at her eluding the heartiest kind of applause and the most complimentary remarks from every one present.

Comic Opera in London.—The management of the Strand Theatre contemplates devoting that place of amusement to the performance of opera bouffe. The notice was probably suggested by the failure of *La Grande Duchesse* at the large house. M. Offenbach's works, promoted here as in Paris, will never, unless we entirely contain the English public imposed in this country. Mr. Frederic Clay, well known among amateurs, musical and theatrical, is writing the new operetta for St. George's Hall. The libretto is by Mr. Reece, the author of a slightly comic opera brought out during Mr. E. Gabet's management at the New Royalty Theatre.

A handsome silver tea and coffee service, designed and manufactured by J. W. Benson, of Ludgate Hill and Old Bond Street, has just been presented to Mr. J. J. Carrodus of London, by the inhabitants of Keighley, and bears the following inscription—viz. "*Presented to Mr. J. J. Carrodus of London, by the inhabitants of Keighley (his native town), this silver service as a token of respect for his high attainments as a violinist. Nov. 22nd 1867.*"

Ullmann's Farewell concert took place at St. George's Hall on Wednesday week, among the performers were La Signorina Lagrua Leale, Madame Sanderbey, Herr Stepan, Mr. Pellegrini, Mr. Otto Booth, Herrers Lebmeyer, Saverbrey and Schultz, Mr. Parker and Signor Catalani. The programme was "unusual topsy turvy," but the audience were pleased with many things they heard, especially an aria from *Torquato Tasso*, very well sung by Signorina Leale, an Irish ballad, "O come to Glengariff," sung by the same accomplished young vocalist, "The Minstrel Boy" excellently given by Madame Sanderbey, and a German *Lied* by Herr Stepan. The hall was not so full as might have been wished.

Impromptu

People say, to my surprise
"To see the Sun get up they rise,"
Lazily I lie in bed
The Sun sees me get up instead!

Augustus Mathew

To Sutherland Edwards, Esq.

Slipper Sight across Pantomime.

From twenty to eighty original theatrical ideas, reports, or whatever they are to be called, appeared in Friday week's morning papers—say ten in each of the seven. What an immense number! And if not of the seventy so nearly eighty or eight were really good, I should still say with Martin, the friend of Candide, "What an immense number!" I have looked through several dozen of these notices of new pantomimes, from which it is satisfactory to find that every pantomime is precisely what it should be and that (as was also the case last year) every transformation scene is finer than every transformation scene that was ever displayed before. Fortunate in the happy Christmas time when no one has right to find fault with anything, Mr. E. T. Smith, who has always held that it is impossible to have too much of a good thing, offers his friends and patrons three transformation scenes, besides four clowns, all sorts of pantaloons, several harlequins, male and female, we forget how many columbines, five sprites, and precisely two "exquisites." With all these harlequins, columbines, clowns, pantaloons, exquisites, and transformation scenes to provide for one story would doubtless not have been enough, and the author of the Lyceum pantomime has taken his material and has skilfully knitted together *Fortunatus, The Three Wishes, The Three Bears* and *The Little Man who wooed the Little Maid.* But I observe that this year scarcely one pantomime writer contents himself with treating a single tale. At Covent Garden the *Babes in the Wood* is, through a little wood, brought into connection with Robin Hood's band. At the Surrey the *Fair One with the Golden Locks* is made to include *Dicky Jones's Locker.* At *Astley's, Little Jack Horner, Goody Two Shoes, Oranges and Lemons,* and *Three Men in a Tub,* are somehow rolled up together. At Sadler's Wells, the old story drama is subject of *Bo-Peep, Black Sheep,* is joined to the more promising name of *Little Red Riding Hood.* At the Marylebone, Jack the Giant Killer is the hero and Little Bo Peep who lost her Sheep the heroine of the pantomime. Robin Hood, who figures at Covent Garden in company with the Babes in the Wood, lances at the Pavilion with Ivanhoe and Rowena, and at the New East London with Harry II. and Fair Rosamond. "The more the merrier" seems to be the principle on which the writers of pantomimes select and collect their subjects. M. Clairville, the well known author of *vaudevilles* and fairy pieces (at least one original dramatists ought to know him) produced some years ago an ingenious *féerie* based on Mother Goose's tales, in which one hero was changed—often with much appropriateness—into another, one heroine into another, one villain into another, until at last a whole collection of stories had been gone through. There was some fun and some philosophy in this notion, but many of the unions and sequences that have been brought about this year in our own Christmas pieces are neither natural and harmonious nor yet so entirely and designedly incongruous as to be laughable. Several of the authors, too, seem to take a wilful, wanton pleasure in altering the well-known stories when no alteration is necessary, and when the slightest departure from the original is bitterly resented by the children for whose special entertainment pantomimes are got up. There were no less than twenty-seven theatres open on Thursday evening at nineteen of which new pantomimes or extravaganzas were performed, while at almost every one of the remaining eight some novelty more or less recent was played.

Sylvan Gilbert.

EDINBURGH MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—In the *Musical World* of last Saturday, at page 891, you give a critique on the Monday Popular Concert, extracted from one of our local papers, but no mistake has been made as to the source from which it is taken. The notice appeared in *The Scotsman* of the 19th inst. (the morning after the concert), and not in the *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, of the 24th. This is, perhaps, a matter of very little consequence, but even in small matters it is as well to be accurate. I have taken the liberty of calling your attention to the inaccuracy.—I am, &c.

A Reader of the "Musical World."

Edinburgh, Dec. 30, 1867.

MUSIC AT "THE OXFORD."

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—People who frequent the more fashionable concert-rooms of this metropolis are apt to imagine that only inferior talent is to be found in the music-halls, where the payment of one shilling admits vulgarity to its congenial entertainment. Doubtless the low vocalists and nigger business occupies a large share of the programme at most of these resorts. The *Times* lack which scalpel will make, not long ago, a favourable allusion to Emm's. I cannot only thinking that the Oxford might have been allowed a share of complimentary mention. Excellent selections from standard operas are there tightly performed; and if the Company would provide more comfortable boxes with gauze

screens to conceal the footlights and keep out the smoke. I feel certain that the fair ladies who honour Europe with their presence would far prefer the magnificent music-hall in Oxford Street with a view.

The object of my present remarks is to call attention to a fair ballad singer of exceptional merit, who is leading star at the Oxford. It is not very long since which personalities authority alluded to her as "the young prima-donna with an extraordinary compass." The manager of the Oxford does well to secure the services of this most talented artist, who may truly be said to be a host in herself. Perhaps and farther on both of her command, but her most remarkable merit is that of being able to feel and express the *heroic* sentiment. This is perhaps the highest effort of genius, and it has been remarked by more than one philosophic writer that those who have a deep appreciation of what is grand and sublime in moral action always have—sort of loss of the heroic in their own composition.

It is not merely in the *pathetic* ballad that Miss FitzHenry—such is the name of the young lady to whom we render this most willing tribute—displays her great and exceptional talent. She must be heard in the stirring songs which tell of noble achievement, bold enterprise or patriotic devotion. In lyrics of this kind her power is the almost marvellously is truly electric. Let those who have any doubts on the subject pay the Oxford a visit and observe the enthusiasm which she excites in a mixed audience.—Your constant reader, C. C. C.

[*Calum pulchrum, sed pulchrior cum fulmineo.*—A. S. S.]

TO SHIRLEY BROOKS, Esq.

Sir,—People have been ordered to go to bed at a fixed hour so persistently by the meddling of law givers, from the days of the curfew until now, that they shut themselves up in their bedrooms during certain hours whether sleepy or not, and however much their services may be required elsewhere. The ordinary Englishman, and still more the ordinary Englishwoman, considers that there is absolutely something discreditable in being out of bed after twelve o'clock at night. One of the silliest of our many silly proverbs tells us that all healthy sleep is obtained before midnight. Physicians, as usual, do their utmost to maintain popular prejudice, and have got hold of a wonderful theory that a kind of clock exists in about that hour which is extremely injurious to health and longevity. They calmly refuse to take account, however, of the notorious fact that actors and statesmen—not to my musicians, though Haydn, Cherubini, Clementi, Cramer, Meyerbeer, Rossini, Auber, &c., might be cited—the most serious and exciting part of whose work is performed entirely by night, are amongst the longest-lived of civilized beings.

Clergymen have no reasonable to say on this subject. At a large and popular preacher attended the travelled portion of his congregation by the unexpected announcement that all the nights and days of one week had been arranged in such a manner as to allow a sufficient amount of darkness for sleep and repose. Just as if sleep and repose had anything whatever to do with darkness, or as if they could not be quite as well enjoyed by daylight and if not whether it is not the easiest thing in the world to create artificial darkness by the simple process of closing the shutters.

Nature certainly had nothing to do with this queer shewal degeneracy, for in some parts of the world it is never dark for many months together, and the inhabitants of those regions must be constituted very differently from us if they are if they could remain awake for so long a time. The simplest and most reasonable rule for health appears to be to take upon an average from seven to eight hours sleep in the twenty-four, but when we can it is taken significant very little. Nervous persons often find it difficult to sleep by night, though they can slumber quietly and easily by day. The large number of people afflicted with hypochondria are apt to be worried by horrors which are called and darkness. Circumstances often quite unconnected with disease—such as unlucky warning attendance upon the sick—render long night impossible, and Mr. Dickens tells us in one of his most delightful of his essays that he cured himself of a most obstinate and painful pleasure by rising in the middle of the night and calling it the first time.

The truth is that sleep is entirely involuntary. We cannot remember it any more than we can under hunger and thirst to conform to our wishes.—I am, Sir, your frequent reader,

SOMETHINGARIANUS DRONE (M.D.)

Mr. Otto Booth gave an evening concert at the Westbourne Hall on Wednesday week which was well attended. The concert-giver's playing on the violin and that of his brother Mr. Ferdinand Booth on the violoncello, were greatly admired. Both gentlemen were recalled after their solos. Herr Lehmeyer assisted them on the pianoforte in a trio, and also played two short compositions by Mr. Otto Booth of considerable merit—"L'Abbesse" and "Lolletoni." The singers were Mdlle. Liebhart, Madame Sauerbrey and Mr. Alfred Henning. Mdlle. Liebhart was encored in Mr. G. B. Allen's "Little bird so sweetly singing," and in Signor Tavenari's ballad "If thou will remember." For the former she substituted the old ballad "Oh dear what can the matter be?" and for the latter "Jenny of the Mill." Madame Sauerbrey gained much applause for her delivery of "In quaint manner" and Herr Liebich's song "Lullaby." Mr. Henning was encored in "The Death of Nelson," which he gave instead of "Alice, where art thou?" He also sang a MS. song by Mr. Otto Booth called "The Love-Star," and joined Madame Sauerbrey in a duet. Mr. G. B. Allen and Herr Lehmeyer were conductors.

Hastings.—Mr. Archer recently gave his first "Organ Recital" in the new Concert Hall. The organ is not yet quite finished, but Mr. Archer was enabled to play Mendelssohn's overture to *Ruy Blas*, the *andante* movement from the same composer's Fourth Symphony and several other pieces with effect.—Mr. Fulford's Promenade Concerts are drawing to a close. As a pecuniary speculation they can hardly have been successful. Mr. Fulford however, deserves the thanks of the public for the enterprising spirit he has shown in their inauguration. Miss Berry Greening, Mr. George Perren, Miss Mabel Brent, Miss Julia Derby, Mr. Violli Collins and Mr. C. J. Bond are conductors announced for these concerts.—The Sacred Harmonic Society have given their second concert of this season in the music room of the Pavilion. Rossberg's *Lay of the Bell*, and Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise* were the works selected. The room was well filled and the performances went off satisfactorily.

Edinburgh.—The English Opera Company—principal singers Mdlle. Ida Gilbert, Miss Lancy Hollywood, Madame Hollywood, Messrs. Herbert Bond, Haydn Corri and Henry Corri—have commenced a short season at the Operetta House. The houses have been good.—The Choral Union have given their annual performance of the *Messiah* in the Music Hall. The principal vocalists were Miss Edmonds, Miss Julia Elton, Mr. William Cooper and Signor Foli. Mr. Henry Blagrove was chief violin, Mr. Hamlett, organist, and Mr. Adam Hamilton conductor. Mr. Cooper gave his music assigned to him with considerable effect, and the great air "Thou shalt dash them" with remarkable energy. Miss Edmonds produced a great impression, particularly in "Rejoice greatly," the florid passages of which she executed with remarkable neatness. Miss Julia Elton was especially good in "He is despised." Signor Foli's fine bass ballad, "In do I through justice to all the music allotted to him. It was his first appearance here in oratorio and judging by the impression he created he is likely to be heard often.

New York.—(*From a Correspondent*).—A fatal affray took place in the streets of this city on the 11th of December between the managers of two rival variety theatres. Manager Kelly and Leon the proprietors of the theatre bearing their name, coming from a saloon in the Fifth Avenue, met there with Mr. Sharpley the manager of a rival company. Sharpley addressed Leon on the subject of some damaging remarks made by the latter, and words led to blows which resulted in a general row. In the course of the fight Kelly shot Sharpley's brother dead, and Sharpley in return fired at Kelly wounding him in the head. Great excitement prevailed in New York as both parties were well known but there seems a fair probability of the man being tripped up as Sharpley is at liberty and Kelly on bail for 5,000 dollars.—The sale of Dickens's tickets has been ill-arranged and has given great dissatisfaction to a number of people here.

Wit from Punch

After the Fire.—"Why are policemen stationed at all the doors of Her Majesty's?" asked Somebody.—"And Somebody replied, "To prevent the fire breaking out again I suppose."

The Power of Sound.—We know several fellows who declare that they feel themselves to be better men since they heard Mendelssohn's "Reformation Symphony" at the Crystal Palace.

New Parisian Pieces.—*Robinson Crusoe*, as a comic opera, by M. Offenbach. *Gulliver's Travels* also at another theatre. The Drury Lane pantomimes of the last twenty years will probably furnish the French theatres with subjects for some time to come. In many of their spectacles in Paris they have used our transformation scenes, and direct "the apparent" which have been greatly admired by travelling Cockneys who returning say "Ah, you don't see this sort of thing in England." This may be the right sort of thing to say, but it isn't the fact.

From the Lord Chamberlain's Office.—Why is a Lord in Waiting at Court unwilled by his professional duty to join in a quadrille set of eight?—Because he is always dancing a-two down.

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MUSIC OF NATURE.

No. 2.—"The Banshee Wail."

The Rev. Charles Bunworth was rector of Butterant, in the county of Cork, about the middle of the last century. He was a man of unaffected piety and of sound learning, pure in heart and benevolent in intention. By the rich he was respected, and by the poor beloved. He was the friend and benefactor of the surrounding country. To him, from the neighbouring town of Newmarket, came John Philpot Curran, and Barry Yelverton for advice, previous to their entrance at Dublin College. Young, indigent, and inexperienced, these afterwards eminent men received from him, in addition to the advice they sought, pecuniary aid; and the brilliant career which was theirs justified the discrimination of the giver. What, however, extended the fame of Mr Bunworth far beyond the limits of the parishes adjacent was his performance on the Irish harp and his hospitality and kind reception of the poor harpers who travelled from house to house about the country. Grateful to their patron these itinerant musicians sung his praise, to the tinkling accompaniment of their harps, invoking, in return for his bounty abundant blessings on his white head and celebrating, in their rude verses, the blooming charms of his two daughters, Elizabeth and Mary. If it was all these poor fellows could do, but who can doubt that their gratitude was sincere when, at the time of Mr Bunworth's death, no less than fifteen harps were deposited on the loft of his granary bequeathed to him by the last members of a race which has now ceased to exist. Trifling, no doubt, in intrinsic value were these relics, yet there is something in gifts of the heart that merits preservation, and, it is to be regretted that, when he died these harps were broken up, one after the other, and used as firewood by an ignorant follower of the family, who on their removal to Cork for a temporary change of scene, was left in charge of the house.

The circumstances attending the death of Mr Bunworth may be doubted by some, but there were, twenty years back, many credible witnesses who declared their authenticity and who could have been produced to attest most, if not all, of the following particulars:—

About a week previous to his dissolution and early in the evening a noise was heard at the hall door resembling the shearing of sheep; but, at the time, no particular attention was paid to it. It was nearly eleven o'clock the same night when Kavanagh, the huntsman, returned from Mallow whither he had been sent in the afternoon for some medicine, and was observed by Miss Bunworth, to whom he delivered the parcel, to be much agitated. At this time, it must be observed, her father was by no means considered in danger. "What is the matter Kavanagh?" asked Miss Bunworth; but the poor fellow, with a bewildered look, only stuttered, 'The master, Miss—the master—he is going from us,' and, overcome with real grief, he burst into a flood of tears. Miss Bunworth, who was a woman of strong nerve, enquired if anything he had learned in Mallow induced him to suppose that her father was worse. "No, Miss," said Kavanagh, "it was not in Mallow——" 'Kavanagh," said Miss Bunworth, 'I fear you have been drinking, which, I must say, I did not expect at such a time as the present, when it was your duty to have kept yourself sober. But I will speak to you in the morning, when you are in a fitter state to understand what I say." Kavanagh looked up with a stupidity of aspect which did not serve to remove the impression of his being drunk; but his voice was not that of an intoxicated person. "Miss" said he, 'as I hope to receive mercy hereafter neither bit nor sup has passed my lips since I left this house; but the master—we will lose him, we will lose him!" and he wrung his hands together. 'What is it you mean, Kavanagh?' asked Miss Bunworth. "Is it mean?" said Kavanagh. "The Banshee has come for him, Miss, and 'tis not I alone who have heard her." "'Tis an idle superstition," said Miss Bunworth. "May be so," replied Kavanagh, 'but as I came through the glen of Ballybeg she was along with me keening and screeching and clapping her hands by my side, every step of the way, with her long white hair falling about her shoulders; and I could hear her repeat the master's name every now and then as plain as ever I heard it. When I came to the old abbey she parted from me and turned into the pigeon field near the *berrie* ground, and folding her cloak about her, down she sat under the tree that was struck by the lightning, and began keening so bitterly that it went through one's heart to hear it." "Kavanagh," said Miss Bunworth, who had listened to this remarkable relation, "my father is, I believe, better, and I hope will soon be up and able to convince you that all this is but your own fancy; nevertheless, I charge you not to mention what you have told me, for there is no occasion to frighten your fellow-servants with the story."

Mr. Bunworth gradually declined; but nothing particular occurred until the night previous to his death. That night both his daughters, exhausted with continued attendance and watching, were prevailed on to seek some repose, and an old lady, a friend of the family, remained by the bedside of their father. The old gentleman then lay in the parlour, where he had been in the morning removed at his own request, fancying the change would afford him relief; and the head of his bed was placed close to the window. In a room adjoining sat some male friends, and as usual on the occasions in Ireland in the kitchen many of the followers of the family assembled. The night was serene and moonlight; the sick man slept, and nothing broke the stillness of the melancholy watch, when the little party in the room adjoining the parlour, the door of which stood open, was suddenly roused by a sound at the window near the bed. A rose tree grew outside the window, so close as to touch the glass. This was forced aside with some noise, and a low moaning was heard accompanied by clapping of hands, as if of a female in deep affliction. It seemed as if the sound proceeded from a person holding her mouth close to the window. The lady who sat by the side of Mr Bunworth went into the adjoining room, and in the tone of alarm inquired of the gentlemen there if they had heard the Banshee. Sceptical of supernatural appearances, two of them rose hastily and went out to discover the cause of those sounds, which they also had distinctly heard. They walked all round the house, examining every spot of ground particularly near the window from whence the noise had proceeded. The bed of earth beneath the rose tree had been recently dug, and the print of a footstep, if the tree had been forced aside by mortal hand, would have inevitably remained; but they could perceive no such appearance, and an unbroken stillness reigned without. Hoping to dispel the mystery, they continued their search seriously along the road, from the straightness of which, and the lightness of the night, they were enabled to see some distance around them; but all was silent and deserted, and they returned surprised and disappointed. How much more, then, were they astonished on learning that the whole time of their absence those who remained within the house had heard the moaning and clapping of hands even louder and more distinct than before they had gone out, and no sooner was the door of the room closed on them than they again heard the same mournful sounds. Every succeeding hour the sick man became worse, and as the first glimpse of the morning appeared, Mr Bunworth expired.

B. B.

Death of Lady Harrington.—The death is announced of Maria Countess of Harrington, which took place on Friday afternoon, between four and five o'clock at her residence in Richmond Terrace, Whitehall, after a short illness, from bronchitis. The Countess previously to her marriage to Charles fourth Earl of Harrington, in April 1831, was one of the most popular actresses on the stage. She was the daughter of Mr Samuel T. Foote, a descendant of the celebrated Samuel Foote, and was born at Plymouth in June 1798; consequently the Countess was 30 but seventeen year. Her father was 30 the stage, but after selling out he became manager of the Plymouth Theatre. He married a beautiful and accomplished woman, a member of a family of fortune and high respectability. At the early age of twelve—namely, in July 1816—Miss Foote made her *début* on the stage at her father's theatre at Plymouth, in the character of Juliet. In 1814 Miss Foote made her first appearance on the London stage at Covent Garden Theatre as Amelia, in *The Child of Nature*. Her success was extraordinarily great. By her marriage with the Earl of Harrington, who died in March 1851, she had no only one Charles, Viscount Petersham, who died in 1858, in his 51th year, and Lady Jane St. Maur Blanche, married to the Earl of Mount-Charles.

The Wandering Minstrels—conducted by the Hon. Seymour J. G. Egerton—give a concert at the Carlton Rooms, Southsea, pier, on Tuesday next, the 7th inst., in aid of the fund for relieving the distress occasioned by the late hurricane at St. Thomas. The concert is expected to be very successful, and we heartily hope that it may prove so, and the result exceed anticipation. The subscriptions already received by the fund amount, we understand, to £3,600, including a donation of £200 from Her Majesty.

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MISS ELLICE JEWELL will play at the Russell Institution, Wednesday next, January 10th, SCHUBERT'S IMPROMPTU, and the Pianoforte Part in BEETHOVEN'S TRIO (in B flat) Op. 97, with Messrs. H. BLAGROVE and AYLWARD.—3, Wimpole Street, Cavendish Square.

MISS ADELAIDE NEWTON will sing BERNICE'S stirring song, "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," at the Metropolitan Free Hospital Concert, St. James's Hall, January 20th.

MISS ROBERTINE HENDERSON will sing on the 12th January, Guildford; 31st, Croydon; 23rd, Leeds; 23rd, Bradford; 24th, Mare Street Rooms; February 1st, Hackney; 6th, Islington; 10th, London Institution; 14th, Newbury; 15th, Strand; 17th, Newcastle; 18th, Durham; 19th and 21st, Ryhill; 24th, Leicester; 27th, Norfolk; March 1st, Croydon.—19, Newman Street, W.

MISS ROBERTINE HENDERSON and Mr WALTER BERNARD will sing "IN AN ALSATIAN" the popular Duet from FLOTOW'S "Lichen and Fritschen," at Guildford Institute, January 12th; the Manor House, Hackney, February 5th; the Islington Institute, 6th; and Croydon Literary Institution, March 5th.

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MISS ROSE HERSEE will sing her own admired song "A DAY TOO LATE" at Windsor January 20th; and Brighton Hall February 7th.

MISS CLINTON FYNES requests that all communications respecting Concerts, Handsworth, London, etc., be addressed to her 24, Bailey Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MISS BERRY GREENING will sing GEORGE A's admired Ballad, "THE LOTUS AND THE BIRD," during his Tour in the North next week.

MISS BERRY GREENING will sing her Favourite Song, "CHERRY RIPE," with Variations (composed expressly for her), at all the Towns during her Forthcoming Tour in the Northern Counties in January.

MISS BERRY GREENING will sing her New Song, "SONGSTERS ON SPRING," expressly composed for her by ALFRED CELLIER (Words by E. D. STEVENS) at all the Towns during her Tour in the Northern Counties.

MISS BERRY GREENING is now making her engagements as principal Soprano for Miscellaneous Concerts and the following Oratorios:—"Messiah," "Creation," "Samson," "Sampson," "Acis and Galatea," "Alexander's Feast," "Israel in Egypt," "St. Paul," "Elijah," "Naaman," "Ruins of Athens," "Stabat Mater," "Saul," "Jephtha," "Judas Maccabæus." Northern Counties in January.—Address, Miss BERRY GREENING, care of Messrs. CHEPPELL, 50, New Bond Street, London, W.

MADAME MARTORELLI GARCIA and SIGNOR GUSTAVE GARCIA will sing Mozart's admired Duet, "WHEN THE WIND BLOWS IN FROM THE SEA," at Hull, January 13th.

MDLLE. LIEBHART will sing SCHIRA's admired valse song, "IL BALLO," at Nottingham, January 20th, and Sheffield, 21st.

MR. ALFRED HEMMING will sing "ALICE WHERE ART THOU?" at Guildford, February 3rd.

MR. ALFRED HEMMING will sing the Duet from "Lucrezia and Filenico," "I'M AN ALBANIAN" with Miss Stephens, at Dover, January 20th.

MR. ALFRED HEMMING will sing "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Dover, January 20th.

MR. WILFORD MORGAN will sing "MY QUEEN" (BLUMENTHAL), "DEATH OF NELSON" (BARNETT), and the Trios, "I'LL NOT THE QUEEN" (at the Russell Institution, Wednesday Evening next, January 15th.

MR. VERNON RIGBY will sing BLUMENTHAL's song, "THE MESSAGE," and ACHON's popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Birmingham, January 11th (Two Days), and at Plymouth, Thursday, January 16th.

MR. GEORGE PERREN will sing BLUMENTHAL's popular song, "THE MESSAGE," on Wednesday Evening, January 15th.

MR. EMILE BERGER will play his admired Transcription of BACH's popular song, "SI TU SAVAIS" ("If thou but Knew") at the City Hall, Glasgow, and at the various engagements in Scotland.

MR. CUMMINGS will sing Mr. G. B. ALLEN's new song, "THE BRIDE OF A MAY," at St. James's Hall, January 23rd.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

The first concert of the new year and the eighth of the present series took place on Monday night. There were three novelties in the programme, which was otherwise of remarkable interest, as containing one of the most important string quartets of Beethoven and a pianoforte sonata by Schubert. The quartet was the second of the celebrated set of three inscribed to Prince Rasoumowsky, a distinguished musical amateur, and an enthusiastic adorer of Beethoven's music. As it had not been heard in St. James's Hall for four or five years it would have been welcome on that account, as well as on account of its many and great beauties. Although Mendelssohn used to say that the opening movement of the first of the Rasoumowsky quartets and the whole of the No. 11 (in F minor) were most strongly marked with Beethoven's individuality, we cannot but think that the *allegro* of the quartet in E minor is just as manifestly his, just as full of that independent thought and luxuriant fancy which place him at the head of all the instrumental composers, as either of the others. The leading theme, alone the first two bars of which, after a pause, are immediately repeated in another key, proclaims the daring originality of which he has given us a multitude of examples; but the entire movement is as utterly unlike anything else even by Beethoven, as it is intrinsically admirable. Then the *adagio*, the *adagio* of the late Ernst's especial predilection, a movement which in pathetic earnestness has few equals; the *scherzo* with its quaint accentuation throughout on the second beat in each measure; the trio belonging to it, for the theme of which, as for the *finale* of the quartet in F, its direct predecessor, the composer has taken a simple Russian melody; and the last movement, a *presto* of unflagging animation—one and all are striking exemplifications of a genius that never repeated itself, because it had always something new ready at hand. The vigorous theme upon which the *presto* is built has, like the leading motive of the first movement, its peculiarity, though a peculiarity essentially different from the other. It opens boldly (to be technical for once) in the major key of C, then subsides of the violence into E minor, the key of the quartet, and then immediately returns to C major; so that wherever this theme occurs we seem to be going repeatedly from C major to E minor, and vice versâ. All, however, comes right in the end; the legitimate key is established, and the movement is a perfect organic whole—which, indeed, may be said of the quartet itself. The most exacting worshipper of Beethoven's chamber music must have been satisfied with the performance on Monday night, by Herr Straus, Herr L. Ries, Mr. H. Blagrove, and Signor Piatti. Often as it has been our agreeable duty to speak highly of the playing of Herr Straus we have never had occasion to do so in more unqualified terms than now. His reading was as legitimate as his execution was faultless.

Among the novelties—by which is meant pieces introduced in the first time of the Monday Popular Concerts—were three movements by J. S. Bach—"Prelude, Chorale, and Allemande"—gathered, we presume, from the *Sechs Violoncelloli ohne Begleitung*, the only work of the sort mentioned by Forkel, Bach's first biographer, and by Kirnberger his pupil, as referred to in the comprehensive catalogue which forms not the least useful part of C. H. Bitter's valuable work, *John Sebastian Bach*, published about three years since in Berlin. Compared with the six sonatas for violin without accompaniment these violoncello solos are light and unpretending. Nevertheless, they are interesting if only because they are Bach's. The first and last (in C major) are little better than exercises for the acquirement of mechanical facility, more suitable to the studio than to the concert-room, for which they were clearly never intended; but the second (in G minor) is melodious and replete with sentiment. In what masterly style they were executed by Signor Piatti will easily be understood; tone, phrasing, accent, manipulation, more absolutely perfect could not well be imagined. In no matter what school he may rank of his powers, this gentleman is conspicuous as the greatest of living professors of his instrument.

The sonata by Schubert was the one in A minor, marked in the catalogue of his printed works as "Op. 42," and certainly given out as his first composition of the kind, though evidently on no good grounds, inasmuch as it bears the impress of his riper experience. Like all Schubert's larger instrumental pieces, this sonata is irregular in construction, defying plain analysis, in short—but, like all of them, it shows genius in every movement, originality in every phrase. The first movement, entirely built upon two very concise themes, which are intermingled in a manner altogether without precedent, as if they were not so much two themes as components parts of one, is, while seemingly the most incoherent, really and truly the most coherent of pieces. Only genius would have conceived this movement, which must have been written *currente calamo*, for it never could have been solately planned, seeing that it has no definable plan at all. The *andante* with variations is exquisite. The theme is simple in itself, but graceful and melodious as it is simple; the variations are every one of them quaint and full of character. The *scherzo* is one of Schubert's happiest, the trio to the *scherzo* one of his most ingenious and charming melodies. Perhaps the weakest movement of the sonata is the last, a *rondo* in quick time, a sort of *moto continuo*, but even this is so different from ordinary things that it can hardly fail to interest. The sonata was played by Mr. Hallé with that extreme care and finished neatness by which his performances are invariably distinguished; but even Mr. Hallé may be asked his reasons for taking the trio of the *scherzo* so slowly. The *scherzo* is marked *allegro* e *con* which means very quick, the trio *un poco più lento*, which means a little slower; but though he gave the first at the indicated speed, he gave the last as if it had been an *andante*. The applause that greeted his performance was hearty and general.

The second "novelty" was, in a musical sense, far more interesting than the first. This was Mozart's Trio in E major for pianoforte, violin and violoncello, played and admirably played, by MM. Hallé, Straus, and Piatti. The Trio in E, the sixth of eight compositions of the kind which Mozart has left, was composed in 1788, three years before his death, the same year which brought forth the immortal symphonies in E flat, G minor and C (the "Jupiter"). It is one of the freshest and loveliest of his compositions for the chamber. Thus as a piece of musical writing it is wholly irreproachable may be well credited. Music was the natural language of Mozart, from his earliest youth, and he composed with an ease and certainty unparalleled perhaps, in any other musician except Handel. Not to enter into detail, the second movement of the trio—*andante grazioso* (which was unanimously encored)—is in its way unique, a gem of primitive melody, set with infinite art. It is long since Mr. Arthur Chappell has "revived" a piece more genuine, as more certain to become a permanent favourite than this trio from the same pen that traced *Don Giovanni* and the *Requiem*.

The third and last "novelty" in the programme of this interesting concert was a quartet by Haydn in C major, which two movements alone—an *allegretto scherzando*, with variations, and a *finale*, that, as Schumann said of one of the quartet-finales of Cherubini, "sparkles like a diamond when you shake it"—would suffice to stamp as one of the happiest works of its class from one of the greatest and most prolific of all composers. This quartet which was played to perfection by MM. Straus, Ries, Blagrove, and Piatti, should be repeated at some future concert, and placed at the beginning instead of the end. Monday night's selection was longer than usual, and it is hardly fair to the father of instrumental music, the genial and always pleasant "Papa Haydn," to put his best works invariably in an unfavourable position. He is quite worthy at times to have the foremost place assigned to him; and he is pretty sure to do as much honour to it as any, even the most illustrious, of his rivals.

There was only one singer, but that singer was Mr. Santley, who gave M. Gounod's "Nazareth," two beautiful songs by Schubert (with excellent English versions of the words by Mr. Campbell Clarke), and a new song by Mr. Henry Smart, in his very best manner. Mr. Smart's song, "Wake, Mary, wake," a serenade composed to words (by Mr. John Latey) that at once convey a poetical idea and lend themselves readily to music, is one of the most graceful and expressive he has written. It could not have had a fairer chance. Mr. Santley, like all genuine artists, being as conscientious as he is gifted. Better singing never introduced a new song to the public, nor could heartier applause have been bestowed. How this, as well as the other vocal pieces of the evening, was accompanied by Mr. Benedict it is unnecessary to say.

For the next concert Schubert's magnificent Octet, for string and wind instruments, is announced, together with Mozart's Trio for pianoforte, clarionet, and viola (Madame Arabella Goddard, Messrs. Lazarus and H. Blagrove), and a pianoforte sonata in B flat, by the same composer, new to the Monday Popular Concerts (Madame Goddard). Mr. Sims Reeves is to be the singer and Beethoven's "Adelaide" one of the songs.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA IN VIENNA.

Sad and numerous were the forebodings to which many writers on the press, and influenced by them, a great number of the public, gave way, when Sig. Salvi retired to make room for Dr. Dingelstedt at the Imperial Operahouse. Since, however, the Doctor has succeeded to the managerial throne there certainly has been exhibited a greater amount of energy in the whole manner of carrying on the establishment of which he is the chief. Whether this additional energy is due to Dr. Dingelstedt himself, to Herr Esser, his *Capellmeister*, or to some subordinate official, it is impossible for anyone not behind the scenes to say, and after all, it does not much matter so far as the public are concerned, what is wanted are measures not men. The great question is, Are things at the Imperial Operahouse done better now than they were under the reign of Sig. Salvi? There can be no doubt that they *are* better done. It is to be hoped that this amelioration in the management may not prove a mere spurt, for it is high time that the Viennese should have better operatic fare than that on which they have too long been kept, or rather starved.—A lady of the name of Von Voggenhuber has appeared lately in several leading characters, and produced a far from unfavourable impression. Dr. Dingelstedt might do worse than offer her a permanent engagement. The character she chose for her first appearance was that of Fidelio in Beethoven's immortal work, and though she was extremely nervous, and unable to do herself justice, she did quite enough to prove that she was no common artist. She was well supported. Herr Draxler was an admirable Rocco, Herr Beck a good Pizarro, and Madlle. Benza, a highly pleasing Marzelline. The second part in which Madame von Voggenhuber appeared, was Margarethe in M. Gounod's *Faust*. In this opera she was even more successful than in *Fidelio*, though Mr. Adams did not make the most seductive of lovers. In *Die Afrikanerin* she was lost from being bad, but did not make a hit. In fact, neither the music nor the part seem to suit her. By the way, it may be mentioned that Madame von Voggenhuber is still young, good-looking, and comes from Bremen. On the anniversary of Mozart's death, *Don Juan* was performed, the part of Zerline being sustained by Mdlle. Tellheim, who made her first appearance after an absence of several months. She sang and acted pretty well, but her singing is still marred by the *tremolo* which distinguished her from the first. Elvira was ably represented by Madame Wilt. Don Juan, Don Ottavio, and Leporello were entrusted to Herren Beck, Walter, and Draxler respectively.—Mdlle. von Edelsberg has paid Vienna a visit. She has appeared in M. Gounod's *Faust* and Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, sustaining the part of Margarethe in the one, and that of Fidès in the other. She has made a highly favourable impression. Not so the new ballet, or, as it is termed in the bills, the "choreographic drama" of *Nena Sahib*, written, if a ballet *is* written, by M. H. Desplaces, with music by Herren Panizza and Strebinger. There were strong marks of disapprobation during the performance, and the ballet—"choreographic drama," we should say (*pardon*, M. Desplaces)—was saved wholly and solely by the last scene, which is magnificent. But it is not destined to enjoy a long run, despite all the splendour with which it is mounted.

It was mentioned in the *Musical World* of Nov. 23rd, 1867, that Herr Strampfer had resolved to make an experiment and see if he could not revive sterling comic opera in Vienna, or, at any rate, at the Theater an der Wien, and that he had, in consequence, produced *Der Teufels Antheil*. It did not prove a success. But then Herr Theodor Formes made a highly inefficient Raphael. Herr Strampfer continued his experiment by hunting out, after a considerable interval, *Lucia di Lammermoor*. M. Roger was Edgardo and, on the first night, acted and sang magnificently. But, alas! no man can defy Time—whatever efforts he may make to do so. At the second performance, M. Roger's voice was not equal to the work it had to execute, and it was only with the utmost difficulty that the veteran singer was able to get through the opera. He will, probably, not attempt the part again; at any rate, not for some little time, especially as Herr Strampfer's "experiment" of giving his patrons a higher class of amusement than that to which they have been of late accustomed bears all the marks of turning out, if persisted in, a decided failure. At the first performance of *Lucia* the house was only respectably full; it certainly was not overcrowded. At the second performance it showed a beggarly account of empty boxes. Herr Strampfer's patrons are evidently more partial to M. Offenbach than to Auber and Donizetti, and, therefore, exemplifying the French proverb,

> "On revient toujours,
> A ses premières amours,"

to M. Offenbach Herr Strampfer will, probably, without loss of time, return.

There has been no lack of concerts. The Schiller Association, called from the poet's celebrated poem, "Die Glocke," gave a concert, of a mixed character, on the poet's birthday. The concert was exceedingly well attended. An elegant copy of Schiller's works, in all the pride of the typographer's and bookbinder's art, was presented to each of thirty pupils, selected without distinction of creed, from different "Volksschulen" (public free schools) in Vienna; a collection was made for the Schiller Monument at Marburg. Zuhrer's excellent band performed various overtures by well-known composers. Mdlle. L'Allemand, a pupil of Madame Gabillon, the actress of the Imperial Burg Theater, spoke two poetic effusions very charmingly. Herr Witt, a young man possessing an agreeable tenor voice, who will shortly make his *début* at the Imperial Operahouse, sang a song entitled "Mainacht" composed by a talented amateur. Herr F. von Flidt; and lastly, Herr Findeisen gave some recitations that were tumultuously applauded.—Herren Joachim and Brahms have been giving concerts together. Here, as everywhere else, do we the great violinist demonstrate the power of genuine high art, and prove his right to the first place among his contemporary brothers of the bow. At his first two concerts, he played among other things, Tartini's "Teufelstrillier," J. S. Bach's E major Sonata, Schumann's "Abendlied," and Paganini's "Capricen." He took part, also, with Herr Brahms in Schubert's "Rondo Brillant" in B minor and Beethoven's G major Sonata. It is scarcely necessary to say that all Joachim's playing was applauded to the very echo. With regard to his fellow concert-giver, Herr Brahms, he will not yet efface Liszt, as a pianist, in the estimation of the Viennese. They allow that he possesses talent, but say that he lacks feeling. As a composer Herr Brahms experienced a chequered fortune; some of his compositions were well received, but he endured a sad defeat at the second Gesellschafts Concert, when some fragments from a *Requiem* by him were performed. One novelty about it is, that it is written to German words—passages from the German Bible. This alone would be sufficient to prevent its adoption in the Roman Catholic Churches of Vienna, even were the music not a failure. The first two movements went off pretty well, but the third occasioned quite a conflict, the result of which however was never for a moment doubtful, between the partisans of the composer and the great body of the audience. The applause (faint though it was, of the former provoked the indignation of the latter, and caused them to manifest their disapprobation more emphatically and more unmistakably than, in all probability, they otherwise would have done. This was rather a serious check for Herr Brahms, but he can of course console himself by thinking his work too good for the Viennese, whose fathers, as he will scarcely fail to remember, did not, at first, value very highly a certain production entitled *Fidelio*. The programme of the same concert included Schubert's music to the drama of *Rosamunde* produced in 1823 at the Theater an der Wien. The words were written by Madame von Chezy, who indited also those of Weber's *Euryanthe*. There are eight numbers, which are all charmingly written, and which were all rapturously applauded. The third number, the ballet-music, was repeated; the audience would take no refusal, as Herr Herbeck, the conductor, had to yield. But to return to Joachim. His last concert was the greatest success of all. The principal piece was Herr Dachs's sextet in B flat major, already successfully produced in Vienna two years ago by Herr Hellmesberger. It was executed to perfection, and at the conclusion, both Joachim and Herr Brahms were tumultuously recalled. The concert room was crowded.—The first of Herr Hellmesberger's Quartet Concerts this season was exceedingly interesting. The programme included Mozart's Quartet in D minor—one of the six quartets composed at Vienna in August and September 1773—a new Quintet by Herr Grädener, junr., and Beethoven's "Harfenquartett," as it is

Google

nalled, Op. 74. At one time, Herr Grädener's Quartet appeared likely to prove a success, but it was unfortunately marred by a bombastic (Rapid) *finale*. At the conclusion of Beethoven's Quartet, Herr Hillmesberger and his colleagues were recklessly recalled.—The blind pianist, Herr Labor gave a concert which was attended by a select and appreciative if not numerous audience. Herr Labor lost his sight when he was very young, and he is said to possess so surprising a musical memory that, in order to play the longest composition correctly, he only requires to hear it executed once by his sister, who, likewise is an accomplished pianist. It was thus he rendered himself conversant with the whole range of pianoforte literature. The pieces selected by him at his concert were Beethoven's Trio in B major, the same composer's Pianoforte Sonata, Op. 10 No. 3, Schubert's Impromptu in C minor, Schumann's "Ende vom Liedl" and Prelude with Fugue, by Bach. In addition to performing the above, he took part with Mills. Joel in some original Variations of his own for two pianos. The vocalist was Madame Pessy Cornet, who sang songs by Mendelssohn, Schumann and others.—There have been many other concerts given, but none demand an especial record.

Theatre Royal, Cork.—The opera company was distinguished by the production last night, of an opera new in Cork—*Un Ballo in Maschera*. The performance was entirely successful. The opera undoubtedly contains some of Verdi's most brilliant music, and all the artists engaged in its production went at their work with a will and ability which elicited numerous encores, several recalls before the curtain and a termination of the opera amidst enthusiastic plaudits. The *finales* to the several acts have been most carefully worked out and each was in its particular style, a delightful musical treat, skilfully and effectively rendered. The difficult concerted piece ending in the refrain, "'Tis now agreed we all shall meet" at the end of the first act was the first of them that attracted the attention of the audience. This was sung with great spirit by Miss Cole (Edgar), Mr Parkinson (Richard) and Mr Durand (Renato), with what was, on this occasion, a really well drilled and effective chorus. The Choral Hymn at the end of the second act, and the delightful quartet and chorus at the end of the third—with its mocking refrain of the jeering courtiers, "This tragedy now into comedy turned" were other striking musical pieces of this. Full effect was given to this song by the admirable acting of Madame Lancia as Adelia. Mr Parkinson in the character of the central one, though unblinking Prince, who leads the lady into her difficulties but who subsequently pays so dearly for his thoughtlessness, was also highly applauded and sang with alternating tenderness and power. Miss Zerlini gave every satisfaction as Ulrica, the sorceress. Mr Durand was as satisfactory as ever. Miss Blanche Cole sustained the part of Edgar the page. This much is certain that while doing nothing in particular Edgar has the most captivating house in the opera to sing, the prettiest dress to wear and—to crown all—did both last night, in the person of Miss Cole, with a success which seemed to have bewitched the house. The first encore was that bestowed on her (or Oscar's) song "Silvia adieu, the stars above, and the moon illumine," the second of the night was that made for the bacchanalian little ballad "With Love's young dreams" also sung by her. Miss Cole is a very young but already a very accomplished singer. Her voice is full, clear and penetrating and is trained to a very high standard of perfection. With time and the evident adaptation to her art she displays the warmest anticipations may be formed of her success. The audience last night, glad to welcome so much nascent talent, gave her one of the most cordial receptions we have ever seen any *débutante* receive. She, Mr Parkinson, Mr Durand—everybody indeed on the stage at the end of the second act—were recalled amidst the greatest enthusiasm and at the end there was a demand for the reappearance of all the leading artists, which stamped the entire performance a most unmixed success. Only one oversight was committed by the audience in not insisting on the appearance of Herr Lotz the accomplished conductor to whom only those familiar with the trouble and pains devolved on that officer in the production of a new opera, know how much was due. So successful a production of this opera, as a whole, is extremely creditable to the company. There was a well-filled house who showed appreciation of the best points of the opera throughout.—*Cork Pope*. Jan. 7.

Genoa.—Meyerbeer's *Prophète* has been most successfully revived at the Teatro Carlo Felice where it had not been played for several years. *La Favorita* was to be the next opera produced.

Coburg.—The operatic company has left for Gotha. The season has afforded much gratification to the public.

Wiesbaden.—H. Gounod's *Romeo and Juliet* has been produced, but does not seem likely to become very popular.

MUSIC OF NATURE.

No. 10.—Frog Music in Brazil.

A few years back I was in the city of Albuquerque, in the upper provinces of Brazil, about Paraguay about 2,000 miles from the mouth of the river La Plata. A party of us were riding for days before with a guide from Fort Olympia an old Spanish fort built on the first settlement of these parts by the Spaniards, on the frontiers of Brazil. Our guide, Patricio, on our last day's journey hoped to be able to bring us across the Serra, so as to reach Albuquerque the same evening. We arrived at a place called Belem, in a deep glen. As the pass was so wild, and bore so bad a name, we hazed him if the keeper of the *venda* alone by was to be trusted; he shrugged his shoulders and said "Every married man was warranted honest in this country; but he could say no more for him." We however pushed on and left our disappointed hosts with a very dark scowl on their countenances—and a most calamitous and repulsive group we never looked at, consisting of an elderly man, his wife, and two sons. We resolved rather to pass the night travelling that in the hut of a bandit or family. Our guide, Patricio, with his usual sagacity wound his way with unerring instinct, and long after dark brought us safe to the *venda* of Albuquerque. It is a large establishment to accommodate the concourse of passengers who make it their place of rest after months of riding on mules across the country.

Through the large area of the house there ran a limpid stream, whose gurgling sound was very pleasant and we hoped it would lull us to repose when we lay down. But the moment everything was silent the most discordant music burst from the stream, which continued all night. This proceeded from the multitude of frogs which made their abode there, and, like the *rana pulsatrix* of Horace, completely averted sleep. The noise in this place was the third distinct diversity of sound we had heard from these animals: the first proceeded from the ferradors, or martha; the second from the combadors, or whistlers, and, now, from the grunadors, or croakers. It was a very loud, deep bass, that caused a sense of vibration as everything about us. This extraordinary variety in the sound made by animals, in every other respect the same, argued a singular diversity in the structure of the muscles of the larynx, which would be a nice and curious subject of investigation.

After passing the night without any rest, from the infernal croaking without intermission, I was made aware that the Brazilians possess the descendant of the very cock that crew when Peter denied his Master. I was surprised at day light by a very extraordinary sound, which proceeded from a yard not far from the *venda*, which I discovered was the crowing of a cock. It was the lifting up of an extraordinary figure, immensely tall, almost all legs and thighs with a very small body, and when he erected himself to crow, was as long as a crane; but he was particularly distinguished by his song. At the conclusion of his crow, when other cocks ceased their note, he prolonged it into a most dismal note, which had a very monitory sound. One of my Paraguayan servants then informed me that it was the breed of the cock that crowed to Peter, and that this lengthened and dreary sound was intended as an additional warning and reproach to him for what he had done.

B. H.

Dresden.—At the grand concert given in celebration of the King's birthday—among other pieces performed was Herr W. Westmeyer's *Vision of Napoleon I at St. Helena*, a work dedicated to the Emperor of the French who has rewarded the composer with the large gold Imperial medal. The composer hitherto belonged to the numerous school, but in this instance he has followed, for the first time, the path pursued by Berlioz and Liszt. He has drawn up a programme conveying to us the visionary train of thought passing through the mind of the Imperial captive. It runs something to this effect. It is evening. Plunged in melancholy reflections, the Emperor is sitting alone at his favorite spot in the Island. His thoughts wander back; pictures of his great past glory, splendour and power fall before his mind. He motions and one appears to him; the hosts of his faithful warriors defile before him. At length his melancholy is dispelled by the voice of his good Genius, who says "You have given the history of the world a new direction, and your name shall not perish. It shall continue to flourish with greater magnificence than ever." The work was admirably executed and well received.

Hanover.—Shakspere's *Julius Cæsar* has been performed with all Dr Hans von Bülow's mode

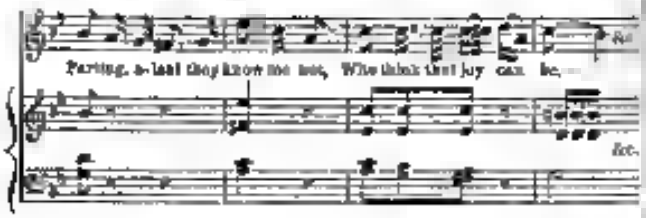
REVIEWS

Little Fickle Quadrille. Composed for the Pianoforte by Frederick Gover. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

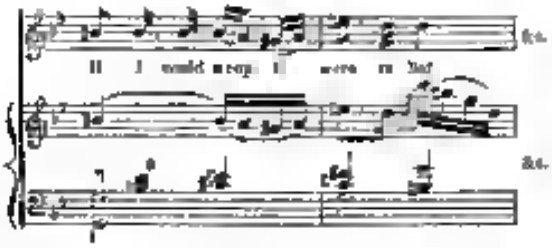
A participiantia lively set of quadrilles with a well executed portrait (in colours) of Little Fickle as a frontispiece. Judging by his expression and surroundings, he must be an amiable and harmless youth.

The Parting (Le Pe tous). Song. The words by Wellington Guernsey; the music by Julius Benedict. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

This song is one far above the common order as might be inferred from the name of its composer. But Mr Benedict, himself graceful and scholarly as he always is, has seldom written a fugitive piece so classically conceived and carried out as this one before us. It abounds in touches which bespeak the hand of a master, and which give to it a charm even for the most exacting taste. The key is G minor, and the character of the melody can be gathered from the opening bars:—



From this, to what we may call the second subject of the song, its expression becomes more and more passionate. Ending on the dominant chord, a smooth passage of sixths in the accompaniment leads to the following charming figure, which as the tonic minor has already served for an introduction:—



In this more hopeful mood each verse of the song ends, happily expressing by such means the feeling of the words, which are not unworthy of being associated with music so elegant.

The Fairy Boat (J'ai Ti-Tonnaf. Transcription for the Piano by Sigismund Richards. [London: Duff & Stewart.]

This is a very simple and easy pianoforte arrangement of a popular and pleasing melody. Mr Richards has done his work with the skill and good taste he invariably displays, and the large class of performers on the "household instrument," whose powers of execution are limited, will thank him for a useful addition to the stock of music.

Studies for the Piano, consisting of exercises in all the various keys, by D. Steibelt. Edited by Julius Benedict. [London: Duff & Stewart.]

The issue of these excellent studies in a form and at a price which makes them generally accessible is an event a great earnest student of the pianoforte should rejoice. Those who know them will need nothing to be said in their praise. Those who do not we advise to make their acquaintance as soon as possible, because, in addition to being admirably adapted for the attainment of certain specified ends, they make toil a pleasure by the interest they excite. The name of Mr Benedict sufficiently guarantees the carefulness of the editing.

The Moss Rose. Song. Words from the German; music by E. Bennett, Mus. Bac. Cantab. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

The subject of this song is the pretty German legend which accounts for the moss thrown around the moss rose by stating it to be the grateful gift of the angel of the flowers to whose rose tree had afforded shelter. Mr Bennett's music is appropriate, and written with good taste as well as skill. Altogether the song is an acceptable one.

The Pilgrim Bird (L'Oiseau du Paradis). The words by Louisa Wallaney; the music by Marc Bonet. [London: Duff & Stewart.]

The words of this song—a not particularly successful translation from the French—tell of a bird of Paradise which had wandered to earth, but which resented all invitations to remain with the parrot-like answer: "An Eden bird am I." There is nothing in the music specially calling for either praise or blame.

"I once had a Sweet Little Doll Dainty." Words taken from Professor Kingsley's *Water Babies;* music composed expressly for the Pembroke College Concert 1867, by William Boyd. [London: Schott & Co.]

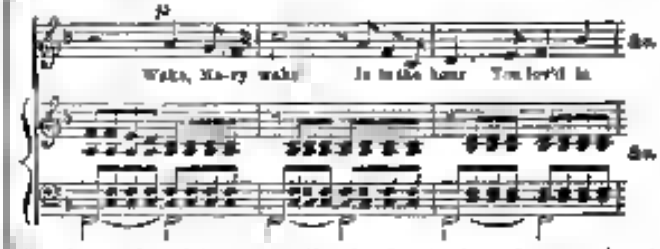
A naive song, set to music inappropriately babyish, and "dedicated to E. S. C. and J. H. F. without permission," because, we presume, the owners of those initials are babies and not able to give it. But was the Pembroke College Concert of 1867 attended by babies? Seriously, why should composers feel bound to give the childish nonsense of sentiment such a ridiculous dress, unless they intend it for the pages of a nursery ballad book. The song before us is, undoubtedly, very good of its sort, and the compiler of such a book would give it a hearty welcome.

Bond Street. A Magazine of Popular Music. No. I. [London: Hopwood & Crew.]

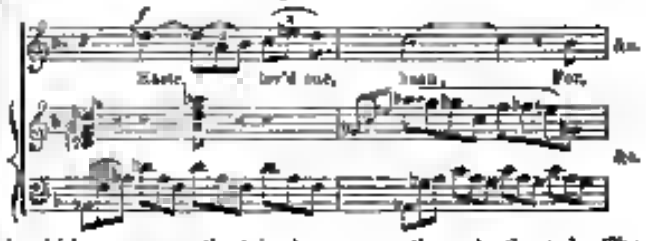
Following in the wake of the publishers of *Hanover Square,* but appealing to a very different class of subscribers, Messrs Hopwood & Crew have now issued the first number of their magazine. No doubt a great many people will be pleased with it, and pronounce it—in the words of the comic song it contains—"awfully jolly." It is prettily got up. *Chose qui plaît est a demi vendue.*

Wake Mary, Wake. Song for a Baritone Voice. The poetry by John Latey; the music by Henry Smart. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

This song was sung by Mr Santley at the last Monday Popular Concert with an unequivocal success. The result was due to the excellence of the music and words not less than to the perfection of the rendering they received. Mr Smart in composing the former by no means restricted his fancy by a determination to write down to what is considered to be the popular taste. As a consequence he has given us a song of more than ordinary pretensions, and having decided claims upon serious attention. Its character is, if perhaps, he has shown by one or two quotations. It opens thus quietly:—



The first section of the verse ending in the dominant key, an abrupt transition leads to the following:—



In which tones accordingly sly in the verse continues to the end. The second verse presents in its first section a little variety upon the preceding, but like it closes on the dominant. At that point to the words, "She comes," this new idea presents itself:—

and is carried on for seven lines, after which a vigorous coda, abounding in triplets for the voice, brings the song to an end. We need not say that Mr Smart has done something worthy of his reputation in writing "Wake Mary, wake." The words are good enough to rank among real poetry, and do Mr Latey very great credit.

Prague.—A comic opera, *In the Well* by Professor Blodek, has been successfully produced at the Bohemian Theatre.

"MUSIC IN ENGLAND."

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—I don't expect you will put this letter in your paper, but I shall send it to you all the same, for, "Without a trial there's no denial." Do you want to know why I don't expect? This is why—because I stopped Egg from making fun of me in the *Musical World*. How he went on about my sayings and doings was all unknown till our curate let it out by chance. "No more of that game for me, Master Egg," says I, and you know how I kept my word. Of course you're savage, and will throw what I write into the fire. Never mind, the loss will be yours.

I have got something to say about what I read in a magazine that Mr Cope let me have, called the *Contemporary Review*. A Mr H. R. Haweis have been a-writing there upon "Music in England," and surely 'tis funny stuff. The gentleman puts me in mind of a bird we call in these parts a 'tom tit.' The tom tit, you must know, is a very little bird with very pert, saucy eyes of his own. He don't stop long in one place, but keeps a-hopping from twig to twig, and on every twig he says "chirp." I fancy as how Mr Haweis must be something like the tom tit. When I looks at the title "Music in England," I thinks to myself—well, now then, I shall get some notion of how things be a-going on, but I never was so took in in all my life afore. All I could see was Mr Haweis a-hopping from one thing to another and crying "chirp."

He begins his chirping however just as if he was tuning up for a concert of nightingales. "England is not a musical country—England is not an artistic country," says he. That's his text, and I thought as how he would go on and prove it by deep argument. Not a bit of it, for he backs up one saying by another. Here's a string of them. "Music in England has always been an exotic." "The Elizabethan music was all Italian, the Restoration music half French and half German." "Pelham Humphreys is as really French, as Dr Sterndale Bennett is really German." Then he says as how Tallis, Farrant, Byrd, Morley, Ward, Wilbye, and Purcell "were composers in England, and English composers" and winds up so. "The music of the people was low ballads—the music of the people is still low ballads. Our highest national music vibrates between 'When other lips,' and 'Champagne Charlie.'" What do you think of that, Mr Editor? Pretty well, ain't it? Now I be not a going to argy with Mr Haweis because I don't pretend to any learning, but, somehow, I feels as how he is all wrong, or if not exactly all wrong as how the reason can be made all clear without putting England down below every other country in the world. Besides this, Mr Haweis himself as soon as he begins to hop about and chirp, lets on as how we English have got some music in us after all. He says as how we pay more for music than anyone else, and, if so, we must love it, I fancy. Besides which he chirpers "let a man's need of any kind at once take root and it will spread with amazing rapidity," and then goes on to show how millions after millions of the good of music have growed up natural. And yet music be an exotic, be it? After that I might to plant one of my fields with pine apples. But, as I said afore, Mr Haweis don't argyly, he only goes a-twittering. You shall see how he twitters.—

Mendelssohn set the ball of music a-rolling in England, he says, and its running on can be judged by the people's fondness for orchestral music. He likes to see a lot of folks round the German bands in the streets, because it's a sign of a taste for better stuff. I like eating penny buns and drinking ginger pop. The Immortal Moses Jullien was generally understood to wear the largest white waistcoat ever seen, and had the regular cast of the [illegible] himself on all occasions in public in the most of prophetic emotions. He had grand triumphs at the Surrey Gardens, when the Jullien orchestra, overlooking the artificial lake, rang through the summer evenings, and had its echoes reverberating through Hampstead in fortress of Gibraltar, or the magazine presently to be lit up by forty thousand additional lamps. Happy hours! he remembers them in the days of his youth. Bottesini filled them with I (of the Surrey Gardens) with a new wonder and delight. Sims Reeves ravished all the flowing sweetness of the great magician (Paganini) without a spark of his demoniac fury, and Ernst and Wieniawski were instrumental sensations. Mr Manns is the finest classical conductor in England. He makes his orchestra play Beethoven's symphonies, as Charles Hallé plays Beethoven's sonatas. Signor Bottesini has tact and genius, wields the bâton with grace and power, is the first contra-basso in the world, and the third best billiard player in Europe. Herr Strauss is a strange new figure, a slim and dandified young man, with a profuse black beard and moustache. He is now shaking his bow at the distant drummer, egging on the wind, picking up the basses, turning fiercely on the other stringed instruments, then stamping, turning a pirouette, and dashing his bow down on his own fiddle strings. He dances, too, and is an inexorable "Pied piper" (What's that, Mr. Editor?). Dr. Bennett has not the same qualities as Mendelssohn and Costa, but he is full of refinement and quiet power. Mr. Sullivan has splendid original gifts, and can be, as a composer, almost anything he chooses, but he does not yet know his good writings from his bad. Mr Cusins got on well during the last Philharmonic season. The opera is in every sense an almost unmixed evil, for music and dramatic action cannot agree. Mozart's opera bouffe the infancy of Italy was then domiciled in Germany. Schubert failed in it, as did Spohr. Mendelssohn avoided it, Weber was successful for a wonder. Wagner's despair drove him into wild theories, Schumann would have nothing to do with scenic effect, and Beethoven wrote *Fidelio* merely to prove that he could do anything. Opera is only popular because the public are children, and are led like children. (Our curate agrees with this, but then opera is sour grapes to him, you know.) Mr Costa is the most popular conductor in England, and the only man capable of managing a Handel orchestra. *Israel in Egypt* is the only oratorio worth performing in the centre transept, and Sims Reeves at the Crystal Palace is like a penny trumpet in Westminster Abbey (and the enemy said!). The music halls are undergoing a happy change, and members of cathedral choirs sing in them. The penny gaffs and public house concerts, if coarse, are moral. No one should despise the Christy Minstrels, for the negro is more really musical than the Englishman. His songs are the Gharri or are akin to those sung by the waters of Babylon. The St. James's Hall entertainment bears the impress of its romantic origin. The scent of the moss may be said to hang round it still. Stringed quartets are the most intellectual form of music—they are a musical telescope. The great quartet writers were Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. Mendelssohn always strives after orchestral effects, and one expects to hear the roll of the kettle drum in his compositions for strings. Joachim is the greatest living violinist, Ries is masterly and unobtrusive. Blagrove adorns the post of *primo tenore*, and Signor Piatti is the only violoncellist people care to hear. For a shilling any one can get a seat at the Monday Popular Concerts.

Our curate calls what I have just written "a summary" of Mr Haweis's chirpings, and says 'tis fairly done. So I think. What is your notion, Mr Editor of a magazine (price half-a-crown) which puts in such gossip as a serious article about "Music in England?" I hains a tom tit—rather too big round for that—but more like a turkey cock gobbling about the homestead. I shall now think about sending my gobblings to the *Saturday Review*.—Your humble servant,

BENJAMIN BOODLE.

Bellechien, Jan. 6, 1868.

NEW YORK.—The oratorio night given by Mr Kennedy at Steinway Hall, in aid of the library of the New York Caledonian Club, was most successful. There was a crush at the door to get in, a crush inside for seats, a crush down stairs and a crush up stairs. The hall was filled to the door. Mr Kennedy on entering the hall was received with enthusiasm by the audience which numbered over two thousand persons. He was in excellent spirits, and sang with more than his usual animation. Every song was warmly applauded, and he was compelled to extend his programme to satisfy his admirers. The receipts form a handsome donation to the funds of the Caledonian Club library, for which Mr Kennedy facetiously claims the thanks not only of the members of the club, but also of all Scotsmen who may hereafter enjoy the benefits of the library which he has aided.—*New York Herald.*

BRESLAU.—The annual Christmas concert of the Sing-Academie took place this year under the direction of Herr Schäffer. The programme included "Nun freut euch, lieben Christen g'mein" by J. Eccard; chorus from Mendelssohn's unfinished oratorio of *Christus*; recitative air from J. S. Bach's first *Christmas Cantata*; two Christmas songs; "Joseph lieber Joseph mein" and melody of the 14th century arranged for four parts by Bode; Schütz (1608) and "Still Nacht," by Hiller; Haydn's "Fortgesang *capella*" (in part) by J. Eccard; "Salve Regina" by Giuseppe Bernabei; "Ave Maria" by Mendelssohn; and *Cantata on the last Sunday in the Year* by J. S. Bach.

TURIN.—*Don Carlos* has proved a hit at the Regio Teatro.

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MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 13TH, 1868,

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PROGRAMME

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QUINTET in E flat, Op. 166, for two Violins, Viola, Violoncello, Double Bass, Clarionet, French Horn and Bassoon—MM. STRAUSS, L. ROSS, HENRY CLARKSON, PIATTI, REYNOLDS, LAURENT, C. HARPER, and W. VINCENT WALLACE — — — *Schubert.*

SONGS { "Les Regrets" / "Devotion" } Mr. SIMS REEVES — — — { *Schubert.* / *Schumann.*

SONATA in B flat, for Pianoforte alone (No. 8 of Hoffmann's Edition)—first time at the Monday Popular Concerts—MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD — — — — *Mozart.*

PART II.

TRIO in E flat, for Pianoforte, Clarionet, and Viola—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, MM. LAURENT and HENRY CLARKSON *Mozart.*

SONG "Gondola"—Mr. SIMS REEVES (Accompanied by Madame ARABELLA GODDARD) — — — — *Beethoven.*

QUARTET in B minor, for Pianoforte, Violin, Viola, and Violoncello—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, MM. STRAUS, HENRY CLARKSON and PIATTI — — — *Mendelssohn.*

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"It would be impossible within the limits of a brief notice to do anything like justice to the manner in which these ideas are worked out in the seven well-written and extremely interesting chapters of which this volume consists. The remarks upon modern criticism and contrast writing are particularly apropos."—*Morning Star.*

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HORACE MATHEW.—Gounod's *Le Médecin malgré lui* is coming. Mimia was sent to Pergamus. Consult Galignani's letter, John Oxenford.

SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.—Quantulcunque rectus II of Cosmelous ("*Mens est ejus cujus tam quam latissime rerum, ut ejus in propriis inventibus haeret*"). Consult Thaddeus Egg.

DEATH.

On the 2nd inst., at Manchester, Dr. MANN, the leader and manager of the well-known "Little Men."

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of* THE MUSICAL WORLD *is at* MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO'S, 244 *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as eleven o'Clock A.M. on Fridays—but not later. Pay ment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1868.

GERMAN COMIC OPERA.*

IT is a strange phenomenon that, while German instrumental music can show a mass of compositions which may be denominated humorous, German comic opera has no real existence. In Dittersdorf's productions known as *Singspiele*† we find undoubtedly an constitutable foundation on which German comic opera might have been developed, but that is a process it never underwent. Mozart's *Belmonte and Constanze* is a work bearing in every respect the stamp of divine genius, but the words of the more serious airs are not in accordance with the spirit of our own times; in the *Zauberflöte* as in the dramas of Shakspere, the most elevated sentiments advance hand in hand with the comic element; and, finally, *Figaros Hochzeit*—we make the assertion at the risk of being branded as heretics—is an *Italian* opera, written in the style of *the period*‡ by the greatest of German operatic composers.

After Dittersdorf, the class of composition which might be termed German comic opera continued to grow flatter and flatter, sinking into the *Singspiel*, and eventually the farce, where music merely existed on sufferance to accompany the refrain. Shank's *Dorfbarbier* may, in its day, have been considered entertaining enough but, for originality, character, masterly colouring, and artistic application of available resources, it cannot for a moment be compared with Dittersdorf's *Doctor und Apotheke*.‡

What Kayser composed for *Das Donauweibchen* and what Wenzel Müller wrote (more particularly the music to Raimund's farces), was simply ballads of a higher order than usual, permeated with a true by a touch of almost poetic sentimentality§ but not sufficiently robust or vigorously national to take permanent root. The pleasing tunes "So leb' denn wohl du stilles Haus," "Brüderlein fein" (at which even Heine used to go into ecstasies, as he could truly do when he chose), and the song of the Dustman, so popular in their day, their popularity being equalled perhaps only by Gallert's poem in the last century, are forgotten! They modestly retired before the coarse farce music, which, saucy and brazen, appeared in the wake of Nestroy's muse, and that of his successors, and which in its turn is now displaced by the productions of the present period. *Perhaps*, had Wenzel Müller collected his pleasing and agreeable little melodies in a comic *opera* instead of scattering them with a lavish hand about the farces of Raimund and others, he would still be at home in many theatres whence "grand" opera, and low opera have not yet driven away everything else, but his muse disappeared with the pieces for which he wrote it.

Perhaps Lortzing might have been the man to elevate German comic opera, if in the first place, his miserable circumstances had not prevented his ever developing his powers; if he had not been too much of a dilettante as regards his treatment of *form*; and if his worthy colleagues, the respected *Kapellmeister*, had not, instead of encouraging, looked patronizingly down upon him, though most of them were unable to write ten bars of music like that which sparkles all through his *Wildschütz* and *Czar und Zimmermann*. (The biography of this composer is one of the saddest leaves in the history of German musicians!) Nicolai's *Lustige Weiber* is indisputably the best thing in the way of comic opera that has been composed in Germany during the present century, but it is the production of an eclectic influenced by noble aspirations, and striving gradually to get rid of the hampering produced

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung.*

* If we allude to Hiller's *Singspiele* only in a note, it is not because we do not properly appreciate the merit of that admirable composer, but because we do not find prominently marked an individual and yet at the same time genuinely national style, such as that which, for instance in Dittersdorf's *Doctor und Apotheker*, at the present day exerts an absolutely overpowering effect, though, of course, only on those who have still a sense of style. (N.B.—*Singspiele* are light pieces with songs interspersed.—TRANSLATOR.)

† Cimarosa's *Mal bevuto Segreto* is written in the same style. We must look for the difference in the matter rather than the form.

‡ The air "Der Wein ist ein Speichelcur" the scena duet in the second act, the *finale* and the letter, and the concerted piece "Ich bin nur der Polizei" in the last act, must indisputably be called classic.

§ Half and half poetry is dangerous in real poetry; as Grillparzer admirably observes in his poem on Vienna the "Capua of the intellect."

by the Italian school. After the *Lustige Weiber* Flotow's *Stradella* and *Martha* must be considered as very successful comic operas; but the music is not German music—it is an eclectic specimen, put together with great taste, of all kinds of styles. The best numbers in both operas have a decided leaning to French models. What has since been offered by Herr von Flotow and others to the German public scarcely, with a very few exceptions, and those not exceed ngly brilliant ones, deserves the name of vocal music, far less that which its composers claim for it! Of the mere imitations of Parisian models we will not say a word.

How is this phenomenon to be explained? The nation which asserts that it is the only nation possessing genuine humour, nay, the only nation understanding it, has for thirty years produced no national comic opera!

If we would examine as to the reasons, we are nearly always told the book that was anything like respectable could be procured, and, therefore, no good comic opera could be composed. Let us grant this reason to be a valid one; how is it that the humorous nation *par excellence* did not possess a truly comic author who could write such a book? To what class do the *Posses* or farces belong, of which a fresh one starts up every week, and for which there is so large a consumption of "music?" Among the authors of these farces, among the representatives of "superior imbecility" as it has been termed, is not there one, who, even in a way, could put a little common sense in sprightly verse? Let us cast a glance on our much reviled neighbours, the French, in whom many rigorists among us deny the existence of aught like "high natural gifts" in the way of music, or anything like "profound" intelligence, and whom comedies and comic operas, they assert, are not suited to the German character. In the first place the French can boast of comic operas such as *Le Maçon*, *La Dame Blanche*, and *Jean de Paris* which have been acknowledged to be in every respect models by all musicians and lovers of music who do not stand up for tragic opera only (this is a point which we will discuss more at length presently), in addition to these, their composers have produced moreover *Le Postillon de Longjumeau*, *La Part du Diable*, and *Le Domino Noir*, which are admirable works, though they may not be entitled to the appellation of classic.* But this is not all; even the last twenty years, so utterly infertile in Germany, have in France given birth to many very meritorious works of the class we are discussing. We will not dwell upon the small *genre* pictures *Bon Soir, Monsieur Pantalon*, *Monsieur et Madame Denis*, and *La Chanson de Fortunio* (in our opinion the most successful operetta Offenbach ever wrote), because they are sufficiently known in Germany; we will speak of a three-act opera by Reber because it affords in its entire plan, that is to say, in the words as well as in the musical treatment, the most brilliant proof that, without frivolity, without immorality and without certain piquant additions, to which we will not allude more nearly, as our doing so would, at the present moment, be attended by no advantage, it is possible to produce an excellent opera, and because, despite the admirable things it contains, and the great success with which it met thirteen years ago in Paris, the opera in question is *utterly* unknown in Germany. It is called *Le Père Gaillard*. In the first place, the subject has been admirably chosen, and is taken entirely from every day life. A wine merchant,† possessed of a small estate in the country, and the author of some merry little songs, lives most happily with his wife, and on good terms with all his neighbours. He is well off, thanks partly to his own labour and partly to the liberal payment he receives for a foster-son, sent in his tenderest infancy mysteriously to him. A Paris Savant, who often flies from the turmoil of the capital, and seeks renewed health and amusement at Père Gaillard's, takes a particular interest in the boy, and on remarking that the latter as he grows up, and the young daughter of his host, are fond of each other, on his death bed appoints Père Gaillard his executor. The action begins at the moment the relatives of the deceased come to Père Gaillard's, for the purpose of being present at the reading of the will; they include an old military man and his wife (a lady in whom *Gaillard's wife thinks she perceives a striking likeness to her own foster-son*); a gentleman somewhat reduced in the world, etc. The two men, finding from Gaillard's account of his connection with the old Savant, that the property in all likelihood is not left to them, resolve from a spirit of revenge and envy—to make Gaillard's suspicions as to his wife's fidelity. They prove to him that, as he has himself long believed, his lesser son is the son of the old Savant, and thus the visits of the latter before the birth of the boy, to Gaillard's house were intended not for Gaillard himself but for his wife. By means of malicious allusions, and perfidious interpretations of little incidents, perfectly harmless in themselves, but capable of a certain significance when spitefully made to bear upon one another they pour poison in the honest man's heart. Thus when, on the will being opened he is found to be the principal heir, and when moreover a sealed letter is discovered, addressed to Madame Gaillard and to be handed to her alone, Gaillard is convinced of the lady's guilt, without seeing that this public act of confidence in him is a proof of the contrary. When, lastly, his neighbours, who have made arrangements to give him an especial testimony of their respect, assemble at his house, and begin whispering together mysteriously, he fancies he perceives the proof that his domestic misfortune is already generally known, and suddenly declares to the relatives that he will not accept the inheritance. He forbids his daughter to think of a union with his foster-son, after previously persuading his man servant to marry the maid; he induces him to give up the match, and introduces division and confusion into the entire household. His jealousy and rage at last burst forth on his meeting his wife at the moment she is holding the mysterious letter in her hand. He wants to see it. She refuses to let him do so, on the ground that it concerns a third person, a lady, without whose permission she dare not let even *him* know the contents. He insists, and a passionate scene ensues, but, at the right moment, he awakes to the consciousness that a man who has lived for twenty years happily with his wife, ought not to yield to contemptible suspicion—excited by those who are envious of him, and thus all at once destroy his domestic happiness; nay, he himself gives the letter to the lady—to the wife of the old officer, a lady whom confidence was enjoyed, in days of misfortune before her marriage, by the old Savant. The letter contains certain information which the reader will easily guess. Père Gaillard is once more himself; with light and joyous hand he arranges what he has thrown into disorder; and his neighbours and friends, wishing to pay him a particular mark of distinction, appoint him (unless we are mistaken) mayor, but he thankfully declines the honour, begging them still to bestow their friendship on him as an independent man.

We have purposely gone into the book at such length because it belongs to that class of work for which there are plenty of subjects in Germany, because it enters so thoroughly into the feelings and life of the middle classes, and because the point more especially to be proved was that we who boast with justice of a higher kind of life among our middle classes than is to be found among those of other nations, have not understood how to profit by it, as well as the author of the French libretto has understood to profit by that of his country.

* We must here again expressly state that we leave out of consideration the absolute partisans of the Cotherens.

† It is now thirteen years since we heard the opera in Paris, and we speak from memory only.

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Of the music, we cannot speak at equal length, because our doing so would lead us from the object of this article; we will, therefore, merely remark that it is conceived in a fresh simple strain; that it contains many delicious bits; and that it is worked out in a masterly manner.—Let us now return to *German* comic opera and endeavour to discover why it is so utterly prostrate.

(*To be continued.*)

MADRID.—A project has been set on foot to encourage authors of serious Spanish operas in Spain. "The end in view," says *La Española Musical*, "is neither more nor less than to show other nations that we know as much about musical art as they do; that we are quite as capable as they of producing beautiful musical compositions; and lastly, that we have no need to beg of them a gift which, from peculiar circumstances, is especially our own." The following are the conditions as set forth by those who started the movement:—1. A prize of 6,000 reals will be awarded to the best opera. 2. A prize of 2,000 reals will be awarded to the second best. 3. And 1,000 reals will be awarded to the third best. 4. Should two operas be considered equally good, the sum awarded will be divided between the two. 5. The opera may be in two, three, or four acts, but not more. 6. Besides the three prize operas other operas of merit will be selected for production and for forming a stock of national works. 7. The libretto must be in Spanish, and it is desirable that the subjects be taken from national scenery. 8. None but Spanish composers will be allowed to compete. 9. The operas must be in full score and accompanied by another score for piano and voice. 10. They must be accompanied by their libretto. 11. No composer must forward more than one serious opera, but he may add a comic opera. 12. The operas will be forwarded, by the 15th September next, to Antonio Romero, Madrid. Each score must be headed by a motto, and accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the name and address of the composer. 14. The opera which obtains the first prize will be produced first, etc., etc.

HERR HUTTEMANN, late organist of the Parish Church, Tenby, has been appointed organist of St. Luke's, Cheltenham.

MR. DENBIGH NEWTON AND MISS ADELAIDE NEWTON, the vocalists, have just lost their father after a lengthened illness. He died on the 5th inst.

COLOGNE.—Herr Ferdinand Hiller has been made a Knight of the First division of the Order of the White Falcon by the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar.

THE NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD.—A public meeting was held on Monday in the Town Hall, Brecon, for the purpose of taking steps to secure the holding of the National Eisteddfod in that town for the year 1869. It was very largely attended, and presided over by the Mayor. A committee was appointed to carry it out and communicate with the Council of the National Eisteddfod.

DEATH OF DR. MARK.—We deeply regret to notice the death of this gentleman, so well known for his exertions in popularising music among the young. For many years Dr. Mark has annually given concerts in Edinburgh, which were highly appreciated by parents, and crowded with delighted juveniles. From the last report of Dr. Mark's College we learn that "during the past twenty years he has given no fewer than 9,586 concerts and 5,250 lectures. He has had the honour of playing before Her Majesty and the Royal Family several times, also before 7,145,791 children and 6,255,589 adults; played the National Anthem 9,362 times, travelled 296,690 miles, expended £125,000, independent of £25,000 of his own resources. He has established a royal college of music and several conservatoires of music, organised a number of juvenile bands, and upwards of 5,500 pupils and class pupils have been taught upon his system, many being educated and maintained free of expense. Dr. Mark has been presented, unsolicited, with testimonials from musicians of the first rank, including Lablache, Mdlle. Piccolomini, Grisi, Jullien, &c., and his entertainments have been patronized by royalty and the aristocracy." We hope that some means will be taken to maintain Dr. Mark's training college and his admirable little band, so that the work of which he was the originator may be perpetuated.—*Edinburgh Courant.*

Child Impromptu

The money for the notice
Has never yet been paid,
My lowest price, I beg to state,
Is now before you laid.

One shilling for the pantomime
In what you promised me,
Two shillings for the next I charge,
And for the cost one three.

SAPPHIRA SILVER.
(Aged 1 line.)

To my revered papa, Sheer Silver, Esq.
also to Uncle Harmony.

MISS CHOTMONDLEY, from the Theatre Dauphin, has joined the Olympic as the leading vocalist. From what we have heard of this young lady's vocal abilities we have little doubt she will become a favourite with the London public.

MESDAMES TIETJENS and Demeric Lablache, Mdlle. Baumeister, Messrs. Tom Hohler and Santley (vocalists), with Mr. Wehli (pianist) and Signor Bevignani (conductor), have left London for a musical tour in the provinces; the last-named has composed a waltz for Madame Tietjens, and a ballad for Mdlle. Baumeister. Mr. Santley will sing, among other things, Felicien David's new romance, "Oh gentle Spirit," in which he made so great an effect at the last Gentlemen's Concert in Manchester.

LONDON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The academic season for 1867 terminated with a very agreeable private concert, given by the professional students of the Academy, in St. George's Hall, Langham Place. The audience completely filled the large hall and galleries, and numbered amongst them some distinguished musical amateurs. It was obvious from the applause bestowed on the performances that they were highly appreciated by their friends, and evinced the marked and decided progress of the young artists. It would scarcely be *en règle* to notice the details of a performance the private character of which precludes criticism. It must suffice to say then, that the majority of the fair pianists, who in considerable numbers graced the entertainment, have already advanced beyond mediocrity and give promise with perseverance, in their excellent system of training, to swell the ranks of highly accomplished artists. The vocal music was well executed and embellished with some charming and characteristic compositions by Signor Schira. Two very young lads, assisted by their teacher, M. Paque, elicited the deserved plaudits of the audience by a careful and artistic performance on the violoncello of a quartet, written expressly for them; and the concert terminated by a very effective piece of acting in the shape of a dramatic trifle, in which the elocutionary powers of the students were displayed to great advantage and the general satisfaction of their friends. The addition of a dramatic school of elocution is a highly commendable feature in the system of the London Academy of Music, and cannot fail to contribute to the benefit of its vocal and operatic students. The Academy resumes its sessions on Jan. 13th.

ANGLO-CAMBRIAN CONCERT.—A concert was given on Monday under the above denomination, being the second of a series, at the Colbert Hall, Stiles Street, in which the Cambrian element was strongly developed, both in the artists engaged and the music performed. The Cambrian National Melody Choir, under the direction of Mr. W. Williams, sang several Welsh national airs with effect. Miss Kate Roberts, a pupil of Dr. Wylde's London Academy of Music, played to perfection on the pianoforte Haydn's Trio in G major in conjunction with Mr. Ellis Roberts and Mr. A. Lewis, and a Bessarant of Osborne and De Bonetti, with E. Roberts. Miss Adelaide Newton, a young contralto, gave with much expression Benedict's "Rock me to sleep," whilst Mr. Denbigh Newton in Felicien David's charming romance, "Oh, gentle Spirit," created a legitimate effect by his singing. Miss Fanny Holland, Miss Annie Cox, Miss Ada Jones, Miss Evans, and Mr. W. Thomas contributed several popular effusions, and Mr. Ellis Roberts sang solo and accompaniments on the harp. Mr. J. Stephens was the accompanist at the pianoforte.—B. B.

DARMSTADT.—Herr von Flotow's opera, *Indra*, has been revived after a lapse of eleven years.

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ACROSS MALVERN.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The quiet and peaceful village of Guarlford some two miles from attractive Malvern, lying under the shade of the eternal hills, was gladdened on Thursday evening by the sweet strains of melody. A concert was given, the arrangements generally reflecting the highest credit on all who kindly gave their assisting hand.

The village mountaineers are strictly of a rural nature, the inhabitants abounding with white-smock gentlemen who rise early and late, attending to the soil, or—that our garners may be full.

To those who also Malvern the pretty walk to Barnard's Green and the drives round are valued by all. Wherever the eye wanders you never lose the hills, beholding their grand range in the distance; the aspect is an anything a picture as human pen can portray. To so many who are actively engaged in pastoral labours, the anticipation of a concert reddened up the faces of these loyal inhabitants—where music is a scarce material only heard on Sunday from Mr. Wigley, the assiduous organist of the parish church, who favours them with good melody and vocal tuneries from our ecclesiastical writers. Wigley merits very commendations, having worked hard, through his instrumental to the concert awarded such happy results. There are some gentlemen in the town, who, after the incessant toil at the counter and desk, like to meet at the house of our worthy friend Admiral Wick, where "the sons of home are visible, the good host being at all times ready to display his kindness—provision of comforts. Attention, with friendship, has made the proprietors of the North Malvern Hotel appreciated by all, and his many followers are a standing witness that they like to fraternize with a man with whom kindness, not self, is the watchword.

To all musically disposed a nice room is provided with a good "Collard" piano. Here a little team of musicians meet, and if Mr. Rogers could kindly give a little some of his time to their assistance, accent in an artistical view, in certain. Mr. Rogers has a good tenor voice, his attendance is always accepted. Mr. Klitz is also a good amateur. I had the pleasure of hearing him play Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words" for six hours. Such love he has for the lamented musician, his days would not tire him—positively devouring him. To such meetings we owe much of the success that followed the concert at Guarlford. The concert was interspersed with songs, &c., the room being under some indefatigable hands, whose handiwork attracted the eye from the ornamental manner in which taste was displayed. The good rector is a model for kind and benevolent. He assisted with all his energy, his jocose and merry ways gave a stimulant to all present. One of the treats of the evening was Mr. Lockyer's "Jolly John Bull," his stentorian voice perfectly charming the audience. He declaims his subject with immense power, he wields a voice with large health of tone, sounding in the distance like a volley of artillery. The encore was furious, no one more enjoying it than the kind encore. Mr. Lockyer's India compliment and gem—"John Barleycorn"—with the same result, retiring amidst tremendous applause, delighting the audience with the jolly style he impersonates these characters. Mr. Lockyer has lived with us a few twelve months, like Mr. Martin Luey always willing to give a helping hand. Mr. Lovell was very successful in his songs. Mr. Proctor also sang aptly his song. A little nervous, he has a pleasing way and we shall always rejoice to hear him as often as he can favour us.

The concert, on the whole, was most pleasing and the parish is much indebted to the gentlemen who came to work. Mr. Wigley has very warmest praise for his conducting and accompanying all allotted to him. No one assisted more in the evening than the good rector, who appreciated all most cordially, out of his large heart, after the concert was over he provided his friends with a splendid repast, nature could not crave for more, the good things of the season being abundant—all jollily partaking freely—then wending their ways to their respective homes after a most joyful evening, storing and brightening up the retired village of Guarlford.

I hear with profound pleasure that the aristocratic village Malvern Wells, is providing Monday evening entertainments. This will furnish the Wells with much that is desired; naturally dull in the winter, any meetings like these will tend to bring much talent that has dwelt in the rising village to broad day light. There are many musical friends in Malvern Wells who will render any assistance. Mr. Norris who now occupies the Wells Hotel, so many years the intelligent host of the British Camp Hydatey, will do all in his power to further the work; a capital violin player, good musician, lend it, assisted by Mr. David Hayes, many pleasing evenings may be anticipated; one or two already have been given and I heartily desire continued success to their good exertions. Dr. Ayerst for many years the respected hydropathic doctor at the Wells House has let his health failing. Mr. Sims Reeves was located with his sons two years back, derived great benefit by Dr. Ayerst's treatment and the air of Malvern Wells.

With joy I congratulate the spirited inhabitants of West Malvern that their prettily situated church, St. James's, will ere long be supplied with a nice organ. Many in the locality have taken a lively interest in the project, including the worthy vicar, the Rev. Freeman and Rev. Perfect. I rejoice that their united exertions have been successful. The instrument is in the hands of Mr. Nicholson, the eminent organ builder of Worcester, many of whose instruments are in other churches, and his reputation and varied qualities are second to none. Few churches stand in a more lovely position than West Malvern, the scenery, from the church yard whatever way you cast your vision, arrests the eyes of the beholder, all the splendid avenues of woodland and forest scenery. Viewing the Malvern hills, the mighty Welsh mountains and our eternal hills, the great landscape before you affords a panorama of unusual beauty which nature herself need be proud of. The many new residences dotted here and there affect tokens of the rising popularity of the frequented spot, also the high families of distinction annually to drive the way on the west side of the hills, to many are an evidence of the attractiveness of this picturesque resort. The organ is anticipated about Easter; many contributions have been received—W. Lea, Esq., £5l. Miss Lane Fox, the amiable lady of the late Venerable Archdeacon Freer of Hereford, 20l. Mr. Samuel Haywood, Esq., and various sums, which still leaves a deficit of some 50l. which no doubt will soon be supplied. The Rev. Freeman and Rev. Perfect, having all their influence in advancing this desideratum, would fain take the remaining deficiency. All credit is especially due to those through whose praiseworthy exertions than a vane have been so closely obtained. The assistance of the instrument will greatly assist the congregation in united voices swelling the triumphant chorus in strains of sweet sound to the Most High God. Arrangements are been made to give a concert to supply the deficiency. Unfortunately Mr. John Jones, whose musical talents are well known in the profession—at one period occupying the first position in Worcestershire, and deservedly so (as many of our musical friends know)—was taken ill therefore the concert is in abeyance at present. It is fair to say that Mr. Samuel Haywood, the genial host of the Westminster Arms, who never fails when necessity calls—with a helping hand always ready,—has liberally placed at the Rev. Freeman's disposal his large room at the Westminster, capable of accommodating some 250 people. A concert, with an attractive programme, would be welcomed by the people of this village of repose, principally resorted to by the highest blood especially.

T. L.

Opposite the Unicorn, Jan. 8.

Royal English Opera Company.—Last night we had the pleasure of hearing a second representation of the opera of *La Sonnambula*, by the company now appearing at the Waterloo Rooms. The principals were:—Amina, Miss Ida Gillies; Elvino, Mr. H. Bond; Rodolpho, Mr. Haydn Corri, Jun.; Madame Fanny Haywood, Alessio, Mr. A. Leslie; and Teresa, Miss Miller. In the character of Amina, Miss Gillies showed fine dramatic conception, while rendering the music of the part with a tenderness of expression and a brilliancy of execution that left nothing to be desired. Her delivery of the joyous air—"Do not frangle," was a perfect triumph of vocal art; and the audience, who at first thought a little cold at first, were quite enraptured with it. For Mr. Bond, an apology was made that he was suffering from cold, but he nevertheless went through his part very successfully; and we doubt not, but for the apology, he would have been heartily vocated in the celebrated song "Still so gently o'er me stealing," which he gave in graceful and artistic style. Mr. Haydn Corri made a creditable appearance as the Count, but evidently wanted confidence in himself—a circumstance which a good deal impaired the rendering of the song. As I view these scenes as charming." Miss Haywood as Lisa greatly improved on her former appearances.—*Edinburgh Courant*, Jan. 6.

Hammersmith.—A Christmas entertainment was given at the Lecture Hall on Friday evening the 27th ult. Dr. Mozey was lecturer and reader. The *West London Observer* thus notices the entertainments:—"What one we say about Dr. Mozey's reading that has not been said before. Whatever he touches it turns to gold, and nothing seems to come amiss to him. Dr. Mozey never reads *Jet and the Kimmeh* without producing a powerful effect. *One Touch of Nature*, a prize drama by Benjamin Webster, we heard as a reading for the first time. We had previously seen the Doctor's impersonation of William Penn Holder behind the footlights, and we were prepared for all the simple naturalness—the tenderness which distinguished the conception of that character; but we were unprepared for such an exact reproduction of Lord Dundreary. The vocal and instrumental part of the programme was sustained by Madame Burrington, Mr. Harrington and Miss Fairman. Madame Burrington's fine matured contralto voice told well in this Hall, and the archness and esprit with which she sang "Tapping at the Garden Gate," we never heard excelled. Miss Fairman was a favourite at the Penny Readings."

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FÉLICIEN MALLEFILLE'S LAST.

In London we are accustomed to see obscure theatres suddenly start into celebrity for the phenomenon of love comes on in Paris. Lately however the Théâtre du Gymnase, of which probably many even of our travelled readers never heard, has been made famous by the production of *Les Sceptiques*, a comedy written by M. Félicien Mallefille and sent by him in its first instance to the Théâtre Français. The authorities of this ancient temple of literature accepted the work, subject to corrections, so M. Mallefille, disliking the condition, availed himself of the present system of free competition, and here of *Les Sceptiques* is the more mature as all the art.

The sceptic which M. Mallefille has in view and which he represents by several types, is closely allied to cynicism. The banker Lambert is indeed a professed infidel, but, by no means inconsistently, a profound believer in "mesmeric science." His wife, who, without the slightest feeling of love, takes to herself Count Lionel de Trégueran simply because he is a marquis, and who is a consummate hypocrite withal, and Lionel's cousin, the Duke Richard de Villepinneuse, hardened by a thorough disbelief in aught make up the set to which may be added the Marquis himself, though he is but moderately a sceptic. Opposed to them is Pierre Flement, a young artist of generous impulses. The Duke is entertainingly wicked. He not only entertains his friends with a mocking account of the modern sister of Jacob, but candidly confesses that when in Germany he betrayed a young lady of noble birth and limited means, and abandoned her without the slightest scruple. Something like an expression of remorse nearly leads out the secret that the Duke is not quite so bad as he seems; but he soon corrects this too favourable impression which he may have made, and by the Egyptian question, "Il y a donc d'honnêtes femmes?" he announces his general doubt on the subject of female virtue, thus drawing from Pierre Flement the counter question at once pertinent and impertinent, "Et votre mère?" A duel is run on the cards, but is prevented by Lionel and Pierre has the opportunity of showing that there is something serious in the world after all. The foregoing incident takes place at the house of the banker, and before the party breaks up, Pierre tries to persuade Lionel not to choose the Duke for a model, but to break off his disreputable liaison with Mdme. Landurel and take to himself a wife. His good counsel is the sole for the entrance of the Comte d'Apremont and his daughter-in-law Blanche, and being on familiar terms with the new comers, he introduces Blanche to Lionel so efficiently that a love range is spread upon between the young persons—and Lionel follows them to the Château d'Apremont, leaving to his cousin the Duke the pleasant job of releasing Mdme. from the tie that binds her to the banker's wife.

Our reader has naturally not guessed that the highly estimable Countess is no other than the lady who was so heartlessly abandoned by Duke Richard. Such is the fact however. Since her misfortune she has gained the respect and love of Count d'Apremont, a kindly but "sceptical" old noble, who has refused to hear her revelations of the past, and has married her without further inquiry. The intimacy with Madame Landurel arises from the circumstance that they were both brought up at the same convent, and when she learns from a friend of her girlhood that Duke Richard is in the house, she retires with all precipitancy, having already been presented to Madame Landurel with a lace mantle, which she afterwards gives to Blanche. The little interesting discussion between the Duke and the banker's wife on the subject of Lionel's disappearance now takes place and the result is the departure of both for the Château d'Apremont with equally worthy motives. Madame Landurel wants to prevent the marriage of her fugitive lover with Blanche. The Duke wishes to score his old connection with the Countess.

From the unwholesome atmosphere of the atheistical banker's salon we are now transported to the blissful Château d'Apremont, where sceptics whether theoretical or practical, is unknown save to the Count, and everybody save the Count believes in the existence and truth of everybody else. The arrival of the sceptical pair does not bring "coals to Newcastle" in the shape of superfluous happiness. The appearance of the Duke is naturally annoying to the Countess, and Madame Landurel once planted within the enemy's lines, refuses to retrace her steps. The good Count and the wicked Duke chance to be old friends, and with that intimacy which is peculiar to French pictures of life, the former receives in all kindness the confessions of his younger friend made without mention of names, and innocently gives counsel that tends to the renewed dishonour of his own wife. Well primed with good counsel the Duke proceeds to attack the virtue of the now immaculate Countess, and though he does not undermine her ethical principles, he frightens her into an resignation by telling her that if she is not in a certain spot at a certain hour considerably after nightfall, he is very likely to see the corpse of the man whom once she loved.

To get rid of that standing nuisance, Mdme. Landurel, the excellent Pierre has contrived that a certain letter shall fall into the hands of her husband at Paris, and brings him down to the blissful château. To the abode of blissful peace therefore comes the atheistical banker determined to find himself in some disreputable position. As his eyesight is none of the sharpest, the interview between the Countess and the Duke is quite enough for his purpose, and when he has rapidly concluded that the lovely Mdme. Landurel, his connections are clenched by the mantilla in which the dissolute. Actually so we have seen the mantilla belonging to Blanche, who now, by advancing claims to her property, makes matters more hopeless than ever. She, then and Mdme. Landurel, figured in the disgraceful *tête à tête* of her father, a "sceptic." In former times, he persuaded of her dishonour, and the real sceptic Lionel wishes to back out of the matrimonial engagement. Excellent Pierre tries to set things right by offering to marry Blanche himself, but it will not do. A whisper from Mdme. Landurel into the ear of the Count comes like a bombshell. The Countess is obliged to confess that she is the real "Simon Pure" of the analogy, and now Lionel and Pierre both come in for the hard words of the Count. Virtue, however, is there to work her way upwards in the dramatic world, and she selects such an unlucky friend as the stage so that of our Charles II. In *Les Sceptiques* it is not without struggle that the virtue her supremacy. The Countess unmasks Duke Richard, and the Count abandons his wife to her seducer, but the Duke, far from appreciating the value of the donation, cheats himself through the heart—rather a strong incident for comedy, though assumed it not justified by the precedent of Sir John Vanbrugh.

The ancient sceptic Pyrrho seems to have been a very excellent citizen and a worthy man. Modern sceptics, if we may trust M. Mallefille, do not accurately tread in the steps of the master.

P. M. G.

Another Impromptu.

You fancied once you saw the Sun,
And cried—"Ha! I've got up too soon."
The rest of day its course had run,
And what surprised you was the Moon.

SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

To Augustus Moylan, Esq.

MILAN.—Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera* has been given at the Scala with Signora Bianca Vanoni, Signori Tiberini and Colletti in the principal parts. It was well received, but this was entirely due to the efforts of the artists named, who were recalled at the fall of the curtain. The orchestra was bad, the chorus worse, the scenery unmatchable, and the *mise en scène* wretched.—At the Carcano the management, after playing *Rigoletto* two nights, has gone back to *Romeo e Giulietta*.

FLORENCE.—According to report, a new opera, *Alfredo Hoffeck*, music and words by Madame Rattazzi, will be produced in this capital during the approaching Carnival.

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MISS EMILY SPILLER will sing at the Assembly Rooms, Hanover Square, Hammersmith's "PEACEFUL SLUMBER," and Gilchrist's "UNDER THE HAZEL TREE," on Monday, January 20th.

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MR. ALFRED HEMMING will sing "ALICE WHERE ART THOU?" at Bedford, February 3rd.

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THE THEATRES.

The national Puritanism could hardly be expected to furnish a canon for the principles of theatrical management, nevertheless the aspect of the present Christmas recalls to mind one of the most daring and unpopular of the Roundhead innovations. The Puritans, in order to destroy the Popish association of merriment with Yuletide formally changed the Feast of the Nativity into a fast. The theatrical managers of the present year show a tendency to emulate this exploit by dissolving the tie that has long connected Christmas with those dramatic symbols of holiday rubbish the pantomime and the extravaganza. The very season during which, by prescriptive right, folly was allowed to prevail over the London stage, has been selected by several of our caterers of amusement as the period for a display of intense intellectuality. Noting this very pronounced tendency, one is inclined to marvel that they did not all bring out a five-act comedy on Boxing Day, thus producing an effect analogous to that of the "four-and-twenty Lord Mayors shown all of a row" described in a now forgotten song or one of the most astounding fictions of classic mythology. This extreme however they shunned, being swayed no doubt by the reflection that the regular theatrical critics of the daily papers are neither innumerable nor ubiquitous, and that the date of passing judgment on a creation of pure intellect could not safely be trusted to the occasional Aristarchus or Zoilus who admirably experienced in the musings and doings of legal tribunals, does not professionally go to the play save on the occasion of the two great festivals when all hands are pressed into the theatrical service. With the exception of Mr Benjamin Webster who honoured the least of the poets—martyr he bringing out at the Adelphi a dramatic sketch of *No Thoroughfare*—in which he and Mr Fox to play the principal characters, and which has proved highly successful, the anti-pantomimic managers have generally preferred to ignore Boxing Day altogether and have chosen some indifferent day a little before and a little after for the production of their non Christmas-like novelties.

The large houses of course remain true to the muse of pantomime. *Fun-fee fo fum*, at *Harlequin Jack the Giant Killer*, which is the annual at the Drury Lane, stands at the head of the list illustrated in it by Beverley and the usual glittering corps of dancing sylphs and enlivened in it is by a juvenile harlequinade company added to the double troupe prescribed by the by law of the establishment. Next to it we must place the *Babes in the Wood* at Covent Garden where Miss Morgan, the artist of the *Pantaloon* gives a very brilliant transformation scene and the tribe of Payne display their personal talents. Mr E. T Smith succeeding Mr Fechter in the management of the Lyceum opened on Boxing Night with a pantomime embodying the time honoured forms of *Cock Robin and Jenny Wren* and conposed on the principle of his old Astley's pantomimes noted for the profusion with which he heaped together every kind of gorgeousness. Here the part of Cock Robin, who in transformed into another hero of the nursery the "little man who wood a little maid" is sustained by Miss Caroline Parker, a very clever actress of burlesque, here there is a so-called "Watteau Harlequin," represented by a Miss Esther Austen, with powdered hair and spangled shorts; here the *Cancan* is danced with a freedom which it is said by some with disapproval, by others with delight, would not be tolerated by the police of Paris.

Pantomime also reigns supreme in all the suburbs, and at the new house in Holborn but just as those theatres which more than any others reflect the dramatic taste of the higher classes it is not to be found. In nearly all these somebody is been trying his hand at comedy and in it added has achieved a failure. There is, indeed a burlesque at the Haymarket, and another at the Olympic but these are unimportant affairs, and are not intended to constitute the main attraction of an evening.

The most respectable figure among the anti pantomimists is made by the handsome new Theatre which was opened for the first time last autumn and is called the New Queen's. The manager of this establishment has judiciously engaged Mr Toole who has brought with him *Dong for the Bird* a pleasant little dramatic comedy scarcely known, if not entirely new to London and well established at Liverpool. The moral teaching of the work, to the effect that a sudden acquisition of fortune is to an humble and uneducated man a source of misery rather than of delight, is trite enough but the piece is well played throughout, and the honest carpenter shown first in the unmitigated enjoyment of a much priority as in conflict with fair wages and constant employment afterwards in the shape of an opulent "knowl such," and lastly in the state of rapture consequent on the loss of that wealth which has been equally fatal to his pleasures and his principles, is just one of those parts which Mr Toole can sustain better than any actor of the day. An excellent little drama written by Mr H. J. Byron and entitled *Dearer than Life*, has been brought out at the New Queen's and promises to be one of the most successful pieces of the day.

A work of higher pretensions than *Dong for the Bird* but of a less pleasing kind is *From Grave to Gay*, a comedy adapted by Mr Webster junior from *Fils Lionel* the last but one of the almost innumerable pieces written by the late lamented M. Scribe. This piece produced at the Olympic reminds one of the comedy described by Sheridan's *Critic* which put housebreaking into so ridiculous a light that bolts and bars were on the point of becoming superfluous. Suicide is the weakness contemplated by the dramatic satirist on this occasion. He shows us the nonsyancent a gentleman who was on the point of leaping into the Thames but was accidentally or providentially saved, and who, being universally voted dead finds that the lamentations of the world over his untimely end are terribly disproportionate to his expectations. Thus self-instruction comes to look so very absurd that no man however desperate would cut his own throat—for fear of being laughed out of countenance. The piece though slightly rambling is nevertheless amusing and is well worth seeing, if only for the sake of the acting of Mr Charles Mathews who as a shrewd lawyer's clerk, settling everybody's affairs, and rejoicing in a perpetual reflection on his own cleverness.

On the other hand a comedy by Mr Bernard, entitled *Sunday*, and brought out at the New Royalty where it rankled in Christmas is dismally as the Waits, is a very heavy affection. Never was burlesque more successful than Mr Bernard's *Black-eyed Susan*, which still clings to the Soho boards, but there is a certain gulf between burlesque and comedy which is apparently beyond his power to leap. Ambition he does not lack. He set before himself a canvass on which he intended to portray every variety of the genus Humbug. But as many are the figures so faintly are they coloured and so inartificially are they grouped that a feeling of a finished composition we only has a mirage.

Far greater is the merit of Mr Boucicault's comedy *How She Loves Him*, originally produced in the United States, afterwards brought out at Liverpool and now played at the Prince of Wales's, but its success is of the most moderate. The ingenious author has thrown himself upon his writing with a zeal worthy of a mess-house wit of the old school, and sparkling epigrams are scattered profusely through the whole of his dialogue. But a modern audience will not be satisfied with mental pleasantries unless their serious sympathies are to some extent secured. The position of a divorced lady of whom a fortune-hunting adventurer is the legitimate adorer, while her quondam husband whom she still loves and by whom she is still beloved, woos her in a sort of intriguing fashion, is found to be the reverse of interesting, and the jests that arise from the sexual perplexity are heard with displeasure. Then certain practical jokes that occur—when the husband feigning sickness to attract his wife, brings together two doctors representing as many medical theories—are condemned as farcical beyond the possibility of toleration. Nor body of men is more severely moral or more severely critical than a theatrical audience that is not crowded. Nor has Mr Boucicault the advantage of that equal and complete acting which has so largely contributed to the success of Mr Robertson's comedies at the same theatre. The Prince of Wales's has gained an unmeasurable character as a nursery for rising talent, and Mr Sancroft as the representative of drawling "swells" and Mr Hare as the delineator of marked character as exhibited in the court various classes of society stand as high as any among the theatrical notables of the day, though their names were utterly unknown in London till the obscure house in Tottenham Street was raised to its present sparkling condition by Miss Marie Wilton. But there are two or three mistakes in the cast of *How She Loves Him*. The right man is not always in the right place and one is wrong altogether.

More free from offence, and perfectly free from wit of any kind is *A Wife Will Win* the Haymarket novelty written by Mr E. Falconer on the basis of a novel by Paul de Kock, called *L'Homme aux Trois Culottes*. This shows the rise of a suit of Parisian Claude Melnotte from the condition of a journeyman printer to that of a general in the army of Italy and his corresponding union with a lady of aristocratic birth whose position resembles as closely as possible that of Pauline Deschappelles. Something like a humorous turn is given to the tale by the circumstance that the fortunate man at every stage of promotion puts on one of three pairs of diversely-coloured breeches, the bequest of a deceased uncle who has experienced their lucky influence. The notion is not worked out with the slightest ingenuity the breeches having no real connection with the advance of the wearer, whose fortunes would have been precisely the same if he had worn any other garment. What is most remarkable about the piece is the fact that it is so exceedingly like the *Lady of Lyons*, one of the most popular of modern plays and at the same time so utterly devoid of interest and so unlike it to every person in its representation. Mr Sotheran selection of such a character as that of the republican printer can only be accounted for by the hypothesis of a voluntary penance, in conformity with the Puritanical procedure mentioned at the head of this article.

But of all dreary solemnities of this present Yuletide the dreariest and most unhearsed though by no means the least mysterious, is Mr Craven's five-act comedy, the *Needful*, brought out at the St. James's.

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It is the mistake of a very clever and original dramatist who having gained no honourable name by writing two or three charming little pieces in which he acts the principal part, has fancied that by loosely stuffing a large number of additional characters to a nucleus not more considerable than that of his forerunners, he can easily augment two scenes into five. As the personages in Mr. Burnand's *Hunting* cohere through the circumstance that they are intended to be types of one species of moral blemish, so is it with the characters in the *Beautiful*, which all represent the necessary tendency of the age with the exception of the favoured few to whom they serve as foils. Altogether, the two pieces have a certain affinity to each other through the want of definite purpose that is common to them both.

The *Colleen Bawn*, revived at the Princess's Theatre with better scenery than was ever before bestowed upon it in London and with Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault in their original parts, has been so successful as to enable the manager to ignore Christmas altogether.

N. D.

A RELIC OF THE OPERA

(*From "Punch"*)

"By Jove! I'll write a puff of Santley!" said Mr. *Punch* as he heard that artist conclude his capital rendering of a capital song called "Wake, Mary, wake" (words by Mr. Latey, music by Henry Smart) at the Monday Popular Concerts.

He forswore himself however, only as there is no such party as Jove now, the oath does not perturb him. The reason was this. He found on his desk through the kindness of some correspondent or other four printed verses in honour of Mr. Santley and they appear to him to be so remarkable that he inclines to give them to his readers, instead of a lyric of his own. They were written before the fire at the Opera House, and as a mercy they were not consumed in it. Now, they are imperishable.—

SANTLEY

Oh! sing, my good friend, jovial Santley,
With a sun sympathetic and clear,
The homage to artists most grateful
We'll give you, a smile, not a tear.

I'll think of thee always with pleasure,
What style so expressive and fine
So heart-touching, feeling, and tender
Even thy head is a bumper of wine.

Let us to Her Majesty's go, friends,
This night glorious Santley to see,
Besides there's the gem, charming Tietjens,
De Meric, and rare Mirglia.

For when Flotow's sweet *Martha* performed,
The house then is glorious to see,
And when Tietjens sings charming "Ardita,"
The applause is both hearty and free.

Thus! Mr. Santley should be proud, Mr. *Punch* is proud, and the author, whoever he be, must be proudest of all. But this shall not prevent Mr. *Punch* saying that he hugely admires Mr. Santley.

Benedick. Give me thy hand, Hubicona. I do protest I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Hubicona. It hath not appeared.

Benedick. I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared, and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. (*Popular applause.*)

Bordeaux.—*Lucia di Lammermoor* was produced at the Lirico Theatre for the *début* of Mdlle. Sinico, the other parts being sustained by Signors Stagno, Storti, Rodas, and Negro. The fair *débutante* achieved a remarkable success, and the public press speaks of her in terms of unreserved praise. One of the journals writes as follows:—"Young and of a very agreeable appearance, Mdlle. Sinico has much in her favour before the displays her eminent and artistic qualities as singer and actress. Her voice has pure soprano, extending up to D in the high register; her vocalization neat, even, and facile; her method free from exaggeration; and her teaching belonging to the real Italian school. Her performance of Lucia was a series of triumphs from the opening recitativo and aria d'entrata to the mad scene, in which the music with the flute obbligato made quite a *furore*. We congratulate Mdlle. Sinico on the genuine success she met with on her first appearance at our great theatre, with a public so notoriously difficult to please and satisfy.

OFF THE COAST OF MALVERN

The officers and crew of the iron-plated frigate Hannah, still attached nominally to the North Squadron, mustered in full force on Friday evening last in the state cabin of the flagship Belvoir, Admiral Wank, commander, for the two-fold purpose of overhauling the former year's accounts and of celebrating the completion of a most pleasant and salubrious cruise among the islands of Melody, Hilarity, Good Fellowship, and others of the same group. A princely spread, supplied direct from the Admiral's cellars, by his own accomplished cooks, proved a happy introduction to the business of the night.

The lunar man renewed and comforted interchanges of toasts followed, each health being drank with an earnestness which seemed based on something more substantial than the mere enthusiasm of the moment, and which could but have its origin in real good fellowship. Chief Steward Ward meanwhile directed and prepared for inspection the documents of his office, posting up the final items with the rapidity and precision of a Babbage; the skits duly squared, were submitted to, and verified by President-Captain M. Lucy, who pronounced them perfectly "true and true," in fact the truest bill of dead reckoning ever brought beneath his notice. Vice-President Lieut. Powell thereupon proposed the never-ending terrestrial and aquatic health and happiness of the said Chief Steward, uniting therewith a cordial vote of thanks for his untiring efforts to maintain the ship and its finances in a buoyant condition.

A little wrangling between some old salts then took place, as to the length of time each had served aboard the ship. After several of them had indubitably proved the fact of their having sailed in the vessel at least twelve months before she was launched, the subject dropped.

The first vocal effort was on the part of First-mate Dalby, whose soft tenor voice was heard to advantage in the appropriate song "We meet again!" Pilot Rogers, Engineer Kitts and Lieut. Powell assisted in the well-harmonized chorus. Captain M. Lucy then sang a humorous ditty with all his wonted quaintness. About this time the brass old Belvoir and its gallant commander, Admiral Wank, left in for a bumping toast, and many were the sincere wishes offered for their welfare and increasing prosperity. The Admiral visibly affected, replied, in a lengthy yet telling speech which must have occupied at the lowest estimate full three minutes in delivery. At this unusual outburst of eloquence the cabin beams vibrated with acclamations from the astonished auditory. John Evans, Esq., of the East, next sang a beautiful ballad with great taste and expression. In due course Bluff Lockyer, captain of the maintop, with his accustomed rollicking freedom, cheered all hands by a mirth inspiring incantation. Lieut. Powell contributed a full share of praise in honour of Apollo, medium Bacchus. Chief among the pieces of this rejoicing evening were.—De Beriot's 6th "Air and Variations," and selections from Mendelssohn's 1st Book of *Lieder ohne Worte*. The former was rendered with masterly finish by Boatswain Tommy Lockett, on his famous Cremona fiddle, accompanied with equal power and grace by Pilot Rogers, who presided at the pianoforte. The maestro's immortal songs were interpreted with consummate skill by the second pilot, which in common with the foregoing performance, elicited loud bursts of applause. The able-bodied and stout-lunged mates Procter and Inwood, gave some patriotic and well timed vocal effusions. Chief Stoker Saunders also sang in exalted praise of his "good old wife."

The health of the landlord of whom many jolly fellows honoured the meeting with their presence, having been proposed, Mr. Hunt, of the Belle Vue Hotel, made a most able response, and forthwith joined the ship's company.

Thus passed the merry time, in quite a most enjoyable *réunion*, the remembrance of which will linger in the heart like the rosemary to an ancient mariner, of some fertile island in a desert sea.

Jan. 14. MILES OF MALVERN.

Lyons.—The Philharmonic Society gave the second concert for the present season at the Athenæum on Friday evening last week. Miss Robertina Henderson was principal soprano, and her fine voice and tasteful execution afforded the greatest pleasure. Indeed in the second part, where two of Gabriel's songs were set down for her, the audience would not be satisfied without a double encore. The other solo parts were, as customary, taken by local amateurs—the Rev. D. W. Ellis, Dr. Reed, Mrs. Forrest, Miss Eastwick, Miss Bean, Master H. Ham, Messrs. Sargent, Ritter and Baker. Miss Bray made her *début* as pianist, and played a composition of Dancla's with good taste and expression. The band and chorus numbered about a hundred and were led by Mr. J. Bray, Mr. Rolls being organist, and Mr. R. J. Whall conductor. The first part of the concert consisted of a selection from the *Messiah*, the principal soprano solo being rendered by Miss Henderson admirably, and those in other parts possibly by the amateurs. The chorusses as a whole went well and steadily. In the second part, the overture to Auber's *Lestocq* was encored.—*Norfolk Chronicle*, Jan. 11.

Google

GEORGES KASTNER.

It is in the midst of an advanced state of civilisation, after the world has heard a host of masterpieces and when music is beginning to grow old, as the lamented Halévy used to say, it is an epoch when synthesis may be advantageously practised and suggest general ideas, it is now in a word, that the place of the historian is marked out that his services are necessary to them as all the distances traversed since the birth of the arts, and interest us in the efforts, the struggles and the discoveries of the pioneers who cleared the way. This task of the historian and philosopher was performed by M. Georges Kastner with equal zeal and erudition. But he had within him the power of doing more. An excellent musician and composer, a man gifted with an ardent and devoted heart, he was able to turn his gaze from the past and scan the horizon, to make the experience of centuries serve the progress of the future. Is not this the object of true science as well as the evidence of an elevated and generous mind?

Doctor Jean Georges Kastner was born at Strasburg on the 9th March 1811. He began to learn the piano when he was only six years old, and was very soon skilful enough to play the organ on fête days in the church of a village near his native city. While following his course of humanities at the Gymnasium he was studying solfeggios improving himself on the piano, even making attempts at composition and rendering himself conversant with various orchestral instruments. In 1823 he directed his attention more specially to the study of harmony and from that period, devoted a large portion of his life to music. In 1827, his academical education was completed. Two years afterwards (1829) the manager of the Strasburgh Theatre brought out *La Prise de Mansleugh*, a drama in verse for which the young artist composed an overture, choruses, marches and interludes. Some months subsequently M. Kastner took his degree as *bachelier ès lettres*. M. Maurer the chapelmaster who had previously given him lessons in instrumentation completed his education as regards practical composition while, in 1831, Bühner taught him double counterpoint and fugue. Though the young artist was then engaged in studies foreign to music, and connected probably with the desire of his parents to see him embrace the ecclesiastical profession, he still found time to compose several pieces, such for instance as serenades in honour of the professors of the Academy.

Between 1832 and 1835 M. Kastner wrote three grand operas *Gustave Vasa*, *The Queen of the Sarmatians* and *The Broth of Gwen* together with a comic opera, *The Sirocco*. They were favourably received by the Strasburgh public but their composer felt stimulated by a more lofty ambition than that of merely achieving a provincial success. Paris was the only place where his talent could find room for development, and thither he proceeded, therefore in the month of September, 1835.

It was as a theorist that he first made himself known by publishing his *Traité général d'Instrumentation*. This was approved of by the Institute and adopted for the pupils of the Conservatory. The same favour was extended to the second part entitled *Traité d'Instrumentation considérée sous les Rapports poétiques et philosophiques*. Other publications followed at short intervals, and were justly much esteemed. We may mention his *Grammaire Musicale*; his *Théorie abrégée du Contre Point et de la Fugue*; his *Méthode élémentaire d'Harmonie*; his *Traité de la Composition vocale et instrumentale*; various works relating to the saxophone; his *Tableaux analytiques des Principes élémentaires de la Musique*; his *Tableaux analytiques de l'Harmonie*, etc.

When, after rendering so many services to the cause of education, this accomplished musician turned his attention to the stage he had to struggle against a thousand obstacles. It is not with impunity that a man passes from musical criticism and literature to lyrical composition. He finds that he has for enemies all those of whom he has previously constituted himself the judge. Though his opera of *Beatrice* (1833) had been successful in Germany, M. Kastner experienced great difficulty in getting two acts, entitled *Les Vauchers* produced at the Opéra Comique. The work was at length brought out on the 17th June 1841. The style, melodic ideas and dramatic situations were much admired. *Le Dernier Roi de Juda*, a grand Biblical French opera, was never performed on any stage, but it was executed amid the applause of a select audience at the Conservatory on the 1st December 1844. M. Kastner wrote also various pieces of vocal music, dramatic scenes, such as *Sardanapale*, *La Veuve du Marin*, *Le Nègre*, *Le Proscrit* and *Stephen ou la Harpe d'Eole*, a grand monologue with chorus, besides a large number of romances, melodies, and nocturnes. In the way of instrumental music we are indebted to him for symphonies, marches, overtures, etc.

M. Kastner's most interesting works relate to the history of music. Conversant with the languages of classical antiquity and acquainted moreover with the principal modern idioms, he was better qualified than anyone else for undertaking those researches which require, as a preliminary condition, the knowledge of an experienced philologist. Works of so special a nature command few readers, and the author who publishes them at a considerable expense must not expect to be reimbursed for his outlay. This contingency suspended over the head of the laborious scholar did not move him. He thought he could not make a better use of his fortune than by making it contribute to the advancement of musical science. When writing his *Manuel général de Musique Militaire à l'Usage des Armées Françaises* (Paris, 1848) M. Kastner was not contented with rendering it simply useful to regimental musicians. It is also and more especially a very serious history of what martial music has been among the various nations of the world from the most remote times down to the present day. On reaching the few last years, the author in his zeal for the improvement of musical instruments, devotes to the inventions of M. Sax a great many pages, which form not the least interesting portion of the *Manuel*. Lastly, addressing the eye as well as the mind, M. Kastner appends to his letter-press a number of plates from which the reader learns better than from a written description what were the *salpinx* of the Greeks, the *lituus* of the Romans, the harp of the Hebrewsetc.

The search of different nations, carefully consulted, supplied the materials for this vast and monumental work, possible only in the nineteenth century, a period as sagacious for historical knowledge. The same desire to snatch from oblivion a valuable Past next suggested to the author his researches on *Les Danses des Morts* (1852). M. Paul Lacroix is left behind by all the distances separating a fantastical and frivolous bibliophilist from a thorough scholar. The author touches upon a whole host of questions which the subject naturally brought under his notice, and which are connected with the theology, the literature, the æsthetics, and the social notions of the Middle Ages; he reproduces the forms of the instruments used in the Dance of Death, and, lastly, for he never forgets he is an artist, concludes his work with attempting a *Danse Macabre* himself, the music of which, set to words by M. Edouard Thierry, bears a strange stamp of archaism.

FÉLIX CLÉMENT.

(To be continued.)

Here Music.

Oh! for a burst of song,
Exultant, deep, and strong,
One gush of Music's billowing might!
To tear my soul away
Into the realms of day
From these dim glacier caves of Life's cold night.

Oh! for a sunset strain
Wafted over slumbersome seas,
To enter spirit-like, my unrest heart;
And there with voiceless hand,
Unless each mortal band,
That in the songs of heaven I too might learn a part.

The sweetest music here
Calls forth the quiet tear
For grief and gladness flow in blended stream.
Oh! for the joyous day
(Can it be far away?)
When one great Alleluia-song shall chase Life's tuneless dream.

FABIUS R. HAVERGAL.

[Written after taking part for the first time in an oratorio.]

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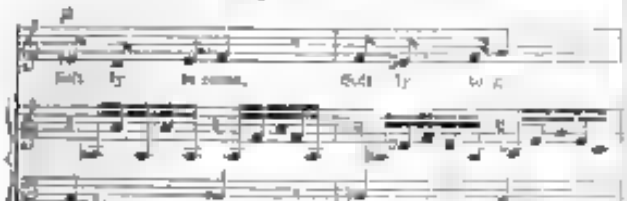
REVIEWS

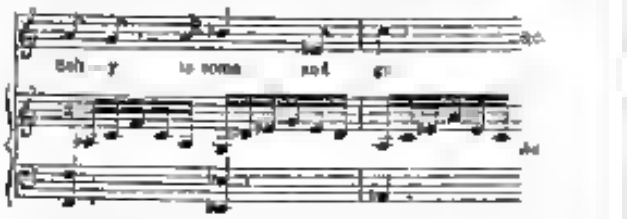
By Sappiness (The Mother's Song). Words by G. Manners. Music by John Orr. [London: Duff & Stewart.]

This is a cradle song of considerable merit, both as regards words and music. A portion of the former may be quoted as a specimen:—

"I change the west wind gently
Softly to come and go;
And, like a folded mantle
Of freshly fallen snow,
I wrap thy robes around thee
And leave thee to thy rest;
May angel forms surround thee
And make thy slumbers blest."

The music—in the key of C major—is adapted for a mezzo-soprano having a compass from D to F. The melody is smooth and flowing and the accompaniment, though in arpeggio style throughout, is sufficiently varied to avoid monotony. There are two episodes, in A minor and A flat major respectively, which are the best portions of the song. A few bars from the latter may be cited:—





The Kaleidoscope: Polka and Galop. A Musical Puzzle for the Piano, by R. Andrews. [London: Augener & Co.]

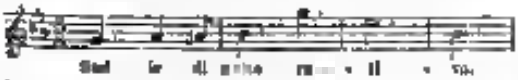
We have here three polkas and three galops, with certain bars in each which may be transferred to the rest of the same kind, thus making a considerable variety of melody. The idea is not new, but we have seen no work with this particular application of it before. Considerable amusement may be derived by juvenile performers from the interchanging of the marked passages. The pieces are all very easy.

Part Music for Soprano, Alto, Tenor and Bass. Edited by Julius Benedict. Sacred series. No. II. [London: Longmans, Green, Reader & Dyer.]

The number of this excellent work now before us contains Giovanni Croce's motet, "O holy and heavenly feast," an interesting example of the scholastic (and somewhat dry) church music of the period; Croyghton's "Holy Lord God of Hosts," a hymn by the Editor; Croft's famous anthem "God is gone up with a merry noise;" and Vaughan Richardson's still better hymn "How amiable are Thy tabernacles." The whole can be had in score for one shilling!

Sulla di Notte. Serenata per Tenore. Parole di Massimo Bagotsky. Musica di Joseph F. Duggan. [London: Schott & Co.]

This composition, though simple in general design, abounds in detail of a small but always achieved. One example will suffice. Here is the opening phrase of the melody:—



and this is how its subject is forced upon the second part of the verse in the accompaniment:—

The effect is far from happy, and the song would be all the more acceptable for the absence of instances of design in which the design is laboriously obvious. Those excepted, it has creditable production.

Erin an ende. Ballad. Words by M. E. Music composed by J. F. Duggan. [London: Schott & Co.]

In this ballad an Irish exile is represented as praying for the liberty and welfare of his country. Singing it now-a-days might be construed into sympathy for Fenianism, especially when the following passage occurs:—

"For he thinks o'er the ocean her half-oft hath cry
And he sees the sad wreck of her still lovely eye,
Aye, the shock that is on her sad pale
And he weeps for the cry that's ever ringing
For the wild yellow grass in the fearless Irish,
And he prays of this loved home again."

There are some good points in the music which strongly commend the song to the favourable notice of those who do not object to the words.

Oh! delizia le memorie! (Oh! happy hours). Aria per Soprano and Tenore con accompagnamento *ad lib.* di flauto, clarinetto, corno a violoncello. Parole di G. B. C. Musica di J. F. Duggan. [London: Schott & Co.]

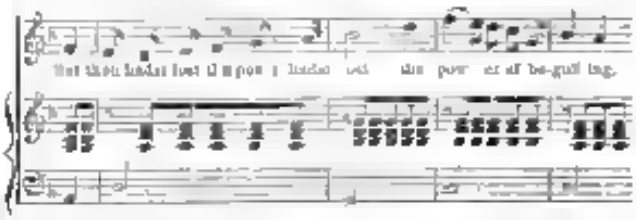
A well-constructed aria with a good melody and a cleverly written accompaniment. The obbligato instrument has a part assigned which materially enriches the general effect. The song is written in C major and has English as well as Italian words. We can commend it to those who wish for an elegant drawing-room piece.

When we first Met. Ballad. Words by Miss Fanny Kemble. Music composed by Joseph F. Duggan. [London: Schott & Co.]

What astonishing verses composers of the present day are driven to set to music! Surely Mr. Duggan must have been very hard up when he accepted the following:—

"When we first met I thought this were nothing
And the bright earth has lovely nature made,
But it is hard for the poor's sighing
For my wrecked, wasted heart would yes no more."

The third line was evidently a puzzle, and the composer could only shamble over it in this fashion:—



The ballad would have been a fair one but for the words, that rock upon which composers so often split, and more so merely able to avoid

T. E.

Louth.—On Tuesday last a performance of Handel's *Messiah* took place in the Town Hall, in aid of the Parish Church Restoration Fund, by the members of the Louth Choral Society, assisted by several ladies and gentlemen from Hull and Grimsby. The principal vocalists were Miss Helen Walker of Leeds, soprano; Mr. Barraclough (lay vicar of Lincoln Cathedral), tenor; Mr. Pullein, of Lincoln Cathedral, bass. Miss Walker sang the parts allotted her very artistically. Her rendering of the air, "Rejoice greatly," was all that could be desired. "I know that my Redeemer liveth" was sung with much pathos and feeling. Miss Hargreaves, in the air "He was despised," acquitted herself admirably. Mr. Barraclough possesses a good quality of voice, but is sometimes lacking in precision. Mr. Pullein's voice is round and clear, and his enunciation excellent. The air "Why do the nations," elicited warm expressions of applause. The choruses were all well "rendered." The "Hallelujah" was sung to perfection. The band was under the leadership of Mr. Hadlock of Leeds. Mr. G. H. Porter ably conducted.—A lecture by the Rev. J. M. Cole, M.A., vicar of Watwang and concert by the Watwang Glee assisted by several Hull Field amateurs was given in connection with the Driffield Mechanics' Institute, in the Assembly Room, on Tuesday evening last. The chair was occupied by Mr. H. Vigors. Mr. Cole gave an interesting outline of the history and popular church music, illustrated by a variety of well selected pieces which were well "rendered" by the choir and the ladies and gentlemen who assisted. The room was crowded and the lecture and performances were warmly received. A vote of thanks was proposed by Mr. Whitaker, and seconded by Mr. G. H. Wrangham, to which Mr. Cole briefly responded.—*Hull Herald*, Jan. 9.

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TO EDMUND YATES, Esq.

Sir,—You are a gentleman who, as most of us are aware, occupies a high position in the literary world. You are well known as the author of *Black Sheep* and other popular novels, and until recently you contributed, under the title of "The Flâneur," a column of metropolitan gossip every Monday to the *Morning Star*. Last year Mr William Hunting of London offered a prize of twenty pounds for the best piece of poetry—not exceeding thirty lines, on any subject, composed by a Welshman; and it is a proof that there has great deal of the poetical element in the Welsh people from the fact that as many as sixty-three poems were forwarded to you who was selected to adjudicate the prize. The result is well known. Briefly, you did not consider one of the compositions worthy of the prize, and therefore refused to award it. The various persons who competed were on and all terribly annoyed at what they considered a dead finish, and many of them have given vent to their wounded feelings by writing lines to various newspapers. If the poems sent in competition were no better than those that have appeared since, I am very much inclined to the opinion that you had come to a very proper opinion when you said that there was no particular talent displayed in the pieces sent to you. But I am not inclined to take so unfair a view of the case. I believe that, if your statement is correct, it will be a very strange fact, for whilst I do not profess to be able to judge poetry as well as might so experienced a gentleman as yourself, I yet hold the opinion that there are many persons amongst those who competed for the prize who can write exceedingly good verse even in the English language. I must, however, confess that most of the effusions I saw I have perused from time to time, with a respectful hope that I might meet them in a corner of some journal, and criticism by hand; but I cannot act so unkindly as to condemn the poetical talent of the whole of the Welsh people on this account. You say that there was no poetry worth reading among all the compositions forwarded to you. With every respect for you, I cannot altogether agree with the assertion, and I would therefore suggest that the poems, which are now in the hands of the National Council of the Eisteddfod, should rather be referred to some other impartial adjudicator, or else published in a well-read form, in order that the public may judge for themselves upon a subject that in a great degree affects the reputation of a large number of the sons of Cambria.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

New Castle, Emlyn, Jan. 14. POWIS OF POWIS.

TO SHIRLEY BROOKS, Esq.

Sir,—Mr Barthold Senff, editor of the Leipsic musical journal *Signale*, advocates, in a recent article, the introduction of a principle which is of importance, underlies as well as otherwise. He thinks composers ought to receive some kind of compensation from the managers whose theatres are performed. For instance, if a composer 10 Louis, and if Louis be an overture or a work of a similar dimension. He points to France as a precedent for such an introduction, and also to the fact that in Germany no theatrical piece, although published, can be performed without such compensation to the author. Considering the labour and loss of time of a composer before he can find a publisher, and the very little compensation he receives for a large work after he has found the publisher, he ought to be entitled by those whose business it is to bring his compositions before the public. Mr Senff holds that the following composers, Messrs Abert, Bargiel, Dorn, Mme Brach, H. von Bülow, Gade, Grün, Hiller, Jadassohn, Kiel, Lachner, Lassen, Liszt, Raff, Reinecke, Rheinthaler, Rheinberger, Rietz, Rubinstein, Volkmann, Richard Wagner, etc., might secure this privilege by producing their works to be published after the first of January, 1868, with the following result. The public performance of the work cannot be allowed except after the fee for doing it has been stipulated between the manager and the author or his publisher. This, of course, can legally only apply to Germany. I own that Mr Senff has picked a queer list of composers, but what is your opinion of his opinion?—Your constant reader,

Ancoats, Jan. 15. HOOKER BEAR.

TO DR. ABRAHAM SADOKE SILENT.

Sir,—Will anyone kindly tell me where I can get a song called "Les Francs" by Adam, and if it is out of an operetta? I believe Mme. Alboni used to sing it years ago. LITTLE NELLY.

[Little Nelly has put the same question to our esteemed and fashionable contemporary *The Queen*. The song in question is from an opera called *Les Francs*, by the self same Adam (Adolphe) in which Marie Cabel won all hearts, at St. James's Theatre, as Jane Mitchell must remember, in 1854, the year that Vely Pasha was in London under the protection of Vivier, at the Brunswick Hotel, Jermyn Street, where also Sophie Cruvelli resided for a space. Alboni never sang anything of the sort; but she did sing both at Paris (French opera) and at Her Majesty's Theatre, in an opera called *La Corbeille des Oranges*, composed expressly for her by Auber.—A. S. S.]

TO BAYLIS BOYLE, Esq.

Dear Boyle,—The song "Thou art so near and yet so far" is taken from a line in one of Martial's Epigrams. Judge for yourself—

"Quanqu est tam prope tam prodigus nobis."

Reflect upon this and clear your knowledge.—Yours to wit,

Five Ways Hotel, Wandsworth. SEPTIMUS WIND.

TO ADMIRAL WINE OF THE NORTH.

My dear Admiral,—Allow me to congratulate you, my dear Admiral, after seven years residence with us, on the happy results of your labours. It is probable that few men are more fitted for the position you occupy than yourself. The confidence and esteem you have so heartily gained, the respect that is manifest toward you by many visiting friends, must, I am sure, in your reflecting moments, afford a most pleasing retrospect. You have evinced much skill and perseverance in whatever you have put your shoulder to, contributing much to the comfort of those who entrust themselves to your cooking care. I took a quiet stroll to your hostelrie on Friday night, and was enchanted to find so many gentlemen sat down to your glee-club, some thirty being present partaking of all that the season can give birth to—certainly a more prolific and exuberant display no one would wish to meet, generosity appearing in all departments. Allow me to compliment you for the 40 dishes and the ample supply you appear to have in stock for any future occasion. Naturally anxious to have nothing second-rate and indignantly disposed to do aught that is kind, you have a promising career before you. May your health long continue. Knowing your strong aversion to all drugs, and firm belief in beef steaks, bottle-stout and a quiet wind, no doubt the power of life will, I hope, long be sustained and that many more such joyful evenings may be enjoyed under your paternal roof, as was evident to all on Friday last. It was a pleasing sight to witness so many faces around who I know you possess the profoundest esteem for—supported by Mr. Martin Lucy, Powell, and a host of comely countenances, never did Hambrons appear to dwell in more cordial unity. The evening most happily was brought to a close by cocoa (of which doubtless you will receive a correct report from another quarter).

I am rather ambitious to give my praise when I see it so necessary and have I reminded you of our talented friend Mr Roger, at the piano. I have often said something about him. I again listen to his admirable and extemporaneous effusions. I am constrained to say again—I feel it if I had not said enough—enough to say he is a powerful assistance to the musical world in Malvern, combining a nice perception, facility of executive powers, delicate phrasing. With little more possibility, this is all we could desire—how he played one of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words"—all present can bear witness—a treat of high character. My esteemed friend, Mr Klitz, again favoured us with Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words." Mr Klitz by his genuine and unassuming disposition is valued by all. Always showing manifestations of kindness, I value his character.

My good companion Mr Powell, with his variability of talents, gave some of his songs which no one in Malvern can supply, being very fond of the art. It is his delight to ruminate with some of our best authors. His retention of memory is a gift. Not only in music are his talents—he shines as a brilliant star in many sciences. I rejoice with him as a friend and scholar of no mean degree, all who know him in Malvern are proud of him. My friend Mr Proctor gave us "The Englishman." I should again like to hear him give the "Bell Ringer," being so successful at Guarlford with that nice melody, a repetition would be enjoyed by all. Mr Lockyer again favoured us with one of his songs. It would be superfluous to write on his powers; they are positively like the hearing of mighty waters in volcanic power, such irresistible force he has at command. His enunciation is clear and distinct—which many singers do not study. Any person gifted with the finest voice, words not distinct, is good for naught. I congratulate friend Lockyer on his sounder judgment. I rejoiced to hear our valued friend Mr Sanders, favour us with his song "My good wife is a good old soul." Mr Sanders is one of our veteran friends "and a good soul he is as well as his wife." The merry and joyful way in which he gave his song pleased all. Associated as Mr Sanders is in the Carrock's Chase company we have not so much of our friend's company as I could wish. I awarded my medal for his song. May he long prosper. Mr Inwood also gave a capital song.

If it was not for Admiral Wink's "Academy for Music" one good action in this town would lie dormant. I wish our talented friend, J. Hopkins, Esq., of Worcester, had united with us. Mr. Hopkins is a personal friend of the Admiral's, and wishes him well, spending some six months of the season with him. This gentleman, in his young days, was a very finished amateur player on his pet instrument, the violoncello; he was contemporary with Mr. L. D'Egville, his two sons, J. and Louis D'Egville, and the old Philharmonic band at Worcester—all men of irreproachable talent. Corelli's trios have never been heard at Worcester since old Mr. D'Egville's death; the lively way in which they were executed some years at the faithful city is well known to our oldest musicians. Mr. Hopkins at that period taking a leading part, and for careful reading his could stand unrivalled; but they were his food, "meditating on them day and night." The instrument he plays is one of values for purity of tone and ready quality few are superior. It was one of the great Lindley's. I wish Mr. Hopkins had been with us the other night taking a lively interest in all connected with the North. Mr. Hopkins is allied to Admiral Wink by the closest bonds of friendship. Some twenty years ago he was seized with rheumatic gout, since that time his talents are unfortunately costly. The happy hours Mr. Hopkins has enjoyed with the Lindleys and Piattis are some of his pleasing reminiscences.

Now my dear Admiral, I must bring my letter to an end. Many thanks for your courteous kindness on all occasions. Your free will is good, large and beautiful. With a Happy New Year allow me to subscribe myself—yours sincerely,

Hollow in Hole Jan. 14. HOLLOW OF HOLLOW

P.S.—Friend Matts ought to give a magnificent article in the *News*. By the way, Father of Ledbury has been here, and wants to know when Shirley Brooks is going to pay him that visit. "Sooner or Later" being finished," he says—"there is no reason for further delay." His room and bath are ready.

WORCESTER FESTIVAL CHORAL SOCIETY.—A Christmas performance of the *Messiah* has been given in the Music Hall. The soprano portion was allotted to Mrs. Sutton, whom we were glad to hear again, and the other solo parts were taken by Mr. Hodges (alto), Messrs. Dyson, Pugh and Smith (tenors) and Messrs. Price and Millward (basses), gentlemen of the Cathedral choir, who kindly gave their services. All the airs were loudly applauded. The chorusses went off very steadily, the various leads being well taken up. The band, nearly twenty in number, consisted entirely of Worcester gentlemen, and was very effective. All went off well. Mr. Langdon played the difficult trumpet obbligato in the song "The trumpet shall sound" and the "Hallelujah" chorus in a masterly and effective style. Mr. Spray was leader and Mr. Delle conductor, while Mr. Quarterman presided at the piano and Mr. Caldicott at the harmonium; all of whom performed their duties to their usual excellent manner. There was a very fair attendance.—*Worcester Herald.*

THEATRE ROYAL, CORK.—The *Barber of Seville* was produced on Saturday night, with the last scene of *Somnambula* in place of an afterpiece. The house was full with a Saturday night's audience, which means, in the gallery and sometimes in the pit, an unpleasantly noisy party, who give considerable interruption to the performance and keep the rest of the house in a ferment. We have seldom seen the *Barber* go with more dash and effect. An apology was made for Madame Lanetta. She was evidently labouring under a cold. The voice, and her rendering of Gounod's "Quand tu chantes," in the *Lesson-scene*, and "Il bacio," as a *finale*, was, in each instance, a bit of the most artistic vocalism in the *Somnambula* scene. Miss Cole drew down the thunders of the house as Amina, and this performance sent home an audience full to repletion with the most delightful music.—*Cork Examiner.*

PRESENTATION TO A BAND SERGEANT.—A silver baton, ornamented with engraved laurel leaves, gold lyre on the top, elegantly shaped handle with cord and tassel attached, has been presented to Band-sergeant Thomas Gaunar Brooks, 41st Welsh Regiment, by Signor Michael Angelo and the Masters of St. Peter's College, Agra, for his first performance and success in instituting a juvenile first class band and glee class, which performed before the Excellencies the Governor-General and the Commander-in-Chief of India, and at the Provincial Exhibition N. W. P. 1867, also for producing a series of interesting and very successful concerts in the College. The baton was designed and manufactured by Mr. Benson, of 26 Old Bond Street, by appointment to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

TAMBERLIK, who lately paid a flying visit to Paris to see his family, has returned to Madrid. He has been telegraphed for to St. Petersburgh, but Marie it appears has recovered her lost ground by her acting and singing in *Faust*, where Pauline Lucca made a great sensation, at her *début* as Margherita.—*Queen.*

LEICESTER.—(*From a Correspondent*).—Mr. Nicholson's Annual Christmas oratorio performance took place on Friday evening, Dec. 2, on which occasion Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was given. The principal vocalists were—Mrs. Sargeant, Madame Fanny Huddart, Mr. C. Lyall, and Mr. Santley. The band included the following London artists—Messrs. A. Nicholson, H. Chipp, C. White, J. Hutchins, A. W. Nicholson, assisted by the best instrumentalists of the town and neighbourhood. The chorus (numbering nearly 200 voices) was supplied by the excellent body of vocalists known as the Leicester New Philharmonic Society. Mr. Henry Nicholson conducted. The room was crowded, and the performance a great success. Mr. Santley was in excellent voice, and created the utmost enthusiasm.

SALISBURY.—Mr. Richardson's concert in the Assembly Rooms was modelled after the programmes of the London "Monday Popular Concerts." Mozart, Beethoven and Mendelssohn were the principal contributors. The quintet for clarionet and stringed instruments of the first named composer, the quartet in A major (Op. 18) of the second, and the quartet in D (Op. 44) of the last, were the *pièces de resistance*. These were all well played and seemed greatly to please the audience. The executants were Mr. Richardson (pianist), MM. Winter and Eayres (violins), Mr. Hann (viola), Mr. Pratt (violoncello) and Mr. Lazarus (clarionet). Miss Banks was the singer. The vocal music was accompanied by Mr. Richardson.

DUBLIN.—(*From a Correspondent*).—At the Philharmonic, on Friday week, the novelty was Mr. J. Webb's pianoforte solo, in Mr. Benedict's Concerto, and an arrangement of his own on airs from *Faust* proved himself an artist of remarkable powers. The singers were Mdle. Bernadette Mdlle. Anna Drasdil, Mr. Tom Helder, and Mr. B. Smith.—The first Monthly Popular Concert, produced under the auspices of Messrs. Gunn, was a success, the room being crowded in every part. Mr. Charles Halle received a hearty welcome, and every piece in which he played was listened to with marked attention, the applause being frequent and enthusiastic. One of Beethoven's string quartets was excellently given by Messrs. Levey, Liddell, Halton, and Elmer, and Miss Winne Hodges and Mr. Barnclough (mezzo-soprano and baritone) were most favourably received, the latter obtaining a well merited encore in Gounod's "Valley." Mr. Halle played a suite in E major by Bach, sarabandes in F minor and two mazurkas by Chopin, and took part in Mendelssohn's B flat Sonata for piano and violoncello with Mert Elmer (a careful artist) and with Messrs. Levey, Halton, and Elmer in Mozart's Quartet in G minor which brought the concert to a close. Messrs. Gunn may be congratulated on the success of their enterprise, which has proved that Dublin can furnish an audience capable of appreciating the masterworks of the greatest composers.

P. P.

DARMSTADT.—Herr Pauer gave a concert on Saturday last, which was attended by the Princess Alice and all the members of the Court at present in Darmstadt. Herr Pauer performed several classical pieces, together with some of his own compositions. He was assisted vocally by Fraulein Anna Reise, who sang some of the most popular *lieder* of the day. This charming and clever vocalist has been singing with extraordinary success at Berlin and Leipsic and is announced to play Margaretha, at the Court Theatre, Darmstadt.

SALAMANCA, of Madrid (the *Impresario*), who was to have supplied capital to start the Royal Italian Opera (Covent Garden) in 1847, but failing left Persiani (or Habelinee), is contemplating a second Italian Opera House in Paris on the Boulevard Haussman for Italy only. A Paris journal states that he will start a new Italian Theatre in the republican Val d'Andorra, that curious piece of territory between Spain and France in the eastern Pyrenees, a *terra incognita*, except to hunters and stray travellers. The situation is superb, and the scenery far more grand and picturesque than that of the German gambling rendezvous. There is rail as far as Toulouse, and no doubt, if Salamanca succeeds, the undertaking a loop line will be carried on to the locality he proposes as to convert for the use of the players who are gradually being driven out of Germany.—*Queen.*

WYE MALVERN.—(*From a Correspondent*).—The Westminster Hotel, Wye Malvern, which has been a favourite rendezvous for the many musicians who come to spend a few days in quiet enjoyment of the varied beauties of which the scenery of Wye Malvern abounds, was the scene of a pleasant meeting on Thursday, the 9th. Mr. Hilyard, who for the last seven years has been at the hotel, giving a ball to the good people of Wye, has since [illegible] indisputably has been presented by your dutiful [illegible] to will return [illegible] leaving the hotel [illegible] with regret of all at Malvern who [illegible] a high respect for him. The Rt. Hon. [illegible] with perfect [illegible] to carry out the [illegible] by Mr. Hilyard, and to keep the [illegible] from losing their [illegible], which in many of them [illegible] brought a year of toil and trouble—almost to be looked forward to, to be enjoyed at long as possible when it comes, and to be remembered after as a cherished ray. It must be a dark and [illegible] will. An excellent company of old and [illegible] assembled to the [illegible] who were called upon with [illegible] by [illegible] and gentlemen who take an interest in the poor. After tea they were [illegible] with [illegible] from a magic lantern, and to dance up at eight o'clock, all highly pleased with their evening's entertainment. The magic lantern was kindly supplied by Messrs. Burrows & Co., the bazaar chemists.—T. L.

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SONG "The Message"—Mr Sims Reeves .. .. *Blumenthal.*

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Αλεξανδρεωτοφοβοφωνικα.—On the contrary, Mr Horace Mayhew says, as ἐπιγραφῆν "the 2nd aorist passive is the common form" which Prof. Schneidewin suggests should be read; yet the MS. seems to have had ample room for three letters, and Hyperides is known to have been addicted to rare inflections. The 1st aor. passive is found in Archimedes, though he uses a aorist.

Ernstus.—For "Mr Wigley, the assiduous organist of the parish church," read "Mr Higley, &c.," in the article "Across Malvern" (last week's impression).

A Lover of Mendelssohn's Music.—Yes. There is a sonata for violin (in F) mentioned in the catalogue of Herr Julius Roth as having been composed in 1838. Mendelssohn briefly alludes to it in one of his letters (the same in which he refers to his Trio in D Minor, No. 1). We hope sincerely that Herr Carl Mendelssohn will consent to give it to the world.

Amorous Murmur.—Cremieux, jun., has won appeal, and Mme. Cremieux (Mme. Monbelli) is prevented from appearing at Opéra Comique. Cremieux, jun., had in his Cremieux as counsel, who made telling speech, and Mme. Monbelli had Jules Favre. There is final separation. Court, while recognizing principle laid down in Code Napoléon, as to right of separated wife to gain livelihood by "honest" means, decided that theatrical career was of peril for young woman, and husband was justified in prohibiting wife an child from following such profession, especially as Mme. Cremieux had income sufficient "pour la vie modeste et austère qui convient à la situation qu'elle a eu jusqu'à ce jour." Mme. Monbelli will therefore not make *debut* at Opéra Comique.

DEATHS.

At his residence, 37, Clifton Gardens, Maida Hill, yesterday morning, at 11 o'clock, Mr R. Addison, late of the firm of Gunner Addison and Beale.

On the 14th inst., at 36, Bryanstone Street, Madame Bouman, aged 74. (The mother of Signor Burdini.)

Recently, at her residence in Kent, Mrs. Wilson (born Miss Wilson), once a well known stage singer (relict of the late Mr John Welsh).

On the 4th inst., at 18, Lower Bagnot Street, Dublin, Miss, eldest daughter of Mr. Gaston Sangue.

Recently at Leipsic Herr Hauptmann, the celebrated contrapuntist.

To Advertisers.—*The Office of* The Musical World *is at* Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co., 244 *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as eleven o'Clock A.M., on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1868.

THE NEW THEMATIC CATALOGUE OF BEETHOVEN.*

THE following is the Preface to the new and much improved edition of this valuable and interesting work, which has just appeared. The catalogue has been prepared by Mr Nottebohm, a learned and accurate musician and musical *litterateur* of Vienna, who is already favorably known to students of Beethoven by his edition of one of the sketch books of the great composer, and whose preface explains the principles on which his alterations and additions have been made. Mr Nottebohm has executed his task with the pains which enthusiasm alone can prompt, and with all the accuracy and intelligence which his former work† would lead us to expect; and we beg to tender to him and to the illustrious firm for whom he acts, our sincere thanks for so welcome an addition to Musical Literature. When will the same service be rendered to Beethoven's great colleague, Schubert?

PREFACE.

—This catalogue contains all those of Beethoven's works which are to be obtained in any form in the music-shops of Germany. The unprinted works, editions out of print, and pieces which appeared in periodicals or books, are all omitted.

The main difference between this work and that also published by Messrs. Breitkopf and Härtel in 1851, consists in the remarks which follow the thematic quotations, and to explain the object of these is the chief intention of this preface. They propose to state in the most concise manner, to the exclusion of all biographical or critical information, the date of the composition, publication, and first performance of each work, as well as to give information on the existing autographs, or on the copies which were revised by Beethoven, and on the arrangements which were either made by or submitted to him. Such has been the object of the compiler. Not that he can hope to have entirely succeeded. For the chronology and bibliography of such subjects are continually in a state of flux, and a long time will have to elapse before absolute accuracy can be attained. There are many reasons why the information to be given must be imperfect:—the date of the composition cannot be exactly ascertained, or the first edition is not known, as is in the case of many pieces published after Beethoven's death, the first edition is the only material available. Still, in general, it may be said that the desired result has been more nearly attained than the editor could at the outset have hoped.

In addition to such materials as were generally accessible—among which may especially be named Thayer's *Chronologisches Verzeichniss*, the *Biographische Notizen* of Wegeler and Ries, and the *Leipzig Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*, &c.—the editor has had the advantage of all the information which was got together for the recent collected edition of Beethoven's works by Breitkopf and

* Leipzig: Breitkopf and Härtel. 1868.

† *Ein Skizzenbuch von Beethoven* (containing sketches for the 2nd Symphony, the Violin Sonatas, Op. 30, and other works—most interesting and instructive). Breitkopf and Härtel, 1866.

Härtel. He would especially mention with gratitude the great assistance which he has throughout received from Professor Otto Jahn as well as from many kind friends who have in various ways aided his endeavours. The greater part of the volume, however, is the fruit of his own labour and research.

"The date of the composition of a piece is frequently stated either on the autograph or the revised proof. When these failed and the date was not otherwise attainable, external sources were resorted to, for the accuracy of which the editor cannot always vouch. To such sources he has usually given full references. Where, however, the date has been arrived at, either positively or probably, through the editor's own efforts, as is stated without acknowledging the source, as — Compposed about ——. Most probably composed in the year ——. For the accuracy of these statements the editor is responsible, and he reserves to himself the right of explaining elsewhere—as he is unable here to do—the grounds of his conclusions, and the evidence on which he has decided. He would call attention to the difference between the expressions 'composed' and 'ready for press' (*druckfertig*), the greater chronological value of the former, and the desirability of employing other similar terms in statements involving date. 'Composed' must naturally relate not only to the program, but the termination of a work, while 'ready for press' implies a clean copy, or one prepared for the engraver.

Copies of the first editions of Beethoven's compositions are not infrequent—but a notable exception is to be found in the case of the national songs published by Thomson of Edinburgh, of which not a single copy is procurable. The date of the publication of these has been obtained partly from the Vienna papers (which, of course, refer to opera printed in Vienna), partly from the musical journals, and partly from sale catalogues and other sources.

"The chronological index and list of dedications (especially the latter), are only designed for use in special researches. In the latter it was difficult to draw the line (as in the case of the *Glorreiche Augenblick*, which is dedicated to all the Sovereigns and eminent personages at the Congress of Vienna, or the *Cantata*, each of which is dedicated to an individual.

"In a work like this it is impossible to avoid errors. Several have crept into the first part of the catalogue, which will easily be detected and altered; but the principal ones are given as a table of *errata*, and the publishers will be obliged if those who detect others will communicate with them. G. N."

GERMAN COMIC OPERA.*

(*See bottom of page 26.*)

IF during the last twenty years we have had no new German comic opera which has achieved a permanent success, the fact is, in the first place, to be explained by the state of German dramatic music generally. French historical opera, and Italian opera, held possession of the stage; the public, who had been waiting ever since Weber's death for the man who should offer it a national opera, gave themselves up to the conviction, which kept growing stronger and stronger, that no fresh work of note would ever be produced again; that they must be contented with the after-crop of Spohr and Marschner, and not look for anything higher. This conviction was not expressed, however, in violent censure directed against incapability or inactivity on the part of German composers, for that might, *perhaps*, have acted as a stimulus and an encouragement, like those outbursts against political incapacity which have, at last, called forth proofs of the contrary; but what was far worse, it was manifested in the complete indifference, in the sleepy stupidity of the theatre-goer, who accepted once in a way a German opera after he had heard four or five Italian or French ones. Wagner was the first to give a new turn to matters, by stirring up this indifference. We may think of his music what we like, but there is one thing certain: he has raised our sinking faith, and has proved the creative powers of a German composer; he has once more vindicated the honour of the German name in the estimation of the Germans themselves, though we do not always unconditionally approve of his music, though we are far removed, and mean to remain so, from the school that calls itself his; his merit is writing two grand *purely German* operas, containing much of a highly significant character, which have made their way hitherto and will continue to make their way, despite the sarcasm and the hate, which often will not do justice to the composer because he is author as well—his merit we shall always acknowledge, and say openly, *it has not been sufficiently appreciated!*

But there is another, and more important reason, why no really comic opera has been established in Germany: the dread entertained by the educated classes, as they are called, of giving themselves up to unalloyed merriment, a dread which re-acts injuriously upon the authors, and arises from the want of good national tragedies. We are here treating only of opera, and must not, therefore, proceed to discuss, for it would lead us too far, why it is so difficult for the present age to bring forth a tragedy, and why our best writers wander back as far as the Romans to borrow from their history tragic subjects (*Die Fabier, Brutus und Cäsarismus, Der Fechter von Ravenna*). We will now merely direct attention to one point, namely, that while so many persons, even of the educated classes, will not see a tragedy, but derive amusement only from the most common place farces, they will, on the other hand, flock to the opera-house directly any very tragical opera is given; if a couple of persons who have been so romantically ending themselves to death, or a consumptive girl indulges in a lament, or before she breathes her last, or if half the stage is concealed by a curtain behind which Rigoletto's daughter is murdered instead of the worthless Duke, all which is considered edifying by the very public who would feel morally indignant were such horrors to be offered them without mask! Nay, even Venus in Thanhäuser, and the hero's pilgrimage to Rome would certainly shock a large portion of the moral public were the descriptive verses—even supposing them the most beautiful ever penned—*only spoken*.

It is quite in the nature of things that this partiality for lust gold in tragic opera should at once extend itself to the lowest kind of farce, spiced with music; in consequence of the haste arising to grasp at every fresh amusement, and in consequence of our used up state, causing people to find entertainment in excitement alone, the taste for what is both sprightly and beautiful, both comic and free from impropriety—the power of grasping what this offers in the way of contrasts, out of which something may be extracted—is gradually vanishing. It is long since we have had any light, sprightly poems; we have merely wretched watery mouldy wit, in which the last spark of true comic humour is extinguished, which is pungent for one moment but flat the very next, which at last mocks itself, like a puppy running after his own tail, and which thereby in its anger has sent us that we may perceive how deep we have sunk, inasmuch as we are forced to content ourselves with the broken victuals from our neighbours' table! If the spirit of German comic poetry ever rises above this level of perfumed sewerage it is to the region of caustic satire, which derides but does not smile; which merely *reflects* but does not produce; which does not enter heartily into life, but attacks life, and cuts off the few pleasures we might find in it. Sprightly writing no longer exists, and Italy songs are, unfortunately, now to be found only where comic is cultivated in the midst of the profound study of beer and clouds of tobacco smoke—at gatherings yclept in Germany *Liederfeste* and Vocal Festivals. For many years the writer of the present article has thought over these things; the increase of lewdness and obscenity in German comicality, and the aping of foreign elements are nothing new to him. He never expressed what he thought,

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

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because he always considered that his doing so would be absolutely useless. His views would not, probably, have failed to meet with approbation, but it is a long way from that to sought really effective. The moment now appears to him more appropriate, and the hope, that he may by his observations at least stimulate the public, is more justified by fact than was ever yet the case. The state of things described has reached such a height (or rather depth) that any considerable change for the worse is not to be feared, and we may, therefore, assume that a healthy reaction will soon set in. It is for this reason that we would begin by demonstrating here and now the necessity for a genuinely German comic opera. The first condition is decidedly a good libretto, and we frankly confess to entertaining strong doubts as to whether the cleverest among the "comic" writers of the present day are capable of supplying such a one, whether they can tear themselves away from the usages of the low farce with which they have become bound up, in order to work not in a perfectly satisfactory manner as regards the subject and the treatment a picture taken from our notion of life. If we are in error, so one will be better pleased than we shall, for what could be more agreable to us than that a new German opera should soon be produced and make its way into the theatres of Germany, and that the book should be written by some well known author, who would thus contribute in so brilliant a fashion towards elevating our taste. But, till we are proved by facts to be mistaken, we must continue to doubt. We should indeed be perfectly justified in insisting that German writers of refined comedy should not consider it beneath them to write the book of a comic opera, and thus encourage by their aid the composers of their native land. Scribe, who, despite all his deficiencies, wrote better comedies than any one else, did not disdain lending young hard working men of talent his pen, in order, by his co-operation, to open for them the path to fame. Our young composers, however, would have to allow that a man may be an eminent German composer and yet write comic operas, that an artist may, by artistic means, agreeably move and cheer the better class of men, the true *friends of art*, thereby rendering them a great service; that Haydn's Symphonies, in *their proper place*, have as much right to exist as Beethoven's, that the pleasure of good men on a fine clear summer evening in a cheerful garden flows from a more sincere heart than the enthusiasm of those individuals who would have one believe that they feel at ease only in a storm and on the loftiest of the Alps,* and that a Irish melody gushing forth from warm inartificial, sensibility has quite as much right to the thanks of the nation as any endless melody whatever. It is true that they would have to resolve upon working for a certain time, and upon trying their strength until they at length achieved a success, instead of always searching after new combinations and creating nothing; they would have to endeavour to produce not something extraordinary at once, but something merely moderately good to begin with.

The difficulties in the way of a revival, or rather a completely fresh creation of German comic opera, must not be accounted small; they are, perhaps, so great that, unless some lucky and quite unexpected chance turns up, † years may elapse before this kind of composition attains to a satisfactory development. The present moment, however, strikes us as eminently propitious for making a beginning. Both writer and composer must, it is true, at once renounce all ideas of producing an actual opera on the French model. In the first place, such works no longer satisfy the requirements of the really educated public—who alone ought to be taken into consideration, since there are already plenty of means for satisfying persons not belonging to this class; and, in the second, we can reckon upon permanent success only for a species of German comic opera adapted for the best singers, and not from the outset merely regarded in the light of a higher kind of vaudeville.* Is it then really so difficult to write a German libretto like that of *Le Père Gaillard*, or even of *Don Pasquale*, the scenes of which takes place within the narrowest sphere of domestic life, but is highly effective and entertaining for all time? Could not the national life of Germany, especially if we were to go back to the past century, supply matter enough for a libretto uniting interest with a light sparkling style? Even the attempt would repay itself, and merit our gratitude; may it soon be made! At this moment, there are not a few young German composers who enjoy an honourable reputation; we may mention, for instance, Brahms, Bruch, Gernsheim, and Rubinstein, every one of whom thinks, undoubtedly of writing an opera. Why do they all aim at the high romantic style? Why does not one of them endeavour to earn the thanks of the public by composing a good German comic opera? The venture is a bold one, but the consequence splendid.

H. S.

* The writer is perfectly justified in making this observation. He has scaled more lofty mountains, and gone through more wind and rain than most people.

† The writer is acquainted with only the libretto of Wagner's *Meistersinger*. Apart from certain obscure terms, without which Wagner could write nothing, it is the cleverest libretto imaginable, and Wagner himself can never refrain from hearty laughter every time he reads the scene in which Beckmesser wishes to sing a foreign poem as his "Werbelied," and mixes up the different verses. If the music is like the writing, the lucky chance has turned up.

* This is, perhaps, the reason why Mendelssohn's charming production, *The Heimkehr*, is so little known.

THE singular rhapsody which appeared in a recent number of *Belgravia*, under the title of "A Round of Operas," was, we believe, written by Mrs (not Mr) Babington White. Only a lady could have held forth in such a style. Mrs. White, however, should be informed that M. Berlioz did not write the operas of M. Félicien David (the *Perle de Brésil* and *Herculanenses*) that Rossini is not the author of *Don Giovanni* and that Mendelssohn is not celebrated as a composer of dance music. Seriously, how such a mass of inane rubbish as the paper headed, "A Round of Operas," could have found its way into a magazine edited by Miss Braddon, is a puzzle. Mrs. Babington White, however, is the authoress, and that is the only way to explain it. We appeal to the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

SALISBURY.—A concert will be given by Mr. Aylward, at the Assembly Rooms, on Monday evening the 27th inst., in aid of the Organ Fund of St. Edmunds Church in this city. Our readers are acquainted with all the particulars respecting the restoration of the church, as well as the subsequent re-building of the organ, but they may not be aware that a balance of some £80 remains unpaid upon the work done to the instrument. It is to endeavour to provide for this deficiency that a concert is to be given, and the object alone would perhaps ensure success, but, as reference to the advertisement, a further inducement appears in the names of some of the most distinguished artists in the kingdom, including Madame Arabella Goddard, Madame Sainton Dolby, Mons. Sainton, Miss Aylward, Mr. W. H. Aylward, the violoncellist, and other members of Mr. Aylward's family, together with the members of the Amateur Musical Society all of whom, we are informed, have in the most generous manner volunteered their services for the occasion. Such liberality requires no comment, and we hope that it will ensure the support of all who are interested in the object sought to be accomplished.—*Wiltshire County Mirror*, Jan. 15.

MR. ROBERT ADDISON, the well-known music publisher of Regent St. and New Bond St., died yesterday morning (Friday), at his residence, Clifton Gardens.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY'S ORATORIO.

Mendelssohn's oratorio, *St. Paul*, was to have been given on Friday, the 10th instant, but was postponed in consequence of the continued indisposition of Mr. Costa, who, however, we are glad to inform our readers, is fast on the road to convalescence. The *Creation* was substituted, and is principally noticeable for the first appearance this season of Mr. Sims Reeves and the splendid manner in which he sang the music. The great tenor had an enthusiastic reception and was vehemently applauded throughout his performance. A vigorous attempt was made to encore "In native worth," but was declined with bows. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Santley were the other solo singers. Madame Sherrington was very successful in the air "With verdure clad" and Mr. Santley provoked tumultuous applause in "Now Heaven in fullest glory shone." The performance of Haydn's sacred masterpiece was on the whole worthy of the Sacred Harmonic Society. In the absence of Mr. Costa, M. Sainton conducted and proved himself, not for the first time, a skilful wielder of the bâton. The attendance was enormous.

THE SECOND LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

At last the long-expected Second Musical Festival at Leeds has been determined upon, and here is the official announcement which appeared in the local newspapers last Saturday:—

THE GENERAL INFIRMARY at LEEDS.—At a QUARTERLY GENERAL BOARD of the TRUSTEES held in the Board Room of the Infirmary on Wednesday last, the 1st of January, 1868—

J. M. TENNANT, Esq., in the Chair.

Resolved—

"That as the expenditure of the institution will be greatly increased on its removal to the New Infirmary, it is the opinion of this Board that a large and regular addition to the funds of the Charity would be obtained by the arrangement of musical festivals, to be held annually, on a scale similar to that which is found so successful at Birmingham."

"That Andrew Barkworth, Esq., Mayor; James Kitson, Esq., Chairman of the Building Committee; Dr. Chadwick, Senior Physician to the Infirmary; Samuel Hey, Esq., Senior Surgeon to the Infirmary; and J. M. Tennant, Esq., Treasurer, be appointed a Committee, with power to add to their number, to carry, out the above resolution in such a manner and at such a period as may appear to them calculated to meet with the encouragement and support of the nobility and gentry of the district, of the Trustees of the Charity, and of the general public."

By order of the Board,
JOHN DIXON, Secretary.

So far, so good. The rest depends upon the way in which this provisional committee, "with power to add to their number," will use the privilege accorded them. No doubt many of the worthy, energetic gentlemen who worked so successfully at the First Festival in 1858 will be sought out, again lend their valuable assistance to carry out the good work, but there are many younger amateurs possessed of much zeal and knowledge of music who will, doubtless, also be required to labour in the cause.

Rumour is already busy as to the appointment of conductor, &c., there being but one opinion—that Professor Bennett is the one sole person desired if he will, as I think he ought for the sake of art, accept the post a second time.

I hope in a short time to be able to furnish you with further particulars, and I have but little doubt that the arrangements will be such as will reflect credit upon the greatly increased importance and wealth (since the last Festival) of the metropolis of the West Riding—the home of chorus singers.

Leeds, 9th Jan., 1868.

M. JULES BEER, nephew to the late renowned composer of the *Huguenots* (whose real names were Jacob Meyer Beer), is about to produce an opera called *Le roi des Montagnes* (libretto by the veteran St. Georges, the Fitzball of France) at the Théâtre-Lyrique in Paris.

"LOHENGRIN."—A French version of Herr Wagner's *Lohengrin* is in preparation at that pseudo-classic Parisian establishment, the Théâtre-Lyrique. We suppose that Mdme. Carvalho will represent the inquisitive and unhappy heroine, but will the fat tenor—Roneo-Michot, some forth and vanish on the swan's back in *Lohengrin?*

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS.—On Thursday evening last an admirable lecture upon the "Harp and its Music," was delivered before the members of the society by Mr. T. H. Wright. The lecture was illustrated by selections from the ancient melodies of Ireland, Wales, Scotland, and England, performed on the harp by the lecturer, who was assisted in the vocal music by Mrs. H. Lee. Amongst the most interesting, were the specimens of the Irish "Planxty" (a sprightly dance), composed by the blind harper, Carolan, a contemporary of the violinist, Corelli, and resembling in character the "gigue" of this musician. Mrs. Lee, by her rendering of the "Last Rose of Summer" and the "Bells of Aberdovey," gave great pleasure to the numerous and critical audience assembled.

MDLLE. ADELINA PATTI'S MARRIAGE.—Alluding to the report of the marriage of the young diva of the Italian Opera, the *Ménestrel* observes that nothing is known positively of the event. It is certain, we are told, that Mdlle. Patti has renewed her engagements with M. Bagier for 1868 and 1869, and that her services are also secured for the Italian Opera at St. Petersburgh for the months of January and February 1869. Moreover, we are assured that the celebrated artist will appear in certain towns of Germany in the month of December of this year, and after March 1869 intends paying a visit to America. How the rumoured marriage is to be reconciled with these projected engagements, our contemporary doth not say.

MADAME PEZZI gave the first of her musical soirées on the evening of January the 8th, at the residence of Mrs. Spencer, Belgrave Square. The singers were Miss Anna Jewell, Madame Osborne Williams, Mdlle. Mela, Miss Holland, Mdlle. Bannemeier, Mr. Leon Hohler, Signor Folli; instrumentalists, Signor Pico Mattei (pianoforte), and M. Paque (violoncello). The conductors were Signors Schira and Piatti and Mr. Deacon. The splendid rooms of Mrs. Spencer were filled by a brilliant and aristocratic company—which never fails indeed to attend on Madame Pezzi's invitation—and the programme was excellently made out to suit the high and noble tastes of the visitors. The second soirée will be given at the mansion of the Marchioness of Downshire, Belgrave Square, on the 24th instant. Miss Kathleen Ryan and Signor Tito Mattei will be the pianists.

BRIGHTON FESTIVAL.—Mr. Frederic Archer, the organist at the recent festival of Brighton, writes to say that the organ was in an unfinished state when he played upon it, and that he had had no means, previous to the first performance, of hearing it or trying its effects. The instrument, he adds, has no case fitted, and only a few stopped stops inserted on a makeshift, so that it was impossible not merely to judge of its capabilities, but to pronounce an opinion on the powers of the executants. No doubt the Festival was got up somewhat hurriedly, and by-and-by, when the organ is thoroughly completed, Mr. Archer will be afforded an opportunity of doing his talents full justice.

VAN PRAAG, CONCERT-AGENT AND VINTNER.—We have before us another issue from the indefatigable Mr. Van Praag in the shape of a circular in which he makes a lovable appeal to his friends and the public, and forcibly demonstrates that concert agency and wine-selling are by no means incompatible, but rather help each other in achievement as well as advocacy. Mr. Van Praag is but young in the wine and cigar trades; his experience as a concert-agent may be termed mature. He trusts his former success in life as a concert business may be remembered, while he only asks the slight favour of those whose he selects as customers for wines, to taste and judge for themselves. Mr. Van Praag's affability, and zeal and capability as a manager of concerts are well known, and those who formerly employed him in that capacity will, in all probability, seek his services again. His wines and his cigars must be submitted to the test of time. In our own persons we can vouch for their excellence.

MDLLE. MADELINE SCHILLER announces a series of Six Pianoforte Recitals at the Beethoven Rooms, to take place during the months of January, February and March. The classical compositions works will be selected by the clever young pianist to grace her programmes. Miss Schiller will have the assistance of a vocalist at each recital.

A MUSIC HALL.—When Madame Arabella Goddard plays.—*Judy.*

VERDI's poet, Piave, is not dead, as was reported, but convalescing. *Tant mieux.* More "Trovatores" and "Traviatas."

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

The second concert of the new year (on Monday last) was one of the most brilliant ever given, and never was St James's Hall more densely thronged with eager amateurs. The attractions of the programme were manifold—unwonted even for Mr Arthur Chappell's unequalled entertainments. The concert began with a very fine performance of Schubert's Octet in F major, for string quartet, double bass, clarinet, horn, and bassoon the executants being Messrs. Strauss L. Ries, H Blagrove Pratti Reynolds, Lazarus C. Harper and Winterbottom A fourth hearing of this octet has confirmed our opinion that it is one of the amplest, richest, and most splendid efforts of its prolific composer The scherzo and trio, which overflow with exuberant spirits, were unanimously encored Beethoven has written more than one movement of this character, but Schubert does not pale even before that giant. Every movement of the octet, however, was thoroughly enjoyed and we are not surprised to hear that it is very shortly to be repeated.

Mr Sims Reeves came next, and after the hearty recognition on the part of the audience to which he has long been accustomed, sang two songs (with English words), one by Schubert, called "Regret" another by Schumann called "Devotion" The first is heavenly the last very impassioned if not very original Both were given in perfection and the last (no doubt because it came last—for Schubert's song is far the finer) was honoured with an obstreperous "encore," which the great arch-enemy of "encores," with unaccustomed affability, condescended to accept. Mr Benedict's masterly accompanying in both instances cannot be passed over unacknowledged

Then we had the one absolute novelty of the programme—a delicious pianoforte sonata in B flat, by Mozart, in three movements, which connoisseurs will recognise by the opening—

This sonata is the third of six composed in 1777 fourteen years before the great musician's death when he was just twenty-two, of which he speaks in a letter to his sister This "gem of purest ray serene" could not have fallen into more sympathetic hands than those of Madame Arabella Goddard, who specially delights in Mozart's sonata, which she plays with her whole soul Her performance was worthy the sonata—instinct with tender grace and refined sensibility Her reading of the *andante amoroso* in E flat—a truly Orphean movement—was so simple pure, and yet touchingly expressive, as to encourage a belief that instead of her playing from the notes to a printed book the melody flowed spontaneously through her fingers from her inmost heart In unaffected sentiment, indeed Madame Goddard has no rival The *finale rondo* so sparkling animated, and withal so unceasingly tuneful, was a triumph of another kind—the perfection of neat articulate, and fluent execution Charmed with such movement, the most audience was fairly ravished with this, and obstinately insisted on a repeat. There was, however too much work on hand, and Madame Goddard after twice appearing on the platform retired, much to the dissatisfaction of the very many who would willingly have listened to the sonata again from one end to the other Thus gloriously closed the first part of a concert long to be remembered.

The second part began with the third, last, and finest of the series of quartets, for pianoforte and string instruments, which Mendelssohn produced, successively in 1822, 1823, and 1824, when he was 13, 14 and 15 years of age. To this quartet in B minor—a marvel indeed, but more than a marvel,—a prodigy prodigious," considering the age at which it was composed—and to Madame Goddard's magnificent execution of the pianoforte part, appropriate homage has so often been paid in the *Musical World* that it will suffice to recognise, in a single word of hearty admiration the superlative performance at Monday night, by the same gifted lady assisted with Herr Strauss, Mr H. Blagrove, and Signor Piatti It was from end to end superb—*allegro ardente* (by no means so "sloying" as Mendelssohn himself modestly indicates), *scherzo* (the first of the great family of Mendelssohn *scherzi*—and what a progenitor of what a family!) *finale* (the most wonderful movement of the four) and all. With what enthusiasm it was received need hardly be told.

To them, as though there had not been sensation enough succeeded what, if Mozart had never written love songs, would be the most wonderfully expressive of all love songs—the "Adelaide" of Beethoven. This was sung by Mr Sims Reeves, and accompanied on the pianoforte by Madame Goddard—how sung and how accompanied every reader will at once understand Mr Reeves has returned to us like a giant refreshed. Never was his voice in finer order never was his singing more admirable. He, too was twice called back amid applause as genuine as it was vociferous, but, this time, he could not be persuaded to sing again The audience, however grateful for what they had already obtained, from the first of concert singers as he is the first of oratorio singers, understood his reticence in the proper spirit, and gave vent to their satisfaction in a new explosion of applause

The last piece in this almost unparalleled programme was another delicious creation of Mozart's—the Trio in E flat, for pianoforte, clarinet, and viola, composed in 1786, nine years after the Sonata in B flat, the year of the immortal *Nozze di Figaro* and the last but five of the composer's life. This charming work—originally introduced by Mozart, Benedict, Lazarus, and Doyle, in 1859 at the second of the Monday Popular Concerts (founded that year)—had already been heard three times by the constant frequenters of St James's Hall (on the Arthur Chappell nights), but was still as fresh and engaging as if it had never been heard before. The players were Mad Goddard, Mr Lazarus, and Mr H Blagrove. All played their very best, and the performance was simply irreproachable Not to be forgotten, it is only just to say that the difficult part for the viola, in the trio of the minuet (which Otto Jahn Mozart's biggest biographer styles *ein sehr schöner charakteristische satz*") was executed with singular precision and neatness by Mr Blagrove. The audience always tempted to stay for a piece in which the pianoforte has a part (especially when Mad. Goddard is the pianist) no matter how late it noon on remained, with few exceptions to the end of the concert, and were well rewarded for their patience.

In fact, a more splendid concert—one fuller of interest and variety was never given—even by Mr Chappell.

At the concert on Monday Schubert's Quartet in A minor Beethoven's Pastoral Sonata (Mad Goddard) Mendelssohn's B flat sonata, for pianoforte and violoncello (Madame Goddard and Signor Piatti) and a quartet of Haydn, are in the programme, Mr Sims Reeves again being the singer Madame Schumann is immediately expected

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EDINBURGH.—The Classical Chamber Concerts, given by the Messrs. Paterson, continue their successful career At the one given on Monday, January 6th, Madame Dowland was the vocalist and Herr Louis Rothfield solo pianist Schumann's quintet (Op 44) for piano, two violins, tenor and bass, was capitally played by MM Rothfield Kichler Mackenzie, Taylor and Daubert and Mendelssohn's Trio in D minor (Op. 49) received every justice from the executants (MM Rothfield, Kichler and Daubert) Beethoven's quartet for stringed instruments (Op 18, No 2) was another *bonne bouche* and the solo performances were equally successful These were Ernst's "Elegie" (violin Mr Mackenzie) and a nocturne by Chopin and "La Truite" by Stephen Heller (pianoforte, Herr Rothfield) The vocal music consisted of Herr Lachner's "The sea hath its pearls" (violoncello *obbligato*, Herr Daubert), and two songs by Schubert, all of which were nicely sung by Mad. Dowland.

INVERNESS.—Mrs John Macfarren's Pianoforte and Vocal Recital of Thursday January 9th attracted a numerous audience to the Infant School-room in North Street, despite the extreme severity of the weather. The programme included selections from Mozart, Dussek Beethoven Dussek Aiut, Sir Henry Bishop, Heller Wallace, &c. Nearly all the best families of the surrounding parts were present, and the applause which greeted the accomplished pianiste was as unanimous as it was cordial and prolonged particularly after her performance of Dussek's "Il mio ultra" sonata, Wallace's *étude* "La Rapide" and Crisson's fantasia "Marie England" Miss Florence De Courcy gave several songs with much effect two of them "Where the Bee sucks" and "Half past Nine" (Macfarren) being encored and repeated.

FLORENCE.—A new ballet, entitled *A fin d'il Figlio del prestigio*, has been produced very successfully at the Pergola. Signora Legnani is greatly applauded in it.

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THE LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—In a recent number of *Fun* appeared a brilliant attack upon the ballad concerts conducted by me and on the ladies and gentlemen now engaged in composing and singing popular songs. Happening to know something of the cause that prompted this onslaught I read the article with no surprise, and as little pain. It has, however been quoted as the opinion of an independent writer and you will therefore, perhaps kindly allow me to say a few words as to the origin and truthfulness of this apparent candid criticism.

Now the author of the article is Mr Tom Hood Editor of *Fun* and, by a most curious coincidence Mr Hood is likewise the writer of a song that was sung at the very concert which he graced by his presence The words of this song are by no means remarkable I enclose them for your perusal They are of the kind that gentlemen on whom unfortunate business it is to indite verses for composers write every day for two or three guineas, and usually forget as hereafter their inspiration. But Mr Hood is not an ordinary gentleman He takes great pride in his smallest efforts he applied for stalls that he might hear his item sung and sent a peremptory order that his name might be printed in the book of words, where in poets' names do not usually appear. The stalls were forwarded of course, but the second request came too late and the song appeared anonymously. It is not difficult now to guess the cause of Mr Hood's wrath. He came to the concert solely to hear his own song he quitted the room when that song had been sung he found his name ignored in the book and went quickly home to pass sentence of condemnation on all concerned in this unlucky evening. The concert which Mr Hood castigates so harshly he was only too happy to avail himself of as a means of hearing his own words and it is not until after a *contretemps* occurs with respect to his name that he discovers the pernicious effect of entertainments given by music publishers to puff their wares. So much for the independence and magnanimity of our critic.

Now as to facts. Mr Hood says the rhymes we sing are such as "Moses would scorn to use." On this occasion the only modern songs that were sung in addition to Mr Hood's, were by the Hon. Mrs. Gifford Mr. Weyte Melville, and Lord Houghton The names of these poets are certainly as good as the name of Mr Tom Hood Junior and their rhymes are as certainly very much better than his rhymes.

Mr Hood says further of us that the bookseller is a better man than the musicseller inasmuch as he has the good taste to keep a reader and so deputes to an abody else what he is too ignorant to do himself Now I can assure Mr Hood that, if the music-publisher kept a reader such lines as "Ringing the Flower Bells" would hardly ever find their way into print. The truth is that such verses are rarely read by the publisher, and the way in which they escape his scrutiny is easy to explain The poet gets hold of a popular composer in a weak moment (perhaps over a cigar) and asks him to set some words to music. The composer wishing to do his friend a turn, finds a tune for the words and plays it over to a publisher The tune is liked and the song published It afterwards leaks out that there is a poet hiding himself behind the composer Then comes the publisher's grief. The poet who is of as much importance to the composer as the frame-maker to the painter gives himself airs, and takes all the credit of the song to himself If he be a press man he goes out of the way to read lectures to publishers, composers, and singers, and for the simple reason that once in his life he has accidentally been thrown across their path. Mr Hood was never requested to write a song for me Mr Molloy the composer was the means of introducing his words into notice.

Mr Hood makes two other statements, which are as inexact as the rest of his article.—1 That our programmes are filled up by inferior performers, one or at the most two, good artists being engaged to make the concerts attractive This assertion is contrary to fact At our concerts there has always been a plethora of good artists, and sometimes (as at the last) the programme has been inconveniently long through so many coming together the truth being that an engagement is always open to every eminent artist, without reference to the number of them already announced 2. Mr Hood says that our programmes are made up of "padding" Everybody may not know that "padding" is the slang word for articles contributed by writers to fill up the vacuum in magazines left open by the two leading tales.

Now I presume Mr Hood means that our concerts are given for the sake of the new songs only the rest of the programme being filled up with "padding" such as the articles in magazines referred to. I will answer this by facts. At the first concert, out of twenty two pieces there were seventeen old and five new songs. At the second concert there were eighteen old and four new At the third concert there were five new songs out of thirty pieces. So much for padding.

Then Mr Hood says that composers, like "Claribel" owe their popularity entirely to the singers who force their songs upon the public Every one, however, must surely know that the continued success of a composer in a other manner must be maintained by an adventitious means, and that it is the public, and the public alone, which determines the ultimate position he shall occupy It has been the fashion to sneer at "Claribel," and talk of her being forced upon the public by the singers. I can only answer that many other writers have enjoyed the same chances of popularity as "Claribel," but with a very different result. Just as I suppose other novelists including Mr Hood have had as good opportunities of obtaining a reputation as Miss Braddon, and yet have somehow missed the mark I do not see that the singing of new songs is any worse to public than the reviewing of new books in magazines. The public cannot guess what a song is like until it is sung and it cannot guess what a book is like until it is reviewed. No one is bound to buy either one or the other. Both are simple introductions, and it is as absurd to talk of a singer being able to force a composer as of a reviewer being able to force an author upon the public. Mr Hood (an author) must know this by experience.

I am Sir your obedient servant,

JOHN BOOSEY

NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY

The usual performance of Haydn's *Creation* at this season, took place on Wednesday evening week The principal vocalists were Miss Banks Mr Kerr Gedge, and Mr Santley. Miss Banks, in the oratorio, proved she had well studied the music In the air "With verdure clad" she was extremely successful. It is not by sudden and startling exhibitions of vocal skill that Miss Banks produces her effects, but rather by a sustained and refined exemplification of the true sentiment of the music she has to interpret This rare and valuable quality was especially exhibited in her singing with Mr Santley the duet, "Graceful Consort," as well as in the *terzetto*, "Most beautiful appear" The impression Mr. Santley made in the music of Adam was immense. His greatest effects were produced in the airs, "Rolling in foaming billows" and "Now Heaven in fullest glory" in the latter of which he was enthusiastically encored and which he sang with grand declamatory force. He was also equally successful in the catalogue of beasts, taking the slow scale down with great power sweetness, and volume of tone The music of the tenor suits Mr Kerr Gedge (who is improving every day) for better than any other oratorio we have heard him in as yet The general performance of the oratorio was admirably effective, the chorus and orchestra, under the conductorship of Mr G W Martin gave general satisfaction, and the hall was well filled. D B.

MANCHESTER.—A large audience assembled at the Free Trade Hall on Christmas Day to hear the *Messiah*. The singers were Miss Katherine Poynte Miss Julia Elton, Mr Vernon Rigby and Mr. Winn. The band was under the leadership of Mr C. A. Seymour and Mr D W Banks was the conductor. The chorus was very efficient. "For unto us" was enthusiastically encored The principals were all up to the mark although the soprano, Miss Poynte, was evidently suffering from a cold Mr Walker presided at the organ and the performance was highly satisfactory

ITALIAN OPERA PARIS.—Nicolai's opera, *Il Templario*, and Verdi's *Giovanna d'Arco* are in rehearsal and will be produced as early as possible.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—When Professor Sterndale Bennett and Herr Otto Goldschmidt were induced to put themselves at the head of the Royal Academy of Music the more sanguine among us had hopes about the future of that institution. Everybody knew that nothing could be worse than the time then present. The merciless exposure made by the Society of Arts investigation had acquainted the public with a condition of things which called loudly either for remedial measures, or a sweeping destruction and a beginning again *de novo*. The existence of the Academy in that condition could not be tolerated in any country which made the very slightest pretensions to a love of art. About the necessity for doing something therefore, no question was made, the only debatable point being whether, to use Mr. Costa's figure, the old coat should be mended or a new one be forthcoming. There were those who, actuated by very natural feelings, wished to see the Academy rejuvenated rather than abolished; and there were others who contended that nothing could be done with materials so worthless and rotten. The former had their wish, and at one time it really seemed as if the nonsolent institution in Tenterden Street had roused itself to some purpose. It is a matter of history how the most distinguished of living English musicians was placed at its head with an earnest and practical lieutenant at his elbow; how the sphere of operations was extended; facilities offered to aspiring students, and the old chaos reduced to something like order. Looking on these changes, the optimists began to indulge visions of a future in which England should have a Conservatoire worthy of her position among the nations, and one which, by the excellence of its working, should shame an unappreciative Parliament into granting a subsidy at least equal to the cost of one day's gunnery practice at Shoeburyness. The best practical commentary upon these illusions is that in a little while the Academy will be broken up. "No man," said a great authority, "putteth new wine into old bottles." As a matter of fact, however much good many men try and thus court the catastrophe which inevitably follows. The new wine poured into the very old bottle of the Royal Academy of Music is going the common way not from any fault of its own, but because of the "penny wise and pound foolish" policy of those who put it there.

The question now is, Mr. Editor—"What next, and next?" We have before us the Gladstonian three courses, one of which is bound to be taken—that is to say, we must do without any Academy at all; be content with an additional department in that curious conglomeration of departments at South Kensington over which Henry Cole, C.B., holds sway; or establish an institution on an independent basis, with the help of an annual subsidy from the public purse. I take it for granted that, not of very shame, the first will be scouted on all hands. Those who say that England is not a musical nation would need nothing else by way of proof than the fact that no national school of the art exists among us. Already we have the character of being sufficiently devoted to mere material interests. We are pictured as wearying brain and muscle in the race for wealth, only that we may indulge our low and selfish tastes. So long as injustice is done to us, which the well informed in other countries recognise, appreciating the earnest efforts now being made to secure for England a better artistic position. But, if we allow the Royal Academy to break up, and do nothing to obtain a vigorous and efficient successor, even those will be tempted to say—"England is jounced to her sink, let her alone."

But the second of the three courses, what of it? In the first place those who are prepared to be its advocates must also be prepared to encounter a formidable opposition, the very existence of which talks strongly against taking the Academy to South Kensington, since it has barriers to the unanimity so necessary to "a pull altogether." The institutions in that fortunate suburb may be doing much good and certainly bask in the sunlight of very exalted patronage; but, rightly or wrongly, there is a prejudice against them which must be taken into account whether we sympathize with it or not. Among large and influential classes the terms "jobbery" and "South Kensington" are almost synonymous, and to those identified with the doings in that western suburb, the common term "clique" is not unfrequently applied. Moreover, there is a pretty general impression that Mr. Cole, C.B., and his party are bent upon transferring to their aristocratic quarter as many national institutions as possible, an impression which certain high handed ways are by no means adapted to make acceptable. As a result South Kensington is in evil odour. The House of Commons has, time after time, shown its confirmed distrust of the place, and the Press is against it with an almost unanimous voice. For the present I do not say whether there be or be not any sound reason for all this; but, even supposing that Mr. Cole and his coadjutors are the victims of misrepresentation, the popular notion to the contrary must be taken into account. In point of fact it is of as much potency as if it had an obviously solid foundation. The effect of what we will agree to call this prejudice against South Kensington upon any attempt to transfer thither the powers and privileges of the moribund Royal Academy of Music need not be described. It is clear that the House of Commons would give grudgingly, if at all, to a quarter in which it has no confidence, and the prevailing distrust outside the House would have a very bad effect upon the ultimate result of such a step, supposing it to be accomplished.

The third course yet remains, and as it seems to me, is the best that could be taken. Its practicability is, unhappily, not quite so clear. In the first place there must be a sinking of differences and a hearty co-operation among prominent professionals and amateurs, the anticipation of which derives but scant encouragement from past experience. Yet why should these things not be if the art, and not self, be uppermost? A noble opportunity will soon offer itself of showing that in pursuit of a common good, individual ideas can be sacrificed, and that the bond of union found in the common love of art is something stronger than a rope of sand. Hearty co-operation is what will be needed, and I would appeal to every musician who can lend a helping hand to let nothing stand in the way. As a matter of course, but little can be done without Government aid. To depend upon private subscriptions would be to lean upon a broken reed. It would be necessary, therefore, to go to Parliament with a request for a grant adequate to the importance of the object in view, not a miserable pittance of £500 per year, but of—say twenty times that sum. I believe that the difficulty of obtaining such a grant would be far less now than at any previous period. Our ruling classes are getting awake to the fact that the education of the people is not much less important than the development of trade, and the discovery of impregnable armour plates or irresistible guns. Upon the former we have lavished blood and treasure with profuseness, and in prosecuting the latter, we have blown away money enough to endow a musical Conservatoire for all time. The turn of education in all its branches is now coming, and there is fair reason to hope that, given the presentation of a really good case, with ample security for a wise expenditure of the money, Parliament would assist a new Academy of Music in a liberal spirit.

I know not, Mr. Editor, how far you agree with these remarks, but I hope that, in any case, you will give them insertion with the view of stirring up thought about a matter of the highest musical importance. If you so far coincide in the object of this letter, I may be tempted to address you again when the next move is made in the game.—I am Sir, yours respectfully,

January 15th, 1868. THAUMUS EOS.

"HAMLET" AFTER THOMAS.—There are to be two divertissements in the five-act opera of *Hamlet* by M. Ambroise Thomas. The first is to be in the theatre scene, the second in the mad scene of Ophelia (Mdlle. Nilsson)—the dancing to illustrate the ravings of her brain. After this, why not a *pas seul* for the Ghost, with the Gravedigger playing "bones"?—*Queen.*

BRADFORD.—A second performance of the *Creation* was given by the Bradford Sacred Harmonic Society in the Corn Exchange on Tuesday evening before a large and select and was attended with a success that more than realized anticipation. The choruses executed with precision and brilliancy received the largest share of applause. The success in this department is almost entirely due to the training of Mr. Eglinton of Salisbury, whose efforts have been untiring.—*Bradford Herald, Jan. 11.*

WILL SIG. MAPPY?—Not a week yet but some journal announces the approaching marriage of Adelina Patti. The last rumour assigns her to the Marquis de Caux, who holds a post in the Emperor Napoleon's household. We have reason to believe that this betrothal has much the same foundation as other statements of the kind—namely that the "Diva" is asked for her hand and heart, but persistently replies that she is *fiancée de l'Art* only.—*Queen.*

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—In one of the amusing letters on "Sight-seeing in Germany," that lately appeared in the *Musical World*, Mr Walter Maynard expresses surprise at certain operas never having been heard in London, among which he names Kreutzer's *Das Nachtlager in Granada*. On referring to a file of playbills in my possession I find two respectively dated June 4th and July 3rd 1840, of the Princess's Theatre, in which a German company under the management of Herr Schumann (with Mr Bunn re-acting manager) was announced to play that opera. The following was the cast:—Gomez, Herr Schumann; a Huntsman, Herr Pesch; Ambrosio, Herr Krug; Itho (a German Knight), Herr Hetzel; Don Phillipe (a Spanish Grandee), Herr Boom; Vasco and Pedro (Shepherds), Herren Krug and Benesch; Gabriella, Madame Schumann. The chorus was under the direction of Herr Roeckel, and Herr Adolph Gunz (father of Herr Wilhelm Gunz, the well known composer and pianist, now in London) was the conductor. *Fidelio*, *Jessonda*, *Titus*, *Iphigenia in Tauris*, and *Der Freischütz* were among the list of operas that season, and Staudigl and Herr Haitzinger among the "vocal stars."—Your obedient servant, Observer.

[In the same opera Herr Crel Formes first appeared among us, as the leading bass of an operatic company at Drury Lane Theatre, in 1849. "Observer" is surely wrong in giving "1840" as the year of the performance at the Princess's Theatre.—A. S. Sullivan.]

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—Having read the paragraph in your esteemed paper of the 4th inst. relative to my retiring from private teaching, I beg to thank you for your flattering encomium. Will you kindly allow me hereby to say that my retirement will not take place till next year. This season I hope to be able to attend all my private pupils as usual. Your influential paper, circulating so much among the public with whom I am so courted, induces me to trust you will favour me by inserting this letter.—I remain Sir, your obliged, F. D. Gorringe.

Burton-on-Trent.—The *New St. George's Hall* was inaugurated on the 30th ult. with a grand evening concert under the direction of Mr Land, the artists being Mdlle. Liebhart, Mr Lazarus, and the London Glee and Madrigal Union. This new and commodious hall is admirably adapted for musical purposes, and will supply a want long felt in the "city of pale ale." A large and fashionable audience assembled to do honour to the occasion, and the concert proved eminently successful. The following full account is taken from *The Burton Chronicle*, Jan. 3:—

The inauguration of St. George's Hall was celebrated on Monday evening by a concert given by the London Glee and Madrigal Union. The bill of fare was essentially popular. The London Union discoursed a number of glees and part songs with taste and effect. To the glee "When winds breathe soft," we must give the preference. Next comes the glee, "By Celia's Arbour," executed with rare taste and with every attention to light and shade. "The Church and Crew" which included solos for Mdlle. Liebhart, Miss Eyles, and Mr Winn, was appropriate for the occasion in having the words "It is our opening day" and was encored. The catch "Would you know my Celia's charms" was also repeated. Mdlle. Liebhart has obtained a high reputation in the metropolis. To say that she realized these expectations would give but a faint idea of her success. She possesses a soprano voice of wide compass, combined with great dramatic power and brilliant execution. Four songs were her allotted share of the programme but she was compelled by the audience to sing seven in night, which assuredly amounted to principal and compound interest. The ballad "Little bird on my native singing" was brilliantly rendered and enthusiastically encored. She responded with "Coming through the rye," which was done in her most piquant style. "Il bello" came next, and was redemanded. The "Cuckoo" afforded a rare opportunity for display. Again she was encored and again she responded. This time with "The dashing white Sergeant." In this she fairly eclipsed her previous efforts, and infused such verve and dramatic power as brought ringing cheers from all parts of the hall. Miss Eyles has a clear and distinct utterance. She was very successful in her ballad, "Why are you wandering here?" which met with a hearty encore. Mr Winn sang his two songs like an accomplished artist. In the old sea song "The Mermaid" he obtained a loud encore. Mr Castes, a light and pleasing tenor, and Mr Land met with a fair amount of success in their respective songs of "The Anchor's Weighed" and "How is it and have." A treat of no ordinary character was the playing of Mr Lazarus on the clarinet, for on that instrument he is without a rival. The two solos were superbly executed and well received the hearty approval manifested by the audience. The whole was under the direction of Mr Land, whose skill as an accompanist is of the highest order.

MUSIC OF NATURE.

No. 11.—Irish Minstrelsy.

Among the ancient Irish Minstrelsy are scattered some sweet poetical fragments, many of which are untranslated. I am sure the following versions of two of these little songs (claiming fidelity as their only merit) will not be unacceptable to your readers.

I.

On a bright summer's morn, by the side of the King's river, I beheld a stately brown-haired maiden; sweeter was her voice than the music of the fairy host; fairer was her cheek than the foam of waves. Her slender waist like the chalky cliff, her small light, active foot gliding with joy over the grassy meads of the desert. I said to her mildly—

"Oh, fair one of the valley! unless you come with me my health will depart."

At the birth of this lovely maid, there came a harmonious bee with a shower of sweet honey on her berry lips. I kissed the fragrant, fair loving maid; it was pleasant I vow—but listen to my tale. A sting went from her burning lips like a dart through my heart, which left me without power (mournful to relate!). Is it not wonderful that I lies with an arrow through my heart, and hundreds before me killed by her love?

II.

On yesterday morn, early before the sun, I beheld a maid of resplendent form; the snow and the berry were blended in her beauty; and her small slender body was like the swan on the brook; and oh, music of my heart! why art thou sad?

Sweeter was the gentle voice of her joyful mirth than Orpheus, who left the bears feeble; her large, clear eye was like the crystal of the dew drops on the verdant grass of summer before the rising sun; and, oh, voice of my heart! why art thou sad?

This last little poem is remarkable in the original for the delightful harmony of its numbers, and, with the exception of the allusion to Orpheus, its imagery is indigenous. The other bard, however, has displayed more taste in drawing on the fanciful but pleasing mythology of his own country for an illustration of the tuneful voice of his mistress.—B. B.

A Song by an Old Fogy.

I cannot sing the old songs,
For the fact is I've no voice;
But could I sing, the new songs
Should never be my choice.
I hate the vulgar ditties
That each Music Hall delight;
'Tis a thousand, thousand pities
Men such silly stuff should write.

I hate that "Champagne Charley,"
With its stupid jingling air;
It makes me feel quite nearly
For 'tis whistled everywhere.
I hate that "Not for Joseph,"
Which is every bit as bad,
But alas 'tis hummed, re-sung, re-strummed,
By every Cockney lad.

Some old songs have been silly
I am willing to allow;
Most stupid all will "tol de rol,"
Or else a "tow row row;"
Still I'd rather hear the old songs,
Tho' they may not wholly please,
Than vulgar squalls as Music Halls,
Which make mutton "the cheese."

Punch.

Norwich.—Mr S. Lowe gave a concert at the Lecture Hall on Thursday evening. The vocalists were Miss Bacon, from Ipswich, who has a fine powerful voice; Miss Lowe, and Miss Florence Lowe, both of whom sang very prettily; and Mr Lowe, who had the lion's share of the programme. Mr Sothern and Mr Lowe presided at the piano.—*Norfolk Chronicle*, Jan. 11.

Google

The streets leading into the square wherein the new Grand Opera House is being built have been named "Meyerbeer" "Halévy" "Scribe," and "Gluck." (And "Auber?"—A. S. S.)

The Performers.—During the past week Mdlle. Liebhart and the band of Grenadier Guards, conducted by Mr. Dan Godfrey, have given a series of concerts. For these entertainments the public are indebted to the president of the Stoke Cricket Club (a compound of mean ability) for the benefit of the funds of which club the concerts were given. The Guards' Band made their first appearance in the Covered Market Hanley, on Monday evening. There was a good attendance. On Tuesday evening the same performers in company with Mdlle. Liebhart, gave a concert in the Town Hall, at Stoke, which was crowded to excess. Mdlle. Liebhart was in fine voice, and her brilliant execution created a *furore*. She sang first "Little bird so sweetly singing"—one of those ditties which afford such opportunities for the display of Mdlle. Liebhart's special gifts. Mr. Rose of the Guards Band, played the flute *obbligato*. It was encored, when Mdlle. Liebhart gave in her archest style "O dear, what can the matter be?" Bishop's "Tell me my heart," followed and then "Home, sweet home," which latter being encored was succeeded by "Coming through the rye." Towards the close of the entertainment Mdlle. Liebhart appeared again and sang "Why are you wandering here, I pray?" Again she was encored and responded with "The dashing white Sergeant" which she delivered with such dramatic force as to "bring down the house" which led to the repetition of the last verse. The same performers appeared in the Town Hall, at Longton, on Wednesday evening, and met with the same cordial reception. The original intention of giving only three concerts was abandoned on Tuesday and a fourth concert in the Town Hall at Burslem on Thursday resolved upon.—*Staffordshire Advertiser* Dec. 28.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW

Duff & Stewart.—"My Happiness," by John Ola.
Keith, Prowse, & Co.—"Watching Sea," song by Isabella Sealey.

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VOL. 46—No. 4 SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1868 Price { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

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UNDER THE SOLE MANAGEMENT OF MR. JOHN RUSSELL.

MONDAY NEXT, and during the week, the Laughable Piece,

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MORNING PERFORMANCES every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at Two o'clock. Children under Two to be admitted to the Morning Performances, on payment at the door only, at half price.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA PROPERTY FUND

THE late serious and lamentable Fire at Her Majesty's Theatre having totally destroyed the valuable Library, Properties, and Dresses, belonging to the Lessee, the Friends and Patrons of the Theatre have determined to invite Public SUBSCRIPTIONS to a Fund to replace the Property of the Lessee so destroyed, in order that he may be enabled to give Italian Opera Representations during the forthcoming season at some other establishment, and to furnish Her Majesty's Theatre when rebuilt. Subscriptions (Lists of which will be published in the Times) will be received by the Hon. Secretary, Lieutenant-Colonel L. H. Hamilton, Army and Navy Club, Pall Mall; Messrs. Claude Scott & Co., Cavendish Square; the Bank of England, Western Branch; and Messrs. Rennie, Runtz & Co., Pall Mall; and by the Subscribers—Mitchell, Bond, Hobbs, Lonsdale, and Chappell.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—SATURDAY CONCERTS

RE-COMMENCE THIS DAY.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY (SATURDAY).—

The FIRST of the SECOND SERIES of SATURDAY CONCERTS and AFTERNOON PROMENADES. Vocalists, Mdlle. Liebhart, Miss Katharine Poyntz, and Signor Pili. Solo violin, Herr Hollander.

The celebrated Orchestra Band of the Company will play Beethoven's Symphony in A, No. 7; Auber's Overture to "Masaniello;" Schumann's "Manfred." Conductor, Mr. A. Manns. Commence at Three.

NOTE.—Subscription for Stalls for the series of Fourteen Concerts Due Guineas; Tickets for a Single Concert, Half-a-crown each, at Exeter Hall, or at the Palace. Early application requisite to secure stalls for the series.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.—

Conductor, Mr. COSTA.—THIS NEXT January 31st, Handel's "ISRAEL IN EGYPT." SUBSCRIPTION CONCERTS.—Principal Vocalists, Madame Lucchesi-Sherrington, Miss R. Henderson, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. M. Smith, Mr. L. Thomas, and Signor Foli. Numbered Stalls, 10s. 6d. Reserved Seats, 5s., at the Society's Office, Exeter Hall.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY, DEVONSHIRE ROOMS, Hanover Square, W.—President, Mr. BENEDICT.—Director, Herr SCHUBERTH.—

SEASON 1868.—FIRST CONCERT Tuesday, 28th January. Eight which previously. Vocalists, Mesdames Cherry, Jenny Pratt, Fanny Poole, Harry Elton; Messrs. Byrett and Henshall. Instrumentalists, Pianoforte, Miss Alexandre and Mr. E. R. Bird; Violin, Mr. G. Bragg; Violoncello, Herr Schuberth. Conductors, Mr. E. R. Bird and Herr Schuberth. Tickets at Messrs. Ewer & Co., 244, Regent Street; and W. Cherry, 81, Regent Street.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY.

MISS FANNY POOLE will sing Benedict's "Rock Me to Sleep." Miss Jenny Pratt will sing "The Lady of the Lea," and Miss Fanny Poole and Mr. Henshall Nicolai's favorite Duet, "One Word," in the first concert on Tuesday, 28th inst.

THE QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, HANOVER SQUARE.

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MISS EMILY MUIR will sing "THE PARADISE OF LOVE," from BALFE's opera, "The Puritan's Daughter," at the Concerts Royal Rooms, on Monday, inst., and "QUI LA VOCE" ("I Puritani") at Madame Greiffenragen's Concert on the 30th.

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THE FIRST PERFORMANCE in England of Mr. Henry Tolbert's Oratorio "RUTH" will take place in the Evening of Wednesday, January 29th.

Principal Vocalists.—Miss Catherine Henderson, Madame Blanchard, Miss Valdaura, Madame Sauerbrey, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. A full Chorus and efficient Orchestra. Conductor, Mr. James Turner. The work will be produced under the personal superintendence of the Composer.

Admission, 3s. Reserved Seats, 2s. Numbered Stalls, 5s.

MADAME SAINTON-DOLBY begs to announce that she will give an EVENING CONCERT of MODERN VOCAL MUSIC, at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday, February 12th, when the following artists will appear:—Tenorini, Hilda Lichbert, Madame [illegible], Miss Stone, Miss Elena Angri, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Lane, Mr. J. G. Patey, Mr. Maas, Mr. Santley. Pianoforte, Madame Arabella Goddard. Conductor, Mr. J. L. Hatton. A few Reserved Seats may be had by the Ladies' Choral Society, under the direction of Mr. C. J. Haright. Stalls, 5s.; Reserved, 3s. Admission, 2s. and 1s. Tickets of Mr. Austin, Chappell & Co., Keith, Prowse & Co., and Boosey & Co., Holles Street.

MDLLE. MADELINE SCHILLER regrets that circumstances prevent her RECITAL from taking place on Tuesday, January 28th, as previously announced. The Series will therefore COMMENCE on TUESDAY EVENING, February 4th.

MDLLE. MADELINE SCHILLER will give a Series of SIX PIANOFORTE RECITALS at the Grosvenor Rooms, Bolley Street, W., on Tuesday Evenings, 28th, 4th and 18th, March and 17th, and 31st, and April 21st. The Programmes will be selected principally from the Works of the Classical Masters, and will be varied on each occasion by Two Vocal Pieces. Tickets for the Series, Two Guineas. Single Tickets, Five Shillings, to be obtained of Mr. Austin, Ticket Office, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, W. Further particulars will be shortly announced.

MR. JOSEPH BARNBY'S CHOIR at JAMES'S HALL.—FIRST SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT will take place on WEDNESDAY EVENING NEXT, January 29th, at eight o'clock. The selection will be entirely from the works of Handel, and will include "Athalia" and the Reformation Symphony. Solo vocalists—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Martha Spiller and Mr. Julius Stimon. The Oratorio will be read by Mr. Henry Hawton. Conductor, Mr. Barnby. The orchestra will be under the principal members of the bands of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, Her Majesty's Theatre, the Philharmonic Society, Sacred Harmonic Society, &c. Subscription to the four Concerts—Stalls, [illegible]; Balcony, 5s. 6d.; for single concert—Stalls, 1s. 6d. Family Tickets to admit Four, 10s. Balcony (reserved) 6s.; Balcony (unreserved) 3s.; Area (reserved), 2s.; Area (unreserved), 1s. Admission, 1s. Tickets may be obtained of Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co., 1, Berners Street, and 35, Poultry; of the principal Musicsellers; and Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

HERR CARL HAUSE has the honour to announce that the THIRD of SIX CLASSICAL and MISCELLANEOUS CONCERTS will take place at the Queen's Concert Room, Hanover Square, on THURSDAY EVENING, January 30th, 1868.

PROGRAMME.—Part I. Grand Trio, Op. 16, for Pianoforte, Violin and Violoncello—Beethoven. Ballad with Pianoforte and Violin Obbligato (Miss Fanny Armytage)—Hatton. Introduction and Polonaise Brillante, for Pianoforte and Violoncello—Chopin. Part II. Sonata, No. 3, for Pianoforte and Violin—Mozart. "Thou art joy the world can give" (Miss Fanny Armytage)—Hauptmann. Song without Words" and "Capriccietto amabile"—Hauser. Grand Trio, Op. 97, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—Beethoven.

The remaining Three Concerts will take place on Thursdays, February 27th, April 23rd, and May 14th, 1868.

LA SIGNORINA LUIGIA LEALE, Miss RANSFORD, and Mr. CHARLES STANTON, will sing Balfe's Trio, "SHE CAME TO THE VILLAGE CHURCH," on Wednesday next, at Signor Catalani's Musical Soirées.

MR. NORMAN MACLAGAN, the successful new Scottish Tenor, in consequence of the great attention created by his singing of Gounod's Ballad, "THE THREE FORGES," will repeat it at Aberdeen, 30th inst., and every night during his engagements in Scotland.

MISS BERRY-GREENING, who is achieving success after success in Gounod's popular Ballad, "THE LOVER AND THE BIRD," will continue singing it every night during her present Tour in the North.

MISS EMMETT will sing GUILLELMO'S immensely successful Song, "THE LOVER AND THE BIRD," at Mr. John Macfarren's Recital, February 11th.

TITO MATTEI'S RECITAL.

MISS EMMELINE COLE will sing at the Queen's Concert Rooms, the popular Irish song "OH COME TO GLENGARIFF" accompanied by ACCOMPANIMENT, at the above Artist's Recital.

MISS FANNY POOLE will sing at the Beethoven Rooms on the 30th and at Willcocks Hall, February 6th and 13th, at the Alexandra Music, Finchbeth, on the 13th.

MISS FANNY POOLE will sing Benedict's admired song "ROCK ME TO SLEEP" on the 6th at the Beethoven Rooms.

MISS EMILY SPILLER will sing GUILLELMO'S UNDER THE HAMPTON TREE at Belfast, on Monday, January 27th.

MISS EMILY SPILLER and Mr. FRANK ELMORE will sing the admired Duet, "ONE WORD" at Brentwood, February 10th.

MISS GRACE AGUILAR will play Ascher's popular Romance, "ALICE," at St. Thomas's Hall, South Hackney, for the benefit of St. Augustine's Church, on Tuesday, January 28th.

MISS GRACE ARMYTAGE and Mr. H. G. SAUNDERS will sing Gounod's popular Duet from "Faust and Marguerite," "I'M AN ALSATIAN," at Tottenham Literary Institution, on the 27th inst. (This Day).

MISS CLINTON FYNES requests that all communications respecting Concerts, Pianoforte Lessons, etc., be addressed to her, 27, Harley Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MISS ROBERTINE HENDERSON will sing "INTREAT ME NOT TO LEAVE THEE" at Tonbridge, 30th, Stone Street Hall, Wednesday Evening, January 29th.

MISS ROBERTINE HENDERSON and Mr. WALTER MENNARD will sing "I'M AN ALSATIAN," the popular Duet from Gounod's "Faust and Marguerite," at the Manor House, Hackney, February 6th; the Islington Institute, 11th; and Croydon Literary Institution, March 6th.

MISS ROSE HERSEE will sing her admired song "A LAY THE LATE" January 27th, Hanover Square Rooms; February 4th, The Horse, Pimlico; 6th, Westbourne Hall; 10th, Mysticism Hall; and 13th, St. James's Hall.

MISS BERRY GREENING and Mr. ALFRED HEMMING will sing the admired Duet, "ONE WORD" at Guildford, February 3rd.

MISS BERRY GREENING will sing the admired Variations on "CHEERY BIRD" (composed expressly for her), at Miss Agnes Greening's Concert, Guildford, February 3rd.

MISS BERRY-GREENING is now making her engagements as principal Soprano for Miscellaneous Concerts and the following Oratorios:—Mozart's "Requiem," Haydn, "Seasons," "Creation," Handel, "Alexander's Feast," "Israel in Egypt," "St. Paul," "Messiah," "Feast of Alice," "Sabat Mater," "Saul," "Solomon," "Judas Maccabæus." Northern Counties, January.—Address Miss Berry-Greening, care of Messrs. Chappell, 50, New Bond Street, London, W.

MDLLE. MADELINE SCHILLER is in Town for the Season. Communications to be addressed to her care of Messrs. Austin's Agents, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, W.

MR. ALFRED HEMMING will sing BALFE'S new song "WHEN GIFT MAY IS SHOULD I MEET," at Guildford, at Miss Agnes Greening's Concert, on Monday Evening, February 3rd.

MR. ALFRED HEMMING and Miss BERRY GREENING will sing the admired duet, "ONE WORD" at Miss Agnes Greening's Concert, Guildford, February 3rd.

Google

ST. GEORGE'S OPERA-HOUSE

Mr. German Reed, lessee and manager of the Gallery of Illustration, encouraged by success, has ventured upon higher ground. He wishes to establish in London a permanent comic opera. He believes, and so do we, that the elements for such an institution exist among us, and there is no evident reason why his idea should not be successfully carried out. He has found a theatre ready to his hands in the home built in Langham Place, by Dr. Henry Wylde, the Gresham Musical Professor, for the London Academy of Music and his New Philharmonic Concerts. He has converted the orchestra into a stage, and erected private boxes on either side the proscenium. No more was requisite to turn the concert-room into a light and commodious *salle le spectacle*—or "auditorium"—the newly accepted term, for which we have to thank Mr. Boucicault—and its boxes and stage, with all appurtenances, are so constructed as to be removable at will ordinary musical entertainments such as does which Dr. Wylde is accustomed to offer to the public can be held in proper season, under conditions to which the public has been accustomed. Although the limits of the stage are circumscribed—it being, as we are informed, Mr. Reed's intention only to present such comic operas, or operettas, as may require two or at the most three, changes of scene—this will be no disadvantage. Nor is it a matter of small significance, the object in view taken into consideration, that the acoustic properties of St. George's Hall are rather improved than otherwise by the change.

Hurried preparation allowed for, the new undertaking of Mr. Reed may be said to give promise. His company, no doubt, might be more generally strong, but modifications and additions may be reasonably expected from one who has earned, we hope, this position by the tried efficiency of his management elsewhere. The circumstance that warrants fair hopes of something really good proceeding from St. George's Opera house is the production of a new operetta entitled *The Contrabandista*, for which Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan, whose *Cox and Box* performed last summer at the Adelphi, by amateurs, in aid of the Bennett Fund, exhibited a comic vein of rare promise, has composed the music. The piece itself, a lyrical melodrama written for the late Mr. Robson, is, understand, the joint production of Messrs. Burnand and Montague Williams. It originally bore the title of the *Law of the Ladrones*—a more appropriate title, it must be admitted, than the one now assigned to it, among that brigands, not smugglers, are the prominent characters. Though the whole thing is more or less of a burlesque, it has its sentimental as well as its comic side. The sentiment is shared between Rita, a young lady who has been captured by brigands, and Count Vasquez, her lover, who, disguised as a shepherd, plans her rescue. The comic element is concentrated in Mr. Grigg, an amateur photographic artist from London, who travels on foot among the Spanish mountains with the implements of his calling, and, while engaged in putting them to practical use, is entrapped by the very same brigands with whom Rita was captive. To these must be added Inez de Roxas, Queen of the Brigands, together with San José, a charming "the Wolf" and Sancho, nicknamed "the Lion," her two most formidable captains. Inez is a widow, the late chief, her husband, having been recently shot, and it is the "law of the Ladrones" that when their captain—a married man *de jure*, we may presume—is killed, the first stranger they can lay hold of shall be made captain in his place, and espouse the widow. It is the happy lot of Mr. Grigg to be captured, appointed, and betrothed. But the brigand widow entertains a secret preference for San José, "the Wolf," by whose rivalry with Sancho, "the Lion," both in the affections of the widow and the command of the troop, a large portion of the burlesque situations is suggested. A plot is hatched between Inez and San José, the upshot of which is that Sancho is to be murdered by Grigg, and Grigg to be condemned and executed for the act. The Queen will then wed San José, and "the Wolf" be elected captain of the band. They are overheard, however, by Sancho, and a conference between that worthy and Grigg ends in Sancho's arriving to inform the military who are close on the trail of the brigands. At an opportune moment, just as Rita and Grigg are about to be sacrificed, the soldiers arrive. The brigands are seized, but, to their agreeable surprise, the officer of the guard informs them that he holds in his hand a pardon for all, on condition that they will enlist—for all, that is to say, except the captain, who is to be shot without delay. The consternation of Grigg, only a captain of brigands as Molière's Sganarelle was a doctor of medicine—"*malgré lui*"—may be imagined. He is saved, nevertheless, by Count Vasquez, now no longer a shepherd, who assures the officer that Grigg is not a "ladrone," but an honest gentleman; and all ends happily for every one, except for Inez de Roxas, who, being a woman, cannot enlist, and is molested at one and the same time of an expected husband and a company of genial and elegant robbers.

Extravagant as this may look, it answers its purpose well enough. The music it has inspired has not only the genuine comic ring, but it is always graceful, pleasing, and methodically composed. While entering thoroughly into the humour of the thing, Mr. Sullivan has everywhere idealized it, so that in his music at least, not a trace of vulgarity is to be detected. His comic songs, while real comic songs, are artistically finished all the same, and in situations that might almost have lured an ordinary composer into the region of buffoonery, he has preserved melody and symmetrical form. Thus the intrinsic charm of his work, which makes itself felt from the octet, is never weakened or impeded. The introducti o—a duet for Sancho and San José, with chorus of "Ladrones," ushered in by a brief (too brief) orchestral prelude—at once shows that we have to do with a musician who, no matter under what aspect issued and will be above all suspicion. It is tuneful, flowing, carefully finished, and at the same time full of character—exactly, in short, what it ought to be, but what only a practical adept in his art could have made it. The next piece is a quintet, in which Inez, Rita, and the Shepherd join the personages already named—a highly effective piece of vocal part writing in which a certain affectation of pompousity is excellently to the purpose. Then comes an extremely pretty ballad for Rita—"The tinkling sheep bell knells the partingday"—of which the words (though they might be more original) and the music are equally entitled to praise, and then a very telling duet for Vasquez and Rita, in the first movement of which the lover in Shepherd's guise tries to console the captive lady, and in the second, throwing off disguise, declares his resolution to contrive the means of her escape. Mr. Grigg now appears, with an *aria d'entrata* in the Italian form (Frore rock to rock, with many a shock"), the burden of which is a narration of the difficulties encountered by the amateur photographer in the pursuit of his avocations among the mountains, and a vow that if he once gets safe home he will run no such risks again. The leading motive of this song is one that insensibly haunts the ear, and the composer has turned it to admirable use in other parts of the operetta where Mr. Grigg is conspicuous. The whole is instinct with humour which, though quiet, is none the less genuine. The trio that ensues, when Grigg is surprised by "the Wolf" and "the Lion," is tuneful and full of comic movement, as the song just mentioned. The first part, with its piquant orchestral accompaniment, might have been written by Auber, and this is said without any idea of charging Mr. Sullivan with plagiarism. The situation is that where the brigands inform Grigg that he must either be their captain or be shot, concluding with an invitation on the part of the robbers to "dance the Bolero," which the unhappy photographist is compelled to do against his will—though Mr. Sullivan, as if in consideration of the feelings of Mr. Grigg, has set the intended bolero to a waltz time, the best original, by the way, if not the least striking, in the operetta. A real bolero, however, quaint and charming, comes shortly afterwards—to which reminiscence is subsequently had, in the form of an orchestral interlude. The *finale* to the first act, where Grigg is formally dubbed chief and invested with the dignity of "the Hat," is from beginning to end capital, the dramatic, the reference to the brief orchestral prelude which stands for overture, the Hymn of the Coronation Hat ("Hail to the ancient hat!") for chorus with solo for Grigg, a sort of parody, if there may be a parody of a parody of "Le chien de mon père" in M. Offenbach's *Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein*—and the resumption of the theme of Grigg's first song, accompanied by dance and chorus, which brings it to a climax, are one and all of the best, and we to every amateur must be merely mentioned, while tuneful and—by character, remember—will hardly fail to be [illegible] flow and ingenious construction. In short, this is a *finale* worthy of an act every single piece of which has merit. The second act would seem to have been written comparatively under pressure. It is all good, and contains some things perhaps as good as any in the first, but it has not the solidity of

its precursor. The opening piece is a song for Vasquez—a kind of serenade ("Wake, gentle maiden!"), in the rhythm and measure of a bolero, altogether out of place, but sufficiently agreeable as music to compensate for its anomalous absurdity; and this is followed by a characteristic duet, in which Inez (Miss San José) and the virtuoso of the "Ladrones." A sentimental ballad for Rita ("Will he return to set me free?") comes next, and is succeeded in turn by a comic trio, for Inez, San José, and Grigg. In this trio Inez and San José give their not over-heroic captain the first intimation of the task he has to accomplish in disposing of Sancho. It is spirited and characteristic throughout; but the last movement, a particular feature of which makes us involuntarily think of a certain tune in one of the choruses of Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night*, is unquestionably the best. Grigg's song describing his imaginary exploit with Sancho, could hardly be surpassed as a specimen of mock grandiloquence. The *finale* to Act II., which is of much lighter pretensions than its precursor, is excellent, both in a dramatic and a musical sense; the reference to the theme of Grigg's first air, which the composer seems determined that his audience shall not forget, and to the waltz in the trio of the first act, being alike happy and in keeping. A little consideration would enable Mr. Sullivan to make the second act of *The Contrabandista* equal to the first, and thus to complete as charming an operetta of its class as we can bring to mind. It is only just in conclusion to recognise the sterling ability with which he has made use of the small orchestra at his command. His instrumentation is throughout clear, ingenious, and rich.

The performance which on the first night was far from satisfactory is now, on the whole, very good. The two ladies—Miss Arabella Smythe (Rita) and Lucy Franklein (Queen of the Brigands), favourably known as concert-singers—have yet to learn that the stage and the concert-room are widely different arenas. It is no advantage to Mr. Sullivan, nevertheless, that his music, so far as they are concerned, should be as safe. They have evidently committed every note of it to memory. The part of Count Vasquez is sustained by Mr. Edgar Osborne Hargrave, a very young tenor whom, being absolutely a novice, it would be unfair to criticise severely. He has a pleasing voice and a prepossessing appearance; the rest may come in time. The two chief Ladrones are impersonated by Messrs. Aynsley Cook and Nelson. A more formidable "Wolf" than Mr. Cook could scarcely be dreamt of; but, in striving to out-cook Cook, Mr. Nelson overdoes "the Lion" in a manner to call for a word of admonition. The gentleman who represents the Spanish officer (Mr. Hodges) is not remarkable as a singer. The life and soul of the piece is Mr. J. A. Shaw, whose performance in Mr. Macfarren's operetta, *The Soldier's Legacy*, had already made him a favourite with the public of the Gallery of Illustration. This gentleman's impersonation of Mr. Grigg is distinguished by humour of the right sort; and if he had been blessed with anything resembling a voice he would shine as much as a singer than as an actor. Grigg is a sharply-defined character in his hands, and he delivers his principal song ("From rock to rock")—all his own, indeed—with a point and intelligence for the secret of which many a dramatic singer gifted with a voice, might profitably barter that voice in exchange. The orchestra, though numerically small, is efficient, and at its head, as leader, is Mr. H. West Hill, one of our most capable violinists.

The rest of Mr. Reed's entertainment is supplied by M. Offenbach, whose extraordinary popularity is one of the enigmas of the present day. The production of an English version of *La Chatte métamorphosée en Femme*, under the title of *Puss in Petticoats*, was not a very happy beginning. This little comedy is preferable in its own lyrical form to which all who remember Mdlle. Jenny Vertpré on the French and Miss Louisa Keeley (with one song) on the English stage can testify; nor is the music of M. Offenbach by any means a favourable example of his powers—reasons which, combined with a performance beneath mediocrity, may account for the withdrawal of the piece after a few representations. The extra stanza of *Clang chow Hi (Bataclan)*, which has been played every evening after *The Contrabandista*, was made familiar to the London public at the Gallery of Illustration; and the puzzle is to under stand how such unmitigated rubbish could, even at the Gallery of Illustration, have found favour.

In conclusion, we wish—just as every one who cares for the lyric drama, no matter under which of its phases exhibited, must wish—success to St. George's Opera-house. At the same time, the more persistently it is made the vehicle of bringing forward English talent, the better chance will it enjoy of becoming a fixed institution. Mr. Reed has begun well with Mr. Sullivan, and can lose nothing by further digging in the soil of native art. Meanwhile, for his foreign adaptations, which we presume are indispensable, we advise him to place little trust in M. Offenbach. M. Offenbach's humour is so peculiarly French that it is not readily transmitted through the medium of another language; the salient points in his works are in many instances wholly repulsive to English feeling, and have therefore (witness *The Grand Duchess* at Covent Garden), to be modified, if not suppressed; and his music, apart from a certain vein of lively tune here and there (never, by the way, over-original), cannot seriously be regarded as music at all. When such works are to be obtained as *Le Chalet* of Adolph Adam, *L'Eclair* of Halévy, *Les Visitandines* of Boieldieu, some of the earlier productions of Auber (*La Neige*, *Le Maçon*, &c.), to say nothing of the *Double Echelle* of M. Ambroise Thomas, *Bon Soir Monsieur Pantalon*, &c., of M. Grisar with many others—all comparatively if not wholly unknown in this country—and any one of which could decorously be presented without modification—it seems odd that the director of St. George's Opera-house should have had recourse to *Puss in Petticoats*, and *Clang chow Hi*. The promise of Auber's *L'Ambassadrice*, with Mdle. Liebhart as the heroine, is not encouraging; such an opera being entirely beyond the means of the present company. We have better hopes of a reported new operetta by Mr. Frederick Clay; and indeed, if the staple commodity cannot be provided at home, it is difficult to see how the new undertaking can serve any good purpose.—S. E.

Bearton.—(*From a Correspondent*).—The members of the Austin Musical Society gave their third concert on Wednesday week. The programme was selected with judgment. The opening overture was Rossini's *Cenerentola*, well played. Donizetti's "O luce di quest' anima," sung with great success by Madame Thaddeus Wells, being encored. "Old Robin Gray" was substituted. Mr. J. H. Croft, tenor, gave "I will with all your heart" (*Elijah*), in excellent style and with much applause. Mr. J. Child charmed Schubert's "Wanderer." The first part closed with Vieuxtemps' second concerto for violin and orchestra, the violinist being Mr. Chandos Lane, who was loudly applauded at the end of his performance. The second part opened with Romberg's Symphony in D No. 2, played throughout with accuracy and precision. The best movements in this symphony are the *allegretto* and the *allegro finale*. Madame Wells gave Blumenthal's song, "Why was I looking out?" and Mr. J. H. Croft, Reichardt's "Lover's Request." The former was encored, and the "Clochette" substituted. Mr. Chandos Lane, who played (from memory) Wieniawski's "Air Russe," accompanied by his brother, also received an encore. The other orchestral pieces were an operatic selection on tunes from *Kreutzer* and the overture to Mozart's *Cosi fan tutte*, both fairly performed. Mr. Edouard Lane was accompanist. The attendance was as usual large and fashionable.—W. H. P.

I would not die in happy spring
When birds sing on the trees
And the scent of early flowers
In bower upon the breeze.

I would not die in summer time,
While nature looks so gay;
When I'll the happy lambkins frisk,
And sweetly smell the hay

I would not die in autumn's prime
When every lad and lass
In gleaning corn from out the fields,
And trimmy on the glass.

I would not die in winter's days,
When all a-skating go;
And when the mountain and the plain
Are frosted o'er with snow

I would not die in early leaf
I would not die in'its fall,
In fact, you see, 'twixt you and me,
I would not die at all

Bertie.

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GEORGES KASTNER.

(*Concluded from page 56*).

The collection entitled *Les Chants de la Vie* and published in 1854, is valuable, as far as the literary portion is concerned, on account of its learned researches into the development of male choral singing. We find in it everything that relates to the origin and progress of the musical unions in Germany, which, leaving their birth-places, and drawing their members from the working classes, have become the "*Orphéons*" of France.

It is, however, incorrect to attribute this movement to Luther's Reformation; it is the contrary which is true. In music, as in painting, in architecture, as in all the arts and even in belles lettres, Protestantism has unquestionably been comparatively sterile. To restrict ourselves to the domain of music, we ask can anyone for a single moment think of opposing a few insipid chorals and a few oratorios to the numberless masterpieces of the Roman, the Neapolitan, and the Venetian schools, to the colossal mass of Flemish compositions, and even to the collected musical productions of Roman Catholic Germany? The musical part of M. Kastner's book consists of twenty-eight choruses with words by Béranger, Théophile Gautier, Victor Hugo, Léon Malherbe, etc. They are remarkable for their frank melody, their irreproachable harmony, and their great variety of rhythm.

One idea which could strike only M. Kastner, because he only could have brought it to a successful conclusion, was to trace out what had been the martial songs of France from the famous *barditus* or martial Bardic song "Pharamond, Pharamond, nous avons combattu sous l'épée," down to the patriotic hymn of Rouget de Lisle. Such was the object of the book published in 1855, under the title, *Les Chants de l'Armée française*. It is a collection exceedingly well arranged and extremely varied. It contains everything of interest to be found in French manuscripts. We could never convey an idea of the riches accumulated by the patient erudition of the learned musician. Of course, the "Chanson de Roland," the grand lyrico-martial epopee of the Carlovingian period is not wanting.

> "Li quens Roland, par peine et par ahan,
> Par grant dolor, mort en ahit.
> Parmi la bouche en ait fors li clers sanz,
> De son cervel li temple en est rompuz.
>
> Dol cors qu'il tient l'ame en est mult grant;
> Karlon l'entend li est ad pert pumunt;
> Mamnes li duc l'ot, si l'escultent li Franz,
> Co dist li reis: Ja est li nos Roland!
>
> Une ne l'amant, m'est fort conbatuz,
> Quanes respunt: De batalle est l'olmut.
> Ja estes vieiz e floriz et blanz,
> Par tels paroles vus resembler enfant.
>
> Asez avez le grant orgoill Roland
> Ca est nouvelle que Deus le soefrat tant!
> Par un sul herre vat tute par conquerant;
> Devant ses pers ore vait il gabant.
>
> Car chevalcez. Par qualle arrestant?"*

Such is the heroic side of the subject; but Boileau has said

> "Le Français, né malin, crée le vaudeville."

If we were capable of forgetting the fact, M. Georges Kastner's collection would remind us of it. Side by side with the song inspired by chivalry, we meet burlesque parody, such as the popular romance, entitled "Le Convoi du duc de Guise," of which the celebrated song, "Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre," is evidently an imitation. In a word, these pages do more than merely satisfy our curiosity; they contain the elements of a national history, and, viewing them in this light, we must confess that the author rendered his native country a real service.

M. Georges Kastner, like M. de Coussemaker, is a Frenchman, and it is for us a great source of satisfaction to have to praise the erudition and the disinterested love for musical science of two such men, as well as the noble use which both have for many years made of their fortunes. Both deserve the gratitude of our country for the glory their great labours have shed on it. M. de Coussemaker undertook the task of discovering the sources of harmony, of deciphering the ancient systems of notation employed in the earliest Middle Ages, and of collecting the texts of the old authors, an arduous undertaking in which he has successfully rendered himself famous. M. Georges Kastner yielded to him the merit and the honour of this investigation, knowing that there was no one who could better bring such a work to a successful termination than M. de Coussemaker. Possessed himself of a more encyclopædic mind, M. Kastner grapples boldly with every subject he study, and willingly descends into the musical arena, properly so-called, that is to say, he composes under the influence of the historical ideas and epochs which he has studied.

There can be nothing more interesting than to see, in these lyrical works, the shadows evoked by M. Kastner once again find a body, become animated, speak, act, and sing. It is a musical prosopopee of which the idea is felicitous and original.

Comic music, that is to say, the relations existing between natural notes and musical science, is the subject next treated by M. Kastner in *Le Harpe Æolienne* (1856). So active and ingenious a mind as his could not fail to group around it a host of interesting observations. The cantata *Stephen, ou la Harpe d'Eole*, terminating the volume, proves that, despite his plunging into scientific investigations, the master does not cease to be a composer but is capable of pleasing artists as well as antiquarians. It is, however, a regular habit of this eminent musicologist to append to his literary labours a musical exemplification of the subjects treated therein. Thus *Les Voix de Paris* (1857) are followed by a grand humoristic vocal and instrumental symphony, a masterpiece of musical ingenuity and amusing imitation.

By uniting under the above title all the noises and cries of old Lutetia, noises and cries which form not the least curious chapter in her history, the scholar desired to pay his tribute of gratitude for hospitality received. It is a pity that, on account of the complicated and numerous elements constituting it, this score, which is an original, cannot be easily executed. The composer, who was well seconded by his literary collaborator, M. Edouard Thierry, has introduced into it some graceful interludes, and among them the romance of "Le Mendiant d'Amour." The following year (1858) M. Kastner published *Les Sirènes, essai sur les principaux mythes relatifs à l'ancienne histoire* etc. Is it necessary for us to say that this work, like its predecessors, affords evidence of immense reading? We walk about, in the midst of a forest of quotations, Greek, Latin, etc., collected with the patience of a Benedictine monk, and the discrimination of a refined critic. The book concludes with a dramatic symphony entitled *Le Rêve d'Oscald, ou les Sirènes*, and embracing upwards of two hundred pages.

M. Kastner gave proof of indefatigable perseverance and profound erudition in his last production, entitled *Parémiologie musicale de la langue française ou Explication des proverbes qui tirent leur origine de la musique* (1860). The term "compiler" is too frequently taken in a bad sense for us to employ it in connection with a man of penetrating intelligence, whose sagacity turns to account the most vulgar sayings, and makes unexpected discoveries in them. To the merit of the literary work is added that of the score placed at the end of the book, and entitled "La Saint-Julien des ménétriers."

We cannot refrain from strongly advising our readers to consult this fine work, whenever they feel inclined to banish music among the frivolous arts. They will learn from *La Parémiologie musicale* how extraordinary a part music has played in the formation of the French language, and with what a considerable number of ideas it has supplied the cause of civilization.

A meeting of the military bands of the principal European Powers took place at Paris, during the Exposition Universelle of

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* Count Roland, with trouble, fatigue and great pain sounds his *olifant* (small horn). The effort causes the clear blood to issue from his mouth, and the temple of his brain to burst.

The sound of the horn he wears extends a long way. Charles, who is passing the entrance to the defiles, hears it; the Duke de Namoun also, hears it; the Franks listen to it, and the King says: "I hear Roland's horn."

He never blows it save when he is combatting. Ganeles replies: "Battles are not at the question. You are already old, white, and florid; by such words you resemble a child."

"You know well enough Roland's great pride; it is a marvel that God has suffered it so long! For a single hare he will continue blowing his horn all day. He is now amusing himself with his peers.

"Ride on. Wherefore do you stop?"

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1867. M. Kastner suggested it. He first announced the happy idea at Strasbourg in 1861. This musical European manifestation, followed by a competition, over which M. Kastner with General Melhaet and M. Ambroise Thomas, presided, achieved complete success. More than twenty thousand persons greeted with their bravos the military bands from Austria, Russia, Prussia, Spain, Belgium, Baden, Holland, etc. It was the first festival of the kind, and was extremely interesting as it rendered possible a comparison between the various artistic elements brought into play. M. Kastner was seconded in the execution of his plan by a clever lieutenant, M. Jouas.

It would be a superfluous task to enumerate the honorary distinctions which rewarded an existence entirely devoted to the advancement of national education, historical as well as theoretical. The most enviable of all was that which M. Georges Kastner received, when summoned to take his place as a member of the Institute. In that glorious assembly, where all the great artistic notabilities of the country are to be found, M. Georges Kastner might with justice have been called the Humboldt of Music.

FÉLIX CLÉMENT.

Chorley Hall Institute.—The committee of this institute by permission of William Hird, Esq., gave their first concert on Thursday evening, which was attended by a full house. The programme was very attractive, and I was glad to see it so much pleased. The concert opened with a part song, by Mendelssohn, well played. Amongst the vocal solos and duets applauded or encored were "The green trees" (Balfe) and "Be thou at rest, mine" (Benedict), sung by Mr. J. C. Bentley; the Irish ballad of "Oh come to Glengariff" by Madame Armytage Cooper, which pleased greatly; "Ah why to me love" (Mackeren), by Miss Marian Bown (pupil of Mr. J. C. Bentley); "Then art so near" and John Barleycorn, Norwegian Ballad, by Mr. Frank Elmore. Mr. Will Bishopand Mr. J. C. Jackson also contributed to the programme. The room was beautifully decorated by ladies, with flowers and evergreens in honour of the opening night. The performance was under the direction of Mr. J. C. Bentley of the Royal Academy.—B. H.

Beaumont Hall, Liverpool.—A concert took place at this spacious hall on Monday last, for the benefit of Mr. Armytage Cooper, a talented vocalist and pianist. The concert opened with Mackeren's trio, "The Troubadour," sung by Miss Grace Armytage, Madame Cooper and Mr. H. C. Surbers, after which a varied programme was given. Madame Armytage Cooper sang Wallace's "Sweet Spirit" and Arditi's "Il Bacio" besides playing Wallace's grand galop "The Czar" on the pianoforte with great applause. Miss Grace Armytage, Miss Alice Campbell, Mr. W. Hamilton, Mr. Frank Elmore, Mr. H. C. Surbers, etc., gave several connected vocal pieces and solos which afforded evident satisfaction to the audience.—B. H.

Southampton.—The concert lately given at the Carlton Rooms, by the company of talented amateurs known as the Wandering Minstrels, in aid of the West India Hurricane Fund, met with the greatest success, and the projectors have been enabled to place to the credit of the fund, the sum of £107 3s. 4d.—a gratifying result of laudable exertions. The programme was varied and interesting, and the hall was crowded with an appreciative audience.

Cologne.—Mlle. Clara Schumann and Herr Stockhausen appeared at the fifth Gürzenich Concert, which have but compositions by Beethoven were given. Among them were the Pianoforte Concerto in G major, "An die ferne Geliebte," Fantasia for Pianoforte, Chorus, and Orchestra, the Pastoral Symphony, &c.

Utrecht.—The programme of the first concert given by the "Collegium Musicum Ultrajectinum" consisted Symphony C major, Haydn; Air from *Orpheus*, Gluck; Violin Concerto, Mendelssohn; and Overture to *Ruins of Athens*, Beethoven.

What a winsome place for a weary head—
In that darkest of places, that dear old bed!
There all the sorrows of earth have fled,
The sorrow, the terror, the cold, the dread;
In your business badly perhaps, you have sped,
You have hoped for luck, and got less instead;
But home you go with elastic tread,
And throw in a humble and weary doubt,
You shut yourself with curtains red,
And lay down your head as heavy as lead
On the pillow. Enough has been surely said
And I'm very tired and I'm going to—sleep.

FIR.

CHARITIES—DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL.

Mr. Gladstone, ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, once threw out a hint that the question of taxation of the charities of this country might some day be brought under notice of the Legislature. Any reader of the *Guide to the Benevolent Institutions of the Metropolis* would draw the conclusion that, looking at the formidable list jointly there in numbers every kind of a infortune and misery was provided for; but if the public press be perused at this festive (?) period, astonishment must be felt that money is required for cases which do not come under the category of the saving societies. In private life the applicants of the unfortunate are overwhelming, and all or it is sought to give a helping hand by reference to specific charities, which it is imagined are devoted to particular forms of suffering. It is too often found that the rules and regulations are of such a stringent nature that somehow or other no aid can be afforded. The Musical and Dramatic Charities are no exception from a too general rule—that it is exceedingly difficult to obtain assistance in the most unbearable cases of distress. And thus it is that benefit theatres, benefit concerts and private subscriptions must be resorted to. Subscribers to the charities naturally feel aggrieved that, independently of their financial support to the societies, they are called upon for extraneous assistance. The general reply of the officials who have called upon to relieve certain cases is that applicants are not members of the respective institutions, which being essentially benefit societies exclude all help except for actual members thereof.

This kind of answer would be conclusive and just if the societies were *bonâ fide* provident institutions under the Friendly Societies Acts, or by charter, and if the funds were exclusively derived from the payments of the members. But such is not the case. Take as an illustration the Charities "Society," or "Fund," or "Institution"—call them by what name you will—specially "consecrated" to artists, whether musical or dramatic, or both. The majority of these associations appeal to the general public, or have through the private begging box, by public advertisement and by collections at annual banquets. There can be no doubt that the main supply of the funds of the charities has arisen from the donations and subscriptions at dinners, and the liberal honorary regular subscribers feel indignant when, perhaps after his purse strings have been unloosed for years, he finds that his first application on behalf of a miserable musician or hitherto brilliant dramatist is met by a point of form fatal to the hopes of the unfortunate suitor.

There are eight institutional London and Covent Garden Theatrical Funds (1765), the Drury Lane Theatrical Fund (1766), the Royal General Theatrical Fund (1839), the Dramatic Equestrian and Musical Sick Fund Association (1855), the Royal Dramatic College (1858), and the Britannia Theatre Sick Fund (1861). The musical charities are the Royal Society of Musicians (1738), the Choral Fund Society (1791), the Choir Benevolent Society (1831), the Society of British Musicians (1823), the Music Hall Sick Fund Provident Society (1867), and the Benevolent Fund of the Sacred Harmonic Society. So far as numbers go, it might be urged that an artist must, under one or the other society, secure relief, but if he has not been a subscribing member he may starve. Of course the pressing reply to this class of unfortunates is, "Be provident and invest some of your earnings in an institution." But unquestioned that help might to be extended to the "in provident" even if they have not been members of provident or benefit societies. The enormous resources of the Drury Lane and Covent Garden Funds have been principally raised by subscriptions and donations, and the money was given for the general advantage of the profession, and not because of a geographical situation in Bow Street or Drury Lane. It is by "Act of Parliament" it is asserted. The moment the Act is repealed and the two funds blended, the better for the artists—having due respect for "vested interests," the bugbear always put forward against amalgamation. The actors and actresses of the Royal Dramatic College might then have more additional comforts. If there was one general institution applicable to the histrionic profession and another to the musical profession, each association so organised as to embrace all cases of distress and allowing to subscribers all the advantages accruing from their annual investment, a vast saving in the working of two such general charities would be gained, and we should hear much less of benefits at Theatres and concert benefits, which are yearly on the increase, and for which the gratuitous services of artists are so severely and urgently put in requisition—an enormous tax which, however cheerfully submitted to by the general body of both professions, has no equitable foundation.

The combination and consolidation of the public charities of the country will sooner or later receive the earnest attention of the Legislature.

C. L. G.

Lucca.—A new opera entitled *Ia Ingiusta*, by Herr Mühldorf, the second conductor, has been successfully produced.

Vienna.—Herr von Bülow will give three Beethoven-Soirées in February.

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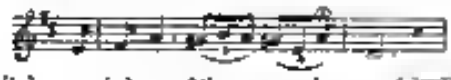
REVIEWS.

Wavering Sea. Song. Words from the Swedish of Bernhard Hanneman. Translated by Margaret E. Tupper. Composed by Isabella Scalbe. [London: Keith, Prowse, & Co.]

This sea address to the sea, in the key of F minor with a compass of ten notes. The music is correctly written not without a fair attempt at expression, and presents sufficient variety. In these respects it resembles hundreds of other songs; but the resemblance is carried still further, and hence we are compelled to say that the "Wavering Sea" has neither distinctive character nor originality in any form.

Love all men as thy Brother. Song. Written by J. E. Carpenter. Music by J. W. Cherry. [London: S. Cook.]

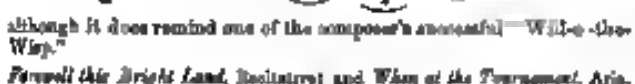
The moral of this song though not particularly new is particularly good, and the words have a manly ring in them pleasantly contrasting with the vapid sentiment of which verse makers give us enough and to spare. Songs of this class require a bold well-defined melody of a not calculated to emphasize the words and not to draw from them the listener's attention. So much Mr. Cherry has been able to supply but we must take exception to this exceedingly weak cadence,



although it does remind one of the composer's successful "Will-o-the-Wisp."

Farewell thy Bright Land, Recitative and *When at the Tournament,* Aria. Romantic music by Julius Benedict. [London: A. Hammond & Co.]

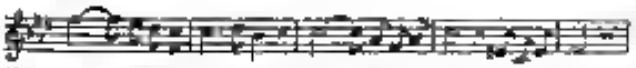
The name of the composer is a sufficient guarantee for the excellence of this song. The music (in F with a compass from C below the staff to F 5th line) is very melodious and flowing, beginning after this fashion:—



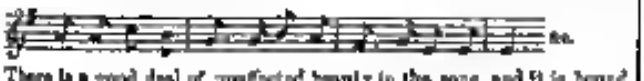
and terminating in a *coda* as full of grace as of musicianly skill. We need scarcely say that the accompaniment is, throughout, a distinctive feature, by virtue of the thoroughly artistic style in which it is written. In this respect the recitative has an importance but little inferior to that of the air. We can commend this very excellent production to the reader's notice.

Swedish Songs sung by Mdlle. Christine Nilsson. 1. My Heart follows Thee. 2. There is a Wreath of Ivory Flowers. 3. The Water Bride. [London: A. Hammond & Co.]

Those who had the pleasure of hearing Mdlle. Nilsson sing the songs of her native country will welcome the chance of possessing them especially as the portrait of the charming singer as a frontispiece. The first of the three before us has an extremely simple melody in F major which makes up in sweetness what it lacks in character. The second (in F minor) is much more distinctive, and has all the pathos by which—as a rule—Swedish songs are marked. Here is the cadence of each verse:—



No. 3 however is the most peculiar in style as well as the most beautiful. The words are a translation (by Mr. Wellington Guernsey) of Goethe's "Der Fischer" a poem which Zelter Schubert and Reissiger have each set to music. Neither of these composers however are more successful than the author or adapter of this Swedish air. It is in E minor and opens thus for note like the "Volkslied" in Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words." A quotation will show this, and also its general character:—



There is a good deal of unaffected beauty in the song and it is bound to become a favourite wherever known.

Waltzes by Josef Gung'l. 1. Marien. 2. Artusklänge. 3. Jungbrunnen Tanze. [London: A. Hammond & Co.]

The excellence of Gung'l's waltzes need not now be asserted, and issues before us are among his best. In fertility of bright and sparkling melody, in variety—and in those finishing touches which can come only from the hand of a musician, they are a model of their kind.

The Barons of Old. Words by J. E. Carpenter. Composed by John Barnett. [London: J. M. Dowell & Co.]

This is a song of the vigorous, masculine type represented by "The Brave Old Oak" and "The Friar of Orders Grey" with which established favourites it is by no means unlikely to be associated. The air is full of animation and has a certain rough dignity quite in keeping with the subject. We think you a good of praise to the verses, which serve to call up all the romance attached to the mailed warriors of the olden time—a romance no knowledge that they were really a set of semi-savages is able to dispute. Let gentlemen amateurs who have bass voices and strong lungs follow Mr. Santley in singing this song even though they do so *longo intervallo*.

A Sister's Early Love. Written and composed by J. A. Wade. [London: J. M. Dowell & Co.]

An unpretending song in honour of a sister's love—fairly form has vanished." The music calls for no remark but we may say that those who like the sentimental ballads of the Christy Minstrels will very probably be pleased to have their attention directed to Mr. Wade's effusion.

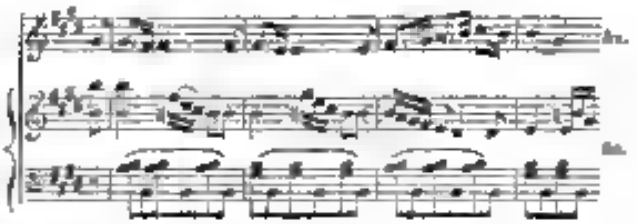
At the Robin, when sweet family cherished. Ballad. Sung by Mrs Ernst Kerpen. Written by J. E. Dwyer, Esq. Composed by Sir Henry R. Bishop. [London: J. M'Dowell & Co.]

The melody of this song shows all the peculiar features of the composer, who is rote in a style which may be called essentially English. Both words and music are very pleasing while the latter has the additional advantage of being very easy.

Oh! Gentle Spirit. Romance. Written by Augustus Greville; the Music composed by Felicien David. [London: Joseph Williams.]

This is a song of special excellence. It is written in E major and adapted for a mezzo-soprano or baritone voice the compass ranging from C below the staff to E fourth space. Both melody and accompaniment are easy but the song combines beauty with simplicity in an ordinary degree. Here is an example:—

And here another which will recommend it more efficiently than any words of ours:—



Perles et Diamants. Valse brillante pour Piano. Par Gustave Lange. [London: A. Hammond & Co.]

There is a good deal of melody in this piece. It is easy to play, and sufficiently showy to be popular with a large class of amateurs.

Le Papillon. Mazurka de Concert. Par Gustave Lange. [London: A. Hammond & Co.]

A real mazurka, full of "go" from beginning to end.

Milan.—*Lucrezia Borgia* has been successful at the Opera-house by Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera*, and Donizetti's *Maria di Rohan*. According to our contemporary *Il Artista*, Signora Penco, Signori Tamberlik and Bonichi were all very good in the first. In the second Signora Maja had some "happy moments" as Maria, Signora Tati was successful as Gondi, M. Nardin gave satisfaction as Count de Chalais, and M. Bonichi made an admirable Duc de Chevreuse.—The fourth concert given by the Società da Quartetto took place on the 12th inst. at the Conservatory when the following works were played: Trio in C minor (Op. 8) Beethoven; Sonata in C minor (Op. 30) Beethoven; and Quartet in D (Op. 76) Haydn. The executants were Sig. Mazzatorta, Lorian, Castellano, Quaibrant, and Porta.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
ST JAMES'S HALL.

MONDAY EVENING JANUARY 27TH 1868,

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely

Programme

PART I

QUARTET in A minor—for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts)—MM. Straus, L. Ries, Henry Blagrove, and Piatti — *Schumann.*

SONGS { "Son of the sleepless" / "I hear a sound like calling" } Miss Julia Elton — *Mendelssohn.*

SONATA in A major, Op. 101 for Pianoforte alone—Madame Schumann — *Beethoven.*

PART II.

PRELUDE, COURANTE and ALLEMANDE, for Violoncello—Signor Piatti — *Bach.*

OLD ENGLISH DITTY "The Oak and the Ash"—Miss Julia Elton

TRIO, in C minor, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—Madame Schumann, Mr. Straus, and Signor Piatti — *Mendelssohn.*

CONDUCTOR—Mr. BENEDICT

MORNING PERFORMANCE

SATURDAY FEBRUARY 1 1868.

To commence at Three precisely.

Programme

PART I

QUINTET in D major, for two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello—MM. Straus, L. Ries, Henry Blagrove, Zerbini and Piatti — *Mozart.*

SONGS { "Moonlight" / "Resignation" } Madame Sainton-Dolby — *Schumann.*

SONATA in C major, Op. 53 (dedicated to Count Waldstein), for Pianoforte alone—Madame Schumann — *Beethoven.*

PART II

SONGS { "Question" / "Resolution" } Madame Sainton-Dolby — *Mendelssohn.*

QUINTET in E flat, Op. 44 for Pianoforte, two Violins, Viola and Violoncello—Madame Schumann, MM. Straus, L. Ries, Henry Blagrove, and Piatti — *Schumann.*

CONDUCTOR—Mr. BENEDICT

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"This is an earnest book by an earnest thinker on the art. It would be impossible to follow the writer through his very ingenious and intelligent arguments in proof of his theory explained in his opening chapter; but we may say he appears to have thoroughly studied the styles of the various composers, and to have fairly criticised them. He is such thoughtful work as this is so rarely well-timed."—*Musical Times.*

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DEATHS

On the 22nd inst. at his residence, 47, Queensborough Terrace, London, Charles John Kean, Esq., in his 68th year.

On the 19th inst. at 5, Park Grove, Brighton, after two days' illness, Jenny Elkayen, nearly eight years of age, the dearly beloved third child of Herr Immanuel and Madame Liebich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Horace Mayhew.—Among the discoveries of Faraday were—the induction of electricity in the secondary coil of a voltaic current; the cause of the rotary motion of a metallic disc under the influence of an electric current; the action of the voltaic battery produced by chemical decomposition, not by mere contact of metals; the magneto-electricity and the induction of frictional electricity.

Amateur.—Mendelssohn's "Trumpet Overture" was performed at the last Dublin Philharmonic Concert when the symphony was sung by Kallwoda (No. 2). Mr. Russell is still the conductor.

To Advertisers.—*The Office of* The Musical World *is at* Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co.'s, 244 *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as eleven o'Clock* A.M., *on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1868.

MORITZ HAUPTMANN.

THE world of music has just suffered a great, nay in some respects, an irreparable loss. Moritz Hauptmann, Cantor at the Thomasschule, Leipsic, died on the 4th January. His father, chief Governmental Architect, wished at first to bring the boy up to his own profession, and caused him to study architecture and mathematics conjointly with the usual subjects of a liberal education. He encouraged, however, the boy's musical talent so far as to have him taught something of the violin and thoroughbass. Until the age of eighteen, Moritz Hauptmann was, therefore, intended for an architect, but, moved by his invincible love for music, the father then allowed him to follow his own bent, and sent him to Spohr, then *Concertmeister* at Gotha. Moritz resided there a year, during which the mutual relation of master and pupil grew into a life-long friendship. In 1813, Hauptmann was engaged as violinist in the Royal Chapel, Dresden, but only ten months subsequently he proceeded to Vienna, where Spohr was acting as *Capellmeister*, and remained there nearly six months. In 1815 he accepted a situation in the family of Prince Repnin, hoping that he should accompany the latter to Italy, but Fate ruled otherwise. The Prince having been appointed to some high post, remained in Russia, and to this fact the world is indebted for one of the most important scientific works ever written. In Southern Russia, at that period (1815—20) far removed from artistic life, reminiscences of his scientific studies were awakened in the mind of the young music-master; he plunged, so to speak, into mathematical investigations, and there can be no doubt that many sketches, which were afterwards turned to account and included in *Harmonik und Metrik*, date from this time. The same is true of many of his compositions, though not published till subsequently; we may particularly mention the "Violin Duets."

On his return from Russia, Hauptmann lived a private life for two years in Dresden, and kept up a continual correspondence with Spohr, whose influence was undoubtedly instrumental in procuring him an appointment at Cassel (1822). For twenty years did Hauptmann work in that town, remaining there till he was named (while absent on a holiday trip to Paris) Cantor and Musical Director at the Thomasschule, Leipsic. In 1843, on the establishment of the Conservatory, he added to his other duties those of Professor of Counterpoint and Fugue. It was then that his high artistic qualities as a composer, and his marvellous excellence as a master were fully developed. His compositions, especially his four part sacred and profane songs as well as his Sonatas for Piano and Violin, commanded the respect of all musicians, while his theoretical works, his analysis of the art peculiar to Bach's

Fugues, and, more especially his book on *Harmonik und Metrik* inspired all skilled in art and science with astonishment and admiration. With regard to him personally there was but one opinion. He was an amiable and modest scholar, gentle in his opinions, a friend of youth, and always vigorous and fresh in mind. Thus did he work on, a blessing to all, till his death. In him expired a man as valuable to music as any one could be; his mind, developed by a thorough and varied education, was actively employed in various branches of knowledge; but all these various branches met in one point—the high endeavors of art.

Hauptmann was one of the four professors who were entrusted with the honourable task of selecting and preparing for publication the manuscript compositions left by Mendelssohn. His associates in this work (labors of love?) were Herren Moscheles, Julius Rietz, and Ferdinand David.

LIVERPOOL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The Liverpool papers contain long and eulogistic notices of the last Philharmonic Concert, in their splendid hall, at which Mendelssohn's (already celebrated) *Reformation Symphony* was admirably played, under the direction of Mr. Benedict; the scherzo unanimously encored, and the whole received with enthusiasm—a new triumph for one of the most splendid, though one of the earliest works of the worthy successor of Handel and Beethoven. At the same concert Mr. Benedict himself played the new book (the eighth) of *Lieder ohne Worte* to the general satisfaction of the audience. The oftener these "Songs without Words" are heard the better they are liked. They will soon be on the desk of every pianoforte in Great Britain. A large portion of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* music (the duet by Miss Edmonds and Mdme. Patey-Whytock), added to the foregoing, made this substantially a Mendelssohn-concert. At all events it has unanimously been pronounced the finest concert ever given by the Philharmonic Society. *Vive* BENEDICT.

SIMS REEVES IN ORATORIO.—The recent performances of Haydn's *Creation* by the Sacred Harmonic Society had the advantage not only of Mr. Santley's admirable singing in the bass solos, but also of the re-appearance of Mr. Sims Reeves, who has been far too sparingly heard of late. Earnestness of style and intensity of expression allied to vocal power and training, rare in tenor singers of any nation, are peculiarly so among those of our own country. Hence, especially in oratorio singing, Mr. Reeves is scarcely to be replaced without great disadvantage to the performance. In all the highest qualities of a vocal artist, elevated expression and nobility of style, Mr. Reeves's progress has been continuous up to a very recent period, and he is now perhaps scarcely capable of further advance. His delivery of the beautiful accompanied recitative, "In splendour bright," was an admirable piece of declamatory singing, while the gentle tenderness of the air, "In native worth," was also perfect in the very opposite style of subdued *cantabile*. In short throughout the oratorio Mr. Reeves again proved that we have no one to supply his place.—*London Review.*

THE death of Mr. Charles Kean was announced in the second edition of the *Pall Mall Gazette* on Thursday evening. It occurred on Wednesday night. Mr. Kean was in his fifty-eighth year, having been born on the 18th of January 1811. He was educated at Eton, and in the autumn of 1827 he made his first appearance at Drury Lane Theatre as young Norval. In 1830 Mr. Charles Kean for the first time visited America, where he was warmly received. On the 24th of February 1842 he married Miss Ellen Tree. Soon after their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean visited America together, and returning to England in 1847 they re-appeared at the Haymarket on the 17th January 1848 in Mr. Lovell's play of *The Wife's Secret*. It was in 1850 that in conjunction with Mr. Keeley he undertook the management of the Princess's Theatre, where his Shakespeare revivals won for him a high place in the estimation of playgoers. For several months Mr. Kean had been out of health, and for some weeks it had been known that his recovery was impossible.

MR. JOHN BARNBY'S CHOIR.—At the first subscription concert of Mr. Joseph Barnby's Choir, on the 29th inst., a march, composed by Mendelssohn in celebration of the visit of the painter Cornelius to Dresden in 1841, will be performed for the first time in this country. The remainder of the programme, consisting entirely of Mendelssohn's works, comprises *Athalie*, the *Reformation Symphony*, and the *finale* to *Lorely*.

LEEDS EXHIBITION.—Arrangements have been made with Mr. Charles Hallé to undertake the chief direction of the musical performances at the forthcoming National Exhibition of Art works to be held in Leeds. His band will give daily performances, and Mr. Hallé himself conduct special concerts.

MADAME SCHUMANN will make her first appearance this season at the Monday Popular Concert of Monday next, when she will play Beethoven's Sonata in A (Op. 101), and (with Herr Straus and Signor Piatti) Mendelssohn's second trio. The concert is to begin, very appropriately, with Schumann's first quartet (in A minor).

EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY.—GUSTAVE DORÉ'S EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS.—"Le tapis vert" or "Life at Baden-Baden," is certainly one of the most remarkable paintings that ever was exhibited in London, and is a most marvellous representation of real life. To those who have visited Baden-Baden this picture must be peculiarly interesting, for many of the persons represented are striking likenesses, particularly the croupiers and the old lady at the end of the table to the left, who is well known not only at Baden-Baden but Homburg, Ems, Bains as well. The picture is thirty feet broad and sixteen feet high; it is a very clever satire, illustrative of the pursuits of a certain class of society who frequent Baden-Baden and other fashionable watering places. "Jephthah's Daughter"—The principal figure is seen in the centre of the picture sitting upon a large stone on the top of a barren hill. She is surrounded by seven beauteous Jewish maidens on the early morn of the last day, the day on which "she returned unto her father, who did with her according to the vow he had vowed." The first gorgeous rays of an Oriental sun burst forth, depicting with distinctness the figures in the foreground. A little raised above her lovely companions is seen the doomed maiden in sad misgivings, but the maiden on the right of the picture, whose features are seen in profile, is our favourite. The expression of her mouth is a triumph of art. The harmony of colour displayed in the garments of the maidens is very remarkable. "Dante meeting Ugolino in the Frozen Circle"—All we can say about this marvellous fantastic picture is—go and see it. It is truly a marvel of art in the highest degree.—H. SP. L.

MR. JOHN FRANCIS BARNETT announces a grand orchestral and choral concert, at St. James's Hall on Tuesday evening, the 11th proximo, when will be performed, for the first time in London, his cantata of *The Ancient Mariner*, composed expressly for and produced at the Birmingham Musical Festival 1867. There will be a band and chorus of upwards of 350 performers, conducted by the composer. The Sisters Doria (from the San Carlo, of Naples) will make their first appearance in England at this concert. These ladies are daughters of Mr. John Barnett, composer of the *Fox of the Pathmore*, the *Mountain Sylph*, *Fair Rosamond*, *Farinelli* &c. and paternal uncle of the young concert-giver, who has already done so much honour to the name he bears.

PRESENTATION TO THE MANAGER OF ST. JAMES'S HALL.—A valuable silver cup was recently presented to Mr. Ambrose Austin, the able and courteous manager of St. James's Hall, by Messrs. Moore and Crocker, proprietors of the Christy Minstrels. The cup bore the following inscription:—"*Presented to Ambrose Austin, Esq., by Messrs. Moore and Crocker, proprietors of the Original Christy Minstrels, as a slight appreciation of his invariable courtesy and kindness to themselves and their company at St. James's Hall. Jan. 1, 1868.*"—H. K.

MADRID.—Signora Spezia lately took her benefit, when the opera selected was *Il Barbiere*. The theatre had never been so crowded since the Queen of Spain attended a performance in a some years since. The *lunettes* was overwhelmed with nosegays, and verses, while doves were let loose to greet her. But the admiration of the public did not stop here. It took a more substantial form in the shape of presents. Among them may be mentioned a gold crown with flowers of emeralds and rubies, an ornament of brilliants and pearls, another of brilliants and Roman medals. The last was a tribute from the lady subscribers to the boxes. All these were offered to Signora Spezia on the stage by a committee of subscribers, who carried them on a shaded silver salver. Sig. Aldighieri was the Figaro. There is a report that Signora Spezia, Sig. Aldighieri and other same bers of the final company intend appearing in some of the most popular Spanish *Zarzuelas* or comic operas, and that they will sing also *Il Barbiere* & *Sonnambula* in Spanish.

LISBON.—Sig. Mongini has appeared with brilliant success in *La Sonnambula* and *Gli Ugonotti*.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

(From the "Land and Water," Jan. 18.)

At the Popular Concert of Monday last (17th inst.), Mr. Sims Reeves was the vocalist of the evening. His rendering of two romantic *Lieder*, by Schubert and Schumann ("Regret" and "Devotion") was perfect alike in conception and execution; and the effect produced by the second was such as to secure an immediate encore. This beautiful song of Schumann—one of many such—is alone sufficient to stamp him as a man of fine thought and exquisite feeling. The highly coloured and richly contrasted pianoforte accompaniment, an important feature in these *Lieder*, was admirably played by Mr. Benedict. In Beethoven's "Adelaida" (the difficult pianoforte part most effectively rendered by Madame Arabella Goddard), Mr. Reeves sang with the same contrast of power and expression he has so often before displayed in the same noble song.

The instrumental music was throughout of high interest. Schubert's elaborate octet for stringed and wind instruments was received by us on its first performance here in March last, since when it has been several times repeated, on each occasion with increased appreciation of its manifold beauties. In spite of its great length (fully that of a grand orchestral symphony) it was listened to with unflagging interest throughout, and the *scherzo* and trio encored. Like Beethoven's celebrated septet, it has, in addition to the *scherzo* and slow movement, performed a minuet and an *andante* with variations, which were not procurable, the score being in an unknown manuscript. Madame Arabella Goddard's solo performance was Mozart's pianoforte Sonata in B flat, a work abounding in passages of exquisite grace and beauty although scarcely attaining the force and grandeur of some of his similar works of a later period. (The sonata referred to was composed in 1777.) The exquisite finish, the point and crispness of touch and elasticity of fingers with which Madame Goddard performed this piece were beyond all praise. The unflagging vivacity and distinct articulation of the rapidly final *rondo* brought her performance to a close, amid the most hearty applause, which continued until the pianist returned twice in acknowledgment. Mendelssohn's quartet for piano and stringed instruments (Op. 3, in B minor) offers a remarkable contrast to the comparatively simple work of Mozart. The quartet abounds in elaborate and brilliant passages for the principal instrument, requiring the highest powers of a concerto player. The work is one which Mendelssohn himself was fond of playing in his early youth, to which period it belongs, having been composed by him at the age of fifteen. This production of a marvellous boyhood dates one year earlier than his grand octet for stringed instruments, and two years before his immortal overture to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Such works as these stamp Mendelssohn as the greatest of all examples of precocious musical genius. The first movement of the quartet in B minor has a sombre grandeur of character, an amplitude of design and development nothing short of marvellous in the production of a boy of fifteen. Equally admirable is the sustained beauty of the *adagio*, and the fiery impulse of the *finale*, while in the *scherzo* we have the first instance of that remarkable form on which Mendelssohn has, in this and many later instances, impressed a distinct character of individuality. Nothing could be finer than Madame Goddard's performance of this work throughout—whether in the complex and difficult *bravura* passages of the first and last movements and the *scherzo*, or in the tranquil and beautiful phrases of the *adagio*, it was a display of consummate pianoforte playing. Mozart's graceful and melodious trio for piano, clarionet, and tenor, simply by contrast with the exhaustive difficulties of Mendelssohn's elaborate work, made an agreeable and worthy climax to an excellent concert. M. Strauss was the leading violinist, the other instrumentalists being Mr. L. Ries (second violin), Mr. H. Magrens (viola), Signor Piatti (violoncello), Mr. Reynolds (double bass), Mr. Lazarus (clarionet), Mr. C. Harper (horn), and Mr. Winterbottom (bassoon).

(From the "Morning Star," Jan. 22.)

There was another extremely crowded audience at last Monday's concert (Jan. 20), when the following bill of fare was presented:—

PART I.—Quartet in A minor, Op. 29 (Schubert); "Sleep Song," from *Manonnette* (Auber); Minuet, Cantabile, and Gigue—violin (Vieuxtemps); Song, "O thou bright star" (*Tannhäuser*) (Wagner); Pastoral Sonata—pianoforte (Beethoven).

PART II.—Sonata in B flat—pianoforte and violoncello (Mendelssohn); Song, "The Message" (Blumenthal); Quartet in C major, Op. 33, No. 3 (Haydn).

Of the above very interesting selection, the only portion absolutely new to Mr. Arthur Chappell's regular adherents was Vieuxtemps' quaint and charming violin music, in connection with which the fine-toned and beautifully-clear playing of Herr Strauss won universal admiration. The minuet and pendant "Gavotte"—the first in E major, the second in E minor—quite carry the hearer back to the style of Bach and Handel; and the "Cantabile Adagio" is yet more suggestive of the latter composer's non old-fashioned but ever freshly lively airs. Judging from the programmes, past, present, and to come, this season appears likely to set Schubert in his proper place, so far as the estimation of the London amateur lovers of chamber instrumental music is concerned. That which Mr. Charles Halle and Madame Arabella Goddard did last summer for the pianoforte compositions of this worthy contemporary of Beethoven, Mr. Arthur Chappell is bent upon accomplishing for the concerted pieces of the same composer, and there are few among those who frequent St. James's Hall from a genuine desire of improvement that will not heartily thank him for his intention. The string quartet in A minor, written in 1824, was Schubert's first essay of that kind of composition, but it is not the less interesting on that account. Thoroughly genial and melodious and novel throughout, it is everywhere characteristic of a genius that seemed to have an almost inexhaustible fund of ideas at command. Moreover, it shows no traces of that depression under which the delicate and often embarrassed composer was labouring when he wrote it. The players on Monday night were Messrs. Strauss, L. Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti, in whose hands every movement went excellently. Madame Arabella Goddard, the expected pianist of the occasion, being unfortunately not well, the pianoforte part of the programme was kindly taken by Herr Pauer, who proved himself a true artist (though there could be no doubt of that before), by accepting the arrangements as they stood, and playing the Sonata in D major of Beethoven and the piano part in Mendelssohn's beautiful duet for that instrument and violoncello (Signor Piatti, of course), as perfectly as could be desired. He was deservedly recalled at the conclusion of his solo. Mr. Sims Reeves was again the vocalist, and sang the three songs set down for him as only he can sing. He accepted the encore demanded for Auber's delightful invocation to sleep with cheerful alacrity, but required much pressing before he would repeat "The Message." There were some who would have liked to hear Wagner's rhapsodical address to the evening star over again also, but we must confess our inability to admire the spokesman of the "Zukunft-musik."

TO ADMIRAL WINK OF THE NORTH.

MY DEAR ADMIRAL,—In my last epistle to you I omitted to mention the two names I know you highly estimate. To my commendations on Mr. Ward, your indefatigable secretary, I think the society are all indebted. A convivial kind and genial character I seldom meet with. Friend Ward has been warmly attached to the club—most joyfully alloting a portion of his time to advance its prosperity, and has succeeded in making it what it is. Monetary matters certain additional subscribers and one of the most pleasing evenings that can be enjoyed in this locality. Ever ready to lend his powerful aid with a zealous and warm heart, determined purpose of mind, being mixed professionally with figures, our good Ward "is the right man in the right place," and has been a great auxiliary to this nursery of the fine arts. Long may he contribute his time to this rising institution. Unassuming free from adulation, gentle and kind, of a character beyond suspicion, Ward is our stay and support; "he is a man, every inch of him," and may he continue the avocation he has so ably discharged for six years past. I am sure, Admiral Wink, you endorse every sentiment I have advanced. There is another member of the society whom I should like to see more public—I allude to your gallant friend and neighbour, Mr. Prosser, our Chancellor of this town. Mr. Prosser, if you recal to mind, resided in Worcester for many years—as good hearted a man as the faithful city could boast. He was pupil of Mr. L. D'Egville, sen.; the violin (his being his last instrument). As a youth he made rapid strides, soon seen to be in the proud position of playing second violin by his master at the old concerts which took

place at the Natural History Rooms. Our gracious friend certainly has had much of his time absorbed in his new official position which he is so excellently calculated for. Still, Prosper, my time you favour the society with some of your good old ballad, as they will rejoice to hear you. I know you to be averse to public playing—a crevous temperament. I am sure the little crew will bear with you and will be delighted if you will occasionally favour them with some of those pleasing themes to which you have enchanted so many of your musical brethren. Respected Admiral—It is with pleasure I notice your faithful companion Tria is improved. His recline on lately from society has attracted them musical shakes from which he has been a great sufferer. Miss White's kind attention to her fond one has been rewarded.

Ballet of Ledbury will be delighted to see Shirley Brooks. Marcus is quite well—labouring hard at the *News* using his pungent wit with terrible vengeance when he sees it necessary. With kind regards, dear Admiral, trusting you will continue to prosper your health preserved.—I am yours very sincerely, HERMAN OF HALLOW.

Hallow the Hole, near Malvern Hills, Jan. 21.

P.S. When a Lady of kind nature and philanthropy takes her residence in any spot, her goodness widens, promoting peace and comfort among those who have the felicity of her acquaintance. Such a good and amiable Lady is Mrs. Lane Freer late of Bishopstone near Hereford and wife of the large hearted Archdeacon Freer late of Hereford Cathedral. The diocese of the Ancient City lost one of their best men in the Archdeacon. A man of honest character—an clerical assumption—tender to a degree, his demise cast sorrow over all, and few men were ever consigned to their last home more beloved not only in his own rural parish (which was his delight) but the old County of Hereford. The great interest the good man took in musical matters, particularly the Service of the Temple and triennial Festivals are sure reflections of the past. Happily his bereaved lady has located herself in West Malvern ever since her lamented husband's death. The quiet manner in which she distributes her charity are well appreciated by the poor of this pretty Village who find her a comforter, friend and fellow labourer in all that is good. On Monday week the very kindly provided some 100 poor boys with a good tea at the School Room at the Church. A number of Ladies of the parish were in attendance. Certainly it was one of the most happy things the little rising generation has experienced for many a day. All Sorts of Amusements were prepared, finishing about 9. The young rustics wended their way home, shouting to the pitch of their melodious voices thanking the good Mrs. Freer for her many acts of kindness, and also for furnishing them with so hearty a repast.—H. OF H.

TO SHIRLEY BROOKS, Esq.

Sir,—Surveillance is now exercised over pocket-handkerchiefs in Paris. It is considered objectionable to use one of them adorned with the portrait of the first Emperor. At the representation of *Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre*, Leonie, who plays My Lord Boulo de Gomme, thought he would produce a comic effect by appearing to a pocket-handkerchief bearing the equestrian figure of Napoleon I. One evening a country gone-pecker, struck with horror at recognising the well known features applied to the nostrils of Leonie, communicated to the prefect the circumstance he had witnessed. The prefect addressed report on the subject to the Minister setting forth the danger the State incurs by permitting treason in the Théâtre de l'Athenée, Rue Scribe. The Minister wrote to his colleagues, the colleague summoned M. Camille Doucet, *proces verbaux* &c. was managed. Leonie, unconscious that his handkerchief had become an affair of state, was informed that if he did not get another he would be wanted on the stage. But the outraged feelings of prefectorial and ministerial loyalty were soon appeased. Leonie bought another handkerchief on which Croquet turning his lions is splendidly embroidered. Yet who knows it may not be symbolical of sedition.—Yours, &c., HOOKEM SNEAK.

TO DR. A. S. SILENT.

Sir,—As a musical amateur who has long desired to see established in England something equivalent to the French Opéra Comique and Les Bouffes Parisiens I beg leave to offer you my warmest thanks for having noticed, with greater heartiness and more just appreciation than all the London press put together, the praiseworthy efforts of Mr. German Reed in his recent production of comic opera at St. George's Hall. Indeed, I feel almost as indignant as poor Haydn did at the crowds of noodles that flocked to see a wretched little "Tom Thumb" rather than his great picture, when I observe more attention by far bestowed on any one of the brass and trumpery pantomimes of the season than upon *The Contrabandista* of Arthur Sullivan. And yet this is a musical work marvellously in advance of all attempts of the kind in this country and worthy to stand by the side with those of Adolphe Adam, Ambroise Thomas, and Jacques Offenbach, hitherto in their kind unapproachable. I say this of *The Contrabandista* in spite of a deep-rooted prejudice in favour of the compositions of *Le Chalet*, *Le Cid*, and *Le Moringa aux Lanternes*, of which I have often said to myself in words to be found in one of the songs of Offenbach's *Brigands*:—

"Quel concert magnifique!
Je me sens ému!
De cette musique,
Tout me le vivant."

And now I find myself repeating these words in recollection of the two occasions on which I have listened to the piquant melodiousness and charming orchestration of *The Contrabandista*. I am off to a shilling seat in St. George's Hall for the third time, and although I shall even sit out Offenbach's *Bataclan* or *Ching chow-lo*, don't put me down for no *fanatico*, &c.

London, Jan. 23, 1868. ERCURIO MUSICO.

[Mr. Sullivan has reason to thank Mr. Ercurio Musico for putting him in the same rank as M. Offenbach, the musical Pierrot of the Continent.—A. S. S.]

TO H. WEIST HILL, Esq.

Sir,—I think attention ought to be called to the wretched music played generally at our pantomimes this season. If a pantomime is a necessary evil of the time, surely we ought to have it mitigated and rendered in some way tolerable by good orchestras. To say nothing of the incidental pieces the overtures give a fair opportunity for the band to play something decent. The composer has only to link together a few well-known tunes, with no attempt at artistic connection and propriety. But almost universally we have vulgar comic airs thrust upon us without even an effort to cover their associations with studied chords at intervals. Such tunes scent with the most wearisome and vexing iteration. The people in the stalls and boxes do not merely cultivate acquaintance with them, and the manager is bound to cater for us as well as for the occupants of the galleries.

Westbourne Grove. H. F.

TO ABRAHAM SADOKE SILENT, M.D.

Sir,—Mr. Cole, after undertaking universal exhibitions, universal libraries, and universal catalogues, is now going into universal meals. The great and glorious plan for the sake of which he has delegated South Kensington with circulars should have every publicity given to it, and here it is:—

"EVENING MUSICAL CHURCH SERVICES
BY HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, BROMPTON.

"*Workmen with their wives and families and the Poor are especially invited to take part in these services.*

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HENRY COLE, Esq., C.B. Vice-Chairman.

At each service besides the usual choral singing, an Anthem will be sung by a special choir, also Psalms and the Evening Hymn, in the singing of which the congregation are especially requested to join."

Perhaps Psalms and Evening Hymns may not be thought very new features; anthems, too, have been heard before, and may be heard now, without either subscription or Mr. Cole. The novelty therefore consists, it is to be presumed, in the invitation to "workmen with their wives and families and the poor" to "come and take part" in the business. Well, I had rather not hear anthems by scratch choirs; but apart from that it is not quite certain that those who are invited will be allowed to come after all. The circular indeed, announces that

"Pew holders are earnestly requested to waive their rights on Good occasions, so that all parts of the church may be free."

But whether they will waive them, or if they do, how they themselves are to satisfy their cravings for evening musical stores, Mr. Cole alone knows. The plan however is still further developed:—

"Mr. Arthur Sullivan has kindly undertaken to direct the Music, and Mr. H. Lahee will preside at the organ, which will be accompanied as at St. Paul's Cathedral, by drums, trombones, and trumpets.

There's a treat! Drums, trombones—we beg pardon, trombones, trumpets, workmen, wives, families, and the poor all at it together, hammer and tongs. The pew holders ought to have been requested to waive one at least of their seven senses as well as their pews. That is not all though:—

"By permission of Colonel Macleod rehearsals of the Psalms and Hymns will take place at the head-quarters of the 1st Middlesex Engineer Volunteers, College Street, Fulham Road, on Friday mornings the 24th and 31st January at eight o'clock, when all persons are invited to attend."

That explains the drums and trumpets, which are no doubt a concession to the military tastes of the volunteers. Probably advantage will

be taken of the practice meetings, to swell in all those who attend on special constables to guard the South Kensington Museum. However be that as it may, some good result will certainly flow from the movement, if only what last notice is properly put before the public.

Subscriptions to aid of the expenses will be received by Capt. Fielding, R.E., Treasurer, South Kensington Museum, or any member of the Committee.

So far it is not bad, but unhappily there is appended to the circular a list of subscriptions, from which it appears that support has been received from various quarters of the South Kensington connection, the enthusiasm for the undertaking being expressed by sums varying from 2s. to 10s., and in one glorious case (it is hardly necessary to say a lady's) going as high as a guinea. But there is something too frightful in one part of this list. It stands in this way:—

	£	s.	d.
E. G. Tame, Esq.	0	0	0
C. A. Thomé, Esq.	0	0	0
F. C. Payne, Esq.	0	0	0
E. A. Fleetwood	0	0	0

Oh! Mr. Coleman it is too bad to gibbet these poor fellows as having severally and collectively given £0 0s. 0d.? But if they don't like it, I suppose they will take the sound of drums, eyes—trombones and trumpets, and if they don't like that I suppose they can lump it, which is exactly what I mean to do.—Your obedient

Jan. 25. CONSTABLE.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—We shall be obliged if you will allow us through the medium of your journal to expose an imposition on the musical profession. It appears that a person of good address has been calling at the houses of artists, and has obtained small sums of money from them under the pretence that he is authorized by us to take corrections for the *Musical Directory* and receive subscriptions for copies of the book. The amounts are of course only a shilling, but the serious annoyance is that the artists in question believing that they have done all that is necessary, do not communicate with us, and that consequently their names are omitted from the list, or wrongly entered. It may prevent future impositions if we state that no person is authorized by us to call on any one for corrections etc. the Directory business being carried on at the office, or through the Post.—We are, Sir, your obedient servants,

RUDALL, ROSE, CARTE, & CO.,
Publishers of the Musical Directory Annual, and Almanack.

Jan. 21

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—In my letter inserted in your impression last week an error occurred in printing Princess's Theatre instead of Prince's Theatre (now known as the St. James's Theatre), in which the German company under the conductorship of Herr Adolph Gunz, performed (in the year 1840) Kreutzer's *Nachtlager in Granada* (the Princess's Theatre was not then built). The following is a correct list of the operas given that year:—Weber's *Der Freischütz* and *Euryanthe*; Beethoven's *Fidelio*; Spohr's *Faust* and *Jessonda*; Kreutzer's *Nachtlager in Granada*; Marschner's *Templer*; Gluck's *Iphigenie in Tauris*; and Mozart's *Don Juan* and *Clemenza di Tito*. The next year (1841) the same company performed at Drury Lane Theatre when the following operas were given:—Weber's *Der Freischütz*, *Oberon*, and *Euryanthe*; Hummel's *Zauberflöte*; *Nozze di Figaro*, *Seraglio*, and *Titus*; Auber's *Muta di Portici*; Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*; Marschner's *Templer*; Spohr's *Jessonda*; and Kreutzer's *Nachtlager in Granada*. And in 1842 the same company gave Weber's *Der Freischütz*; Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*, *Don Juan*, and *Zauberflöte*; Gluck's *Iphigenie in Tauris*; Spontini's *Vestalin*; Beethoven's *Fidelio*; Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable* and *Les Huguenots*; and Bellini's *Norma*. Mr. Silent, I think, is in error in saying Herr Carl Formes first appeared in the same opera (*Das Nachtlager in Granada*) at Drury Lane in 1842. It was Herr Pischek who played the part of the Huntsman in that opera, and Herr Formes made his début in Spohr's *Faust*. Your obedient servant, OBSERVER.

MR. HENRY REGALDI, the well-known teacher of singing, has entirely recovered from his long and severe illness and has resumed his professional duties. Mr. Regaldi has been eighteen years an associate and professor of singing at the Royal Academy of Music.

MR. ROBERT ADDISON's funeral took place on Thursday. There was a large attendance of musical professors and amateurs.

AIX LA CHAPELLE.—Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* was performed at the second Subscription Concert.

KONIGSBERG.—Mlle. Agiaja Orgeni has been singing for a month very successfully at the Theatre. The next opera to be produced are *Prismers* by Herr Anton Rubinstein, *L'Africaine* by Meyerbeer, and *Rudrun and Brudel*, by Baillot.—The Musical Academy has given some highly successful grand concerts. At one of these J. S. Bach's "Trauer Ode" was performed for the first time in this town.—The new Vocal Union has given three of its series of concerts, and produced several novelties, one of which was Herr Max Bruch's "Schön Ellen." The Brothers Müller and Herr Auer have given four concerts, which were exceedingly well attended.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

Ogle & Stewart.—"The Bay of Biscay," for the pianoforte, by R. F. Harvey; "Scotland," grand fantasia, by W. F. Taylor; "The Angel Whispers," for the pianoforte, by E. L. Hime; "The Good Boy at the Door," for the pianoforte, by W. Hoyte; "Spring Dew," melody for the pianoforte, by Lindsay Sloper; "The Happy Birds," for the pianoforte, by J. Rosellat.

Novello, Ewer, & Co.—"The Night, the Weary World is Still," madrigal, by Jacob Leo Sulzbach.

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MR. VERNON RIGBY will sing BLUMENTHAL'S "MESSAGE" and GUMBERT'S "NULLA GA TE DEL ANGELO" at Edinburgh, January 29th; Glasgow, 30th; Bath, February 1st; and Torquay, 8th.

MR. RALPH PERCY requests that all communications respecting engagements and Concerts is addressed to him at his residence, 12, Park Villas, Hammersmith, W.

MR. FRANK ELMORE will sing "THOU ART SO NEAR," at The Horns, Kennington, February 4th; Westbourne Hall, 6th; and Gravesend, 19th.

MR. EMILE BERGER will play his admired Transcription of BLIND'S popular song, "SI TU SAVAIS" ("Could Thou but Know") at the City Hall, Glasgow, and at his various engagements in Scotland.

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SIGNOR CATALANI will play Ernesto's "WINGED STEED" Mazurka de Salon, at his Matinée Musicale, on Wednesday next.

THE WISHING CAP.—MOLLE. LIEBHART will sing Mr. Wheatley's lively and easy ballad at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, January 27th.

BONNIE KATIE.—Mr. W. H. CUMMINGS will sing the most admired ballad, "Bonnie Katie" (F. Avy), at Mr. Bunford's Concert, Feb. 10th, at St. James's Hall, and at other forthcoming Concerts.

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THE WORDS BY JOHN LATEY, ESQ.

THE MUSIC BY

HENRY SMART.

"In our last number, in giving some account of the Popular Concert of the preceding Monday, we mentioned a song sung by Mr. Santley as having been one of the principal features of the concert. Since then it has been given to the public (published by Messrs. Davison & Co.), under the following title:—'Wake, Mary, Wake! Song for a Baritone Voice. The Poetry by John Latey, the Music by Henry Smart.' It is now before us, and the impression made by its performance on the above occasion induces us to include it in our notices of Musical Publications. It is a little lyrical poem so full of the soul of passion that we conceive we shall embellish our columns by transcribing it:—

"'Wake, Mary, wake! It is the hour
You loved in former days so well;
And all as sweetly bloom each flower
As blooming through your own bower dell
The wild birds pour their joyous strain
Shall they and I but sing in vain?
Wake, Mary, wake!

"'Haste, love! oh, haste! for all too soon
These rapturous moments fleet away
Like flowers which ere the burning noon
Have withered into fall decay
Life hath but few such joys as this
Oh haste, and take the fleeting bliss
Wake, Mary, wake!

"'I've culled for thee each lovely flower
I've wreathed a chaplet for thy brow,
I've drained with raven's first fruits thy bower
But Mary! Mary! where art thou?
Each beauteous object hides thy stay—
Oh why dost thou so long delay?
Wake, Mary, wake!

"'She comes! Flowers, O ask your loveliest incense!
Warble each bird a delicious lay!
A tendrils blush to the sky ascribe
She comes! O beating heart, be still!
A moment, and I'm by her side—
My love! my life! my own and bride
Mine, Mary! mine.'

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HER MAJESTY'S OPERA PROPERTY FUND.

THE late serious and lamentable Fire at Her Majesty's Theatre having totally destroyed the valuable Library, Properties, and Dresses, belonging to the Lessee, the Friends and Patrons of the Theatre have determined to invite Public SUBSCRIPTIONS to a Fund to replace the Property of the Lessee so destroyed, in order that he may be enabled to [illegible] Opera Representations during the forthcoming season at some other establishment, and to furnish Her Majesty's Theatre when rebuilt. Subscriptions (lists of which will be published in the *Times*) will be received by the Hon. Secretary, Lieutenant-Colonel L. H. Bomford, Army and Navy Club, Pall Mall; Messrs. Glyn, Mills & Co., Cavendish Square; the Bank of England (Western Branch); and Messrs. Robson, Bewerts & Co., Pall Mall; and by the Musicsellers—Mitchell, Boosey, Ewin, Leader and Cheppell.

CRYSTAL PALACE—THIS DAY—SATURDAY

CONCERT and AFTERNOON PROMENADE.—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mr. Nelson Varley and Signor Foli. Crystal Palace Choir. Conductor, Mr. A. Manns.

Programme includes Symphony, "The Power of Sound," (Spohr); Overture "Leonora," No. 1 (Beethoven); Grand Pastoral Hymn (Mendelssohn) (first time in this country); Second Finale from "Parsifal and the Turk" (Schubert), etc.

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MDLLE. MADELINE SCHILLER'S Series of SIX

PIANOFORTE RECITALS, Saverioni Room, 27, Harley Street, Cavendish Square, W. Programme of First Recital, Tuesday Evening, February 4th:—Prelude and Fugue—Bach; Grand Sonata in C, Op. 13—Beethoven; Song "Leave here their time to fall"—Mr. Frank Sinnett, Grand Polonaise in E—Weber; Capriccio in E—Mendelssohn; Grand Tarantelle—Thalberg; Grand Sonata in C—Weber; Song "Farewell, fair Inez"—Mr. Frank Sinnett; Berceuse and Grande Valse in A flat—Chopin; Transcription of Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream"—Liszt. To commence at Eight o'clock. Tickets for the Series, One Guinea. Single Tickets, Five Shillings, to be Obtained of Mr. Austin, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, W.

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MISS KATHLEEN RYAN will play "ERIN," by Benedict, at Westbourne Hall, February 6th.

MISS KATHLEEN RYAN will play ASCHER'S popular Romance, "ALICE," Transcription of "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" (by Jenny); and WEBER'S "LA DANSE," at Myddelton Hall, Islington, February 11th.

MISS KATHLEEN RYAN will play "SCHLUMMERLIED" by SCHUBERT and MILLER'S Transcription of "LA TRUITE," at Madame Pauli's Second Soirée Musicale, at 36, Belgrave Square (the residence of the Marchioness of Devonshire), February 14th.

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PURSUANT to a Decree of the High Court of Chancery, made in a suit "Wright v. The Opera Company Limited and others," a Person claiming to be a Creditor of the Defendants, the Opera Company Limited, and to participate in the Trust Funds seems to be heads of the Defendants, Henry Jones, and Giovanni Matilla, the Tenors, I am to claim Due Debts by the 1st of June, 1868, are by their Solicitors, or before the 11th day of March, 1868, to come in and prove their claim in my Chambers of the Master of the Rolls, at the Rolls Yard, Chancery Lane, in the County of Middlesex, or in default thereof they will be peremptorily excluded from the benefit of the said Decree. Monday the 23rd day of March 1868, at Twelve o'clock at Noon, at the said Chambers, is appointed for hearing and adjudicating upon the claims. Dated this 20th day of February, 1868.

ROBERT MARSHALL, Chief Clerk.

Thomas E. Harvey,
17 Gracechurch Street, E.C., London,
Solicitor for the Plaintiff.

"ROCK ME TO SLEEP" Bennett's popular Song will be sung at the Concert of the St. John's Wood Academy of Music to be given at the Royal Arms Assembly Rooms, Monday Evening, March 2nd.

"ALICE" Archer's most admired Romance for the Pianoforte, will be played at the Concert of the St. John's Wood Academy of Music, March 2nd.

"THE BRIDE OF A DAY," G. B. Allen's charming new song, will be sung by Mr. FRANK ELMORE, at the Concert of the St. John's Wood Academy of Music, March 2nd.

"GALOP FURIEUX," composed by G. B. Allen, will be played by Master MURDAY, at the Concert of the St. John's Wood Academy of Music, March 2nd.

MISS BESSIE AITKEN will sing Guglielmo's popular Ballad "SING LOVE AND THE BIRD" at Aberdeen on the 20th inst.

MISS SUSAN GALTON, who has met with signal success in Gounod's popular Ballad "THE LOVER AND BIRD," will repeat it every night in Offenbach's "The Village Fiddle," during Miss Louisa Pyne's Tour.

MISS EMILY SPILLER will sing Guglielmo's popular Ballad "UNDER THE HAZEL TREE" at Leamington on the 21st.

MISS EMILY SPILLER will sing Guglielmo's popular Ballad "UNDER THE HAZEL TREE" at Wolverhampton on the 21st inst., and at Birmingham on the 22nd.

MISS BESSIE AITKEN the celebrated Scottish Vocalist will sing Guglielmo's popular Ballad "SINGS THE HAZEL TREE" at Aberdeen.

MR. GEORGE [illegible] will sing Guglielmo's admired Ballad "THE [illegible]" (Poetry by Wellington Guernsey) at Drury Lane [illegible].

MR. T. NORMAN MACLAGAN will sing Guglielmo's admired Ballad "THE THREE HORSES" (Poetry by Wellington Guernsey), every night during his engagement in Scotland this month.

MISS JENNY PRATT will sing "THE LADY OF THE SEA" during her Provincial Tour with Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, beginning March 9th.

MISS ADELAIDE NEWTON will sing Bennett's renowned song "ROCK ME TO SLEEP" at the Public Rooms, March 2nd.

MISS ROSE HERSEE will sing her popular Ballad "A DAY TOO LATE," every evening during her tour with Mr. Mellon's Opera Concert party.

MISS ROBERTINE HENDERSON and Mr. WALTER BERNARD will sing "I'M AN ALSATIAN," the popular Duet from Offenbach's "Lischen and Fritzchen," at Croydon Library, last week, March 4th.

MISS CLINTON FYNES suggests that all communications respecting Concerts, Pianoforte Lessons, &c., be addressed to her 21, Hanover Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MISS BERRY GREENING will sing the new song composed expressly for her by ALFRED CARDEW (Words by E. B. Serville), "MONSTERS OF SPRING," at all the Towns during her Tour through the Southern Counties in February and the Northern Counties in March.

MISS BERRY GREENING is now making her engagements as principal Soprano for Miscellaneous Concerts and the following Oratorios:—"Messiah," "Creation," "Samson," "Susanna," "Acis and Galatea," "Alexander's Feast," "Israel in Egypt," "St. Paul," "Elijah," "Naaman," "Queen of Athens," "Rebel Spirit," "Saul," "Solomon," "Judas Maccabæus," "Scotland" Counties in February and Northern Counties in March.—Address Miss Berry Greening, care of Messrs. CHAPPELL, 50, New Bond Street, London, W.

SIGNOR TITO MATTEI'S RECITAL.

MADAME EMMELINE COLE will sing on THURSDAY Next at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Wellington GIBBERNE's new and popular Ballad "THE KING," and will also sing it at Ballinasloe on the 2nd and 4th of March in the Popular Concerts.

MADAME D'ESTE FINLAYSON will sing at Mr. Pagan's Concert, Eton Arms, Tuesday Evening, March 3rd, and at Messrs. Broadwood's concert, Pimlico Rooms, Friday Evening, March 20th. Madame D'Este Finlayson is open to engagements every Tuesday and Friday Evenings (with the exception of the above dates) during her engagement at the St. George's Opera House.—Address Priory House, St. John's Wood.

MDLLE. ROMANELLI and Mr. GEORGE PERREN will sing "I'M AN ALSATIAN," the famous duet from OFFENBACH'S "Lischen and Fritzchen," at Edinburgh, February 27th.

MDLLE. ROMANELLI will sing FRANK MORI's popular Song "A THOUSAND MILES FROM THEE," at Edinburgh, February 27th.

MR. FRANK ELMORE will sing RICHARDS's popular song "THOU ART SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR," on the 20th inst., at Westbourne Hall, 20th, St. Pancras Hall, 28th, Freemasons' Hall.

MR. HENRY REGALDI, Professor of Singing, &c., can accept Engagements as Senior Vocalist for Concerts, Oratorios, &c. Intending Vocalists, and continues to give Instruction to Singing at his own residence, 37 [illegible] of his pupils.—28, Gloucester Street, Belgravia, S.W.

MR. EMILE BERGER will play his admired Transcription of BALFE's popular song, "SI TU SAVAIS" ("DIRE Thou hast Know"), in the City Hall, Glasgow, and at his various engagements in Scotland.

MR. WILFORD MORGAN will sing his popular Song "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY" at the Concert at Harry Lee's Theatre, on 4th Wednesday, February 26th.

MR. CHARLES HALL, many years Conductor and Composer at the Royal Prince's Theatre, imparts instruction in and directing of Vocal Music required for the Stage or Concert Room. Vocal and Instrumental Performers supplied for Theatres, Concerts, and Balls.—Residence, 189 Euston Road, N.W.

MR. KING HALL, Solo Performer on the Pianofortette and Harmonic, attends Concerts and Soirées, and continues to receive pupils at 191, Euston Road, N.W.

SIGNOR GUGLIELMO begs to inform his Pupils, [illegible] has returned from Scotland and resumed his [illegible] at the end of the evening [illegible] Chapel, [illegible] Park.

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SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

It is very long since the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society have earned such a man-mous praise as by their latest performance of Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*. Though ten years older than *Elijah*, *St. Paul* has never yet attained the high place in popular favour which in an incredibly short space of time was reached by its successor. But as the *Messiah* overshadowed *Israel in Egypt* and *Elijah* overshadow *St. Paul*, and it is only of recent years that amateurs have begun to reflect seriously upon the matter to weigh the respective merits of the works, and to venture an opinion that, after all, as art-creations the two were not so far asunder. Musical readers must be aware that such has always been our view, and that the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society have equally held it their repeated efforts on behalf of *St. Paul* bear witness. *Elijah* was composed expressly for the Birmingham Festival of 1846; *St. Paul* for the Festival of the Lower Rhine, held in 1836, at Düsseldorf, and this may till now in a large degree have influenced English feeling. But the creations of genius are the property of the world. Few in the present day would be bold enough to maintain that the estimate amongst of Handel's greatness has anything to do with the fact that his oratorios, from *Esther* to *Jephthah*, were all written for and first produced in England; and though but for Mendelssohn's English oratorio his German oratorio would probably long before this have won the universal recognition which is its due, there can be small doubt that henceforward, in spite of *Elijah*, *St. Paul* will continually make way. That one of the largest audiences ever attracted to Exeter Hall was assembled in that unlovely enclosure on Friday night is a certain as that the execution of the oratorio was the best ever heard in London. Mr Costa, who received an enthusiastic welcome, was once again at his post, and never more successfully vindicated his claim to be regarded as "conductor of conductors." The magnificent performance of the overture—in the elaborately fugued *allegro* of which the theme of the chorale "Sleepers wake" is introduced as "*canto fermo*," with a splendour of effect that we now are happily permitted to know was foreseen by Mendelssohn himself in that long-suppressed masterpiece, the Reformation Symphony, where "*Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott*" is similarly treated—would alone have repaid any sincere lover of music for a visit to Exeter Hall. More striking, accurate, perfectly intoned and well-balanced chorus singing has not been listened to at any period of the history of the Sacred Harmonic Society. To cite all that was praiseworthy would involve the necessity of a catalogue, with running comments, of almost every chorus, from "Lord! Thou alone art God," which opens the oratorio, to "Bless Thou the Lord, O my soul," which brings it to a close worthy the beginning. Such a catalogue, however, would be superfluous, and, moreover, as the oratorio contains some twenty choruses, to say nothing of five chorales, harmonized with the devout earnestness of John Sebastian Bach himself, it would be somewhat prolix. After stating that the chorales (and especially "Oh Thou the true and only light," for solo quartet and chorus, with orchestral interludes and accompaniments, the finest of them all) left nothing to wish, it will be enough to point out the glorious scene of the Conversion of Saul, which includes the chorus, "Rise up! arise! shine! for thy light comes," and as climax the chorale, "Sleepers wake" the Handelian chorus, "Oh great is the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of the Father!" at the end of Part I, on one hand, and "Happy and blest are they" (Part I), "How lovely are the messengers that preach the Gospel of peace," and "O be gracious, ye immortals," where the Gentiles, astounded by the miracles of Paul and Barnabas, mistake them for gods, on the other, as faultless examples of singing in wholly opposite styles. We had not merely precision but light and shade, and, consummation devoutly wished but too rarely attained, the soft passages of every gradation were as delicate and well in tune as the loud passages were emphatic and telling. One of the severest choruses in the oratorio, "But our God abideth in Heaven," in the *alla capella* style, with which the chorale, "We all believe on God on high," is so ingeniously mixed up (again reminding us of the admirable Reformation Symphony) ordinarily passes almost unheeded; but it was this time so wonderfully given as to excite general attention. Without adding another word, we may say that the manner to win general appreciation for *St. Paul* is to get the choruses, from first to last, sung as they are now sung under Mr Costa's direction.

The solo parts were in trustworthy hands, although one of the singers upon whom so important a task as any devolved was a singer wholly unknown—at least to England. Mdlle. Carola, to whom was assigned the soprano music, is, we understand, a Hungarian. The more credit is due to her for pronouncing the English words, and declaiming in the English tongue, so thoroughly well. We do not feel warranted to passing judgment on this young stranger after a single trial; but that she has a fine voice, great earnestness, and genuine musical feeling, besides the other valuable qualifications with which she has been accredited, we may confidently assert. How far the novelty of her position may have made her anxious, and thus in a measure have robbed her of self-possession, we are unable to say. Enough just now that the impression she created was unanimously favourable. Her style is fervid, sensible and at the same time utterly devoid of affected sentiment and overdone emphasis. She gave the beautiful air "Jerusalem! Jerusalem! Thou that killest the Prophets," though somewhat nervously, otherwise singularly well, and what is more, seemed thoroughly to understand and studiously endeavour to convey the meaning of every one of the recitatives. So, for the present, we leave Mdlle. Carola, with a firm belief that she may become a valuable addition to our by no means over rich stock of oratorio singers. That young and rising singer Signor Foli undertook the arduous bass music, and, though apparently not in full possession of his means, gave the vigorous air "Consume them all" in which the persecuting Saul furiously incites the multitude to destroy the believers in Jesus, before the Conversion, and the solemn prayer, "O God, have mercy," immediately following the Conversion and preceding the miracle of the restoration to sight by Ananias, in really artistic style. Mr G Perren to whom was intrusted a considerable number of the tenor recitatives, besides some share in the concerted pieces, acquitted himself with credit throughout, and upon Madame Sainton Dolby, who in the melodious *arietta*, "But the Lord is mindful of His own" many years ago, first attracted the attention of Mendelssohn himself to her rare merit as a singer of sacred music, devolved the contralto part which, beyond than any song as it has ever been sung by Madame Sainton, contains little for exceptional display. The solo exhibition of the evening, however, as is invariably the case when Mr Sims Reeves takes part in the oratorio of *St. Paul* was that gentleman's superb delivery of the recitatives of the martyr Stephen, who arraigned for blasphemy by the synagogue and the populace, upbraids them for their incredulity and works them up to such a point of exasperation that they eventually take his life—in the scene which Mendelssohn has so powerfully climaxed with the chorus "Stone him to death!" Nobler declamation than that of Mr Reeves in the impressive admonition to Stephen's persecutors—"Men, brethren, and fathers! hearken to me!"—has not been heard, nor anything more touching and exquisitely subdued than the closing passage, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge! Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!"—fitting prelude to the most pathetic of all chorales "To Thee, O Lord, I yield my spirit." Of the air, "Be thou faithful unto death" with violoncello accompaniment (Mr G Collins) it is needless to say a word; but we may add here that rarely has the quaint and graphic *duettino*, "Now we are ambassadors to the name of Christ," been so well sung as by Mr Reeves and Signor Foli on this occasion. The entire performance, indeed, was remarkable, and may be noted as one of the most uniformly successful ever given by the Sacred Harmonic Society. The sooner *St. Paul* is repeated the better.

At the next concert (Feb. 28) we are promised the *Requiem* of Mozart, and Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*.

Russian.—Herr Stachian on sang at the sixth concert of the Orchestral Association, which the programme included Symphony in G major Haydn; Scena from *Iphigenia in Aulis*, Gluck; 1st Movement from the "Ocean Symphony" Rubinstein; Overture to the *Carnaval Romain* Berlioz, etc.

Graz.—With its 75th concert, the Musical Association of this place inaugurated lately the concert-room in the new "Tonhalle" in Music Hall, a large and elegant building, in the Tonkerplatz. The performance commenced with Cherubini's overture to *Les Abencerages* followed by Beethoven's A major Symphony; a Rondo Brillant for Piano and Orchestra by Hummel; Scena and Air from Marschner's *Hans Heiling* and the finale from Mendelssohn's unfinished opera *Loreley*. Herr W Tschirch was the conductor.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

The first night of Herr Joseph Joachim is the gala night of the season. It has been so ever since the Monday Popular Concerts were founded, and is likely to be so as long as he is able and willing to be our periodical visitor. *Facile princeps* among violinists, his supremacy is recognized without a dissentient voice. He has no rival—none that aspires to be his rival—and is, therefore, beyond the reach of envy. Such a position, if not phenomenal, is at all events quite unprecedented. But it belongs to one who can gracefully and honourably support it. Though the greatest "*virtuoso*" (the fancy conventional term for executant) in the world, Herr Joachim would disdain the title. He thinks not of himself but of his art; and whether he is playing Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr, or Mendelssohn he is lost, not in himself but in the author he is playing. At the end of his performance people begin to reflect on what a glorious unparalleled performance it has been, but in the course of the performance they are simply enjoying the music to the utmost degree that a sympathetic reading and an execution absolutely nothing short of perfect can enable them. But it is superfluous at this time to enter into a new disquisition upon merits so universally acknowledged. We might fill a column without adding an iota to what our musical readers must already know about the talent of the greatest of living executive artists, who differs in one important essential from the most renowned of his predecessors, Nicolo Paganini, inasmuch as Paganini was simply and exclusively a "*virtuoso*," while Herr Joachim is the high representative of art in its noblest manifestation. He is, in fact, a true, loving and zealous no less than its most gifted disciple; and as such, is fully entitled to the position he has won, and to the unanimous esteem in which he is held.

The audience which assembled on Monday night in St James's Hall to welcome Herr Joachim was the most densely crowded of the year. Very many were refused admission at the doors for the want of even standing room. And yet the programme consisted exclusively of a quartet, a pianoforte sonata, a trio for pianoforte, violin and violoncello, and a sonata for pianoforte and violin, with just a couple of songs to separate one instrumental piece from another. True, the instrumental pieces were all by Beethoven, and doubtless the majority in the room were of opinion that there is only one Beethoven, and that Joachim is his prophet. For our own part we are ready to confess that had the programme consisted solely of quartets for string instruments, with Herr Joachim as leader and Signor Piatti as violoncello, we should have preferred it. But such an arrangement does not enter into the admirable scheme which Mr Arthur Chappell has followed from the beginning, to which his concerts are indebted for their prosperity, and which is the cause that they are not only Monday Concerts but "Popular Concerts" into the bargain. It being the occasion of Herr Joachim's first appearance for the season, nevertheless, the conspicuous feature of the programme was the string quartet in which Herr Joachim played first fiddle. And this quartet was, happily, one of Beethoven's very finest—No. 2 of the set of three inscribed to Prince Rasoumowsky, the quartet which begins and ends in F minor. No worthier piece could have been selected, and no grander performance have helped to interpret its manifold beauties to the 2,000 amateurs who listened with eager and breathless attention bar after bar, from one end to the other. Herr Joachim, on appearing in the orchestra, accompanied by Herr L. Ries, Mr H. Blagrove, and Signor Piatti was greeted with enthusiastic plaudits. Every one was enchanted to see him once again fiddle in hand, and when the opening subsided every one was prepared to listen to a performance tolerably sure to be one of rare excellence. How Herr Joachim plays the "Rasoumowsky Quartets"—as, indeed, he we plays the so-called "Posthumous" to say nothing of the first six and Nos. "10" and "11," which are, as it were, the bridge that connects the "Rasoumowsky" set with the last—an amateur of quartet-music need be informed; but one thing is certain, that he has never played anything more superlatively well than he played the E minor quartet of Beethoven on Monday night. In the first *allegro* the calm dignity of his style, the poetical expression, devoid of all false sentiment, the broad, grand tone and faultless intonation were exhibited throughout in a light that could not possibly be more advantageous. In the *adagio*—such an *adagio* as Beethoven alone could have imagined—for simple, yet earnest and deeply felt pathos, Herr Joachim's reading was unsurpassable. The *scherzo* with its capricious accent, and the trio, in which Beethoven has trifled so ingeniously with a primitive Russian melody presented to him by Prince Rasoumowsky, were given with the charming ease and unconcern that only a consummate master can assume while undertaking a task by no means easy. The *finale*, a fiery and impetuous movement sustained to the end with unflagging spirit, full of character—such character we mean, as Beethoven could impart—and unlike anything else in music, was the crowning triumph for Herr Joachim, and perhaps because it was the last movement of the quartet, seemed to create the most marked sensation. A truly magnificent performance, intellectually great and mechanically irreproachable, was thus thoroughly achieved and as thoroughly appreciated; and at the end of it the audience must have felt still more strongly confirmed in the opinion that—there is only one Beethoven, and that Joachim is his prophet—though with this conviction might have been the suggested the idea that, as Mahomed had his Ali, so Joachim had his Piatti, who is just as capable of converting a whole tribe of music lovers in one night to a faith in Beethoven as Ali is said to have converted the whole tribe of Hamdan in one day, to a faith in Mahomed. The second violin and viola, Herr Ries and Mr H. Blagrove, were as efficient in every respect as in their wont.

The other pieces in which Herr Joachim took part were the splendid trio for pianoforte, violin and violoncello (Op. 97 in B flat), dedicated to the Archduke Rudolphe, and the sonata for pianoforte and violin in G, No. 2 of the set of three (Op. 30) inscribed to the Russian Emperor Alexander—his companions in the first being M. Hallé and Signor Piatti, his partner in the last M. Hallé. The solo sonata for pianoforte was the very bright and easy one in G major, Op. 79, played by M. Hallé (who played the last movement twice) and especially interesting on account of its being the only one of the thirty-two pianoforte sonatas of Beethoven that had not already been heard at the Monday Popular Concerts. The vocal music was limited to two songs—Mozart's "Violet" and Mendelssohn's *Frühlingslied* or "Spring Song," known in English as "The Charmer," both well sung by Miss Cecilia Westbrook and accompanied by Mr. Benedict in masterly style. The concert was one to be remembered.

REVIEWS.

Exeter Hall; an Illustrated Monthly Magazine of Sacred Music. No. I. [London: Mitchell & Co.]

It was a happy thought that led to the establishment of this musical serial because some such work has long been wanted by a very large public. There are thousands of families in which sacred themes are more popular than secular of all times, and thousands more whose Sunday music they exclusively constitute. To them *Exeter Hall* will be very welcome, and all the more because judging from the number before us, it will be worthy of patronage. Premising that the cost is only a shilling we will enumerate its contents. First comes a sacred song by Miss M. Lindsay, called "Queen Mary's Prayer," very simple, touching, and easy. Next we have a first instalment of "Sunday Evenings at the Harmonium," which includes arrangements of the well-known tune sung to "Sun of my Soul;" the chorale set in Mendelssohn's "St Paul" to "To God on high be thanks and praise," and an "Ave Maria" by Naidermayer. Following this is a new tune, by Mr Willing of the Foundling, to the hymn "My Jesus, as Thou wilt." Then comes a "Benediction" by Stephen Glover, in which the composer has contended bravely and not without success against very unlyrical words. Last of all are some arrangements for piano (by Dr Rix, I think) of sacred themes from Gounod's *Messe Solennelle*. We need say nothing to commendation of such a shilling's worth of music as this, but we ought to mention that the work is beautifully got up, and that the first number contains a lithograph representing Mary Queen of Scots in the act of piously ejaculating "*O Domine Deus, speram in Te*." If *Exeter Hall* cannot command success, success is certainly deserved in return for so much enterprise and liberality.

Repose. Nocturne for the pianoforte, by Robert Schumann; edited and fingered by Madame Essipoff. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

Whatever may be said against the larger works of Robert Schumann (and that has good deal) it is impossible not to recognize in some of his smaller effusions a beauty which makes them the equals of anything of their kind. The little piece before us, though not the best of those bearing the composer's name, is well worth notice, and will be acceptable

to pianoforte players of classical tastes but moderate ability. The theme, an opinion of which constitutes the entire work, is as follows:—

The treatment of this subject throughout is simple, clear and consistent.

Sunny Mind. Composed, and dedicated to Captain J. Heron Maxwell, by Joseph L. Roeckel. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

This song is one which Mr. Sims Reeves has made popular by his admirable singing. It is every way worthy of such an honour, because it has that which modern songs so frequently lack—character. The melody is charmingly fresh and the accompaniment, though simple, is novel and attractive in style. In point of fact, "Sunny Mind" is the work of a musician who, wishing to write a *bagatelle*, did it with as much care and taste as though it formed part of something upon which he meant to stake his reputation. The result is proportionately happy.

Gentle Moon now beaming. Duet. The English words by Wellington Guernsey; the music by A. Bonheur. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

This is a remarkably tuneful and pretty duet, which will be very acceptable in its English dress. Though for the most part simple in detail, its general outline is somewhat elaborate. First comes a short andante (in G major), followed by an *allegretto* in the same style and key. Next is a *largheto* more difficult than the preceding, after which appears another *allegretto*, the coda to the whole being a brilliant passage over parole. Thus a bolero in a duet which shall combine musical merit with novelty of design will be pleased with this work.

One Word. Duet. Sung with distinguished success by Signor and Madame Trebelli-Bettini. Composed by Otto Nicolai. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

Otto Nicolai wrote far things more perfectly graceful and charming than this duet. It is for a mezzo-soprano and a tenor voice, the compass being very moderate, and the music remarkably simple and easy. Each voice has one or more short solos, the *ensemble* being alike throughout, but the repetition never wearies for the music is of a high order of interest. That the duet will be a favourite wherever heard we have not the smallest doubt.

Daffodil's Song. Words by W. Wordsworth; Music by the Rev. E. Bulmer, M.A., Minor Canon of Norwich. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

Everybody remembers Wordsworth's charming verses on the Daffodils, and, probably, many have wished there set to music that the beauty of the poetry might be enhanced by that of the sister art. This wish the Rev. E. Bulmer has gratified. The composer has produced a flowing melody not without character, and his song will, doubtless, be favourably received, more especially by the admirers of the poet.

The Angel's Whisper. (Samuel Lover's celebrated song.) Transcribed for the piano by E. L. Bixe. [London: Duff & Stewart.]

We cannot compliment Mr. Bixe upon his taste or invention, as they are displayed in this piece. The transcription is a specimen of mere noise-making of the most commonplace order.

The Happy Home. Duet, for two performers on one pianoforte. Composed by F. Weber, Resident Organist, German Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

Mr. Weber is well known to be a composer of more than average ability, and this duet is a very good specimen of his powers. Its themes are tuneful, and their treatment such as to excite and sustain the interest of both performers. The work makes admirable practice, and is much adapted to improve tastes, to increase executive power.

Milan.—The Quartet Association under Bazzini's direction has given two concerts, the second of which was even more successful than the first. The programme of the first included Quintet, Boccherini; Quintet with Clarinet, Weber; Serenade for the Violin, Haydn (admirably played by Bazzini); and Quartet in C, Op. 59, Beethoven. The programme of the second contained Trio, Schumann; "Abandoned," for tenor, and Quartet, Schubert.—*Don Carlos* is in rehearsal at the Scala, Signora Maria Destin being engaged to play the Princess Eboli.—A new opera, *Il Duello*, by Ferrara, has been produced at the Teatro Re, but with only moderate success.—At the Teatro Carcano, *Don Juan* will be followed by *Il Trovatore*.

What will become of the Theatres in Spain?—The existence of the theatres in Spain is one of those phenomena that admit of no logical explanation, because not only do the demands of the paying public, as well as those of the public who as a rule do not pay, increase from day to day, but the expenses of getting up pieces, especially Italian operas, also increase at a most prodigious rate. The colossal salaries of those artists who are worth anything, and the exaggerated pretensions of those who have no right to be considered such; the burdens borne by the theatres, with no kind of subvention to lighten them; and the necessity for placing upon the stage with extravagant splendour the works which are produced, render profit an impossibility, especially in the absence of new operas possessing any degree of merit. The public now-a-days are not content with hearing well-trained singers with good natural ability sing in operas containing good music, skilfully scored, and distinguished for an abundance of sweet melodies and brilliant harmony. It is indispensable that show dancing and whatever other attractions the human imagination can devise, shall serve to back up real art. In proof of what we have asserted, we will cite the resources of which the most eminent composers have had to avail themselves in order to increase the effect of works written recently. Dogs, horses, processions, battles, goats, inundations, earthquakes, tempests, and other trifles of this description constitute the principal elements in modern operas, which, without them, would not possess much merit, or value, as the musical, and especially the vocal portions, have to be regulated by the said elements, the singing being merely an accessory. The result will be—I indeed anyone ventures, in future to become a manager—to offer the public an exhibition of numerous and varied pictures, and to enable us to say, as we sometimes hear country people say, "let us go and see the opera." With regard to the drama, we can entertain but slight hopes of it on account of the want of dramatic authors with sight like talent, and because those who do possess merit and are able to produce works worth seeing, belong to the highest classes of society, and occupying the highest positions, are thus prevented from busying themselves with the Spanish stage now fallen into decay. The few good actors left us being scattered here and there, without its being possible to bring them together in one theatre—our classic authors and magnificent ancient plays cannot find artists capable of representing them becomingly on the stage, which will die of exhaustion unless the finger of Destiny points out fresh aspirants to infuse into it new life.—*Esperia Musical* (Barcelona).

Mr. Rainford's English Concert.—This veteran vocalist, Mr. Rainford, gave his annual concert on Tuesday evening at St. James's Hall, which was very well bumped. Any detailed account of the performance is not at the question. Enough that there were nine thirty vocal and instrumental pieces in the programme, all of which were applauded more or less, and several encored. The following artists assisted—singers: Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Rainford, Miss Jessie Wells, Miss Jenny Pratt, Madame Sainton Dolby, Messrs. E. Barnby, George Perren, W. H. Cummings, Wilbye Cooper, Carter, Theodore Distin, Conway Cox, Lewis Thomas, and Rainford; instrumentalists: Mr. Brinley Richards (pianist) and Mr. Fred. Chatterton (harpist). Messrs. J. G. Collins and Sydney Naylor were accompanists. Mr. Rainford's reception was flattering in the extreme. The applause was immense. The solos, duets, trios and glees, by the several artists, gave great satisfaction.—B. S.

Brunswick.—At the 7th Subscription Concert given by the Association for Choral Music, and at which Herr Joachim appeared, the following compositions by Beethoven were executed: Overture, Op. 124; Violin Concerto; Overture to *Egmont*, Romance in F major (Op. 50) and 8th Symphony in F major.

Munich.—The King of Bavaria has at length complied with the repeated applications of Herr Franz Lachner, and allowed him to retire for a year from his post as General Musical Director, granting him at the same time the commander's cross of the Order of St. Michael. His Majesty sent also an autographic letter to Herr Lachner, expressive of his regret that ill health should compel the latter to make such an application.

Amsterdam.—The Florentine Quartet have played here very successfully.

Madrid.—M. Victorien Sardou's comedy of *Les trois Gaïeux* has been produced under the title of *Los Solteranos* at the Teatro del Principe—but has not proved very successful.—A French company is performing at the Teatro de Variedades.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
ST. JAMES'S HALL.

MORNING PERFORMANCE.
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22ND, 1868.
To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUINTET, in G minor, for two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, HENRY BLAGROVE, ZERBINI, and PIATTI ... *Mozart.*
SONG, "Quando io te lascio"—Miss ELENA ANGELA ... *Donizetti.*
SONATA, in E major, Op. 6, for Pianoforte alone—HERR PAUER *Mendelssohn.*

PART II.

SONG, "Will he come?"—Miss ELENA ANGELA ... *Spohr.*
SEPTET, in E flat, Op. 20, for Violin, Viola, Clarinet, Horn, Bassoon, Violoncello, and Contrabass (by desire, and as on this occasion only)—MM. JOACHIM, RIES, BLAGROVE, LAZARUS, C. HARPER, WINTERBOTTOM, REGONDI, and PIATTI ... *Beethoven.*

Conductor—Mr. BENEDICT.

MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 24TH, 1868.
To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET, in B minor, Op. 41, No. 2, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, HENRY BLAGROVE, and PIATTI ... *Mendelssohn.*
SONG, "Dalla sua pace"—Mr. VERNON RIGBY ... *Mozart.*
ALLEMENTO } ... *Scarlatti.*
TEMPO DI BOLLO }
GAVOTTE, in minor, for Pianoforte alone—Madame SCHUMANN *Bach.*

PART II.

TRIO, in D minor, Op. 63, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—Madame SCHUMANN, MM. JOACHIM and PIATTI ... *Schumann.*
SONG, "Si ti dice, to bell' angelo"—Mr. VERNON RIGBY ... *Benedict.*
SONATA, in C minor, Op. 30, No. 2, for Pianoforte and Violin—Madame SCHUMANN and HERR JOACHIM ... *Beethoven.*

Conductor—Mr. BENEDICT.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. A. P. (Malvern).—Our correspondent's interesting letter arrived too late for this week's impression, but will be published in extenso.

BIRTH.

On the 18th inst., at 21, Manchester Street, Manchester Square, Mrs. F. B. Jewson, of a daughter.

DEATH.

On the 16th inst., at her residence, Clarendon Street, Dublin, Mrs. Letitia Fallon, late organist of the church of St. Teresa.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1868.

CARNIVAL-LETTERS ABOUT MUSIC IN VIENNA.*

It is now the gay season of masked balls, when people put on masks to tell their acquaintances certain truths—the persons to whom these truths are told laugh and say nothing—because it is Carnival time; at any other period they would look rather glum, nay, perhaps, even consider themselves deeply affronted! So, hurrah for the Carnival! I will try to send you a few words about my beloved Viennese, and their musical cravings and doings.

In arch-conservative Berlin, people understand just as little about musical as about political matters among us. The Prussians who come here look around in astonishment, unable to make out how we can be so merry, we lost in a sanguinary war great battles together with a province, which even men of very liberal principles considered, a few years since, indispensable to the existence of Austria—and every stranger visiting Vienna must expect to find a city plunged in mourning and despondency; he finds instead of this everywhere joyous faces, dancing, and amusement of all kinds, and still so much of the old Viennese good-nature, that a Prussian officer of high rank lately and in the most friendly manner "We have conquered provinces by the sword, but the Viennese conquer us by their amiability." Well now, the same is true of us in music: foreign conquerors have invaded us, Wagner and Wagnerites, Schumann, and Schumannites, besides other small prophets of a similar sort; but we old Austrian bodies do not, on that account, make a disturbance, we go to "the old ones," and we go to "the new ones;" if anything by Wagner or by Brahms does not please us, we abuse it; if aught does please us, we applaud it with might and main, prating ourselves, at the same time, on the fact, that many classical compositions of our Viennese composers, that Beethoven's works, for instance, are nowhere performed with such spirit and such precision. Then again, Prussians, Prussian connoisseurs, assert that our Philharmonists are, in "many things," in the *crescendo* and *decrescendo*, in dash, and so on really incomparable models, and that our *Wiedergesang* Associations are unrivalled. On the other hand, however, we must submit to be told that we are very far behind in our study of Bach; that our oratorios cannot bear any comparison with those at Berlin; that classical music is to be heard in every garden arbour of that capital; and so on. *Sunt cuique.*

I must first make some observations upon music among us generally, before going into details. Among all the natives of Southern Germany, the Viennese is distinguished for the greatest susceptibility to music, a susceptibility which would not, perhaps, suffer from a slight addition of reflection now and then, but which, at any rate, is advantageous to the musician, inasmuch as he does not appear before a public previously prejudiced against him. The numerous secondary considerations elsewhere brought into play at the first appearance of any artist, do not exert the slightest influence among us; on the contrary, somewhat too much importance is attached to the fact of momentary success. The easy-going Viennese is fond of abandoning himself to the momentary impressions produced by a fine performance, without reflecting exactly upon the artistic value of the work performed. This is certainly the case elsewhere as well; but in other towns, especially in the North, there is always one portion of the public that looks sternly to artistic purport, and does not allow itself to be dazzled, while here the whole public, at least for the first moment, plunges, head over heels, into the delicious waves of sound. "Enthusiasm is not a red-herring or such like, to be pickled and kept for years," says our master Gothe; our enthusiasm, too, is so great, and so frequent, that all the herring barrels of Amsterdam would not suffice, if we wanted to pickle it. The same people who to-day are wrapt in one of Beethoven's Adagios played by Joachim, will roar to-morrow at a roulade of Muska's, the same enthusiast who pays five florins for a stall at a performance of Wagner's *Lohengrin*, squeezes into the theatre to hear *Lucrezia Borgia* the next night, and, on the third, will roll into ecstasies at one of Mozart's

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

Andante. And let it be well understood there is no ostentation in all this, no showing off merely to be observed (though that there is always some little human vanity in what we do, who will deny?) No! the man is sincerely "transported," like Elsa, with Wagner; sincerely enraptured, like an Italian, with *Lucrezia Borgia*; and sincerely moved, like a dreamy maiden, wandering in the moonlight, with Mozart's Andante. The result is, that with us, everything must be done through enthusiasm, and in enthusiasm. If it is to be done at all—immediately only pure, abstract feeling for art comes into play; there is a decided and unmistakable itch, and the proceedings of our Vienna Conservatory, or of the Society of the Friends of Music, as they are properly called, are loaded with adjuncts that sprang neither from enthusiasm nor from a feeling for art, and were unable to render palatable, for persons who require healthy food, the exceedingly high condition which the point had at last attained.

If we examine with any attention such public institutions of ours as are devoted to the musical art, we remark in them above all things the want of proper management based upon a practical system. In our Opera, in our Conservatory, and in the institutions therewith connected, there are frequently the most various currents, and those who should guide the vessel through these currents are mostly no pilots. On what the Opera was under Salvi, I will not throw away a word, but what it will be in future is something not quite clear as yet. Is it an institute belonging to the Court, or an art-institute, or a national institute? One factious gentleman suggested it should be called an institute for nationalities, because it offers the public in turn Music of the Future from North Germany and Music of the Past from Italy, the half French *Tell* and the entirely French *Gustavus*; a real German opera by Weber, Marschner and Spohr, never; *Die Zauberflöte* and *Fidelio* once in a blue moon; *Figaro's Hochzeit* being given more frequently because it is an opera containing a great many good parts for the singers. That the latter are amongst the most eminent of the day is a fact I need scarcely prove here; that, on the other hand, every one of them frequently sings according to his or her *bon plaisir* without caring much for the *ensemble* is a fact I could not pass over in silence supposing it were not Carnival time. Our orchestra is admirable and so are our accidentals, but that the various constellations and the different influences outside the Opera do not always exert a beneficial effect upon the progress of art cannot be denied. However, other places are perhaps not better off in this respect than Vienna, and we must own that the individuals at the head of affairs are first-rate fellows, who make it their study to see that the old established reputation of the chorus at the Imperial Operahouse shall be more and more strengthened. That the chorus has been subjected to a reform, you probably know already—the principal scarecrows are to be replaced by younger blood. Would that the first rehearsals were over. I am aware you that the dancing-chorus in *Guillaume Tell* as formerly sung, used to be ringing in one's ears for a week; let us hope that things will be better in future. The management of the Imperial Operahouse is not, however, busied with the Past, that is to say, the chorus alone, but also with the Future; the Corps of German Riflemen are going to hold their meeting here, and in honour of them all the marksmen ever celebrated in music will be represented, including *Der Freischütz*, the "Schütz bin ich" (in the *Nachtlager in Granada*), and, strange to say, a certain marksman who shot an Austrian governor, Gessler (not the former manager of the Pesth Theatre) dead; it strikes me that the choice of the last opera is a mistake.* I hope, however with all my heart, that the new manager, Herr von Dingelstedt, may be able to carry out his notions of improvement. How things are often done behind the scenes of the Opera, and what influences are at work, no one can tell him better and more minutely than his wife, formerly the celebrated singer, Jenny Lutter, and the best Susanna we ever had.—I now come to our second musical art institute, the Conservatory of Music. This, as most persons are aware, is conducted and maintained by the "Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde," which "Gesellschaft," or Society, is, in its turn, conducted by a committee in which there is not a single professional musician, but which is composed exclusively of worthy amateurs, all inspired with the very best intentions. These said best intentions induced the committee to commence building some years ago, a magnificent edifice, which was to satisfy the requirements of a Viennese School of Music, and contain a concert-hall worthy of the Imperial capital—as the Imperial Redoutensaal is on the whole too large, besides not being good as regards its acoustic qualities, while the present room of the Conservatory is too small. With the said best intentions did the committee proceed with the erection of the building, until it was suddenly discovered that there was a deficiency of something even better, in some cases, than the best intentions, namely money, of which, it appears, nobody had once thought! No less than [illegible] florins are required to complete the building, which was begun with an available capital of 155,000 florins. The directors assert, it is true, that they want only 150,000 florins, and that the remainder can be raised upon mortgage etc. but I am of opinion that they should not give way to any illusions, and not do as our ministers of finance have hitherto done, namely, shown at the beginning of every year how they needed less than the year before, and then at the end of the twelve months always demanded more. I think it is the duty of the Government to take the matter up, and afford assistance from the State. Our Chamber of Deputies will not be petty when the question is to erect a suitable Conservatory in Vienna, the city of Beethoven, Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, and Schubert. It is true that, if anything of this kind is done, there will be a change in the internal organization of the establishment, but some satisfactory system will be adopted, under which difficulties would not be surmounted for the moment simply for them to return with redoubled force shortly afterwards. In our Professional College we have had to go through phases which gave a sad idea of art matters; of them I will speak no more, because it is Carnival time, but we must not disguise the fact that they are not to be regarded as completely removed, as long as we apply only those palliatives which are nearly always employed in art institutes of a half private half public nature. A private individual justly attaches importance to the sacrifices he makes, still anything is effected; it is far better for the State to perform its duty, than for private individuals to incur sacrifices.

Were I not writing Carnival letters about music, I might give you a description, which would possibly not be uninteresting, of our Hofburg Theatre, where Laube left, a masquerade scene to be going on, only with this difference, that many of the persons engaged in it here allowed their masks to fall completely off. Is it not laughable that, in consequence of what we heard from Weimar, we were apprehensive, when Dingelstedt came here, that he would favour the drama, and completely neglect opera, while we are now fearful lest he should go to the opposite extreme? But enough! I have spoken of our public art institutes, I here now a few words to say concerning church music. This is cultivated in Roman Catholic more assiduously than in Protestant countries, and we hear on a single Sunday in the churches of this city some masses by the great masters than are performed at Leipsic or Berlin in three months. But, though church music may be culti-

* In the original there is a play upon the words *Chor* (chorus) and *Corps*, both of which are pronounced alike. It may further be remarked that "*Schütz*" is the German for a "marksman" or "rifleman."—TRANSLATOR.

vated. It does not follow that we find in modern compositions of this kind the style we should expect. The study of counterpoint here has not been too flourishing since old Seyfried died. He closed the series of great Viennese contrapuntal teachers, in whose ranks Fux and Albrechtsberger achieved a lasting reputation. Among our young composers for the church, there are some very worthy aspirants, but, on the whole, there is much less produced here in the way of really religious music than in the Protestant North. It is true that you have, in the north, large amateur societies, who perform every important oratorio and mass, while with us work of this description is sung only once in church in the suburbs, and remains unknown, unless some well disposed critic does not think it too much trouble to come so far and write a notice; but as a rule, the sacred spirit has disappeared from the music of the Roman Catholic church, and the attempts made here and there to go back to the forms of the 16th and 17th centuries have produced merely forms without substance. But I am growing too serious, and must pass quickly to another theme—critic-eon. This as most people know, is exercised here with more elegance than profundity, but we can assert that in elegance our musical Mincces beat all others. At the head of them stands that clever writer Dr Hanslick, who possesses, also a large amount of knowledge, but frequently entangles the reader in his paradoxes, with his easy style, he extricates himself by means of some delicate turn or other but the inexperienced reader is left in a hole, and does not know how to get out. Next to him Schellen of the *Neue freie Presse* is probably the most eminent critic, the antagonism of the two papers being mirrored in their musical articles as well as in the others. Hanslick, you know, is a Wagnerite (but a Wagnerite as understood by the Prussian *Kreu. Zeitung*), while Schellen is a representative of the Music of the Future who looks upon *Tristan and Isolde* as one of the finest productions possible. The great thing for the readers at the coffee-houses is that both gentlemen write admirably. I could say a great deal more about our critics but the hour of unmasking is near at hand so I prefer being silent and going off but with the promise of returning very soon. I hope the Viennese will admit that I have been exceedingly good natured under my mask.

THE report of a contemporary, that a daughter of Mr John Hollah is about to appear on the stage, is without foundation.

HERR SCHLOESSER has announced four "Schumann Evenings," the programmes entirely selected from the works of Robert Schumann, including all his trios, quartets, quintets, and "chamber music." The Thursday evenings in March have been selected by Herr Schlosser for his performances, and the *locale* is to be the Beethoven Rooms, Harley Street.

HERR OBERTHÜR'S overture, *Rubezahl* has been performed at the Felix Mentis Concerts, Amsterdam, and at the concerts of the Société Royale d'Harmonie, Antwerp. The foreign journals at both places say that it was treated favourably received. At Amsterdam Herr Oberthür—who has been on a tour through the Netherlands, where his harp playing is greatly admired—was specially called for at the conclusion of his overture. Since his return to London we are informed he has received a letter of thanks from the Antwerp Society, expressing the general satisfaction his overture and harp performances had given.

PARIS.—(*Extract from a Letter*).—Auber's new opera, *Le Premier Jour de Bonheur* produced on Saturday at the Opéra Comique, is the sensation of the hour. All artistic Paris was present the first night, and the journals next day were unanimous in their praises. Seldom indeed has the public been more attracted and excited by a first performance, and seldom has a first performance been so entirely satisfactory. The principal characters are sustained by Madame Marie Cabel, Mdlle. Boyo, MM Capoul and Sainte-Foy. The repetition of the opera this week has more than confirmed the impression of Saturday night. There is no doubt that *Le Premier Jour de Bonheur* is destined to uphold the fortunes of the Opéra-Comique.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CONCERTS.

The third concert took place on Thursday night, with the following selection of sacred music:—

PART I.

Magnificat (*Vesperæ de Dominicâ*)	Mozart.
Air "O Lord, have mercy upon me"	Pergolesi.
Sanctus from Mass in B minor	Bach
Air "Jerusalem" (*St. Paul*)	Mendelssohn.

PART II.

Messe Solennelle	Gounod.

PART III.

Air and chorus "Sound an alarm" (*Judas Maccabæus*)	Handel.
Kyrie from Mass in E flat	Schubert.
Gloria, Benedictus, Mass in C	Beethoven.
Air, "I will extol thee"	Costa.
Chorus, "Hallelujah" (*Messiah*)	Handel

The pieces by Mozart, Bach and Schubert were given for the first time in this country. The *Vesperæ de Dominicâ* composed (according to Von Kochel's catalogue) at Salzburg in 1775 is one of the innumerable pieces of Church music which Mozart produced with such marvellous facility in the service of the Archbishop. Some of this music is in a light style, adapted to the taste of the Archbishop. Even in the lightest, however, genius and the hand of a master are discernible, while in some of it we find a reflection of the old Italian church writers whom Mozart had diligently studied in his youth. The "Magnificat" was extremely well given by chorus and orchestra, and the solo parts carefully sung by Miss Fosbroke Mrs F Poole, Mr F Walker and Mr J G Patey. Bach's Mass in B minor, for five voices (solo and chorus) and orchestra, is the greatest and most important work of this class produced by him. The first two movements were given to Frederick Augustus II (of Saxony) in 1733—thirteen years after Handel had commenced his career as a composer of oratorio. Although emanating from the great school of German counterpoint, Handel acquired many requisites for popularity, especially in his cultivation of the Italian vocal melody, which Bach wanted. Bach's mass in B minor is a monument of genius and elaboration—the instrumentation, including three trumpets and three oboes, being remarkable for the period. One of the grandest movements is the "Sanctus," which opens with a most impressive *maestoso*. On a first public performance, it was natural that the chorus should be somewhat timid. The effect, however was so great that we may hope to hear not only this movement, but other portions of the Mass at a future concert. Of M Gounod's *Messe Solennelle* we spoke fully on its performance at the recent Birmingham Festival. With occasional elegance there is a frequent striving after pomp and majesty of effect with little result but empty noise, as, for instance, in the "Credo." Some portions have considerable refinement, but we fail to find anywhere powerful conception, elevated sentiment, or learned treatment. The performance choral and orchestral, was good throughout—the vocal solos having the advantage of the aid of Mdlle Carola, who made her second appearance on this occasion. The solos for tenor and bass were assigned to Mr Nelson Varley and Mr Patey. Schubert's beautiful Mass (one of the many important works left in manuscript by that prolific genius) is in remarkable contrast to that of Bach. The grace the tender beauty of the phrases, and the expression of sympathy throughout, are perhaps as admirable as the opposite merits of the work of the serious composer. The "Kyrie" performed on this occasion charmed by its continuous beauty and a strong wish was expressed for the performance of the entire mass. Beethoven's imposing "Gloria" with the pathetic "Qui tollis, the majestic "Quoniam," the masterly fugal "Cum Sancto," and the exquisite "Benedictus" (solo parts by the same singers as in Mozart's "Magnificat") created a profound impression. Mdlle. Carola quite confirmed the favourable opinion elicited by her first appearance at the concert of the Sacred Harmonic Society and was encored both in Mendelssohn's beautiful air and the solo from *Elie*. Mr Nelson Varley gave Handel's war song with vigour, and Mr Patey Pergolesi's well known aria singularly well, the "Hallelujah" worthily terminating a concert of great interest.

BARCELONA.—Meyerbeer's *Dinorah* has been produced with triumphant success at the Gran Teatro del Liceo, the principal singers being Sgra. Vitali, Signori Stagno and Petit. The scenery by Sefarer Ballester and Carreras is very magnificent.—A French dramatic company will appear shortly at the Teatro Principal.

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THE LATE MR. ROBERT SIDNEY PRATTEN.

The demise of this popular and excellent artist, at the age of 44 years, is deeply regretted by his numerous friends and brother artists. Mr. Pratten was a native of Bristol, where he was born on the 23rd of January, 1824. His father, a resident professor of music, gave him his first instructions in music. Young Robert was considered a prodigy on the flute in his twelfth year, in Bristol and Bath, where he was often sought for to perform solos at concerts. From Bristol he went to reside in Dublin, where he filled the position of principal flute in the Theatre Royal and the Musical Society of that city. In the year 1846 he came to London, where he soon obtained an engagement as first flute at the Royal Italian Opera, the Harmonic and Philharmonic Societies, and the Festivals. Robert Pratten was also a clever writer for his instrument. His solos, "L'Espérance" and Fantasia on airs from Meyerbeer's *Marie Stuart* together with a Concerto, are well known amongst flutists, both at home and on the Continent, as capital specimens of flute compositions. Mr Pratten was highly patronized by the late Duke of Cambridge, and by Lady Tonkin, who had him sent to Germany to study composition and the science of music. As an orchestra performer he was in high request, and his position as a principal flute can hardly be replaced. Robert Sidney Pratten died at Ramsgate on Monday week after a lingering illness. His death was somewhat sudden. He was of a kind, gentle disposition, and greatly respected by all who knew him. He leaves a widow to lament his loss—Madame Pratten, the well-known professor of the guitar. B. B.

A concert for the benefit of the Sufferers from Famine in Eastern Prussia is announced to be given this evening in St. James's Hall. Herr Joachim and other distinguished artists have nobly given their services. The concert is to be conducted by Mr Benedict. We hope a handsome sum will be realised, as the attraction put forth by the committee is very great.

Lennox Berkeley Concerts.—The seventh concert was given in presence of an audience more than usually demonstrative. The solo singers were Mdlle. Liebhart, Madame Rudersdorff, Mdlle. Marini, Mdlle. Elena Angela, Miss Poole, Madame Sidneton Delby, Messrs. George Perren, and Lewis Thomas. Signor Tito Mattei (pianoforte), Mr Aptommas (harp), and Herr Engel (harmonium), were the instrumentalists. The St. Cecilia Choral Society, under the direction of Mr. C. J. Hargitt, as before sang several glees and part songs. The following vocal pieces were encored:—New ballad, "My Heart's Reply," composed by Mr Hargitt, sung by Mdlle. Liebhart—a very fair specimen of the modern ballad school; new song by E. Philp, "What is Love?" sung by Mdlle. Marini; "Wapping Old Stairs," by Miss Poole; and the songs, "The Anchor's Weighed" and "Mary of Argyle," by Mr George Perren. Other songs obtained a good deal of applause, such as "Jack o' Hazeldean," sung by Miss Poole; Hayde's canzonet, "She never told her love" by Madame Rudersdorff; Arthur Sullivan's ballad "Will he come?" and Wilmers's ballad, "Isle of Beauty," sung by Madame Sidneton Delby; and the old songs, "The Brave Old Oak" and "Twas Post Meridian," by Mr Lewis Thomas. Signor Tito Mattei was encored in his fantasia on Verne, and played beside two other pieces of his own composition. Mr Aptommas introduced his harp solo, "Sounds from the Emerald Isle," which was played most brilliantly and would have been twice as effective had it only been one half the length. Another rapidly executed piece but much too long, was the solo (or rather solos) of Herr Engel on the harmonium. One of the pieces performed would have been reasonably sufficient. Mr Sullivan's part-song "Oh hush thee, my darling," was sung by the St. Cecilia Choral Society by desire, and loudly applauded.—B. B.

Beethoven Rooms, Hanover Square.—Mdlle. Madeline Schiller gave her monster pianoforte recital on Tuesday evening, which was crowded to overflow. The fair and accomplished pianist commenced her recital with Handel's "Cinqhème Suite de pièces," including the "Harmonious Blacksmith," followed by Beethoven's Grand Sonata, Op. 57, both of which were played with great brilliancy and genuine expression. Mdlle. Schiller also played an *Andante* in E flat by Hummel, finishing the first part by Vincent Wallace's Grand Polka de Concert, No. 3. The second part commenced with Schubert's Grand Sonata in B major, Op. 47, which delighted the audience greatly, each of the four movements being loudly applauded. Music and playing both combined attention and excited admiration. Mdlle Schiller played also Chopin's "Ballade" in A flat major, and his grand "Tarantelle" with brilliant effect, finishing her recital with Moscheles' well known "Recollections of Ireland." Miss Louise Van Noorden varied the recital by singing a couple of songs.—B. B.

PROVINCIAL.

At Ecclesfield, the Misses Paterson's extra "Classical Chamber Concert" took place in the Reputation Rooms before a large and critical audience. The instrumental portion of the programme embraced Mendelssohn's Sonata in D major, Op. 58, for pianoforte and violoncello; Ernst for two violins in E minor, Op. 30, by L. Spohr; Beethoven's Quartet in D major, Op. 18, No. 3, for two violins, viola, and violoncello; Ernst's "Fantasie Hongroise" for violin; and a Quartet for pianoforte, violin, tenor, and violoncello, by R. Schumann. The vocal music consisted of two of Schubert's songs—"Calm as a Child," and "Thine is my Heart;" "Ave Maria," on Bach's first prelude, by Gounod's "Sell Aria" from *Le Poète & Figaro*, and a duet, "The May Bells," by Mendelssohn. The executants were Messrs. Rothfield, Nicks, Daubert, Machunis and Kuehler. The last named artist was remarkably successful in Ernst's "Fantasie Hongroise." Madame Dowland and Miss Eleanor Armstrong were the singers. Misses Paterson deserve great credit for their "Classical Concerts," and we trust they will continue their enterprise for the gratification of the amateurs and artists of "Modern Athens."

At the last Monday Popular Concert in Uxbridge, Miss Emily Spiller met with a very favourable reception. She was loudly applauded and encored in "Let us wander not unseen" and Signor Guglielmo's "Under the Hazel Tree." Mr Alfred Collier performed selections on the organ.

The Reading Choral Union recently gave a performance of the *Messiah* in the Town Hall, Reading, with great success. In addition to the band of the society, there were in the orchestra several members of Her Majesty's private band, members of the London Philharmonic Society, and the band of the First Life Guards. The solo singers were Mrs. H. Barnby, Miss A. Sharp, Mr T. Hawley, and Mr. Henry Barnby. Conductor, Mr Birch.

On Tuesday night, in connection with the District Psalmody Association, Manchester, a lecture on Congregational Psalmody was delivered in the Free Trade Hall, by the Rev. Henry Allon. The chair was occupied by the Rev. A. Maclaren, and the hall was well filled. A choir of 300, selected from congregational choirs in Manchester, illustrated the lecture. Mr W. T. Best, organist of St. George's Hall, Liverpool, prefaced the proceedings by playing on the organ the air "Thou shalt bring them in," and the chorus "But the waters overwhelmed their enemies," from *Israel in Egypt*. At the conclusion of the first part Mr Best played a *rondo* and a grand fugue, by Bach, and concluded with a war march by Mendelssohn. Mr Best's masterly performances received hearty applause. The choir was led by Mr. Henry Walker.

A pianoforte and vocal recital was given in the Newbury Mansion House, Bangor, on Tuesday the 11th instant by Mrs. John Macfarren, assisted in the vocal pieces by Miss Robertina Henderson. Mrs Macfarren performed with much effect compositions by Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Schulhoff, Brassin, &c. Miss Robertina Henderson sang several songs, and in Mendelssohn's "First Violet," a Scotch ballad and Mr G. A. Macfarren's "Half past Nine" was unanimously encored.

A popular concert was given on Valentine's Eve in the Concert Hall, Corn Exchange, Manchester. An orchestra of thirty performed Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony, the *finale* to Haydn's No. 1 Symphony, and the overture to *Le Chasseur de Broque*. Quartets by Haydn and Spohr were played by Messrs. Hunkler, Morfill, Mason and Wallen. A solo sonata for pianoforte (Beethoven's in C minor) and Weber's Polacca, by Mr H. F. Hunkler (with orchestra). Miss E. Spiller sang "Le bore the gentle Lark," "Ah fors' e lui," and Herr Schlosser's "Queen of the Sea." Mr H. F. Hunkler conducted.

The District Choral Society, of Bacup, gave a concert on Saturday 15th February. The first part of the programme consisted of selections from Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, and his sacred cantata *Lauda Sion*. Miss Robertina Henderson was the principal soprano, and was encored in "Lord, at all times" (*Lauda Sion*). The sacred part was miscellaneous. Some part-songs were given by the choir, and solos on the pianoforte by Mr James Taylor. Mr John Taylor conducted.

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ST. GEORGE'S OPERA-HOUSE.

If the man is to be looked upon as a general benefactor who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, the gratitude of the world, or at least of the musical world, may fairly be claimed for him who causes two operatic establishments to flourish when formerly but one was found. Not content with organizing at the Gallery of Illustration, a little theatre for the performance of operatic and quasi-operatic trifles, which for years past has been one of the most popular places of entertainment in London, Mr. German Reed has, during the last few weeks, founded a regular operahouse, with orchestra, chorus, and all the usual adjuncts, including even a *corps de ballet* at St George's Hall. Thus, both at the top and at the bottom of Regent Street a home has been provided for certain muses, not by no means uninteresting forms of the musical drama, which before Mr German Reed's time, were scarcely cultivated in England at all. To the merits of Mr. Sullivan's *Contrabandista* Mr Reed's opening piece at the St. George's Opera house we have more than once called attention. That charming work is now replaced in the bill by an English version of Auber's *Ambassadrice* which was presented for the first time on Saturday evening. The *Ambassadrice*, being one of Auber's most celebrated, and certainly one of his most brilliant works, is well known not only to musicians but to all determined lovers of the opera in England. It was played in its original form, in the old days of French comic opera, at the St. James' Theatre, in 1849, when Mdlle Charton sustained the part of the heroine.

There are numbers of amateurs in London to whom the music of the *Ambassadrice* is unfamiliar, and it is difficult to think of an opera which would at once have suited the dimensions of Mr. German Reed's little Opera house and the tastes of his audiences more thoroughly than the one produced on Saturday evening.

Nevertheless, it may be objected to the *Ambassadrice* as represented at the St George's Opera house, that the picture is somewhat too large for the frame. The Opéra Comique is not the Bouffes Parisiens—the scene, it will be remembered of M Offenbach's earliest, if not earliest triumphs, and all Auber's so-called "minor" operas are like his serious ones, written for a complete and efficient company supported by an orchestra which would be equal to the execution of the most difficult and elaborate music. Perfect execution is the first thing that an opera by Auber—especially a work so characteristic of his fine, delicate talent as the *Ambassadrice*—demands; and this owing, it may be in some measure to an insufficiency of rehearsals, the charming opera produced on Saturday night at St. George's Hall did not obtain.

The management had been fortunate in securing so practised a vocalist, so full of spirit, and so general a favourite, for the leading character as Mdlle Liebhart. The story of the Ambassadress—originally suggested by the history of Mdlle Henriette Sontag—who, however, unlike the Henriette of the opera, *did* marry the ambassador, Count Rossi—is worth nothing unless the heroine of the graceful little drama be able at once to look, act, and sing the part. This Mdlle Liebhart certainly does, and her singing in the admirable tableau in which the front part of the stage represents the interior of a private box, while at the back the great vocalist makes her *début* and at once captivates the public by the surpassing merit of her performance, was so good as to give the requisite air of truthfulness to the whole scene. Mr Wilford Morgan, who played the part of the First tenor of the Opera at Munich, would not perhaps be thought fully qualified to occupy that post in real life, but he has a fine voice, sings carefully, and has plenty of time for improvement. Mr Lyall represented the Ambassador, Mr. Aynsley Cooke the Manager, while the characters of the Countess, the Ambassador's sister, and of Charlotte, the second soprano at the Munich Opera, were entrusted to Miss A. Smyth and Madame d'Este Fitzgerald.

At the conclusion of the performance Mdlle Liebhart was called before the curtain, and appeared, accompanied by Mr German Reed.

Signor Caralhie's last *soirée* was fashionably attended. Several songs and duets were warmly applauded, especially the duet ("Nicolai) "One Word" sung by Mdlle Leal and Mr Stanton, and Mr Henry Smart's duet "When the wind blows in from the Sea," by Mdlle Leall and Mr. W. F. Stirling. The latter young baritone also gave Félicien David's new romance "Old Gentle Spirit," with much feeling. A new *morceau de salon* for pianoforte, composed and played by Signor Catalani, was also well received.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

Boosey & Co.—"The Contrabandista," comic opera. Written by F. C. Burnand; music by Arthur S. Sullivan.

Robert Cocks & Co.—"I must have three bonnie Kate," by Franz Abt; "Tis true indeed to watch thy smile," by Brinley Richards; "Sunday Piano Music," by John Bishop (Nos. 1 and 2); "Cricket Polka," by Emile E. King; "God bless the Prince of Wales" (Burlington Glee Book, No. 11, by Brinley Richards; "God save the Queen," arranged by John Bishop (Burlington Glee Book, No. 26).

Lamborn Cock & Co.—"The Lily," song, by George Maurice King.

Hopwood & Crew.—"Bond Street" Fire March; "Prima Donna Quadrilles," by Charles Coote, Jun.; "No Thoroughfare Galop," by Charles Coote, Jun.; "Love's Secret," ballad, sung by Miss Louisa Moore in the comedy of "Ours;" "Pudlow," ballad, by Charles Coote, Jun.; "Will give me wings to fly away," by W. F. Taylor; "Phillis, I'm waiting for thee," by H. S. Thompson.

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MISS CLINTON FYNES has the honour to announce that she intends, at the request of several of her Patrons and Pupils, to give SIX PIANOFORTE RECITALS (Three Evening and Three Morning) — viz. Wednesday Evenings, March 25th, April 8th and 22nd, commencing at Eight o'clock, and Wednesday Morning, May 6th, 20th and June 3rd, commencing at Half-past Two o'clock; on which occasions she will perform Selections from the Works of Beethoven, Chopin, Haydn, Heinz Mendelssohn, Mozart, Weber, &c. She will be assisted by several artists of eminence, vocal and instrumental. Further particulars will be duly announced.

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MDLLE. MARIOT DE BRAUVOISIN'S GRAND EVENING CONCERT, at the Queen's Concert Room, Hanover Square, Tuesday, March 24th. Commences at Eight o'clock. Programme next week.—53, Carlton Hill, St. John's Wood.

MRS. ELLIS ROBERTS' CONCERT PARTY.

MR. DENBIGH NEWTON will sing "WAKE, MARY, WAKE" (by H. Smart).

MISS ADELAIDE NEWTON will sing "ROCK ME TO SLEEP" (by Bennett).

MISS DOVE DOLBY and Miss ADELAIDE NEWTON will sing the Duettino "THE QUAIL" (by Pinsuti) and "FAREWELL" (by H. Smart).

MISS DOVE DOLBY and Mr. DENBIGH NEWTON will sing the Duet, "WHEN THE WIND BLOWS IN SAIM THE SEA" (by H. Smart).

16th March	Birmingham	31st March	Tavistock
17th "	Llandilo	1st April	Launceston
18th "	Llanelly	2nd "	Devonport
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The Examination will take place at the Academy on Saturday Morning, the 21st of March, at Ten o'clock.

By order of the Committee of Management,
J. GIMSON, Sec.

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4, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square,
March 12th, 1868.

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Applications, with testimonials, to be forwarded (under cover) to the Vestry Clerk, on or before Wednesday, the 18th day of March instant, at which time no applications can be received. Notice will be given to Candidates of the day on which their attendance will be required.

Further information and amount of salary may be obtained on application to the Vestry Clerk. By Order,

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Town House,
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MISS MARIE STOCKEN will play Aschner's popular Romance for the Pianoforte, "ALICE," at the Hanover Square Room, March 20th.

MISS CLINTON FYNES requests that all communications respecting Concerts, Pianoforte Lessons, etc., be addressed to her, 27, Harley Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MISS BERRY GREENING is now making her engagements as principal Soprano for Miscellaneous Concerts and the following Oratorios:—"Messiah," "Creation," "Samson," "Israel," "Acis and Galatea," "Alexander's Feast," "Israel in Egypt," "St. Paul," "Elijah," "Naaman," "Rose of Albion," "Stabat Mater," "Saul," "Solomon," "Judas Maccabæus." Home or Country in March.—Address, Miss Berry Greening, care of Messrs. Cramer, 201, New Bond Street, London, W.

MADAME DESTE FINLAYSON will sing at Messrs. Broadwood's Concert, Pimlico Rooms, Friday Evening, March 20th; St. George's Hall (West London Rifle Concerts), April 3rd. Madame D'Este Finlayson is open to engagements every Tuesday and Friday Evenings, with the exception of the above dates, during her engagement at the St. George's Opera-House. Address, Priory House, 56, John's Wood.

MDLLE. ANGELINA SALVI will sing at the Hanover Square Rooms, March 24th. Engagements for Concerts, Oratorios, etc., to be addressed to Mr. VAN PRAAG, 244, Regent Street, London, care of Messrs. Dunkin Davies & Co., 244, Regent Street.

MR. CHAPLIN HENRY will sing "THE WOODMAN'S SON" (Frank Elmore) at Maidstone, March 18th.

MR. GEORGE PERREN will sing "MY OWN DEAR HOME" by H. T. Trevare, at Hastings, To-Night (March 14th).

MISS CLINTON FYNES' RECITAL.

MR. CHARLES STANTON will sing at the Beethoven Rooms, March 25th, Randegger's "MESSAGE," Aschner's popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" and, with Miss JENNY PRATT, Nicolai's Duet, "ONE WORD."

MR. CHARLES STANTON will sing "THE MESSAGE" and "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Malvern, March 16th; "The Message," at Middleton Hall, March 20th; and "Alice, where art Thou?" at Miss Berry Greening's Concert, Islington, April 2nd.

MR. CHARLES STANTON (Tenor) is open to engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, &c. Address—6, Lower Porchester Road, Bird Square, Hyde Park.

MR. FRANK ELMORE will sing Aschner's charming song "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Maidstone, March 18th, and at Miss Rose Hogarth's Matinée, Hanover Square Rooms, 20th.

MR. FRANK ELMORE will sing Reichardt's popular song "THOU ART SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR," on March 16th, at the Freemasons' Hall; May, Westbourne Hall; and April 3rd, St. George's Hall.—126, Adelaide Road, N.W.

MR. SEYMOUR SMITH will sing Mr. Wilford Morgan's popular Ballad, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," March 19th, at Northampton.

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"WAKE, MARY, WAKE!"

MR. DENEIGH NEWTON will sing HENRY SMART'S admired song, "WAKE, MARY, WAKE" at Brixton, 23rd March; and Northern Room (Miss Pyne Concert) 7th April.

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MR. ALFRED HEMMING will sing Mr. BAUMER'S popular song "THE ORPHAN'S TEAR," every evening during his Tour through the Northern Counties.

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MR. ALFRED HEMMING will sing GUGLIELMO'S song "THE THREE HOMES" every evening during his Tour through the Northern Counties.

MR. HENRY SANDERS will sing nightly during his Tour this March in the Eastern Counties and West of England, HENRY SMART'S new Ballad, "WAKE, MARY, WAKE" and FELICIEN DAVID'S popular Romance, "OH GENTLE SPIRIT."

MR. HENRY REGALDI, Professor of Singing &c. can accept Engagements as Tenor Vocalist for Concerts, Oratorios, &c. in Town or Country, and continues to give Instruction in Singing at his own residence, or that of his pupils.—86, Columbia Street, Regent's Park, N.W.

MR. EMILE BERGER will play his admired Transcription of BAYLY'S popular song, "SI TU SAVAIS" ("Did Thou but Know"), at the City Hall, Glasgow, and at his various engagements in Scotland.

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MDLLE. ROMANELLI will sing GUGLIELMO'S immensely popular Ballad "THE LOVER AND THE BIRD," at Glasgow To-Night.

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REMINISCENCES OF ROBERT SCHUMANN

(*Continued from page 157.*)

To confess the truth, we have swerved somewhat from our original intention, to speak only of our personal intercourse with, and relation towards, the deceased composer, whose name heads this notice. We may perhaps, have repeated in our first instalment a great deal already related about Schumann in the works of Wasielewsky and Reissmann. It is a long time since we read those works, and we cannot for the moment consult them. It strikes us therefore, as we do not remember them very well that we may as well crave the reader's pardon should we happen to repeat what is already known.

It was during the Publishers' Fair of 1837 that I visited Leipsic and Robert Schumann for the first time. Leipsic made a fresh and agreeable, and Schumann a profound, impression on me. In Dantzic, where I had a short time previously resided more than a year, his *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* was taken in, and carefully read by a circle of ardent lovers of art, who used to dispute seriously and seriously over many a new and revolutionary view or hypothesis contained in it. Everything from the pen of Florestan and Eusebius—Schumann himself—had invariably attracted and influenced me in a peculiar manner, both as regards purport and form of expression. I was very desirous of becoming acquainted with Schumann, and in the autumn of 1836, I forwarded him from Dantzic, a manuscript song for male voices and an article for his paper. He did not send me any answer, but the article, somewhat shortened and touched up by him as editor, appeared in the paper, as I myself appeared, half a year later in his room. It was on a sunny May-day, as hot, however, as a day in July. On my entrance, Schumann came from the window (there was only one) to meet me. From his upper lip hung the indispensable cigar. In his hand was a second, which he offered me with the words "You smoke?" He did not wish me good day—but he shook hands with me. He was surprised at my not smoking, and still more at my being thin. I enquired whether he had formed a different notion of my figure. "Yes! I fancied you were a trifle stout." "Why?" I asked. He began searching and turning over his papers, which were heaped up on the piano and the chairs, at length he found what he wanted. It was the manuscript of my quartet for male voices, "Die Kätzchenbeer" which I had forwarded him six months previously from Dantzic. He handed it me with the words "I'll tell you!" In addition to this all I know of yours are two or three jolly drinking songs, for him—the *Kellnerin von Bacharach* I think the book is called—it was sent me by the publisher for review. Well I always imagine the composer of lively things of this sort must be a fat, portly, imposing-looking gentleman, like Marschner in Hanover, the one here is thin." "The one here" in question was a relation of the Conductor's, and had resided a long time in Leipsic.

It was strange that I, also, for my part, had formed a picture of Schumann very different from the reality then standing before me. I imagined that he was slim, with dark hair and a gloomy expression, while he was plump, blond, and smiling. When I told him this he laughed like a child. I still recollect his morning-toilet at this first call of mine. It was original—but in keeping with the hot morning. Over his shirt and drawers he had slipped on a long dark-coloured coat, and on his naked feet he wore black leather shoes. He had probably not been able to find his stockings in their customary place. He must have suffered very often and very acutely from the *petites misères de la vie conjugale* during his bachelorhood though in Dr Reitter, he possessed a friend, who, as to speak was as good as a mother to him, and attended to him "with the busy care of a woman," as Wallenstein says in reference to Max Piccolomini. During a second visit to Leipsic, about a year subsequently, I think, I once met the excellent fellow at Schumann's. The compeers was seated writing at the little table on the step before the window, while his friend was inspecting and getting together the composer's linen previously to sending it to the washerwoman's. He then examined Schumann's coats, trousers, and shoes, to see if there were any repairs needed. All this time Schumann went on quietly writing, while I conversed in a low tone with Reitter and left with him. "We shall see each other this evening, I suppose," Schumann cried out after us.

I may, perhaps, never have occasion to speak again in this article of Dr Reitter, that benevolent male fairy in Schumann's bachelor-existence, the chief reason of my doing so being the fact because I scarcely know ought about him more than I have already related. I cannot even say to what faculty he belonged or whether he was at all musical. I have heard he died long ago of consumption. Heaven spared him the trial of knowing and mourning the tragic destiny that delivered his friend, whom he loved so quietly and profoundly, to the demon of insanity. To complete the picture of Schumann's personal appearance, I have still to add that he was of middling size, but by no means small or squat, as we often heard people say they fancied he was. He had a large, and genuinely German head, abundantly furnished with soft, dark-blond hair, and a full face without beard, while the form and position of his lips might have caused anyone to believe he was always going to whistle very gently. His eyes were a beautiful blue, but neither large nor energetic; their expression seemed to suggest that he was always searching for, or listening to, something deep down in the recesses of his soul. He held himself perfectly upright, but his walk was as languid and effeminate as though he had not a bone in his whole body. He was shortsighted, and used a glass a great deal, but without the faintest approach to dandyism; perhaps it was superfluous to say this, as his disposition was diametrically opposed to anything like affectation. Though not very talkative, he could be far more entertaining in a *tête-à-tête* than anyone who had met him in general society could have conceived, for it certainly frequently happened that he has never uttered a single syllable all dinner time at a *table d'hôte*, or when he has been sitting for hours together taking his beer at Poppe's or in the "Thomasgässchen," if he was not directly addressed. I recollect one evening at the Great Coffeetree, Schumann as usual, was seated near the head of the table, where the artists and a few writers were in the habit of locating themselves. As he smoked his clarionet-like cigar, he appeared buried in a silence that was never to be broken. In fact, after he had been to a beerhouse two or three times, he did not require to call the waiter when he wanted another glass (*Poppele* it is designated in Leipsic). In the houses he frequented he so arranged matters that more beer was brought him without its being demanded, directly the landlord or the waiter observed that he had emptied his glass. When the glass after which he meant to leave was brought, he paid his reckoning in silence, and nearly always with a gratuity to the waiter.

On the evening to which I am alluding Schumann struck me as being, if not melancholy at least strikingly out of sorts. I was seated close to him, and could not refrain from asking whether anything had annoyed him. He muttered quite *pianissimo* "Oh, no!" I set about trying to devise something to cheer him up. Suddenly there walked up to the table a boy about ten years old, who used to frequent the place for the purpose of selling "Sod eggs," as they are called, which he carried in a small wooden tray suspended by means of a strap before him. I called him, and he took up his position between us two. "That gentleman wants to buy some eggs," I said, pointing to Schumann. "Well, he never bought any before," remarked the little egg merchant. Quite contrary to my expectation, Schumann smiled and taking his tobacco clarionet from his lips, said to the boy, "Would you like one of them yourself?"

"Should not I, just! but I mustn't!" replied the youngster.

"Tell me," continued Schumann, "how many should you like? I will pay."

"Oh! I don't know!" answered the boy.

"Well, never mind that—fire away!" said Schumann.

And the boy did so. He disposed of the first three with great rapidity, but at the fourth there was a *ritardando*.

"They are too dry—he must have some better!" I exclaimed. Schumann ordered some, and the boy got one better, but at the sixth egg he expressed a desire to conclude operations.

"He must now have something to drink!" I remarked. Schumann began laughing more loudly than he had been heard to laugh by his fellow-customers for a long time, and ordered a glass of beer to be brought the boy. Ever after this frugal joke he could not refrain from laughing a little directly the young egg-merchant entered the place and cast a suggestive glance at him.

(*To be continued.*)

MANNHEIM.—A comic opera, *Hero and Leander*, by Herr W. Steinhardt has been successfully produced.

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THE ADVOCATES OF SCHUMANN.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—We sometimes meet with advocates who, while acting together in the same cause, agree as to nothing but their desire for success. The end sought is the only thing common to them. They pursue it in varying methods, not seldom crossing each other's path, tripping up each other's heels and mutually increasing the odds against a favourable result. Of these some are compelled by the nature of their constitution to bring ruin upon the cause they espouse. Their taking any particular side on a disputed question is equivalent to reinforcing the opposite party, the prospects of which are improved by their blunders and bad judgment. Either they are impetuous and lay open every weak place to the enemy's attack, or they are superficial, and irritate even neutrals up to the point of belligerency. Anyhow they do far more harm than good, save when their cause is a bad one; then their errors are Godsends and present a reason for thankfulness.

With certain musical questions now pending advocates of this dubious order largely concern themselves. The status of Robert Schumann among composers is one of those questions. There is a party in our midst who profess to see in Schumann a man of great genius and an artist of no mean order. They claim for his works, moreover, the distinguishing merits belonging to some of the highest class, and will accept for it no secondary position. Whatever the actual facts, nobody can dispute their right to do this. They are at liberty to form what opinions they please, and to labour for the dissemination of them opinions with all the zeal they can command. But as regards the manner of their advocacy the musical public at large have somewhat to do, because occupying with respect to them the position of the thing operated upon with respect to the operator. On questions not vital to its interests, society remains passive, neither opposing nor helping, but quietly waiting to receive impressions. Its readiness to be convinced, however, depends as much upon the manner of the advocates as upon their matter. Hence the result of the Schumann propaganda may be seriously impeded (as assuredly promoted) by maladroitness on the part of those who have it in hand. Some of them, I can not but think, are maladroit in no ordinary degree. Whether they thus advance or retard the cause of truth, depends upon which side the truth is found. Into that question I have no wish to enter at present, but, as their operations are unpleasant in any case, I do mean to protest against them somewhat forcibly. If the truth be with Schumann's awkward advocates, so much the worse for it; if not, I should prefer to see error overthrown by its own promoters in a less disagreeable manner.

It should be clearly understood with regard to this Schumann question that the onus of proving their case belongs to those who put forward claims on his behalf. They occupy the position of the promoters of a suit in a court of law who seek to show themselves entitled to property or privileges which no one wishes to withhold from the rightful owners. Hence their business is to point out in what respect the name of the composer satisfies accepted canons of art, and to elucidate its meaning by performance and analysis at every possible opportunity. Doing this in a truth-loving spirit, and with all the earnestness of sincerity, even those who actually unconvinced would be enabled to withhold their respect. But the case is very different when the entire question is begged by first assuming that Schumann's music is meritorious and thus asserting at those who can not ascend to the lofty standpoint from which alone its merit is visible. The illogicalness of this is not its worst feature. By so doing the awkward advocates appeal, not to the intellect and taste, but to the sense of shame attending an inferior position. Of all things people resent the imputation of inferiority, and in this case a way of retaliation is clearly enough open. They are tempted not only to say "We do not admit that which you take for granted," but to steel themselves against conviction till "We do not" becomes "We will not." This may be unwise, but it is also natural. Men cannot reasonably be expected to "receive with meekness" those who say, with an air of condescending pity, "Here is a great thing, the greatness of which you cannot see because of an uneducated vision. Accept our word for it, and reverence the thing accordingly." To such an address ordinary humanity may be excused for responding in a way as vigorous as non-complimentary, perhaps for deliberately refusing even to have its eyesight educated to the necessary keenness of perception.

Everybody knows that the musical authorities at the Crystal Palace are devoted to the cause of Schumann; whose works they continue to present, in the face of coldness and indifference. I can respect this persistence and the earnest conviction from which it springs, as I can also the style in which the pen of the Crystal Palace writer usually supplements the effect of the Crystal Palace performance. But I must withhold that respect from certain expressions in the analytical programme of last Saturday's concert. That these were not written by the usual hand, it hardly required a change of signature to show. "G," with his enthusiasm for what seems to him beautiful, and his earnest pleading for its recognition by others, has been succeeded by "A. M.," who, figuratively, knocks down everybody that declines to see with him eye to eye. The scene "G" takes his old place again the better. But let me show you what sort of an advocate "A. M." proves himself to be. Here is his exordium: "It seems strange that Schumann's works should still be a source of musical controversy in England." Note, if you please, that "A. M." associates as an absolute fact that which is not only open to question, but which is really believed by a small minority. The fact alluded to does not seem strange to the majority, but on the contrary perfectly natural. Then he goes on to say: "All who have learned to know Schumann's compositions will readily agree that it is not want of merit which has been the cause of this seeming neglect." By "know" "A. M." means "admire," at least I hope so, since his use of the former word amounts to something very like an insult. It signifies that those who fail to appreciate the works in question do so through accidental or wilful ignorance. It places "A. M.," and such as think with him above and beyond all others, in a region where a broader and clearer view can be obtained of whatever is true in music. If "A. M." meant this let me tell him that it is possible to know Schumann's music without discerning the merit of which he speaks, and that in not a few cases knowledge produces a directly contrary effect. But without entering upon any discussion, I wish to point out the indiscretion that prompted "A. M." to assume so lofty a tone. This is neither the age nor the country in which the cry, "We are the people, and wisdom will die with us," is likely to be very effective. If, therefore, "A. M." be anxious for the public appreciation of Schumann's music, he will do well not to encourage a contrary spirit by assuming the very question in dispute, and then lecturing every one that disagrees with him, as a schoolmaster might lecture a dull pupil who cannot see how "the angles at the base of an isosceles triangle are equal to one another," etc.

In other respects "A. M." is a poor wielder of the pen. He says that in the endeavour to discover a musical language for his emotions, Schumann "inevitably obscured those channels through which music alone can be pleasantly and intelligibly conveyed to the human heart." If this mean anything at all it signifies that a musical expression of human emotion can never be pleasant or intelligible, which needs not to be refuted. The word "inevitably" must, therefore, mean not, but I question if "A. M." would accept his sentence thus mutilated. Further on he observes that "music became a great gainer" by the channels aforesaid being obscured—but why follow this most unlucky advocate any further? He first offends those whom he ought to convince, and then goes deliberately into an argumentative quagmire. Oh! pleasant, genial and persuasive "G," come back to the Crystal Palace programmes at once.—I remain, Sir, yours obediently,

THEODORE EGG.

Leipzig.—Concert for the Orchestral Fund. Overture to *Konig Manfred*, Reinecke; Violin Concerto, Davidoff (performed by the composer); Toccata, Bach; Nocturne, Etude, and Polonaise, Chopin; Fantasia on *Don Juan*, Liszt (Herr Tausig). Solos for Violoncello (Herr Davidoff) and "Harold Symphony" Berlioz.—Nineteenth Gewandhaus Concert in celebration of the 125th anniversary of the Gewandhaus Concerts (compositions of the conductors of the last five-and twenty years). Concert-Overture, Rietz; air from *Elijah*, Mendelssohn (Mdlle Sechofer); Violin Concerto, Mendelssohn (Herr Strauss); "Frühlings-Fantasie," Gade; Symphony in A major, Reinecke. Andante and Scherzo Capriccio for Violin, David. Songs for Soprano and Chorus of male Voices, Hiller.

Milan.—Sig. Aldighieri, a great favourite here, lately took his benefit at the Teatro del Principe Alfonso, on which occasion the programme was composed of selections from *Il Trovatore*, *Torquato Tasso*, and *L'Elisire d'Amore*.

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FRANZ SCHUBERT'S "TRAGISCHE SINFONIE."

Adagio molto—Allegro.
Andante.
Menuetto e Trio.
Allegro.

This is the fourth of the nine symphonies which, in addition to a host of other compositions, Franz Schubert produced during his too short life of thirty-one years. It was composed in April 1816, when he was 19 years of age, leading a quiet life in Vienna, the most important events of which were such trifles as the return of the Emperor from a tour in Italy, a *fête* to Salieri, the venerable Court composer, the production of some new work by Beethoven, an unsuccessful contest for the post of music master to the normal school of Laybach, with a salary of £45, or, more monotonous than all, the fact which Schubert notes in his diary under June 16, "To-day for the first time I composed for money—a Cantata for the birthday of Professor von Drixler. Price 100 florins." Such were the small matters which at that time made up the outward life of the young composer, who was destined to be so great. But, however quiet its outward course, the inner life of so sensitive and poetical a nature as Schubert's, cast in such cruel circumstances, must have been constantly chequered and agitated. From his smallest song to his largest symphony, no composition of his but bears witness to the fact. What led him to affix (if, indeed, he himself affixed it) the title of *Tragic Symphony* to this composition is not known. It is a title that might be bestowed on almost everything that he wrote—for there are few, even of his more cheerful works, in which a tone of melancholy does not pervade and underlie their gaiety. But beyond the title there is nothing in the symphony to indicate that it was inspired by any specially tragic theme, or was the result of any severe private misfortune. Possibly it is the record of some passing love affair, which though "tragical" enough at the moment was soon forgotten (see our forgotten of 19), and may even have melted away as the symphony occupied his brain and his fingers; or it is some pang of poverty, like that which dictated the letter to his brother in which he begs for wherewithal to buy "a penny loaf and a few apples, and signs himself "your loving poor hopeful, but still poor brother Franz"—a frame of mind which would fly before the first few kreutzers that should come in his direction way. His application for the music school of Laybach is dated April 9, 1816, so that the Symphony may have been composed during the hopes and fears attending the quest of that post which, unremunerative as it was, would have been a fortune to Franz Schubert.

But, Franz or not, the Symphony in C minor is a grand and beautiful work, one which would do honour to any master, however matured and truly astonishing as the production of a youth not out of his teens. Traces there are throughout of the influence of both Mozart and Beethoven, but such mere hints are later visible in the early works of a youth, and are here amply redeemed by the original stroke and features with which each movement abounds. The sudden transitions, and the method of repeating a whole phrase in another key remote to that in which it is first heard, so characteristic of Schubert, are both to be found here, and it is interesting to notice the first tokens of the sympathy shown to the wind instruments, which are so prominent in Schubert's later works, and in which in the unfinished Symphony in B minor, the *Rosamunde* music, and the grand Symphony in C, he confides the interest and most touching secrets of his soul, as no one else has done before or after him. The orchestra, too, has that peculiarly sweet and balanced tone which is so obvious in the great works just named, and which is the more wonderful when we consider how rarely he can have heard his music performed. The two most obviously striking movements in the Symphony are the andante and the finale. The former is one of the most beautiful and engaging things in all music, a strain of lovely melody enriched and set off by every device of art, and yet true, sweet, and unaffected to the last. In form it is somewhat unusual, consisting of two independent melodies, which are repeated alternately and separately, a theme being worked together. The returns from the one melody to the other are truly exquisite. The finale is very busy and brilliant throughout, with beautifully melodious subjects and charming treatment of the wind instruments. The allegro and minuet are only less interesting than the other two; the minuet might have been signed "Beethoven," without in any way detracting from its fame. It is astonishing that a work so full of spirit and beauty should have been allowed to remain in obliviion for so many years. The first two movements were tried at a concert in Vienna in 1860, but appear to have met with no success, and the score remained in its dusty retirement in the cupboard of Dr. Schneider, an advocate of Vienna, side by side with the *Rosamunde* music and many other MS. treasures, till the autumn of last year. That its neglect was due to no opposition on the part of its possessor is evident from the kind readiness with which he allowed the representatives of the Crystal Palace Company to take a copy of it. To Dr. Schneider the thanks of an audience are due, as it is by his liberality that we are enabled to present to their notice a work which cannot fail to become a greater favourite the oftener it is heard.—The autograph of the symphony has disappeared, the score in Dr. Schneider's possession being a copy by Ferdinand Schubert with the title, "*Tragische Sinfonie in C minor von Franz Schubert. Composirt im April 1816.*"

Franz Peter Schubert was the son of a small schoolmaster of Vienna, and was born in a house which still bears the sign of "The Red Crab," No. 54 of the Nussdorfer Strasse in the Himmelpfortgrund suburb, on the 31st January 1797. The records of his childhood are very scanty, but they show that his genius for music and his general ability manifested themselves very early. At eleven years of age he had a lovely voice, and was put into the Court Chapel and into a public school called the Convict, where he remained for five years. His first known composition was four hand lessons for pianoforte (1810), and his first song the "Lament of Hagar" (1811). The following are the principal events of his life:—

1813. Symphony No. 1 composed Oct. 28.
1814. Leaves the Convict. First Mass in F composed.
1815. Symphonies 2 and 3 composed, Seven Operas, and the *Erlkönig*.
1816. Symphonies 4 and 5, Mass in G, *Stabat Mater*, and opera of *Der Bergschaft*.
1817. Five Pianoforte Sonatas.
1818. Resides with the Esterhazy family in Hungary and has a great passion for the Countess Caroline. Symphony No. 6. Divertissement à la Hongroise. Fantasia in F minor.
1819. Visits Salzburg and Linz. Composes the Pianoforte Quintet.
1820. Composes for the stage, *Die Zwillinge*; *Die Zauberharfe*; *Sacontala*; orchestra of *Lazarus*. Fantasia (Op. 15).
1821. Sketches the Symphony in F (No. 7).
1822. Opera of *Alfonso and Estrella*; meets Weber and Beethoven; composes B minor Symphony (No. 8) and Mass in A flat.
1823. Composes for the stage *Rosamunde*, *Fierrabras* and *Die Idoldie Kreuz*.
1824. Octett; String Quartets in A flat, G, E flat; Grand Duo in C. Returns to Esterhazy's.
1825. Pianoforte Sonatas in A minor and C (duets).
1826. The *Winterreise*. String Quartets in D minor and G; Rondo brillant Pianoforte Trio in E flat.
1827. Trio in E flat; many songs.
1828. Symphony No. 9 (in C). String Quintet; Mass in E flat, *Miriam Siegesgesang*, *Schwanengesang*. Dies Nov. 12th.

His works include 6 masses, 15 operas, operettas, &c., 9 symphonies, 10 quartets, quintets, octet, and trios, 12 pianoforte sonatas, 63 pianoforte four hand sonatas, marches, variations, &c., 26 part songs; 475 songs.

It is to be regretted that there is no portrait of Schubert which can be accepted as giving any adequate idea of his looks. The head which appears at the top of Diabelli's edition of his songs is a caricature. A sketch by Kupelwieser, taken July 10, 1821, is engraved as the frontispiece to his life by Kreisle, but it is only necessary to compare this most wooden of wood-cuts with the photograph of the original sketch—to be found in some of the early editions of Kreisle and itself a poor thing—to show how inadequate they both are. There remains the life-sized bust which forms part of the monument on Schubert's tomb in the Währinger Cemetery outside Vienna. This is said by those who know him to be a good likeness, and I am therefore glad to inform my readers that photographs, both of the tomb and the bust, may be purchased in the name at the entrance to the concert room. But even this, probably taken from a posthumous mask, is an unsatisfactory representation of the outward man of our dear composer. His face was evidently one which was heavy in repose, but easily with his genial disposition, and with the brilliant imagination and soft

sweet heart which are present in every bar of his music, he must have had one of the most changeable countenances ever possessed by man. His eyes were usually dull, says a contemporary, but would kindle at the least allusion to music, or to Beethoven, and would light up the whole of his features. Faces like these are notoriously hard to pourtray; only the best artists can catch their shifting flying traits of delicate expression. And such artists never came to the aid of Schubert. Now the greatest painters would feel honoured by having to paint his portrait; but when he lived his worth was not known, and so the world has lost for ever the living image of his face. But, thank God, we have his works.

He was about 5ft. 6in. high, thick set and of solid make, black hair and short sighted, for which he wore glasses.

The best biography of Schubert is by Dr. Kreissle von Hellborn, Vienna, 1865. A translation of this is announced by Messrs. Longman as to appear early in the spring, in one vol. 8vo., under the title of "The Life of Franz Schubert. Translated from the German of Kreissle von Hellborn by Arthur Duke Coleridge, M.A., late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge." G. G.

TELEGRAPHIC MESSAGE.

To Editor Musical World, London.

Hamlet passed last night (Monday)—immense success due to Nilsson—Opera long tedious heavy—third act, most depended upon, wearisome—snow decoration great effect—Faure much appreciated as actor—as part, no success of music—Ophelia (Nilsson) perfectly unheard of ovation—never within remembrance of operagoers the equal—places taken for the ninth performance, certainly on her account only—afraid sad consequences for Nilsson's admirers in London—letter follows.—(L. E.)

Paris, Tuesday.

BY LETTER.

The Editor of the Musical World.

Paris, 11 March.

Sir,—I was going to write you a long letter on the first performance of *Hamlet*, which took place on Monday night, but reading what I sent you last week and considering that the contents of my Telegram gives you a reality what is to be said about an opera which really does not require close criticism, I could only repeat what I then said and I think the space of the *Musical World* too valuable to fill it with repetitions. It one word the tragedy is not fit for a libretto, the music is not fit for the tragedy; the singers cannot be contented with their music, nor has the public been satisfied with the singers, notwithstanding Faure's splendid acting and the only exception of real success being Nilsson. She was drowned in flowers, her house, her staircase, her hall, all is crowded with bouquets, the Jockey Club sent her a bouquet, a collection of the rarest white flowers, two feet in diameter for the trifling sum of £200—and—Shakspeare? Get thee into a nunnery. L. E.

TO OWEN MEREDITH, Esq.

In the glorious times of old,
When the knights were real heroes,
Thrones were nailed on wooden crosses
By the Czars and the Nerons,
But the modern chivalry,
Governed by a new belief,
Reason rules of right reversing—
Puts the cross upon the thief.

Ernest Bryson.

Brussels.—*Don Carlos* is being actively rehearsed at the Théâtre de la Monnaie and will be produced very shortly. According to report the next novelty will be Auber's last work, *Le Premier Jour de Bonheur*.—M. Léon de Burbure, after having composed nothing but religious music, for the last thirty years, has now written a grand Symphony, the Andante from which was performed and much applauded at the last Concert Populaire.

Prague.—From October 1st 1866 to October 1st 1867, 112 operas and 36 operettas were performed at the Town Theatre. Among them were eight novelties, three of which, Meyerbeer's *Africaine*, Maillart's *Dragons de Villars* and Offenbach's *Barbe Bleue* have become stock-pieces. The other five, including Herr von Flotow's *Stifts*, and Herr Abert's *Astorga*, were only moderately successful.

GREAT TRIENNIAL HANDEL FESTIVAL.

(*Communicated.*)

A large issue, extending already to nearly one hundred thousand copies, of the programme for this great festival, which is to be held at the Crystal Palace in June next, has been made by Mr. Beasley. Most extensive preparations are being made to render this celebration the most complete illustration of English musical progress that has yet been witnessed. Besides a variety of interesting details, the programme contains a wood-cut of the gravestone of Handel in Westminster Abbey. It is also accompanied by plans of seats, particulars and prices of tickets, which prices are in no case higher, and in many instances less, than at former festivals. The London division of the chorus will be more numerous even than on previous occasions, applications for admission thereto having proportionately increased. It is not intended, however, to dispense with the assistance of the great provincial choral bodies, which will be well represented. The orchestra will number four thousand carefully selected performers, Mr. Costa again being conductor. Most distinguished patronage has been already accorded to the festival. The ticket offices at the Crystal Palace and Exeter Hall were opened at 10 a.m. on Monday, 9th March, for the issue of vouchers securing tickets. The programme may be had on application personally or by letter at the above-mentioned offices, as well as of the concerts agents throughout the country and various parts of the Continent. A most interesting feature in connection with this festival, is the publication of a photo-lithographic *fac-simile* of Handel's own manuscript score of the *Messiah*, which has been graciously lent for the purpose by Her Majesty the Queen, from the royal library. Handel's scores were bequeathed by him to John Christopher Smith his amanuensis, who in his turn presented them to George III., after the death of the Dowager Princess of Wales, the mother of the King, upon the latter continuing the pension which Smith had received during the lifetime of the princess. The MS. score of the *Messiah* consists of nearly three hundred closely written pages of music, and has at the commencement and termination of each part the composer's autograph, with the date (accompanied by the astronomical sign for the day of the week) at which it was begun and finished. The date of the commencement of the work is August 22, and of the end September 12, thus proving incontestibly that this immortal production was penned by Handel in the short space of twenty-one days. It will be published by the Sacred Harmonic Society at Exeter Hall, any profits arising from the sale thereof being devoted to the Benevolent Fund in connection with that Society, and the Royal Society of Musicians.

Auber.—M. Auber reminds one of those centenarians about whom people go into ecstasies, if the venerable individuals in question walk to church and back. The smallest bit of melody that peeped forth was greeted with fits of surprise and delight: "Just think! eighty-seven years old!" Those eighty-seven years played a great part on the memorable evening of the 15th February. How many times on that occasion were people able to tell M. Auber that he had never been younger! The clever old gentleman has a stock of ready-made answers for those compliments which he knows are coming. You meet him in the street. "How fresh and well you are looking! Why you are not more than forty to-day!" "No," replies the master with a smile, "I have left the other forty-seven years at home!" Or then conversation runs thus: "What secret have you, maestro, for keeping so young?" "I live with young people; mind is merely reflected youth!" is the answer. By this time M. Auber must have exhausted all his methods of begging pardon for his youth of eighty-seven and I feel sure he would prefer hearing them compliments to those which run so naturally to the tips of his friends. For a long time M. Auber was not fortunate at the Opéra-Comique. More than once did he experience the truth of Louis the Fourteenth's remark: "Monsieur le Maréchal, on n'est plus heureux à votre âge." In *Le Premier Jour de Bonheur* Auber has found the inspiration of former days.—(*Le Guide Musical*).

Königsberg.—On the 21st March 1828, Herr Dorn, who has been Court *Capellmeister* in Berlin since 1849, commenced his public career by conducting *La Muette* in this, his native, town. This year therefore, he will have fulfilled the duties of a conductor forty years. Next to Herr Krebs of Dresden, he has wielded the bâton longer than any German musician living, the oldest of all, Herr Bachner of Munich, having been lately pensioned. During this long period, Herr Dorn has officiated in Königsberg, Danzig, Leipsic, Hamburgh, Riga, Cologne, and Berlin.

Mannheim.—Shakspere's *Tempest* with Herr Tuibert's music has been very favourably received.

Trieste.—Meyerbeer's *Africaine* was produced with success a short time since.

Rotterdam.—Handel's *Judas Maccabeus* has been performed by the Society for the Promotion of Music.

Dessau.—M. Offenbach's *Schöne Hélène* has been successfully produced.

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ST JAMES'S HALL.

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SATURDAY MARCH 14TH, 1868.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely

Programme.

PART I.

DIVERTIMENTO in D major, for two Violins, Viola, Violoncello, and two Horns—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, HENRY BLAGROVE, C. HARPER, STANSBY and PIATTI ... ... *Mozart.*

AIR, "Lascia ch'io pianga"—MISS ELENA ANGELA ... ... *Handel.*

CAPRICCIO, in E major Op. 33, for Pianoforte alone—Madame SCHUMANN ... ... *Mendelssohn*

PART II.

SONG "Rock me to sleep"—MISS ELENA ANGELA ... ... *Benedict.*

SONATA in A major Dedicated to Kreutzer for Pianoforte and Violin—Madame SCHUMANN and Herr JOACHIM ... *Beethoven*

CONDUCTOR—MR. BENEDICT

BENEFIT OF MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD

MONDAY EVENING MARCH 16TH, 1868

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme

PART I.

QUINTET in C major, for two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello (repeated by general desire)—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, HENRY BLAGROVE, ZERBINI and PIATTI ... ... *Beethoven.*

SONGS { "Regrets" / "Oh every two that loitering" } MR. SIMS REEVES ... *Schubert.*

SONATA, in C sharp minor, for Pianoforte alone (Posthumous)—first time of performance in public—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD ... *Mendelssohn.*

PART II.

SEXTET in C, for Pianoforte, Violin, two Violas, Violoncello, and Double Bass (Posthumous) first time of performance in public — Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, MM. JOACHIM, HENRY BLAGROVE, ZERBINI, REPUBLIN, and PIATTI ... *Mendelssohn.*

SONG "The Hunter's Song"—MR. SIMS REEVES ... ... *Mendelssohn.*

SONATA in A major, No. 17 for Pianoforte and Violin—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD and Herr JOACHIM ... ... *Mozart.*

CONDUCTOR—MR. BENEDICT

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ANTIAGIOS.—In a very interesting historical and analytical paper the insertion of which in the programmes mentioned by "Antiagios" was a strong help in the audience the writer comments on the fact that of the nine symphonies of Beethoven, the seventh is the only one in the key of A, but this seems no more curious than that there should be only one in B flat (No. 4), and only one in E flat (No. 3).

DR WHITE COLL is obstinate. He should read Godwin's *Essay on Sepulchres*.

MR. HORACE MAYHEW.—*Nec si erroris dicere, et non dicere malum est?* Mr Mayhew, being a bachelor is hardly a fair judge. He should read Godwin's *Essay on Sepulchres*.

MR SELBY BROOKS.—Godwin's *Essay on Sepulchres*.

DEATH.

On the 9th inst. THEOPHILA, daughter of Mr WILLIAM FIRL, of the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, in her 87th year.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of* THE MUSICAL WORLD *is at* Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Eleven o'clock* A.M. *on Friday, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1868.

ON THE READING AND RENDERING OF VARIOUS OPERATIC CHARACTERS.*

I.—THE LAST SCENE OF "DON JUAN."

(*Continued from page 161.*)

THE stone visitor appears with the words: "Don Juan you invited me to sup with you and I have come!" What reply does Don Juan make to his surprise? We beg the reader to pay special attention to the words: "I should never have believed it, but I will do what I can. *Leporello—have a fresh supper served up quickly.*" ("*Ma farò quel che potrò. Leporello, un'altra cena, Fa che subito si porti.*") Is this the language of a man who is frightened? The Ghost refuses any "earthly food" ("*cibo mortale*") but calls upon Don Juan to sup with him. Leporello exclaims: "He has no time!" but Don Juan is determined: "My heart is strong within my breast. I come." The Ghost asks for his hand as a pledge. Don Juan gives it, and then for the first time experiences a deadly shudder. "What cold as this!" But his emotion lasts only a moment, for immediately afterwards we see the reckless and daring being in all his defiant cynicism. "Repent! change your way of life! this is the very last opportunity," says the Ghost. "No, no, I do not repent, away, leave me," replies the other. Nay he does more than this: he addresses the Ghost contemptuously as an "infatuated old man" ("*vecchio infatuato*") and it is not till the Ghost has sunk through the earth and that Hell opens for him that the sinner writhes in agony but he only describes the pangs that rack his soul and he utters not a word of supplication for mercy from Above passes his lips, and it is thus he sinks into eternal night, whence the demon spirits cry to him: "Come! there is something still more horrible in store for you."

In our opinion further explanation is superfluous to prove that, both at and after the appearance of the Ghost, Don Juan ought not to display any despair and that all he says in the words which prepare us for the apparition as well his remarks during the presence of the statue exhibits only a disposition full of contempt and defiance. Now comes another question. If it be decided how Don Juan should *not* be represented in this scene, how ought he to be represented? How ought the singer to act? To appear indifferent, when the situation is so fearfully serious, would be nothing more nor less than sheer stupidity, to affect boldness and defiance seem for dangerous, because the Ghost, as a being from another world, must be quiet and motionless, and it would be extremely difficult for the representative of Don Juan to observe the due limit in his movements and gestures and not degenerate into ranting. This difficulty explains, among other things, the fact of so many singers endeavouring to depict alarm and despair here; they have a better opportunity of laying on the colour more thickly than they otherwise would have. We repeat: How should this last scene be read and rendered?

We cannot pretend to do more than give a few hints: because it would not be very easy to lay down a fixed rule of demeanour and action. For a thoughtful artist, a great deal will be spontaneously

* From the *New Berliner Musikzeitung*.

suggested by what has been said about the words and the development of the situation.—It strikes us very forcibly that, despite the external composure and coolness which Don Juan displays towards his visitor, there is a certain contrast observable in mood and bearing, compared with the preceding scene. In this, the faithful Elvira, despite all the affronts he has offered her, is still lovingly attached to him, and, moved by an anxiety she cannot explain about his fate, forces her way into his house for the purpose of warning him, but is received with ribald jocularity, with almost vulgar scorn, unworthy a gentleman; Don Juan behaves like an arrogant profligate, proud of his vices and his infidelities. In the scene with his stone visitor, however, he must demean himself like a man who, feeling convinced that his end is close at hand, calls up *all his strength*, and all his courage not to appear a coward. The artist must, without falling, as he may easily do, into exaggeration, portray the struggle between a man endowed with great natural qualities, but ruined by excess and debauchery, and the irresistible power which he is beginning to feel of the Supernatural. In the last fearful resistance to all the warnings of morality, when Don Juan held fast by the icy hand of the Ghost, utters, in answer to each appeal for him to reform, a stubborn "No!" the artist should merely adopt the business of endeavouring to tear himself away, and it is not until the Ghost has sunk through the ground, and the pains of hell overtake the dying wretch, that his demeanour should be that of a man broken down, and rapidly approaching his end. Franz Wild used to give a model performance of all this. The author of the present lines has seen that great artist after he had for years lost some of his vocal power, and was no longer able to compete with younger men in the "heroic parts," but he was even then unapproachable in this character; his rendering of it will never be forgotten by anyone who saw it. Wild was really of small stature, but of noble bearing, while his intellectual head, with the flashing eyes, was magnificently suited for Don Juan. In the last scene he was gorgeously dressed, as though, after supper, he meant to sally forth in search of amorous adventures; with Donna Elvira, he even possessed the art of softening down all that was revolting and low in the text, and was elegant and supple throughout. At the words "To put an end to this" ("Per togliermi d'intrico"), he snatched the candelabrum from the table and hurried out, but immediately re-appeared on the stage; he saw clearly that Don Juan had no need to *open the door* for the Ghost, because no earthly bolt could keep him back. With the candelabrum held far out before him he slowly retreated before the Ghost, staring at it without taking off his eyes. It was not till the words "Leporello quick," etc., that he replaced the lights on the table—his breast heaving high while words of defiance issued from his lips, and his left hand resting convulsively and unconsciously on the table. He remained in this position till the Ghost uttered the words "Give me your hand as a pledge." Then, and not till then, a slight twitching ran through his body. As if attracted by some magnetic power, he advanced and stretched out his hand, exhibiting at the words "Ah! what sudden chill is this?" the first deadly shudder. But, immediately afterwards, he drew himself up to his full height, and, looking, with cold, defiant, eye, at the Ghost which stood rigid before him, pronounced his three "No's!" and then, when the icy hand released him fell to the ground. In our opinion the performance was the grandest possible in its conception and rendering, and we have mentioned it here because it may, perhaps, serve as a guide to others.

H. E.

CARL FORMES has begun his new career as an actor at Würtzburg.

"ROSSINI," says the *Gazette Musicale*, "has changed his author's rights in *Guillaume Tell* on the occasion of its 500th performance."

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

The programme of Monday night's concert, the 23rd of the present season, was full of interest, and contained one special feature that alone would have sufficed to distinguish it. If the director of the Monday Popular Concerts had done nothing more than enable the great musical public of London to hear ten admirable performances of such a work as the Quintet for string instruments in G minor, one of the divinest compositions of "the divine Mozart," comparable to anything that exists in poetry, sculpture, architecture, or painting, one of those things, to imitate which, as Lord Byron said of something by Sir Walter Scott, would be impossible, seeing that they are "inimitable," he would have entitled himself to the gratitude of every true amateur. Well, the last of these ten performances on Monday—the players being MM. Joachim, L. Ries, H. Hargrove, Zerbini and Piatti—was the most irreproachable of all. Never has Herr Joachim played more finely; never has he created a deeper impression among an audience long accustomed to recognise in him the chief of living violinists. Signor Piatti too, claims equal praise as a solid support that alone would make even a tolerable quintet pass muster; but, combined with such an unparagoned "first fiddle," places it beyond the reach of criticism. Such playing stands in no need of the "coulee" (*scrbini*), which deaden rather than quicken the effect of the exquisite *adagio* and Herr Joachim—as Herr Manns did recently at the Crystal Palace, with the slow movement of Mozart's so-called "Jupiter" Symphony—might exercise his unquestioned and unquestionable authority in dispensing with this trick of the older time, which has nothing but age to sanctify it, which robs the instruments of all their brightness of tone and makes *chiaro-oscuro* impossible. It was a relief to hear the short *adagio*, leading to the joyous *rondo finale*, when the "mutes" were taken off from the fiddles.

At the end of the first part of the concert Herr Joachim played the sonata in A, from Handel's set of six sonatas for violin solo, which had already been introduced at the Monday Popular Concerts by Herr Ludwig Straus. The pianoforte accompaniment—not by Handel but, we believe, by Herr F. David, of Leipsic—was undertaken by Mr Charles Hallé. To this somewhat "rococo" cousin of the great master, which, if Mendelssohn's unpublished works are to be suppressed ought surely to be left to oblivion, Herr Joachim by his tone, style, and marvellous vigour of execution, imparted a charm altogether indefinable. Even to the last movement, which might have been written by Corelli the most twaddling of "Archangels," such incomparable playing gave significance, and the audience unanimously again for what really under any other circumstances, would not have been worth hearing twice, seeing that there are some fifty "figures," to say the least, by Bach, Handel and others, in which precisely the same turns and cadences are heard over and over again. Handel is said to have composed the six sonatas of which this is one for the private practice of a Prince of Wales, who was probably not an amateur of the stamp of Prince Ferdinand of Prussia, friend and patron of the recently (by Mr Chappell) too much neglected Dussek; and it may be taken for granted that the illustrious composer would not greatly have cared to hear them performed in public. But such playing as that of Herr Joachim can make anything pass muster; and no wonder that the audience were delighted with his ready acceptance of the "encore," and his repetition of the last movement in question—a "gigue" at the best.

The pianist was Mr Charles Hallé, who chose for solo the sonata in E flat from Beethoven's set of three sonatas, Op. 31, and who never, in our remembrance, has played more admirably. This gentleman's execution of the first and second movements was absolutely perfect; the *menuetto* and trio, marked "*moderato e grazioso*," we cannot but think he took too slow, and the *finale*, although marked "*presto e con fuoco*" too quick for the distinctness indispensable to proper effect; but the finished manner of Mr. Hallé's playing could hardly be surpassed and its merits were fully recognized by the audience with whom he is so greatly and deservedly popular. The sonata in E flat, a masterpiece of original fancy and contrivance, has for many years been one of his special favourites, and the oftener he plays it the better.

The last instrumental piece was Schubert's trio in E flat, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, a work full of genuine musical

beauty, but very unequal, and in some parts as feeble as in others it is strong. About this the programme quotes some singular rhapsodies from the *Gesammelte Schriften* of Robert Schumann, which it is to be hoped may not be mistaken for criticism. Of the two trios of Schubert Schumann says, that one is "masculine," and the other "feminine" (&c.). We do not pretend to understand the distinction, regard the trios under discussion, but are satisfied to recognize that both are beautiful in spite of their unequal workmanship. A time of sentimentalism in criticism seems to have arrived which threatens to upset the canons of art. This may possibly spring out of a very general feeling as to the barrenness of musical production in the present day; but we must beware of over-estimating even so undoubtedly gifted and attractive a genius as Schubert, who, though immeasurably richer in endowment, was as imperfectly trained a musician as Schumann himself. Critics need not be sentimental about Schubert; he can stand on his abstract merits. Art, after all, is of some importance, and its interests should be studiously cared for in all estimates of what relates to it. The trio, played to perfection by Mr Hallé, Herr Joachim, and Signor Piatti, kept a large majority of the audience in their seats to the end.

The singer was Mr Vernon Rigby, who gave the first air of Obadiah from *Elijah* (utterly misplaced at these secular concerts) and the well known "Serenade" of Schubert, and who has a very pleasing tenor voice.

The concert on Monday next will be more than usually interesting, two of its principal features being a grand sonata in B flat for pianoforte solo, and a grand sextet in D, for pianoforte and string instruments, by Mendelssohn, which have never before been heard in public, and which Madame Arabella Goddard will have the honour of playing for the first time. She will also play, with Herr Joachim, Mozart's Sonata in A. The concert will begin with the "Storm" quintet of Beethoven. Mr Sims Reeves is the singer.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD has returned to town, after giving "recitals" of classical pianoforte music at Derby and Warrington, and playing at a Monday Popular Concert in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester in which Herr Joachim, Signor Piatti, and Mr Sims Reeves also took part.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—At the Saturday Monday Popular Concert this afternoon Mozart's graceful *trio-divertimento* in D will be played by MM. Joachim, H. Blagrove, and Piatti; Madame Schumann, Mendelssohn's Klingemann Caprice No. 2 (in E), and the Kreutzer Sonata with Herr Joachim.

HERR LUDWIG STRAUS has returned from Germany, having recently played with great success at a Gewandhaus concert in Leipsic (Mendelssohn's violin concerto).

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.—The music this afternoon is exclusively sacred to magnificent programme winding up magnificently with the *Lobgesang* ("Hymn of Praise") of Mendelssohn.

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The Council, at their late meeting in the Lecture Room of St George's Hall, proceeded to elect a new member in place of Spencer Shelley, Esq. (the accomplished amateur violoncello player) who had resigned in consequence of his having taken up his residence near Exeter. There were two members of the Society proposed as members of the Council. After a division the choice was in favour of W. Pole, Esq., Mus. Doc., F.R.S., who, on the second balloting, was unanimously elected. Dr. Pole was lately Professor of Mathematics in the London University, and is one of the most scientific of modern civil engineers; he is also well known to musicians as an able, practical, and learned amateur. The members of the Council present were Professor Wylde, Mus. Doc., Herr Jonas, G. Brockelbank, Esq., Sig. Schira, Mr Joe Barnett, Sig. Lablache, Herr Ganz, F. Davison, Esq., Mr. John F. Barnett, Mr. W. G. Nicholls, and Mr. W. Beaver, Hon. Sec. The Council afterwards dined together. The following distinguished professional and amateur musicians have received invitations and dined with the Council during the last few months:—A. Manns, Esq. (Crystal Palace), Col. Mason (of the Birmingham Festival Committee), Dr. Edward Smith (of the Poor Law Board), German Reed, Esq., Ludwig Straus, Esq., Charles Sparrow, Esq. (amateur), Hector Brown, Esq. (amateur).—[*Dr. A. S. Sloan, having received no invitation, has not dined with the Council.*]

PROVINCIAL.

BRISTOL.—The *Daily Bristol Times and Mirror* of the 5th inst., with reference to a recent ballad concert given by Mr Sims Reeves, makes the following sensible remarks about encores:—

"There is no law of encores that we know of, with which our local public are acquainted; otherwise, we suppose, we should not have had that disorderly scene at the Colston Hall on Monday night, and which has become a subject of comment for correspondents. There is a story told of Colman, that being in company when a young gentleman was asked to sing, and the latter replying that he could not sing, and that they only wished to make a butt of him, the wit answered—'Oh no, my dear sir, we only want to get a *stave* out of you.' Perhaps the audience who on Monday evening persisted in calling on Mr Sims Reeves to repeat 'Deeper and deeper still,' and compelled him to come to the front and make a deprecatory bow to them than three times, would excuse their rudeness with the same reply—they only 'wanted to get a stave out of him;' but it is evident from this and other incidents that unless some tolerably clear understanding be come to as the subject of encores, the comfort and enjoyment of public concerts will be considerably interfered with.

We have no objection that people should insist upon having the worth of their money, but to insist upon having more than their money's worth is another thing; and when they pay to hear Mr Sims Reeves sing three times, and try to bully him into singing six times, it is very much as though they had paid for three bottles of wine and took the host by the collar because he had demurred to setting before them half a dozen for the same money. Nor does it alter the analogy to say that it costs the artist nothing for the additional song. It does cost him something. There is a limit to a man's vocal powers; and he may spend his voice as he spends his fortune, and when his voice is his fortune, he should not be prodigal with it any more than with his cash. Let any one reflect upon the hundreds of times Mr Reeves has to appear before the public, and then calculate what would be the result of those hundreds of times multiplied by six. We dare say there were many Irishmen amongst those who called loudly on the accomplished artist to repeat that most trying recitative from *Jephtha*, which he very properly refused to do; would any of them say it was reasonable to demand two articles in which they dealt for the price of one? Besides, this indiscriminate encoring (and encoring ought to be the rare exception and not the rule) is a hardship upon a large proportion of most audiences who having taken their tickets to hear a certain programme, have either to stay out of their beds to an unreasonable hour to go away without hearing the whole of the performances; for if the first half of the Evening reflection be true that singers have the fault of refusing to sing on being asked, the other half of it is equally true, that some will persist without any pressing at all in giving an encore of their melody than we want ('*infinis nunquam satiatur*'); and second and third-rate public singers are only too ready to repeat their performances on the slightest pretext, and thus that becomes an infliction which was usual to be a pleasure—an infliction which the practice of *encoring* draws upon us. On the whole we think Mr Sims Reeves has dealt fairly with his Bristol audiences, and his Bristol audiences ought to deal fairly with him; but if he is called upon to sing everything which is put down for him in a programme twice, and bullied for not doing so (as he was on Monday night), concerts at which he appears will resemble the dinner of the London alderman, who having asked six fellow-citizens to an entertainment and provided for them a leg of mutton and a piece of roast beef, doubled his company to a dozen and ordered his wife to provide 'two legs of mutton and two pieces of roast beef.' The audience at Colston's Hall wanted two 'Waters Parted,' two 'Deeper and deeper still' and two 'Tom Bowling.'

A great deal more might be said on the subject which first by accident been sufficiently ventilated; but we heartily assent to every word of the foregoing well-written article.

WORCESTER.—The second concert of the Festival Choral Society was given at the Music Hall on Friday evening the 28th ult., when Mendelssohn's oratorio, *St. Paul*, was performed—as the *Worcester Chronicle* pointedly observes—"*almost in its entirety*." The solo vocalists were—Miss Stable, daughter of the governor of Worcester Prison, who made her first appearance on this occasion; Master H. Wells, Messrs. Stayle, W. H. Dyson (of the Cathedral Choir), and T. Brandon, of Gloucester. The choruses, according to the local chronicle, were "remarkably *nice*, and evidenced great attention and careful training." "We noticed" says the same journal "a great many new faces on the treble side, and we have heard that the singing class, of which Mr Charles Jones is the instructor is now becoming very useful." Mr Done, as usual, conducted, and Mr A. J. Caldicott presided at the organ.—The

members of the Cathedral Choir gave a benefit concert at the Natural History Room on Tuesday week on behalf of Mr John Hodges, who, after several years service has received a more lucrative appointment at the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The concert took place under ecclesiastical and municipal patronage. The singers were—Masters H Wells, H. J. Brookes, Caldicott, and C Price, trebles; Messrs. J E Hodges and Clark, alos; Messrs. W Pugh, J Smith, and W M. Dyson, tenors; and Messrs. H Brookes, J H Price, and O. Millward, basses. "Since Mr Hodges has been a member of the Cathedral Choir" writes *Berrow's Worcester Journal*, "he has deservedly taken a foremost place amongst the exponents of sacred and secular vocalism, and his services have been frequently called into requisition both at public and private gatherings. A well trained singer in every respect, and possessed of considerably more than average ability. Mr Hodges, as an alto, will be much missed in Worcester, but with the excellent opportunity now before him it will be his own fault if he fails to make a yet further advance in his profession."

CHELTENHAM.—The annual performance of Welsh music, which for more than a generation has taken place in celebration of St. David's Day was given on Monday evening, the 2nd inst., in the Montpellier Rotunda. The gathering, viewed from a Welsh point of view, was a very important one. There was a band of some ten or twelve instruments, led by Mr Brotherton, who played an overture incorporating three or four Welsh airs and several Principality concoctions. The singers were—Miss Jane Williams, Miss Watts Miss C. Markelyne, Messrs. Cummings and Lewis Thomas. The vocal feature of the concert, however, was—as the *Cheltenham Looker On* teaches us—"a young maiden, announced by the name of 'Ehedydd Glyn-Nant' (the Lark of Neath Valley), who presented herself dressed in Welsh costume, and sang a charming little melody, entitled 'March y Melinydd' from Miss Jane Williams's *Ancient Airs of Gwent*." Of course, the Lark of Neath Valley had a tremendous encore. Mr Cummings had to repeat "The Maid of Llangollen," and Mr Lewis Thomas roused the enthusiasm of his audience in "The Harp of Wales" accompanied on the pianoforte by its composer, Mr Brinley Richards. Another great hit in the vocal music was made by Mr Leeds Thomas in a song entitled "Love's Fascination," founded on the old air of "Serch Hudol" accompanied on the harp by Mr John Thomas (Pencerdd Gwalia). Mr Lewis Thomas, who is a great favourite with the patrons of St. David's Day in Cheltenham had an uproarious reception. Mr Brinley Richards and Mr John Thomas played solos on their respective instruments, and were applauded to the echo. The audience, which consisted exclusively of the subscribers and their personal friends, included nearly all the Welsh residents and visitors from the Principality at present in Cheltenham.

BELFAST.—The Monday Popular Concert given in the Ulster Hall on the evening of March the 2nd attracted a very large audience. The band of the 28th regiment conducted by Mr Adolphe Hecker played Beethoven's overture to *Egmont*, a selection from the *Troubadour*, and some minor pieces. The singer was Madame Emmeline Cole, who was encored in the songs "Slumber and Dream" and the "Mermaid Song." The *Belfast News Letter* critically informs us that "Madame Emmeline Cole sang with much acceptance." Mr Alfred Collier played some pieces on the organ and was encored in the "March of the Israelites" from Mr Costa's *Eli*.

DUNDEE.—On Tuesday evening the 3rd inst., an entertainment of vocal and instrumental music, reading &c., was given at the Corn Hall by the members of the Young Men's Lyceum Society with the aid of some lady friends, and was patronized by a large audience. The management was in the hands of Mr J M Durrant, president of the society, and the programme included glees by Messrs. Roberts, Kitmar, Lowe, Cooper, and Sutton; solos by Miss Hipkin, and Messrs. Kitmar and Sutton; recitations by Messrs. Lowe, Yaxley, and Roberts; readings by the President and Messrs. E. Scott and H Cooper; "The fall of Wolsey" by Messrs. Durrant, Drake, Mayhew, Humphrey Gordon, and Brown; and a duet for the violin and piano by Mr. F and Miss Martin.

LONDON.—The usual penny readings were held on Tuesday March 7th in the public school room. The programme included readings by the Rev. W Runnington of Norton Subcourse, and Mr E Childs and Mr Towson, of Bungay; duets, trios and glees, by Mrs Ellis, Miss Milson, and Mr Childs, Mr Cattermole and Mr Millard, of Bungay; a solo on the piano, by Miss A Tibbenham, and selections by the Volunteer band.

DORCHESTER.—The fourth of a series of amateur concerts, organized by Mrs Corbett and Mrs R. Bourne, in aid of a fund for establishing a Working Man's Club at Bemingrove, took place last week. A well arranged programme of vocal and instrumental selections was admirably executed by the following ladies and gentlemen:—Mesdames Corbett, W Lee R Bourne, Roden and Dodd Misses B Alkyns, Wilberforce (two) and Arbuthnot, Revs J Hampton and V H. Aldham. The audience numbered upwards of 300.

LANCASTER.—The subscribers to the Lancaster Athenæum were favoured with a visit from Mrs John Macfarren on Monday evening week, when she gave "Pianoforte and Vocal Recital" ably assisted by Miss Robertine Henderson. The programme consisted of works of celebrated composers for the pianoforte, interspersed with anecdotes and suggestions. "Of Mrs. Macfarren as a pianist," says the *Lancaster Observer*, "we should say she stands at the head of her profession, and her rendering of the difficult compositions of the various great masters was indeed a very great treat. The duet in A flat and *presto* in C from Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words" and the *adagio* and *rondo*, from Beethoven's Sonata in C minor—"all performed," says the same journal, "in a truly masterly manner"—seem to have been the favourite pieces. Miss Robertine Henderson (as we also will believe) "sang charmingly and her share of the entertainment was in all respects satisfactory."

HAYDOCK (NEAR ST HELEN'S).—An association has been formed entitled the "Plain Song Union" the objects being "the promotion of the use of plain song in conjunction with the full ritual of the Church" and "the encouragement of greater reverence and devotion in divine worship." Mr R. M E. Warburton, of Arley Hall, Northwich, is the president, and Rev Cecil Wray, of Liverpool vice-president. The musical arrangements are under the direction of the precentor Rev. H. S. Bramah St James-the-Less, Liverpool. The choirs which have joined the union are—St. Mary, Arley St. James-the-Great, in Haydock, St. Martin and St. James-the-Less, Liverpool, St. Alban, Manchester; Holy Trinity, Bury St Thomas, Bedford Leigh; and St. Barnabas, Leeds. The first festival of the union will be held at Haydock, near St. Helen's, in May.

PISA.—The benefit of our popular *prima donna*, Amalia Colombo, took place on the evening of the 15th ult. The theatre was illuminated for the occasion by order of the directors, a compliment only offered to the most distinguished artists. The opera was *Ernani*, and the house was thronged. The cavatina, "Ernani tuonlami" was immensely applauded, and at the end of Act I Mdlle Colombo was recalled amid a shower of bouquets. After the opera she sang Ardit's famous valse, "Il Bacio" to such perfection that another shower of bouquets expressed the satisfaction of her hearers. Among the flowers were numerous poetical effusions, of which the following is a specimen:—

"AD AMALIA COLOMBO.

"Amalia, il tuo bel canto
Nel mio petto a mi ravviva l'alma;
Dell'armonia la calma
Teco ripete ogni corda e pianto,
Ritragga il sio dolce
Le dolci opere a i palchi
Il cuoio gioia, d'ardo a i lumi"

The orchestra played a piece written for the occasion by the *Maestro* Lovati, which pleased greatly, and, as a climax to the whole, Mdlle. Colombo gave the rondo from *Lucia di Lammermoor* which fairly enraptured the audience. The ballet of *Faniita* was also performed, with Coppini and Priora in the principal parts.—(*From a correspondent.*)

EDINBURGH.—The programme of the last Subscription Concert contained scenes from Herr R. Wagner's *Fliegender Holländer*, and Schumann's *Genoveva*.

PARIS.—Mad Viardot-Garcia has completed a fantastic opera entitled *Le Dernier Sorcier*.

New Philharmonic Society.—The second *soirée* came off on Tuesday to St. George's Hall before a fashionable assemblage. The performances began with a MS quartet in A, for string instruments, by Mr. James L. Summers very clever and containing many graceful, if not very new ideas. It is written with evident care and does its composer (a pupil of Mr. Macfarren's) infinite credit. The quartet received every justice from the executants—Messrs. Henry Holmes, Nicholas Mori, Barnett, and Paque. The first concerted piece was Schubert's Trio in B flat, successfully performed by Miss Mori, Mr. H. Holmes, and M. Paque. Miss Mori has a good touch and good expression which found ample means of display in the exuberant fancy and daring originality of Franz Schubert. The trio was loudly applauded. Spohr's "Duo Concertante" for harp and violin (Op. 14) concluded the first part. Mr. Aguilar's Trio in G minor opened the second part and though rather late in the evening was received with high favour, being, of course, thoroughly well played by the composer of the pianoforte in conjunction with Messrs. H. Holmes and Paque. Miss Adela Wheeler, pupil of Mr. Wylde, played Mendelssohn's Fantasia in F sharp minor (dedicated to Moscheles). She has a pliant finger and does little to real credit to her master. The singers were—Miss Fanny Holland, Miss Abbott, and Mr. George Calkin. Miss Holland, a young and rising vocalist, sang "Hidden Answer" remarkably well, and was loudly applauded. The grand dramatic air from Beethoven's *Fidelio*, requires indispensably an orchestral accompaniment. Miss Abbott sang unusually well "Do not wake me," one of the most graceful and charming songs of the prolific Sig. Schira (totally encored), and joined Miss Holland and Mr. George Calkin in Curschmann's trio, "Ti Prego." Mr. G. Brockelbank was director for the evening, and Mr. William Gane accompanist.—E. B.

Signor Tito Mattei's last Recital.—The third and last of these "recitals" came off on Thursday in the Hanover Square Rooms, before a very large assemblage of friends and admirers who loudly applauded every performance of the Italian pianist. Signor Mattei played his "Souvenir d'Italie" and "Grand March," afterwards a brilliant transcription "of The Bloom is on the Rye" ending the first part with Signor Li Calzi's Concerto in C minor (by desire) which last was accompanied by the composer himself on another pianoforte, which enhanced the effect of this clever composition. Signor T. Mattei in the second part, played his Grand Fantasia on airs from *Lucrezia Borgia*, and terminated the "recital" with a Grand Galop by Signor Li Calzi a showy specimen of the "modern pianoforte school" which was received with great favour by an audience unusually "demonstrative" in its marks of appreciation. In the instrumental parts of his programme the concert-giver was materially aided by Mr. Lazarus, who gave for the first time a new solo on airs from Mr. Costa's opera, *Malek-Adel* in that style which has won him a name long named by clarionet players. An so effective solo this new piece is likely to be sought by all amateurs and professors of the instrument. Mr. Lazarus also played, in conjunction with Signor Mattei Weber's Grand Sonata in E flat a genuine and admirable *concertante* duet. The singers were Miss Fanny Holland (a promising young artist) and Miss Poole. The former gave the late T. W. Wallstein's "Merry Blackbird" and a new ballad by Sig. Bevignani "To Him I gave my heart" (encored) the latter sang ballads by Balfe and Virginia Gabriel. Signor Li Calzi was conductor.—E. B.

The death of the Rev. Chauncey Hare Townsend is announced at Lausanne. Twenty five years ago he was a popular song writer. His "Fisherman's Bethan" (set to music by George Osborne) and other effusions were well known to musical amateurs of that period. He enjoyed to the last the friendship of the best men in literature and art. Of late he lived on the Continent, though possessing one of the most splendid mansions in Park Lane.

Nareissa.—After Easter and until September Mr. E. T. Smith lessee of the Lyceum Theatre will make *towards* in the provinces with Mr. Bandmann, accompanied by Miss Milly Palmer—who plays the heroine in *Narcissa*—and a lady of reputation specially engaged for Madame de Fonspadour. *Narcissa* will be produced in each town under the personal superintendence of Mr. Smith and his stage manager Mr. Friedlander who will take with them the scenery, dresses, and properties used in London.

Antwerp.—The Royal Society of Harmony gave a grand concert on Monday evening the 9th inst. Herr A. Rubinstein was the pianist, and Signor Agnesi (baritone from the Italian Opera, Paris, and formerly of Her Majesty's Theatre) the singer. The programme consisted of Mendelssohn's overture to *Athalie* Herr Oberthür's overture *Rubezahl* (second time of performance this season), a pianoforte concerto composed and played by Herr Rubinstein, pianoforte solos by Mozart, Handel, Bach, and Beethoven with other pieces by Field, Liszt, Chopin and Rubinstein, executed by the musician, and the baritone airs from Rossini's *Mosè in Egitto*, and Mozart's *Notte di Figaro* sung by Signor Agnesi. M. Alphonse Lemaire was conductor.

Wednesday Instruction.—Mr. Montem Smith lectured here on Tuesday on "The Popular Songs of our Grandfathers' Days," to a large auditory. The time comprised was from about 1760 to 1818. Mr. Smith referred to the various influences on the lyrical productions of that day to the gardens—Ranelagh and Vauxhall—and the theatres which, with the entertainments given by Dibdin, Beau Collins, and others, were the sources of the greater portion of the popular songs, one song which did not get into these channels standing little chance of success. The first illustration was "The Lass of Richmond Hill" which was long attributed to a certain Prince Regent, and from the tune of which Haydn is said to have borrowed the commencement of "The Heavens are telling." As a specimen of English Scotch, once so popular, Mr. Smith sang "Twas within a mile of Edinbo' town." He also gave examples of alexandrian songs, love songs, motet songs, carnival songs, comic songs, sea songs, and patriotic songs among others "The Flaxen headed Ploughboy" (Shield), "Hail away, you boys" (Tom Dibdin and Braham), "Poor Jo this Morning," "Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen" (written by Sheridan to an old English melody), "Come, kiss me, sad he," "Will Waddle," and "The light, little island" (written by the younger Dibdin to an adaptation of the "Roger's March"). In addition he sketched the state of music at the time and gave short notices intermixed with anecdotes of the composers of the period. It was matter for congratulation that in the general improvement in morals "professionals" had not been backward, among them "one who" "lent their brief hour" to open the stage for our entertainment were many who would do honour to any station however exalted. The lecture was well delivered, favourably received and frequently applauded. Mr. Smith sang all the songs accompanying himself on the pianoforte.—W.

Herr Mendelssohn Schulhoff's Pianoforte Recitals.—The third took place on Tuesday evening week and, like its predecessors, attracted a full and fashionable audience. A well varied programme contained the following pieces: Beethoven's Sonata in E flat, Op. 7, No. 4; Dussek's Sonata in A flat, "Plus Ultra," Op. 71, Weber's Polonaise in E flat, Op. 21; Mendelssohn's Caprice in A minor Op. 33; Preludes by Chopin, No. 17 A flat, and No. 19 E flat, Op. 28; Thalberg's Fantasia on *Mosè in Egitto* with Grenade, Op. 44 and "Danse des Sylphes," by Alfred Jaell. In this selection the fair pianist had abundant opportunity of exhibiting the versatility of her talent. We were most satisfied with Weber's Polonaise, Mendelssohn's Caprice, and Chopin's Preludes. But Mdlle. Schiller has powers equal to various styles, and in the sonatas by Beethoven and Dussek, she thoroughly gratified her most intelligent and attentive hearers. All her performances, in short, were successful, and each one found warm admirers. We need not repeat here what we have frequently affirmed, that Mdlle. Madeline Schiller's remarkable facility and genuine feeling place her in the front rank among foreign pianists resident in this country. Two vocal pieces sung by Mr. W. F. Shiring helped to enliven the programme. The fourth recital is announced to take place on Tuesday, March 17th for which—being St. Patrick's Day—we would suggest to the fair recitalist to introduce an Irish piece *apropos* to the occasion—say *par exemple*, Mr. Benedict's "Erin."

An organist is required for Trinity Church, St. Marylebone. For particulars see advertisement.

REVIEWS.

Pauline Valon. By Charles Coote Jun. [London: Hopwood & Crew.] We see very little in this valse to admire. The melodies are too ventional and commonplace but in that and other respects it is no worse than English waltzes in general.

Tis bliss indeed to watch thy smile. Song. Composed, and dedicated to Mrs. Page, by Barnett Richards. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

There is a good deal of merit in this song which deserves recognition. The melody is good and its structure as well as that of the accompaniment shows the handiwork of a musician. In the generally excellent character of the piece the words largely share. We can commend the song as one worthy of attention.

The Carnival of Venice. Arranged for the pianoforte by Barnett Richards. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

The lovers of this popular melody will be glad to have it so easily arranged by Mr. Richards, who has succeeded in making a sufficiently showy transcription without overtasking the powers of the average drawing-room pianist.

I must leave thee, bonnie Katie. Song. Written by F. S. Clarke. The music composed by Franz Abt. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

There may not be much of absolute novelty in this now popular ditty but the composer has treated his subject with such freshness and skill that its familiarity is scarcely noticeable. It is a long time since we met with a more charming song of the kind.

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Oh! give me wings to fly away. Song. Written by J. L. Lyons. Composed by W. F. Taylor. [London: Hopwood & Crew.]

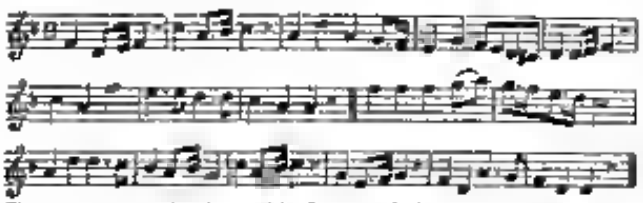
We wonder how it is that when the Christy Minstrels are not cracking stale jokes or breaking down they are wishing to be birds, or butterflies, or pathetically mourning the fate of some lonely child or doing something equally sentimental. The Rev. Mr. Rawes said in a smart way with regard to our (lamp)-black friends' entertainment that "the scent of the rose hangs round it still." We do not in the least know what he means, but, possibly, he has indicated the reason why wrong, and it will be discovered in time. In this instance the minstrel asks for wings to go "where the humming birds are singing where the sun shines bright, and the hearts are light, and the merry times are ringing." There is not the slightest objection to his having them, but he might utter his plaints in less dubious English than this:—

"I wonder there is hours of sleep
So real such vision seems;
I wake, alas! with breaking heart
To realize my beauteous dreams,
And wonder while I'm weeping
If the world holds a wind,
Will ever more waft me back
Where my heart is left behind."

The last four lines are superb. The melody is superior to most of its class.

The Monks March. Welsh Melody (No. 16 of "Recollections of Wales") Transcribed by Stanley Hirsmans. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

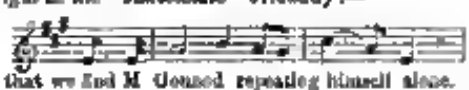
This old melody (which rejoiceth in the peculiarly Welsh name of "Ymdaith Mwnge") is so full of character that we are tempted to extract it:—



There is a sort of *coda* to this fine march in six-eight time which evidently belongs to a later period and is of doubtful origin. Mr. Richards has treated both with his usual success, and the result has pianoforte pieces of far more than common interest.

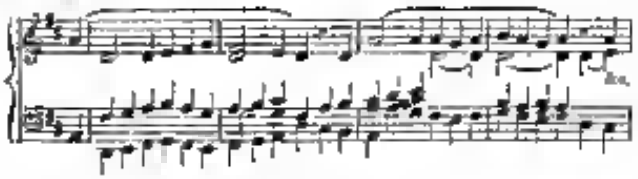
Fear the Herald. Dramatic song. Composed by Charles Gounod. [London: Duff & Stewart.]

This "musician of love," as he is sometimes called, is here dealing with a heroic subject of lofty purpose and daring aim. We cannot say that he sings in unfamiliar strains, because there is little in the work which does not suggest reminiscences. The first vocal phrase had its origin in the "Marseillaise" evidently:—



but after that we find M. Gounod repeating himself alone. This has been met with before we fancy:—

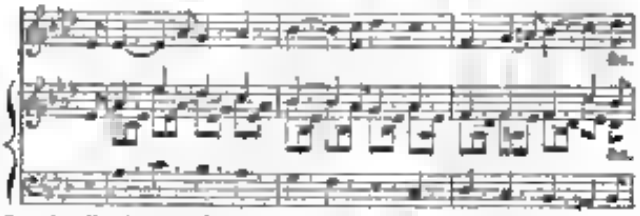
Hearing this three times repeated in different keys we recognize M. Gounod at once as we do, still more clearly in a *pedal* passage of twelve bars which follows. After the *pedal* comes a long *maestoso* scarcely less familiar as two or three bars will serve to show:—



This is such indubitable twaddle that it may be left to speak for itself.

The Lily. Song. Words by Colebrook. Music by G. Manton Kirg. [London: Cock, Addison & Co.]

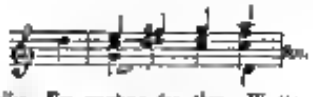
This may be called, without impropriety, a duet for voice and piano, inasmuch as the instrument frequently maintains an independent melody after the fashion indicated by the following extract:—



Occasionally the voice has a solo passage, but the distinguishing feature of the song is that just illustrated. We think it a fair work of its kind, and with a good accompanist as well as singer it would command favour. Here and there, as the above extract shows, the harmony wants re-touching.

On the Deep Blue Sea. Song. Words by Henry Wormald, Esq. Music by Gordon Saunders. [London: Duff & Stewart.]

A bold and vigorous song well suited to gentlemen who (sensibly) are fond of "the blue the fresh the ever free." Appropriately delivered it would produce a decided effect, notwithstanding that the second subject starts (after a full close in G major) in this dubious fashion:—



Phillis, dear Phillis, I'm waiting for thee. Written by Frank Green. Music by H. S. Thomson. [London: Hopwood & Crew.]

A ballad sung by the Christy Minstrels, for whose *répertoire* it is eminently adapted. The subject pictures a gallant musically inviting his "peerless young bride" to elope with him and sail away in a "light bark" that happens to be conveniently waiting. We are sorry to say the lady does not, as we wished, understand he the not very attractive or striking character of her lover's ditty.

Sabbath Day at Sea. Song. Words by Eneas Warren. The music by Joseph Philip Knight. [London: Metzler & Co.]

A song somewhat ambitious in style and structure but, on the whole, well carried out. We observe that it has been sung by Mr. Sawley (a whose hands it no doubt was highly effective. In those of an ordinary vocalist it may be that the monotony of treatment in the piece displays would tell against its success. The monotony alluded to is rather in spite of the words than because of them.

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Reserved Stalls in Double Lateral Blocks on y on the South side are issued at the Palace. For LA, LC, GD, KK at Three Guineas the Set, or 10s. single day, and for DD LL, WW, XX and YY at Two-and-a Half Guineas the Set or One Guinea single day, and for Unnumbered Reserved Seats in EE, II, etc, at One Guinea the Set or Seven Shillings and Six pence for a single day.

The Festival Committee desire to point out to intending visitors that the earlier the application the better the choice of seats. Letters by post, enclosing remittance, attended to.

Reserved Stalls for the Great Rehearsal Day (Friday 19th June), 10s. 6d. and 5s., may also be secured.

EXETER HALL.—Mr SANTLEY "WALPURGIS NIGHT" and "ACIS AND GALATEA," Wednesday March 25th, commence at Half past Seven. NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY. Conductor, Mr. G. W. MARTIN. Madame Sherrington, Madame Osborne Williams, Mr Leigh Wilson, Mr Kerr Gedge, and Mr Santley. Tickets 3s. 2s.; Numbered Stalls, 5s., 10s. 6d., 21s. Offices, 24 and 16, Exeter Hall.

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BY SPECIAL DESIRE.—PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. Conductor, Mr W. G. CUSINS.—SECOND CONCERT, Monday March 30th, Queen's Concert Room, Hanover Square. Reserved Seats, 10s. Lambert Cock, Addison, & Co., 63, New Bond Street.

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MISS MARIE STOCKEN will sing "THE SPRING" (by WELLINGTON GUERNEY) at her Ballad Concert at Westbourne Hall, April 3rd.

MISS MARIE STOCKEN will sing with Mr. FRANK ELMORE the popular Duet, "AN ALSATIAN" from OFFENBACH's "Lischen and Fischen" at her Ballad Concert at Westbourne Hall, April 3rd.

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MADAME D'ESTE FINLAYSON will sing at Messrs. Grandwood's Concert, Pimlico Rooms, Friday Evening, March 27th; St. George's Hall (West London Amateur Concert), April 3rd. Madame D'Este Finlayson is open to engagements every Tuesday and Friday Evening, with the exception of the above dates, during her engagement at the St. George's Opera-House.—Address Priory House, St. John's Wood.

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MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD'S BENEFIT AT THE MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS

(From the "Morning Post," March 16.)

The most significant event in the musical world since the production of Mendelssohn's splendid "Reformation Symphony" has been the first performance of two other MS. compositions by the same master, in the shape of a grand sonata for pianoforte alone, and a grand sextet for pianoforte, violin, two violas, violoncello, and contrabass. This occurred last night at St James's Hall, at one of those admirable Monday Popular Concerts the influence of which upon public taste cannot possibly be overestimated. The occasion was the benefit of Madame Arabella Goddard, an annual event invariably signalized by some incident or incidents of more than common interest. Last year it was the colossal and almost impossible sonata in B flat, Op. 106 of Beethoven, which it may be truthfully said was never performed before a vast mixed assembly till then, and with what brilliant success the attempt was crowned we recorded fully at the time. Now, it was the introduction of two important works from the *ne plus ultra* of a master every single bar of whose music ought to be and is, indeed, precious to English ears. It was Madame Arabella Goddard who first initiated the musical public into the manifold beauties of an unknown book of *Lieder ohne Worte*, and last night she followed this up by making them acquainted with a solo sonata and a concerted piece from the same pen.

We need not enter again into the vexed question about Mendelssohn's posthumous works. A stronger argument in favour of all of them without exception being published could not be urged than the warm reception accorded in succession to one after another of those which have appeared—a reception thoroughly warranted by their rare intrinsic merits. The two compositions heard for the first time at the Monday Popular Concerts are no more likely to lessen Mendelssohn's fame than the "Trumpet Overture," the "Reformation Symphony," or the charming pieces making up the 8th and newest book of "Songs without Words," which repeated performances by Madame Goddard, in town and country, have already made famous. The sonata in B flat major an inestimable contribution to the not too extensive catalogue of solo pianoforte music of a high class, is in all respects worthy to be associated with the sonata in E, the only composition by Mendelssohn in the same form that has been hitherto vouchsafed to the world. Considering that the former was written at the age of eighteen (in 1827—Mendelssohn was born in 1809), it adds another to those examples of genius and precocious talent which place its composer apart from ordinary humanity. It is in four *movements*, and contains a *scherzo* (in B flat minor), as piquant, fairy-like, and original as any of the marvellous family to which it belongs, and amateurs are aware that Mendelssohn invented a *scherzo* of his own and multiplied it in a hundred shapes, ever fresh and exciting. The first *allegro*, certain peculiarities in the conduct of which, as Mr Arthur Chappell's analytical programme remarks, show that in the course of its development the young composer must have been thinking of Beethoven's sonata, Op. 106 (in the same key), is full of vigorous life, the second theme being a fresh and tuneful *cantabile*, the fugue (on a new subject) which begins the second part, bold and masterly, and the whole symmetrically knit. The slow movement (or rather *andante quasi allegretto*) is a kind of "Song without Words"—a sweet and continuous melody, supported by an accompaniment as simple as it is graceful and exquisitely finished. The way in which, instead of coming to a close this movement glides by an unexpected transition from the key of E to that of B flat, a single note common to both being held on, through which the change of harmony is effected, is in itself a stroke of genius. By this means we are brought to the introduction of the last movement, an *allegro molto* full of energy, which immediately leads to the *finale allegro moderato*—a *finale* marked by equal learning, by grace and brilliancy, and particularly noticeable for the striking and original manner in which, after a succession of sweeping arpeggios, the theme of the *scherzo* is re-introduced. The contrast between the weird character of this theme and the sustained liveliness of what precedes and follows it is not merely the contrast between major and minor modes, which might have occurred to an ordinary composer, but something far deeper, something that only a poetical mind could have imagined and expressed. The sonata in B flat, in short, is a newly-discovered treasure, destined not merely to enrich the repertory of pianists, but the musical art itself, and we entirely agree with what the writer of the analytical programme says in summing up his brief account of it:—"If the sonata in B flat, written at the age of eighteen, can add nothing to the fame of its composer—and indeed it would be difficult for an early work to add to the fame of one who gave *St Paul*, the *Lobgesang*, *Elijah*, and so many other masterpieces, to the world—it assuredly will not detract from it. Moreover, it is highly interesting as a step in the development of his genius and the progress of his art-talent, besides containing passages that could only have come from the Mendelssohn whom all musicians reverence and love."

The sextet in D major is a still more singular example of precocity, having been composed in the year 1824, when Mendelssohn was scarcely fifteen; but as in the very same year we find, in the printed chronological catalogue of his labours, the wonderful quartet No. 3 (in B minor), for pianoforte and stringed instruments, it is not surprising to meet with another concerted piece of extraordinary merit even at this early period of his career. "As no more of this sextet is accessible," the programme tells us, "it was impossible to make an analysis;" and we shall not, after a single hearing, attempt what a writer whose special business it is to analyze the classical compositions produced at the Monday Popular Concerts, under the circumstances, declines. Enough that the sextet is on the same grand scale as the sonata, that it consists of four movements, that, as with the sonata, the theme of the *scherzo* re-appears in the *finale*, and that again like the sonata, the work was an unburied treasure of inestimable price.

We have said so much, as in duty bound, about the new—or rather, the hitherto unknown—works, that we have little space left to do justice to the merits of the accomplished lady who was the means of bringing them publicly forward and who showed no less discrimination in making them the principal features of her benefit concert than sympathetic genius in the absolutely perfect manner in which she interpreted them. We have often had occasion to speak in the very highest terms—terms, indeed, absolutely unqualified—of Madame Arabella Goddard's playing; but in no instance have we felt more thoroughly persuaded that she is the queen of her instrument. The conscientious labour she expends in familiarizing herself thoroughly with every new piece she undertakes is as much to be admired as that unrivalled fluency which makes everything sound easy under her fingers. But Madame Goddard is not satisfied with even the most faultless mechanical accuracy. Natural aptitude and excellent early training have made that with her an affair of only secondary importance, as readily does she acquire it in each new task she essays; what she chiefly strives at—and what imparts an indefinable charm to her performances, is the merging of herself wholly in the spirit of the composer whose music she is playing, and in this she succeeds to admiration. Never was it more emphatically shown than last night. We cannot go into details, but it will suffice to say that both the sonata and the sextet were executed so irreproachably that Mendelssohn himself had he been there to hear them, would have been more than satisfied. To cite a single example, we may specialize the *scherzo* of the sonata, one of the most difficult movements ever written for the pianoforte (*staccato*, *pianissimo* and *senza pedale* throughout) as among the most extraordinary exhibitions of unerring mechanism, accompanied by all those nice subtleties of accent and expression that lend an additional charm to such uncommon feats, to which we have ever listened from any executant upon any instrument.

In the sextet, Madame Goddard was admirably seconded by MM. Joachim, H. Blagrove, Zerbini, Piatti, and Reynolds, and the *ensemble* was all that could have been wished. The concert began with a magnificent performance of Beethoven's first quartet in C (the "Storm Quartet," as it is familiarly styled) with Herr Joachim as first violin and Signor Piatti as violoncello (each in his way incomparable) and ended with a no less irreproachable execution of Mozart's beautiful sonata for pianoforte and violin in A major by Madame Goddard and Herr Joachim, the Queen of Pianists finding a suitable consort in the King of Fiddlers.

Some vocal music, extremely well sung by that rising young tenor, Mr Rigby Vocon, agreeably varied the entertainment, and this was accompanied by Mr Benedict as only Mr Benedict

ma accompany. A more interesting programme has never been provided by Mr. Chappell, the intelligent and indefatigable director of the Monday Popular Concerts, and on no occasion do we remember seeing St. James's Hall more densely thronged in every part, or thronged by an audience of some notably distinguished people. But the "benefit" of Madame Arabella Goddard, now this time, as on previous occasions, was not merely a series of triumphs for herself, but a gala-night for her many enthusiastic admirers.

(*From the "Morning Star," March 9.*)

Last Monday's concert was given for the benefit of Madame Arabella Goddard, brightest and purest gem among pianoforte players, either in England or elsewhere. Of course the London public rallied round their favourite, and crowded St. James's Hall until not a foot of space was left either in balcony or area. The following programme of instrumental pieces was performed:—Quintet in C major (Beethoven). Sonata for pianoforte, in B flat (Mendelssohn). Sextet in D major (Mendelssohn). Sonata in A major for pianoforte and violin (Mozart).

Among the services which Madame Goddard has rendered to the frequenters of the Monday concerts, her many introductions of works wholly unknown, or at least unfamiliar to the majority of amateurs stand out with peculiar prominence, not only because she invariably shows herself to be the most trustworthy of interpreters, but because her unerring taste has so invariably led her to select for presentation pieces so completely interesting, whether by virtue of intrinsic merit or association—most commonly by both—that to gain acquaintance with them is a positive boon. Some of the works she brought forward have been completely beyond the capacities of even accomplished amateurs, as, for instance, the prodigious B flat sonata of Beethoven, Op. 106, which formed the grand feature of Madame Goddard's benefit concert last season, and the playing of which was sufficient to make people in general go home and shut up their pianos in despair; but more frequently the genial as well as great artist has chosen to stimulate rather than to dismay her hearers, and has made it her special mission to develop storm of musical treasures with which every diligent student may become practically intimate, although few can hope to make them absolutely their own, as she has done. It is only natural that an artist of the stamp should hasten to profit by the recent concessions which have given musical Europe fresh reasons for cherishing and revering the memory of Felix Mendelssohn, and that to her the English public should owe their introduction, three months since, to an additional book of the immortal *Lieder ohne Worte*, and last Monday evening to a hitherto quite unknown pianoforte sonata, which once heard, will speedily make its way wherever genuine disciples of the most lored of all great musicians exist. The sonata in question is a very early work, written in 1827, when Mendelssohn was eighteen years old, and apparently but little remembered afterwards, since no mention is made of it in the composer's musical correspondence. Three years before 1827, however, the composer of *Elijah* had written pieces which are still played and heard with delight, and it may therefore readily be believed that the sonata in B flat is a work which the most jealous guardians of Mendelssohn's fame are more than justified in giving to the world. The opening *allegro* is founded on a vigorous and very bright subject, worked out with infinite ingenuity, and the next movement, a *scherzo* in B flat minor marked *pianissimo* and *staccato* throughout, could only have come from the author of the fairy music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The *andante* is a brief exceedingly melodious episode in the work leading on to a very animated *finale*, where again the genius of Mendelssohn and none other, is distinctly recognizable, notwithstanding certain touches very properly characterized as "à la Weber." The whole was played in Madame Goddard's own best style, the *scherzo*, which is one of the most difficult pieces written by one who did not spare his performers, being a perfect marvel of delicately pure execution. The reception of the piece was highly enthusiastic, but Madame Goddard declined to accept or confer a single encore. The sextet in D for pianoforte, violin, two violas, violoncello, and double bass (played by Madame Goddard, Herr Joachim, Messrs. Blagrove, Zerbini, Reynolds, and Piatti) is a yet more remarkable instance of early creative genius, more, if the date (1824) affixed to it be correct, it was written at the age of fifteen. Like the sonata, it was now first performed before a public audience, and also, like that work, it will assuredly be cherished as the *bonne bouche* of future concerts side by side with the early trios and octet of the same composer. The piano share of the work is at once the most trying and interesting, especially in the last very brilliant movement, and that it was sustained with a vigour, taste and precision beyond praise may be well imagined; while that the gentleman above named supported the fair and skilled pianist with care and zeal the most willing and perfect, may be equally taken for granted. A rapturous zeal followed the conclusion of the piece. Beethoven's superb quintet, with Messrs. Joachim, Ries, Blagrove, and Piatti as executants, again excited a *furore* of admiration, and almost everybody stayed to hear the Mozart sonata given by Madame Goddard and the prince of fiddlers. Thus the success of the concert was of the most thoroughgoing kind, notwithstanding that Mr. Sims Reeves could not appear, and that Mr. Vernon Rigby, a tasteful and sweet-voiced singer of Italian music, had to supply the vocal work at a short notice.

(*From the "Daily Telegraph."*)

Although we cannot attempt to keep pace with Mr. Chappell in his unceasing production of noteworthy music, we must not, on the other hand, allow last Monday's concert to pass by without some recognition, however scant. It was for the benefit of Madame Arabella Goddard, and the occasion was signalized by the first performance in public of two some of Mendelssohn's hitherto jealously guarded works. They consisted of a pianoforte sonata and a sextet for piano and strings. The sonata dates from the year 1827 and, as the production of a youth of eighteen, it is simply a wonder. It is true that the octet in E flat was written when Mendelssohn was still younger but the one miracle does not make the other phenomenon less marvellous. It is remarkable that the *scherzo* in this juvenile work is a most characteristic example of a movement which, in this particular style, owes its origin to Mendelssohn. The very elegant *andante* flows without any break into the final *allegro*, and the course of this vigorously conducted movement is once arrested by a highly effective episode, resembling the theme of the *scherzo*. It would be idle as well as rash to speculate on the position which the sonata will hold in the list of Mendelssohn's works, and indeed, our immediate business is rather with the actual performance of Monday. We have, unhappily no new words of praise for Madame Arabella Goddard, and yet the seemed on Monday to merit more eulogy than has ever yet been bestowed upon her. She must have laboured with extraordinary diligence at her task, for the completely unfamiliar work came so freely to her fingers as though it had been one old friend "The Harmonious Blacksmith." All the very finest qualities of her playing were chiefly conspicuous in the *scherzo*, where delicacy of touch was combined with rapidity of execution to a degree which we have never heard equalled. The effect was as though the keys were touched by feathers instead of fingers. In the sextet the pianist's mastery was equally remarkable: the first movement giving ample opportunities for the display of mechanical proficiency. In both works we hope to have a very speedy opportunity of recurring. They will, doubtless, be repeated by Mr. Chappell at the first opportunity. It may suffice for the present to say that the sextet, written at the early age of fifteen, is throughout full of interest and beauty, and that MM. Joachim, Blagrove, Zerbini, Reynolds, and Piatti co-operated with Madame Goddard to effect a perfect performance. The other pieces consisted of Beethoven's quintet in C major, Op. 29, and Mozart's deliciously exhilarating sonata in A, No. 17, for pianoforte and violin, played by Madame Arabella Goddard and Herr Joachim. Mr. Vernon Rigby, who appeared in lieu of Mr. Sims Reeves, was much and deservedly applauded in both his songs. Although the first Philharmonic concert might be supposed to take away many of Mr. Chappell's habitues, St. James's Hall was crowded to excess, not a vacant space being anywhere perceptible. There is no doubt that the Monday Concerts are "truly" popular.

GRANADA.—The principal members of the Italian operatic company from the Teatro del Principe Alfonso, Malaga, are about to give some performances at the Teatro Principal of this city.

REMINISCENCES OF ROBERT SCHUMANN.

(*Continued from page 164.*)

He was never in the habit of staying late at the *Kneipe**—why should we not use this classic word?—and so far at least as my observations extended, left always before ten o'clock and struck, and went straight home. He frequently quitted the place as if at the word of command, all in a hurry, and without bidding anyone good night. That on such occasions, "something may have got into his head," is probably true, but not in the vulgar acceptation of the phrase. He had not taken too much, but he had music in his brain, and hurried home to write down his ideas so that he might not forget them. It was well known and settled fact that, after leaving the tavern of an evening, he frequently composed, and this no drunkard can do. One of the absurd fables popular among dilettanti is that Mozart and other masters produced works of genius when they were tipsy.

Having touched upon the subject, I may as well at once declare that all the gossiping reports, both verbal and printed, about Schumann's love of drink, and consequent fits of intoxication, are, mere foolish and unprincipled stories, if not something worse, malicious calumnies. It is true that I never so far degraded myself as to make inquiries of the waiters at the beer cellars he frequented, as to how many pints of beer Schumann consumed; but still I hardly believe that anyone ever saw him drunk, or even only slightly elevated, at any rate, during my intercourse of seven years with him. I never saw him in that state, nor did his older and more intimate friends at Leipsic, who met him nearly every day.

He felt a natural necessity for drinking more than certain quantities of the tea-table, but then he could stand it, and he must have known very exactly how much he could stand, for I repeat, no one ever saw him drunk, and the supposition that his mental disease was brought on by too large a consumption of spirituous drinks is somewhat too audacious. Schumann made it a rule never to go into a beer or wine shop in the morning, and if he once or twice made an exception, he must have had some very special reason. Yet it was a very general custom in Leipsic to visit the beerhouse *before dinner*, and, in certain places, you might meet literary men, musicians, and actors, such as Carl Herlossohn, Stegmayr, the conductor, Lortzing, Baudius, etc., over their cups of a morning. Spirits I never saw Schumann take, and when that talented and amiable Dutchman Verhulst called for gin, the customary liquor in his own country, Schumann always felt somewhat surprised how anyone could drink such stuff.† On the other hand, however, he had nothing to say against champagne; he was fond, too, of *good* hock, but even in the consumption of this he was moderate, and I do not think that anyone ever saw him overstep the bounds of moderation.

I thought that with the above paragraph, I should have brought these articles to a conclusion, but

> "Wie der Mond sich hinterhend drängt,
> Durch den dunklen Wolkenflor
> Also taucht aus alter Zeiten
> Mir ein lichtes Bild empor"

sings Heinrich Heine, and when I attempt to concentrate my reminiscences of Schumann, new bright pictures are conjured up, and I am compelled to continue.

I am constantly thinking of the little room with its one window, in the red house next the Publishers' Exchange, where Schumann resided and composed in 1837 and 1838. It has sunk into my memory so deeply as that quiet room in my father's house, in Old Prussia, where I dreamed away the period of my youth—I could draw them both. Schumann's room looked towards that part of the promenade which encircled old Leipsic, where there were more trees and herbs than anywhere else; next it was a larger room with two windows. The latter belonged probably to his set of chambers, for not a sound was ever heard in it. The place was so quiet and cosy, that, when the trees rustled before the window, you might have fancied yourself transported to one of those solitary castles situated far away in the forest, and which Joseph von Eichendorff in his wondrous romances, describes as seen glistening in the red sunset or dawn. On looking out of the little window, the panes of which were nearly touched by the boughs of the nearest bushes when agitated by the wind, and beneath which there was neither road nor footpath, you would never believe you were in the heart of populous commercial Leipsic. The discovery and choice of the lodging for Robert Schumann were two of the many things done for him by his friend, De Reuter, who preceded him to the grave, and it must be allowed that, considering his character and way of life, it would have been impossible to find a more fitting retreat for the genial composer.

Before the window, which was at a rather considerable height than the floor, there was upon a step, so it is called, a table with an ink stand and a thing to hang a watch on. A most charming miniature of a girl's face, full of intelligence, leaned, too, against the inkstand where Schumann's watch, which he used to wear on a hair chain, hung. I never liked to ask him whom the portrait represented, and whether the original had any connection with the hair chain. Though the little room boasted of only one window, it was long and broad enough to hold a grand piano, and against the opposite wall, through which a door led into the next room, a sofa with the table thereto appertaining. The piano was old and jangling; it may have come from his father's or it may have accompanied him to Heidelberg and he did not wish to separate himself from his companion in hours he could never forget. He appeared, moreover, to like playing upon it, at least, it was on this instrument that I heard him play me and others all I ever did hear him play, though it was not much. They were compositions of his own, pieces from the "Kinderscenen," the "Novelletten," and "Kreuleriana." I remember, too, one evening that I went to say good bye, as I was obliged to leave, hearing him play a piece just written down—the notes, in ultramarine ink, were still wet—and which I never heard or saw afterwards. It was very short, filling only one page of music paper, and was wild and exciting in character. He played it through twice in succession. I was greatly pleased with it and enquired whether it belonged to the "Kreuleriana." He uttered the word "Macbeth" then, taking up his hat, accompanied me to the Post in the *Fleucher Strasse*, opposite to where the tavern of the Great Coffee Tree stood.

If I am not mistaken, his biographer has attempted to describe minutely his style of playing the piano, but his playing was indescribable. He moved his fingers, which did not look at all flexible, with anxious rapidity, as though a number of ants were crawling about over the key-board, but he played his own things—I never heard him play any others—in a wild, up, sketchy manner almost without any interpunctuation or accent, and with an extravagant use of both pedals. We must not, however, look upon this as evidence of want of taste; he employed the pedals thus freely to render as *effective* as possible the very *defective* piano. He knew very well how the piano ought to be played, but it was a deeply rooted trait in his character to treat all technical and corporal labour *à la* Pelham.

This reminds me of the following joke, which is genuinely Schumannian. Herr Klemm, the music publisher of Leipsic, had agreed to publish my little male quartet, "Du Kiefer Knaben," and paid me a whole *ducat* for it! Schumann heard of the fact, and, when we met, said to me, in his laconic way, and without any preface:

"*A ducat?*"

I answered in the affirmative.

"Dead for a ducat! THREE *Kiefer knaben!* and dead for *one* ducat! I will add two," he said, laughing rather sardonically and loudly.

A short time afterwards, I went to see him at his chambers. In answer to my ring a servant girl opened the door of the entrance hall, leading to his room and one or two others. On seeing me, she said:

"The Doctor is not at home."

As I was turning quickly to go away, she called out after me:

"I beg your pardon, but are you Herr Dreyhn, from Berlin?"

I said I was.

"Then perhaps you will be so good as to take the money which the Doctor has left here." With these words she advanced to the table in the middle of the hall. On it lay two ducats with Schumann's card. On the latter was scratched in pencil, "Two more

* *Kneipe* is especially a students' term and means "tavern," "boozing ken." It is somewhat vulgar.—TRANSLATOR.

† Does not the author mean "Hollands," not "Gin?"—TRANSLATOR.

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cockchafers.'* I put the two gold cockchafers in my pocket, and when, an hour later, I met at the *table d'hote* of the Hôtel de Bavière, Schumann with Walter von Goethe and Sterndale Bennett, who was then stopping in Leipsic, I begged him to take back the money. He refused, and said laughingly, 'You have written for my paper more than a year. It's wretched pay very wretched. However we'll make it all right some day!'"

At dinner a comical incident occurred, which kept Schumann in good spirits for some time. Next to Walter von Goethe was seated an elfish, imposing very well-to-do-looking gentleman, who, leaning his little neighbour with the brown eyebrows so often addressed by the name of Goethe, suddenly turned round and enquired whether by chance he was connected with his Excellency, Herr von Goethe, who died six years ago, and was Grand Ducal minister of Saxe Weimar? Walter von Goethe replied that he was a grandson of the great poet. 'You don't say so!' exclaimed the stately gentleman. 'Then allow me to tell you the *Faust* of your late respected grandfather afforded me peculiar satisfaction, that it did!'

Herr von Goethe bowed, and turned to us, somewhat embarrassed and hardly knowing how to take the matter. Schumann smiled, and looked down on his plate; and I bit my napkin, while Bennett, who could not have seized the comic character of this incident, because he was not sufficiently conversant with German, emptied unconcernedly his glass of porter. As we were going out after dinner Schumann turning to Walter von Goethe, whom he liked and distinguished said with a humorous look: 'Will you be so kind as to tell me the name of that piece by your late respected grandfather for which the late Herr von Beethoven composed such splendid music?'

I remember having been asked on various occasions what were Schumann's political opinions. The only answer I could make at the time, and the only answer I can make now, is that he read the *Augsburger allgemeine Zeitung* regularly, and, like hundreds of others, set to music Nicolaus Becker's song:

"Sie sollen ihn nicht haben
Den freien deutschen Rhein."

With regard to Schumann's relations with the fair sex there is less to tell than concerning his political opinions. There is not even, as in Beethoven's case, a fabulous Countess: his oldest and most intimate friends knew nothing of this kind about him. He was not sensual, but, in the fullest acceptation of the words, a man of a chaste mind. I have no doubt, however, he was exposed to many temptations.

Here we must, at least for the present, conclude our notice of the deceased master. I say *for the present*, because I cling to the hope that I may still recover a parcel of letters (more than fifty) which I received in the course of seven years from Schumann, and which were lost and lost, by the way, a long time ago. Among them there were a great many of an editorial nature, but there were a few very valuable ones. I particularly remember one most precious letter full of all an artist's delight, and which I received after the first performance of his Symphony in B flat major. If I could print that letter and some others, Schumann's friends and admirers would thank me. H. T.

* "*Käfer*" signifies "cockchafer."

SALZBURG.—The Town Museum which like the Mozarteum possesses a collection of relics belonging to the great composer of *Don Juan*, has recently received a valuable addition to its treasures. Herr Mühlecker has presented Herr Sass, the director of the Museum a French pocket-almanac which it is said the young Wolfgang A. Mozart had given as a present on his eight's birthday. Such, at least, is the conclusion to be drawn from a note, written in his father's handwriting, on the first page, and running word for word as follows: "The almanac was received by Wolfgangerl on the evening of the 26th January from the Countess of Eyck, who, though well on the 25th at noon when we spoke to her was attacked, in the night of the 25th to the 26th, with vomiting of blood, and died on the 5th February at 7 o'clock in the evening and NB. was buried on the 7th after 7 o'clock in the evening." On the second page is the following inscription in a female hand: "I remain as ever your true friend," the German word "*Freundin*," being misspelt "*Freundsin*." On the title page we read: "*Etrennes Mignonnes pour l'An Bissextil de mare Imprimer 1764 à Liège chez Everard Kint Imprimeur du Très Illustre Chapitre Cathedral.*"

THE OPERA AT ST. PETERSBURG.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

SIR,—The short and brilliant season of the Italian Opera, from the end of November till the beginning of February of this year, will be long remembered at St. Petersburg. In my former letter to you, Mr. Editor, I described that the Italian Opera had been declining here, and the house at the representations half empty, and I offered two remedies to mend these matters—viz. to curtail the season from five months to three or two months only and to reproduce old and good operas. My advice has been followed by the directors of the theatre; the season lasted only two and a half months, and among the revived operas were *Don Giovanni*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Les Huguenots*, and *Norma*. The directors could not repent of this change, because all expenses were covered. The singers engaged were Mdlles. Pauline Lucca and Galetti, Madames Volpini, Giovannoni, Fiorelli, Trebelli-Bettini, and Marenzi; Signors Mario, Calzolari, Fancelli, Graziani, Gasser, Angelini, Zucchini, and Tagliafico. The chief triumphs were achieved by Mdlle. Lucca, who was admired, presented with costly presents and showered with flowers. Madames Trebelli and Volpini produced also a tremendous success. Signor Mario, who appeared again after seventeen years of absence, was nervous at the beginning of the season, but in *La Favorita*, *Rullo* in *Maschere*, and especially in *Les Huguenots* he was so grand and in such splendid voice that his former nervousness was forgotten and there was no end of recalling him to the footlights. The operas performed were *I Puritani*, *Il Barbiere*, *Bruni*, *Faust*, *La Favorita*, *Mitha*, *Il Trovatore*, *L'Africaine*, *Don Pasquale*, *Don Giovanni*, *Norma*, *Rullo* in *Maschere*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Les Huguenots* and *Crispino e la Comare*. Three new operas were promised, of which only an absurd and immoral one, Ricci's *Crispino e la Comare* was produced; the other two, Gluck's *Orpheo* and Verdi's *Don Carlos*, were left for the season to come. *Don Giovanni* made a great hit here this year thanks to Mdlle. Lucca as Zerline, Madame Volpini as Donna Elvira, Madame Giovannoni as Donna Anna, Signor Zucchini as Leporello, and Signor Tagliafico as Masetto, who all acquitted themselves admirably. I wish I could say the same about the other artists who appeared in the same opera; but, unhappily, it was a mistake to give the chief part of the opera not to Signor Gasser but to Signor Graziani, who was very feeble both histrionically and vocally. Signor Calzolari as Don Ottavio, thought that Mozart's music was not good enough, so he embellished "Il mio tesoro" profusely with fioritures, and by this spoiled all the simple beauty of this air. The rest of the operas, *Norma* excepted, were very efficiently performed.

The artists engaged for next season are the following: Mdlle. Adelina Patti, Mdlle. Fachee, Lucca, Madame Antonietta Fricci, Madame Volpini, and Madame Trebelli-Bettini; Signors Mario, Fraschini, Calzolari, Neri Baraldi, Graziani, Gasser, Angelini, and Zucchini. With such a splendid list of singers all the places at the theatre are sure to be subscribed for, as they were last season; only the non-subscriber here will be the worse for it. Last season there were about ten extra nights for non-subscribers, but very few of them could get tickets at the box office of the theatre, because ticket sellers found it more convenient and profitable to sell them beforehand to box keepers and other attendants of the theatre, who in their turn sold them three and sometimes four times dearer than original price. C. G.

St. Petersburg, 26th February (9th March), 1868.

MILAN.—Mr. Alberto Laurenzo, the baritone, has been singing very successfully at the Carcano. He especially distinguished himself in *Il Trovatore* and the third act of *Torquato Tasso*. He was also much praised for his rendering of a romance "La Stella confidente," by Col. Roland.

FLORENCE.—Signor Giaddini's new opera, *Romanziele* has been successfully produced at the Pergola.

SMYRNA.—Meyerbeer's *Africaine* has been produced and enthusiastically received.

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BEETHOVEN'S SYMPHONY IN A.

Poco sostenuto; Vivace.
Allegretto.
Presto. Assai meno presto.
Finale. Allegro con brio.

This Symphony was written in the early part of the year 1812, the original manuscript, in the possession of Herr Paul Mendelssohn, of Berlin the brother of the composer bearing the autograph date 13th May. Four years had elapsed since the production of the 5th and 6th symphonies (the C minor and Pastoral), an interval for which Beethoven recompensed himself by achieving, in the space of some six months, another pair of Colossi—namely this and the 8th symphonies (the latter dated October 1812), which, however, except in the fact that they are colossal, and are the offspring of his mighty mind, have nothing in common with each other or with those that preceded them. Thayer's researches, embodied in his accurate and interesting work, indispensable to the Beethoven student, *Chronologisches Verzeichniss der Werke Beethovens*, give no support to the doubt expressed by Berlioz in his interesting remarks on this symphony that it was composed as early as the Eroica. On the contrary, they fix it definitely to the date above-named. It is interesting to know also that the Grand Pianoforte Trio in B flat (Op. 97), though not published till after the 7th and 8th symphonies, and therefore now bored after them, was really composed a year before them—namely, in March, 1811.

I can find no warrant for another statement by M. Berlioz in one of his clever *feuilletons*, that the *Vivace* of the symphony was written three times over before it satisfied its author. The rumour may have originated in Beethoven's habit of writing and re-writing his themes and passages in his sketch-books which contain the most curious and abundant evidence of his severity towards the offspring of his brain, whom he would sacrifice again and again, wasting and altering times without number till he was completely satisfied. But he usually confined this process to his sketch-books, and except in the *Leonora* overtures I remember no instance of his making two complete scores of the same work. Certainly no second version of any movement of this one is known.

The Symphony in A remained for a year and a half in manuscript and unheard. It was first performed at the Grosse Redouten-Saale in Vienna on the 8th December 1813, at a concert for the benefit of the soldiers wounded at the battle of Hanau, where the Austrian and Bavarian armies endeavoured to cut off Napoleon a retreat from Leipsic. Much enthusiasm was felt in Vienna on the subject of the concert and every one was eager to lend a helping hand. Besides conducting the performance in person, Beethoven contributed two new works to the programme, the "Battle Symphony" and that now before us. The orchestra presented an unusual appearance, many of the duke being occupied by the most famous musicians and composers of the day. Spohr and Mayseder played among the violins, Meyerbeer and Hummel had the drums, and Moscheles the cymbals. Even Beethoven's old adversary Kapellmeister Salieri, was there among the players. There was a black-haired, thick set, short-sighted lad of fifteen in Vienna at that time named Franz Schubert, who had finished his first symphony only six weeks* before, and we may depend upon it that he was somewhere in the room, though at that time too insignificant to be mentioned in any of the accounts. The performance, says Spohr, was "quite masterly" the slow movement was encored and the success of the concert extraordinary. Beethoven was so much gratified as to write a letter of thanks to all the performers. The concert was repeated on the 12th December, and the symphony was played again more than once before the 27th of the following March when it was performed together with its twin brother No. 8. The two were published together at the close of the year 1816.

This is too only one of his nine symphonies for which Beethoven chose the key of A. Indeed it is his only great orchestral work in that key. Mozart, too, would seem to have avoided this key for orchestral compositions, and of his forty-nine symphonies only two being in A. Of nine symphonies of Schubert, and five of Schumann (including the "Overture, Scherzo, and Finale"), not one is in that key. But, on the other hand, compare Mendelssohn, of whose four published symphonies, one (the Scotch) is in A minor, another (the Italian) in A major. Beethoven's other important compositions in A are the so-called Kreutzer Sonata,† the fine and poetical Pianoforte Sonata, Op. 101 and the posthumous Quartet, Op. 132, but it must be admitted that if nothing but the symphony had ever been written in that key, that alone would have been sufficient to immortalize it.

In form the seventh symphony varies little from the accepted model on which the Eroica and B flat symphonies are formed. In the *Scherzo* alone is there any obvious variation, though that itself some importance as having probably given rise to a still further departure from precedent adopted by Schumann and Mendelssohn. I allude to the repetition of the trio, which is twice played instead of once as in the former symphonies, and which no doubt led to the practice of having two trios, as in Schumann's B flat and C major symphonies and in Mendelssohn's recently published "Cornelius March." This innovation increases the length of the movement to nearly double what it would have been under the original plan. Here, and in the eighth only, has Beethoven substituted an *allegretto* for the usual *Andante* or *larghetto*, but, beyond the name, the two *allegrettos* have no likeness whatever.—Strange, the strength and variety of this prodigious genius! Of his nine symphonies, not only is the general character of each quite different from that of any of the others so that it is impossible to confuse the Eroica with No. 7 or No. 4 with No. 8, or the first and second, not only this, but each of the four movements, which compose each entire symphony, is entirely and absolutely distinct from all the other eight corresponding movements which form part of the others. The symphonies of Mozart and of Haydn have not only a family likeness of stature, cast of countenance, general bearing of the whole person, but even between the separate features of each there is a strong similarity that makes it difficult to keep them apart, clear and distinct, in the recollection. The slow movements of the G minor and Jupiter Symphonies of Mozart, or his minuets in the same and the E flat Symphony, will afford an instance of what I mean. Their general character is so similar that it requires some little consideration to disentangle them one from the other. But in Beethoven's monuments who ever experienced any difficulty of the kind? The minuets of the first, second, fourth and eighth symphonies, or the *scherzos* of the Eroica, the C minor, the seventh and the Choral, are all as individual and distinct as if they were written in different measure, and different *tempo*, and different form instead of being, so far as these particulars are concerned all cast in one mould. And so in like manner with all the other movements. Each *allegro*, each *andante*, and each *finale* stands forth in one's memory with a living individuality which makes it impossible to confound it with any other. In this, as in some other respects, the only comparison with which I can compare Beethoven is Shakspere. Let any non-musical reader (inclined, perhaps to be sceptical at what I have said) think of the radical difference between *Othello* and *Hamlet*, *King John* and *King Lear*, *Twelfth Night* and *Much Ado about Nothing*, *The Tempest* and the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and further between Desdemona and Imogen, Miranda and Cordelia, Lance and Touchstone and he will realize my meaning better than if I were to write a volume.

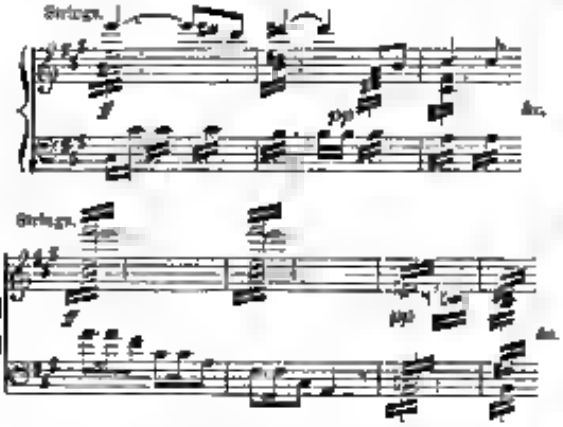
The symphony opens with an introduction *poco sostenuto*, far surpassing in its dimensions, as well as in breadth and grandeur of style, those of the first, second, or fourth symphonies, the only others of the immortal nine which exhibit that feature. This introduction is a wonderfully grand and impressive movement, and resembles a vast and stately portico or hall leading to the great galleries, corridors, and apartments of a noble palace. The transition from the introduction to the "first movement" proper the *Vivace*, by an E forty-eight times repeated and echoed backwards and forwards, between the flutes and oboes and the violins—a passage now listened to with delight as one of the most characteristic in the whole work—was for a long time a great stumbling-block to the reception of the symphony both in London and Paris. The *Vivace* itself, into which the truly daring and original passage just alluded to leads, is a movement of wonderful fire and audacity. The principal theme, in its character and in the frequent employment of the oboe, has a quasi-rustic air, but there is nothing rustic about the way in which it is treated and developed; on the contrary, it is not surpassed in dignity, variety, and richness, by any of Beethoven's first movements.

It is difficult as well as presumptuous to compare masterpieces so full of beauty and strength, and differing so completely in their character as do the nine symphonies of Beethoven; but if any one quality may be said to distinguish that now before us, whose all its qualities are so great, it is perhaps, that it is the most romantic of the nine, by which I mean that it is full of swift, unexpected changes and contrasts, which excite the imagination in the highest degree, and whirl it suddenly into new and strange regions. In this respect the C minor perhaps most equally resembles it. But I venture to think that the surprises that. There are some places in this *Vivace* whose sudden change occurs from *fortissimo* to *pianissimo*, which have an effect unknown to one elsewhere. A sudden change from *ff* to *pp* in the full hurry and swing of a movement is a favourite device of Beethoven's, and it always

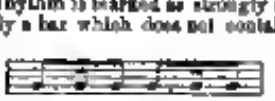
* The manuscript of Schubert's first symphony in D, in possession of Dr Schneider of Vienna, bears the inscription, "Der 28te Oct. 813. Finis et Fine," at the end of the last movement.

† On the cover of one of Beethoven's sketch books (lettered E) in the Royal Library at Berlin I find in his own writing a variation of the title of the Kreutzer Sonata, which appears hitherto to have escaped notice—"Sonata multo in un stile brillante quasi come d'un concerto," "brillante" being scratched through, and "molto concertante" written above it.

highly effective, but here the change from loud to soft is accompanied by a simultaneous change in harmony, or by an interruption of the figure, or a bold leap from the top to the bottom of the scale—producing the most surprising and irresistible effect. I quote two of the passages referred to—

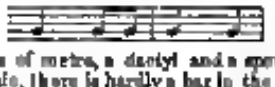


This *Finale* is full of these sudden effects, and they give it a distinct character from that of the opening movements of any of the other symphonies. The rhythm is marked as strongly as possible throughout. There is hardly a bar which does not contain its two groups of dotted triplets,—

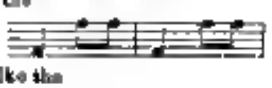


varied and treated in the most astonishingly free and bold manner.

Not less strongly marked or less persistent to the march of the *Allegretto*, which is all built upon the following rhythm,—



or, to use the terms of metre, a dactyl and a spondee, a dactyl and a spondee. Here, again, there is hardly a bar in the movement in which the perpetual stroke of the rhythm is not heard, and yet the feeling of monotony never intrudes itself. It is full of melancholy beauties—the vague soft chord in the wind instruments with which it begins and ends; the incessant beat of the rhythmical subject just spoken of; the lovely second melody, which, beginning in the tenors as a mere subordinate accompaniment, becomes after awhile the principal theme of the orchestra. But the most striking of all is the passage where the clarinets come in with a fresh melody, the key changing at the same time from A minor to A major, and the effect being exactly like a sudden gleam of sunshine. During this truly heavenly melody, however, the bass, with a kind of "grim repose," keeps up inexorably the rhythm with which the



movement started, like the

> "One fatal remembrance, one sorrow which throws
> Its black shade alike on our joys and our woes,"

of the poet. No wonder that this *Allegretto* was encored at the first performance of the symphony, or that it was for long the only movement of Beethoven that could be endured in Paris.

The third movement—*Presto*, and *scen mere presto*—(not entitled *Scherzo* and *Trio*) contains a passage for the horns, which is as original and impressive as anything else of Beethoven's, if not even more so. The electrical return to the theme of the *Scherzo*, after the passage alluded to, will not fail to be noticed. The extension given in this movement by the repetition of a bar has already been spoken of. Both the *Allegretto* and the *Scherzo* partake of the romantic character of the first movement, though from different causes.

Nor is the *Finale* less full of fiery genius and effect than the others or less characteristic of its author, though it is wanting in those sudden "romantic" changes which (as I have with much diffidence attempted to show) distinguish the first movement. It reflects rather the prodigious force and energy and the grim rough humorous aspect of Beethoven's abrupt and harsh in his outward manner and speech. In the preceding movements this outward harshness but rarely appears. Force and vigour they exhibit in every bar, but it is rather the general nature of the man, his command of beauty—that well-spring of loveliness and grace which lay deep beneath his exterior—and his sense of awe and mystery that distinguish them. In the *Finale* however, his more obvious external characteristics have their sway. "Beethoven," says Spohr, "was often a little hard—not to say raw in his ways; but he carried a kindly eye under his bushy eyebrows." It is this side of his character which appears to me to be reflected by this *Finale*.

These wonderful works—the nine symphonies of Beethoven—the youngest of which is nearly fifty years old, are as fresh as the day they were written. Every time they are played they seem to become more youthful, more free from obscurity, fuller of meaning and beauty, and more secure against the attacks of time and fashion, like the great statues of antiquity, and like a few (a very few) pictures of more modern date, they appear destined to last as long as the human race itself.

But it is well to remember that these great works were not always so loved and appreciated, but have had to work their way through misunderstanding and cold neglect, as all great things always will. Even so eminent a musician as Weber received this very symphony with the following words:—"The extravagances of this great genius have at length reached their climax, and Beethoven is now ripe for a madhouse." The particular passage which excited this unlucky author's, occurs near the end of the *Finale*, where the basses repeat this figure—

not less than eleven times over—a departure from precedent which was enough to pounce the mind of one of the most romantic composers in the world to the romantic changes and contrasts of the rest of the movement now so delightful to us. It is a lesson worth remembering, that the innovations of one age are the settled laws of the next.—[G.]

The Excise System.—We must have that excise system adjusted by law. It is becoming a prosecution and an outrage. Its injustice, one would think, might be comprehended in a commercial country. But a shopkeeper who would very properly call you a knave and fool, if you tried to get ten shillings's worth of goods out of him for the price of five, has no hesitation in demanding two twenty guinea songs for the price of which he is promised one. I see that Mr Sims Reeves has been insulted by a Bristol audience because he refused to go twice through a tremendously trying air from an oratorio. He was perfectly right, and the Bristolians who sought to make him do double work would be angry at being called fraudulent, but what else were they? Oh! it is a compliment. Suppose however that a singer does not take it as a compliment, but as an inconsiderate and distressing thing to be obliged to do double work, does not vulgar talk kick him. It is very unfair to an artist that a rule should not be laid down and adhered to; and Mr Sims Reeves appears to me to deserve all credit for his plucky resisting a tyrannical imposition. The only excuse for a greedy audience is that while artists are making their way upwards they think that it does them good to be "nightly encored;" and an encore is taken on the slightest provocation, not always without a suspicion that agents of the artist have asked for it. This low system acts to the injury of first class performers who have never stooped to aught of the kind. Something might be done by a line in the bill to the effect that any person persisting in a re-demand will be held a disturber of the audience and removed.—SMALLER BUSINESS (in *Illustrated London News*.)

Weimar.—Herr Carl Eberwein formerly Grand Ducal *Musik-Director*, died at the Grand Ducal Inviting been born in 1781. At the time of his death he was in the enjoyment of a pension. He was an excellent violinist and an exceedingly safe conductor. He was very intimate with Goethe, at one musical parties he directed for a long period. His music to Goethe's *Faust* has kept possession of the stage here till the present day, and his popular setting of Heine's *Pennore* has done the same. His operas *Der Graf von Gleichen*, and *Die Hexenchen* have however long been forgotten. In addition to the above he composed a large number of vocal and instrumental pieces, but only a very few were ever printed.

Paris.—M. Offenbach's *Grande Duchesse* has been produced, and proved a hit.—At the National Theatre Herr Adolberg's new grand opera *Frinja* has just been performed for the first time. It is to be produced some time next month. Frinja, which was performed, a short time ago, with divided success, at the Gewandhaus, Leipsic.

Gorizia.—A new romantic music opera entitled *Die Sonet Johannes-Nacht* (sunset by Herr Ellert has made a most favourable impression. The book is founded on Zschokke's novel *Der todte Gast*.—M. Offenbach's *Verlobung bei der Laterne* has had a triumphant run.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 21st, 1868.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUINTET in B flat, Op. 87 (entire) Violins (two Violins, and Violoncello—MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Hermann Blagrove, Zerbini, and Piatti) ... *Mendelssohn.*

SONG, "Dalla sua pace"—Mr Vernon Rigby ... *Mozart.*

SONATA in C sharp minor Op. 27, No. 2 (the Moonlight), for Pianoforte alone (by desire)—Madame Schumann ... *Beethoven.*

PART II.

BARCAROLLE and SCHERZO, for Violin with Pianoforte Accompaniment—Herr Joachim ... *Spohr.*

SONGS { "Through the night my songs adjure thee" ... *Schubert.* "Dreaming" ... *Schumann.*

Mr Vernon Rigby

TRIO, in E flat Op. 70, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—Madame Schumann, MM Joachim and Piatti ... *Beethoven.*

Conductor—Mr. Benedict

MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 23rd, 1868.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET in A minor, Op. 132, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Hermann Blagrove, and Piatti ... *Beethoven.*

SONG, "Ave Maria"—Miss Cecilia Westbrook ... *Schubert.*

SONATA in D major Op. 10, No. 3, for Pianoforte alone—Mr. Charles Halle ... *Beethoven.*

PART II.

SONATA "Il trillo del Diavolo," for Violin with Pianoforte Accompaniment—Herr Joachim ... *Tartini.*

SONG "The Violet"—Miss Cecilia Westbrook ... *Mozart.*

FANTASIA in C major Op. 159, for Pianoforte and Violin (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts)—Mr Charles Halle and Herr Joachim ... *Schubert.*

Conductor—Mr Benedict

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr Tolhurst's letter has been forwarded to our reporter.

Notice.

The review of the first Philharmonic Concert, and other articles of interest owing to press of space, are unavoidably postponed till our next number.

To Advertisers.—The *Office of* The Musical World *is at the Rooms* Duncan Davison & Co's, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Eleven o'clock A.M. on Fridays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1868.

FORGOTTEN TEACHERS.

I. FRANCESCO FOGGIA.*

THE celebrated and prominent personages in the history of art have furnished matter for such frequent and varied discussion, that it seems worse than carrying coals to Newcastle for any one to think of again trying his pen, or his critical scalpel on them. Yet people are for ever doing so. It is at least a subject of astonishment to our new authors exert themselves to discover some little fact that has not been sufficiently ventilated; how they expend the powers of immense scholarship to prove that all the authors before themselves were wrong because—for instance—they placed the day on which the great man was born twenty-four hours too soon or twenty-four hours too late. The proof that X the godfather was not a fat jolly baker, but a spare and highly respectable tailor fills a page and three quarters of print, and is conducted with as much zeal and care as though the history of the world depended on it.

Unfortunately, it is not all people who can boast of such deep scholarship, and consequently it is not every one who can come with such weighty discussions before that portion of the public which entertains a love for art and takes an interest in its history. Such poor creatures must be contented to walk modestly very far in the wake of the great initiative discoverers we have mentioned, just as the small planets lately brought within our ken appear to the eye stars of only the twelfth or still less magnitude. To such poor creatures belongs the author of these slight sketches, which have no other aim than that of directing attention to a few men who have disappeared and been forgotten, who in our works on musical history hardly figure even by name, and yet who played an important part, less, it is true, by what they wrote than by what they did. No one is born a master, says the proverb; everything requires practice, especially art. The greatest geniuses were themselves once beginners, and courageously performed the duties of apprentices; but the men who opened the path for them, who, if necessary, beat into them the golden rules of art, are never commemorated; their reputation which, in their own time, was, perhaps, far the greater, has paled only too quickly before the sun of their famous pupils; they have sunk down and are forgotten.

The darkness of oblivion is, naturally, more impenetrable the farther we go back into the Past. Who now knows the masters of Palestrina, Durante, Leo, and others? Some of them are entirely forgotten, and yet it would be simply an act of pious duty to think sometimes of these true and indefatigable men, who brought Art her most sublime disciples. There are Francesco Foggia, Bernardo Nanini, Romano Michali, Pasquale Fasari, Paolo Agostini, and many, many others! Who knows them? Who ever mentions them? Yet we often make all sorts of fuss with individuals of small, say, of the smallest, mind belonging to the Present and the Future, who have never benefited art a single rush.

Among these forgotten teachers Francesco Foggia is one of the most eminent. His was the time when the disciples of art were often taken in hand as mere children by their masters, to be educated for their vocation. His was the time, too, when art was taught once for its own sake than merely for the sake of a livelihood; then Foggia begged some a talented boy from his parents, and kept him for years in his own house, and made a thorough musician of him. Such a boy had not, of course, to trouble himself about anything but his art; his teacher cared for nothing else,

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung.*

because the world cared for nothing else. It is, therefore, not at all surprising that students who had scarcely attained the age of youth were celebrated composers, and perfect masters of counterpoint. At the present day, we require certainly somewhat too much from a musician for him entirely to sacrifice his general education to his art, and probably no one will regret such being the case.

The student was, at that period, brought up in his master's house, and with his master's family, and, if he did not disappoint expectation, soon became an integral part of that family. We might, for instance, mention a whole series of cases in which an eminent scholar became his master's son in law, and eventually even succeeded him in his office. We should have to include Foggia in such a series. He was born in the Roman territory. As to the exact whereabouts, the chronicle is silent. While still a child, he was placed as a pupil with Antonio Cifra, chapelmaster of Loretto and of St. John Lateran. Cifra, who held the last-named post about 1620, was distinguished for the extraordinary fertility of his talent. Foggia cannot, however, have been under him long, for we find him continued shortly afterwards as a pupil of Bernardo Nanini, chapelmaster in the church of S. Luigi dei Francesi, and S. Lorenzo in Damaso. His son-in-law, Paolo Agostini, took an especial liking to the promising boy. Agostini was chapelmaster at the Vatican, and one of the cleverest composer of his time. Though not the inventor of music for more than one choir, he was one of the first who composed for 16, 24, and 48 voices, with 4, 6 and 12 choirs. His contemporaries admired him greatly, and, as a proof of the special favour in which he stood with high and low, it is related that, having entered the church while a twelve-choir mass of Agostini's composition was being performed, Pope Urban VIII. stopped short, listened with the profoundest satisfaction, and, at the conclusion, nodded very graciously to the composer.

Under the guidance of such a master the talented boy grew up very soon into an eminent musician, and while still very young left Italy to accept an invitation he had received to visit Germany. The numerous small courts of the latter country competed with each other in the 17th century in sending, sometimes at considerable expense, for singers and musicians from Italy. Even the German musicians educated in Italy were not (of course) as highly esteemed as native Italians. These regularly enjoyed the privilege of being musicians, no other persons were really trusted. Foggia went to the Court of Ferdinand Maximilian, Elector of Cologne. But he did not remain long, for he shortly afterwards transferred his quarters to the Court of the Duke of Bavaria. As early as the end of the 16th century, the princes of Bavaria assumed a prominent position among the patrons of art, and, as we all know, they have most honourably distinguished themselves as such down to the present day. At the expiration of the 16th century, indeed, we find that Bavaria was the centre of German music, and it is indisputable that Duke Wilhelm V. in his time rendered the greatest service to music and musicians. He possessed a very fine musical library, and kept up an admirable chapel, at the head of which was the greatest of all Netherlanders, Orlandus Lassus. It was the same prince who, by his high-minded liberality, procured the great Palestrina that quiet of heart and soul which he so much needed to work out his Hymns.

A composer of Foggia's importance and capabilities was naturally very welcome at such a court. He remained there many years, but could not at last resist the yearning for his own sunny native land, and, after sojourning a short time with the Arch Duke Leopold of Austria, returned to Italy, never again to quit it.

The best places were open to a man of such celebrity. Foggia was appointed chapelmaster of the cathedral churches of Narni and Monte Fiascone in Rome, of S. Maria of Aguero, and S. Maria in Trastevere. After his marriage with the daughter of his master Agostini, he gradually succeeded to that musician's appointments. In 1630, he was nominated chapelmaster at St. John Lateran's. After staying there twenty-five years, he went to the church of S. Lorenzo in Damaso, and, at last, to the principal church, S. Maria Maggiore. He performed the duties of his place here about ten years, and died, at the beginning of 1688 in his eighty third year. Of his works, only a few have come down to us in a printed form, though it is said that there are many MSS. of his in the archives of Rome. His chief merit, however, consists in what he did as a teacher, in the fact of his having served to direct the course of some excellent musicians and professors, whose number was very great.

(To be continued.)

TO DR. ABRAHAM SADOKE SILENT.

SIR,—Also see *Punch* article, called "The Encore Thief" this week. How are you? Where can I get the *Sepulchre?*—H. M.

"We have been much gratified with the promise of talent exhibited in the Sonnets of J. W. D."—*Examiner*, March 30, 1868.

It is thus J. W. D. should fulfil this promise.

HORACE MAYHEW.

To Sutherland Edwards, Esq.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD gave a "Recital of Classical Pianoforte Music" on Thursday night at Southsea.

HERR REICHARDT has returned to town.

SIGNOR ARDITI, accompanied by Mr. Jarrett, is in Paris, on business connected with Her Majesty's Opera.

MR. GYE and Mr. A. HARRIS have been in Paris during the last week. Mr Gye's prospectus, it is expected, will be issued to-day.

SIGNOR SCHIRA.—We are happy to inform our readers that Signor Schira, the eminent composer, has almost entirely recovered from the effects of his late accident.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.—The symphony to-day is Beethoven's "Pastoral." A new pianist from Vienna, Mdlle. Skiwa, is to play Hummel's concerto in A minor.

THE FIRST PERFORMANCE at Her Majesty's Opera in Drury Lane Theatre takes place on Saturday. The opera chosen is *Lucrezia Borgia*, with Mdlle. Tietjens as Lucrezia, Mr Santley as Alfonso, Madame Trebelli-Bettini as Maffeo Orsini, and Sig. Fraschini (Mr Lumley's famous "*tenore della maledizione*" in 1847, the first year of the Covent Garden opposition) as Gennaro.

EXETER HALL.—Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night* will be performed for the first time in Exeter Hall on Wednesday, the 25th, by the National Choral Society, under the direction of Mr. G. W. Martin. Mr Santley will take the part of the Druid Priest. The band and chorus will number 700. The *Walpurgis* is one of the gifted composer's greatest works. Handel's *Acis and Galatea* will form the second part of the concert, Mr. Santley singing, "O redder than the cherry."

ORGAN APPOINTMENT.—Mr. Henry Lister has been appointed organist to the Parish Church, Greenwich.

MADRID.—Sig. Bottesini has appeared at the Teatro Real and produced a most favourable impression. His first performance consisted of a Fantasia on a Motive from *La Sonnambula*, and "Le Carnaval de Venise"—*Masoniello* has been produced at the same theatre, the principal artists being Signors Soulert, Rossi, Signori Tamberlick, Palermi, Selva, and Padovani. The celebrated music artist, Señor Ferri, furnished five new scenes. Signora Galletti made her first appearance this season, in *La Favorita*.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.—At the fourth Subscription Concert, Herr Joachim played with great success a Violin Concerto by Herr Bruchsen in addition to that by Beethoven. Among the other pieces performed were Symphony in D major Mozart, "Gesang der Geister über den Wassern," Ferdinand Hiller, and Overture to *Olympia*, Spontini.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The programme on Saturday afternoon consisted exclusively of sacred music, as may be seen below:—

First-Overture	Nicolai.
Air "Rejoice greatly" (*Messiah*)	Handel.
Air "His salvation is nigh them that fear Him" (*Woman of Samaria*)	Sterndale Bennett.
Air, "Jerusalem" (*St. Paul*)	Mendelssohn
Sinfonia-cantata (*Hymn of Praise*)	Mendelssohn

The *first-overture*, by the late Otto Nicolai, composer of the opera known on our Italian stage as *Falstaff* (*The Merry Wives of Windsor*), is built upon the same popular Lutheran *chorale* which Mendelssohn has so nobly treated in his "Reformation Symphony"—"Ein Festeburg ist unser Gott." Nicolai—whose overture is written for orchestra, chorus, and organ—has handled the *chorale* in a very different manner from Mendelssohn, and it must be owned that at the best he has made a pedantic and dry piece of work of it. The style of the overture is fugued from beginning to end, but less interesting fugal writing could scarcely be named. The leading theme of the fugue is singularly trite, and there is scarcely one really interesting point in its development. The tune of the *chorale* is courteously made prominent, but with a monotony of effect that each time makes its musing on less and less exciting. Though the general execution was good—first-rate, indeed—we cannot believe that any one present was sorry when the last sonorous chord proclaimed that all was over. What charm such a work may possess for Mr. Manns we are unable to guess, certainly it exercised no charm whatever upon his audience. Handel's florid air was sung with fluency and in good style by Miss Sophie Vinta, a young English lady, who has recently been acquiring all that Italy has now to teach in the way of the vocal art, who has a pleasing and capable soprano voice, and who promises to become an acquisition to our concert rooms. Miss Vinta was warmly applauded, as was also Mr. W. H. Cummings for his admirably finished and expressive delivery of the air from Professor Sterndale Bennett's sacred cantata, *The Woman of Samaria*, which lately in Italy is made still more attractive by the original and ingenious accompaniment for three violoncellos and oboe—an accompaniment played in such perfection by the members of the orchestra to whom it was allotted that we regret their names were not inserted in the programme, as that due credit might have been given to each individually. About Mdlle. Carola's manner of singing "Jerusalem," the "angelic" admonition from Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, we have nothing to add to what was said on a late occasion. It was as well-considered and emphatic as before.

But the grand feature of this concert of sacred music was the very fine performance of Mendelssohn's magnificent *Hymn of Praise*, which showed an improvement on the part of the newly-established Crystal Palace Choir, from which great things may reasonably be expected. To single out one point or two—we have seldom heard the stupendous chorus, "The night is departing," the superbly treated *chorale*, "Let all men praise the Lord," which immediately succeeds it, or the grand final chorus, with its glorious preamble, "Ye nations, offer to the Lord glory and might," and its splendid climax, "All that has life and breath sing to the Lord," more uniformly well given. The solo vocal parts were also most efficiently sustained by Mdlle. Carola, Miss Sophie Vinta, and Mr. Cummings, upon the last of whom devolved the intensely dramatic recitative "We called through the darkness, 'Watchman, will the night soon pass?'" and the air, "He roundeth all your sorrows" upon the first the solo (with the semi-chorus), "Praise then the Lord, O my spirit," which has something akin to the "Jerusalem" in *St. Paul*. The melodious duet (with chorus) "I waited for the Lord" was extremely well sung by the two ladies, and not less so the duet separating the *chorale* from the final chorus ("My song shall always be Thy mercy")—which has a strong flavour of Mozart—by Mdlle. Carola and Mr. Cummings. The orchestra was admirable from first to last, and such a performance of the introductory orchestral movements, from the "*maestoso con moto*" (the imposing theme which both opens and closes the cantata) to the serenely beautiful "*adagio religioso*," was heard as might have been anticipated from such a band of instrumental players and such a conductor as Mr. Manns. One movement especially, the speakingly plaintive "*allegretto ma poco agitato*," has never been more delicately, and in all respects irreproachably executed in our remembrance. The applause at the end from one of the most crowded audiences we have seen in the Crystal Palace concert room, was hearty and unanimous.

This was also the occasion of what may be styled the *début* of a new organ, built expressly for the concert-room by Mr. J. W. Walker, an instrument about the qualities of which the experience of a single hearing does not justify an offering a decided opinion, but which derived every advantage from the practised manipulation of Mr. J. Coward as organist who has long been officially attached to the Crystal Palace.

At the concert to-day we are promised the "Pastoral Symphony" of Beethoven, Mendelssohn's overture, *Heloise*, a new overture in D minor by Herr Ferdinand Hiller, of Cologne, and Hummel's concerto in A minor (pianoforte and orchestra), for the first appearance of Mdlle. Constance Skwa, a young pianist, who comes to us with a high reputation from Vienna. Nothing is neglected by those who direct the musical affairs of the Crystal Palace that may tend to vary the interest and sustain the well-earned repute of their "Saturday Concerts."

PROVINCIAL.

Warrington.—The *Warrington Guardian* of March 14 referring to Mr. Oakden's fourth Subscription Concert, chiefly devoted to classical pianoforte music, played by Madame Arabella Goddard, says:—

"Madame Arabella Goddard appeared for the first time before a Warrington audience on Wednesday evening last. She is a pianist at once finished and versatile—understanding her music thoroughly and performing it with subtle delicacy and refinement, and where necessary with remarkable brilliancy and vigour. Her easy grace, and purity and elegance of style form a marked and most favourable contrast to the wild acrobatic feats of the modern hammer and tongs schools of pianists. She performed on one of Messrs. Broadwood and Sons' concert grand pianofortes and she made it sing throughout as few pianos but Broadwoods can be made to do. She did not rattle it to rags before the end of the concert, as we have seen done by players whom we have heard others praise and that highly. In her last piece every note was as pure and true in tone as in the first. The programme contained a charming variety of high class music, and Madame Goddard's unaffected and masterly rendering of every one of her pieces was listened to with evident delight by a large and highly appreciative audience. To the lovers of high class music it must have been no ordinary pleasure to hear Mozart's Sonata in B flat, No. 9 and Beethoven's Grand Pastoral Sonata in D—interpreted as they were on Wednesday evening. Weber's well known *Invitation à la Valse* was also given with infinite spirit and brilliancy, but perhaps the gem of the evening were the selections from the posthumous volume of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*. These were quite new to us in Warrington. The *Andante* in C major is especially beautiful, exhibiting a rare combination of majesty and grace. The *Tarantella* in C major, also very pretty, was repeated in answer to an enthusiastic encore. It would be wrong not to particularise Thalberg's admirable *fantasia* on the *prophète* from *Meyerbeer*, the stately rhythm of which was given with fine effect. Madame Goddard also performed the "Harmonious Blacksmith" in answer to an encore to the last movement of the Pastoral Sonata. Miss Edmonds is a favourite of Warrington. Her voice is not of much volume, but she uses it with taste and skill. She sang her songs with effect, especially those of Blondel and Gounod, into which she infused much intelligent feeling. Being encored, she gave to the intellectuals of the upper house "Gin a body meet a body," a Scotch song which for some reason seems to be a favourite with public singers. Mr. Oakden has in this concert brought to a close his series for the present season, and we cannot but express the hope that the pecuniary result has been such as to amply measure to remunerate him for the enterprise he has shown in catering so admirably for the musical enjoyment of his patrons, and also to induce him to persevere in future seasons in his praiseworthy exertions to place before the public of Warrington such performances as may tend to improve and elevate their musical taste."

This, we believe, was the first occasion on which a "Pianoforte Recital" was ever given at Warrington. Its success, the character of the music considered, was highly creditable to the Warringtonians.

Norwich.—The *Norfolk Chronicle* informs us that Dr. Buck of Norwich has composed a Commemoration Anthem, which was sung on Sunday afternoon to commemorate the return of a dignitary to the cathedral after a long absence, caused by an accident.

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THE HANDEL TRIENNIAL FESTIVAL.

Century perhaps, in the expectations of many but to the undiminished satisfaction of all, the Handel Festival, which spread a halo of glory round the year 1865, will not be recorded in history as the last of those unparalleled celebrations for which the lovers of sacred music in general, and of Handel's sacred music in particular, are indebted to the authorities at the Crystal Palace, and still more immediately to the directors of the Sacred Harmonic Society, without whose co-operation and that of Mr Costa, the distinguished conductor of their concerts, nothing of the sort would have been practicable. We are to have a fifth Handel Festival this summer—and a little book setting forth all particulars of the arrangements already decided on has just been issued from Exeter Hall by Mr Robert K. Bowley, general manager of the Crystal Palace. The festival of 1857 was but an experiment, and that of 1859 was merely intended to commemorate the centenary of Handel's death. The enormous improvement, however, in the performances of 1859 when compared with those of 1857, encouraged the promoters to make another attempt in 1862, the memorable year of the second International Exhibition, and further progress was then so unanimously recognised, and success was so complete, that the idea began to be entertained and was ultimately adopted, of getting up a Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace once every three years, so that the Festival now in preparation will be the third of his "great triennials.

That such honour should be paid to a man who, though by birth a Saxon, is universally regarded among us as the first of English musicians, can surprise no one who bears in mind the truth that the people of England, with all the latitude allowed to sectarianism, are unanimously and before all a people in whom a cherished belief in revealed religion is unalterably fixed, and that the influence of Handel's music, more than anything else in art, has been enormous in upbuilding and strengthening to a certain manner the national faith. The French and Germans, like ourselves, have choral societies in almost every town where a sufficient number of willing amateurs can be periodically gathered together; but their practice is essentially different from ours. Whereas the mass of Germans, operatives or otherwise, who club together for such purposes, devote their leisure to the study and performance of songs of the *Liedertafel*, and the mass of French who style themselves generally "*Orphéonistes*" lay the greatest part to the most trivial kind of secular part-songs (of which specimens were presented some years since at the Crystal Palace) the mass of Englishmen and Englishwomen, similarly bent, are mainly taken up with sacred music—with that of Handel more than any other, with that of Mendelssohn in the next degree, and so on. Thus in England the relaxation and delight afforded by the cultivation of a beautiful art keeps incessantly before the mind the tenets of religious faith; for the words and the music must inevitably go together, and the words in all important instances are either textually borrowed from, or at least founded upon, the words of Holy Writ. "I know that my Redeemer liveth" is a perpetual song of praise; "For unto us a child is born" a perpetual moral of religious exaltation, and "Hallelujah" a perpetual anthem of glorification and thanksgiving throughout the length and breadth of the land. For these and very many more such we have to thank Handel, who gave them to us nearly a century and a quarter back, and in whom they seem as genuine inspirations—for not otherwise could they wear that guise of perpetual freshness which places them apart, as in their kind unique and unapproachable. Let honour, then, be paid to the man who was not merely a giant in his art, but who made his art the zealous handmaid of religion, the man who bequeathed to us the *Messiah*, that most impressive and magnificent of sermons, which sets forth both precept and example in a language common to the world of civilization—the musical apostle, in short, of revealed religion. Independent, however, of such grave considerations, the simple fact that the Handel Festivals which have already taken place comprised performances the like of which can find no precedent in the musical records of any country must suffice to create a general desire for their periodical continuance. A triennial celebration which for evident reasons, the world cannot match will not lightly be permitted to die out. We should be proud of it, and we are proud of it. As an example of what may be effected by such a combination of voices and instruments, in such an orchestra as that which towers above the central transept of the Crystal Palace, and under a born commander of legions of singers and players like Mr Costa, the performance of *Israel in Egypt* at the Handel Festival must impress itself indelibly on the mind of everyone sensible to the sublime in art. The late composer Meyerbeer, a judge of no mean pretensions if there ever existed one, was heard to declare that in all his dreams of what might possibly be contrived by means of vast and elaborate combinations he had not imagined anything approaching to this. The sight and the sound alike impressed the great musician, who never ceased to refer to it when talking of his last visit to England—so soon to be followed by his death.

On the other hand, the *Messiah*, under similar conditions, amounts virtually to a solemn act of worship—the sacred text poured out, in mighty harmony, from the throats of thousands of singers, accompanied by instruments of music, in accordance with the authority of Scripture, while listened to and mentally joined in by an edified congregation counting almost in several thousands. That the oratorio of the Gospel and the oratorio of the Bible should both be included in the Handel Festival of 1868, as in its four precursors, was imperative. Neither would by any possibility have been spared. That the *Messiah* will be given on the first and *Israel* on the last day, we learn from Mr Bowley, who also informs us that the second day will be taken up with selections from the other oratorios of Handel, consisting of choruses in various styles, with solo airs, duets, &c., by the leading singers, according to the plan successfully adopted in 1865.

The requisite preparations are already on foot. The choral practices of the London contingent, of which the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society form the nucleus, are to take place, under Mr Costa's direction, at convenient intervals. It is superfluous to comment on the extreme importance of these rehearsal practices of the most difficult pieces, or upon the benefit derived from the fact that similar practices go on simultaneously in those provincial towns which have the honour of sending delegates to the Handel Festival. About the orchestra we need say little. That the most skilled and experienced players in our London orchestras, combined with the oldest of those residing in country towns who, in a number of instances, are fit to associate on equal terms with their metropolitan contemporaries, will take part in the performances may be assumed as a fact; that the 400 "instrumentalists" will again form a solid support to the 3,500 "vocalists." Who are to be the solo singers is not yet stated, but that the list will comprise the best to be obtained may be gathered from the example of preceding festivals. The days appointed for the performances are Monday, June 15 (the *Messiah*), Wednesday June 17 (miscellaneous selection), Friday, June 19 (*Israel in Egypt*), the general rehearsal to take place, as usual, on the Saturday previous. For further information those who feel an interest in the matter may refer to Mr Bowley's pamphlet, *The Third Great Triennial Festival at the Crystal Palace*. This gives all necessary particulars, and moreover, contains an announcement interesting to every lover of Handel's music in this country, from which we feel justified in extracting a paragraph or two:—

"Her Majesty the Queen has been graciously pleased to honour the Sacred Harmonic Society with permission to have *fac similes* of Handel's manuscript of the *Messiah* executed in photo-lithography. This very interesting MS., which has been retained in the Royal library since it was presented to His Majesty George the Third by Christopher Smith, on the death of the Dowager Princess of Wales in 1772, has rarely been seen. As evidencing the rapidity with which Handel noted down his immortal work, the *fac simile* will be most interesting to the musical student as well as to the lover of sacred harmony.

"The entire work, it is expected, will be ready for delivery on the 1st of June next."

It may be added that, though these *fac similes* will be on sale, whatever profits may accrue are to be divided among two excellent charities, the Royal Society of Musicians and the Benevolent Fund of the Sacred Harmonic Society—that most useful and industrious body of amateurs to whom we owe the Handel Festivals, and whose chiefs and members, in months of almost unremitting labour in advance, are cheerfully satisfied with simple "honour" as wages. We may recur again before long to the subject; meanwhile, it is enough to have called the atten-

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tion of our musical readers in the fact that the Handel Festival still lives and not unreasonably hopes to live—hereafter." The triennial assemblage of so many Handel worshippers from all parts of the country to co-operate zealously and lovingly in the perpetuation of Handel's glory is something to look forward to, something to distinguish the year of its occurrence as a year of mark among all who conscientiously believe that through Handel music has been enabled materially to serve the cause of religion.

CHICKEN ROBERTS COOKED AT MALVERN.

The magnificent billiard room of the Aristocratic Hotel—the Belle Vue" was beheld in all its unclouded beauty on Wednesday se'night. Seldom has this attractive resort being adorned with a more brilliant assemblage, of illustrious gentlemen—of time honoured renown than was visible on that evening. The room is so admirably arranged, in such perfect order the large expense incurred the fittings and comforts—all decorated with such great coolness and classic taste—our Friend Mr Browning the spirited proprietor merits the most unbounded praise, for his determined purpose of mind to lavish provided Malvern with one of the most elegant billiard halls in this peaceful spot, it is irreproachable in this locality in fact out of London—for which poetic and picturesque Malvern ought to be proud of. It must be a pleasing consolation to the good Proprietor to notice his weary labours have been rewarded — the large space generally filled with the most aristocratic company of gentlemen — the highest attainments and standing. The worthy managers Mr. Rice, Hunt, are indefatigable in their labours, using all power at their command to render every attention and kindness to gentlemen who so happily patronize them. They are particular the most attention building house up. Following up in true zeal they are never weary in well doing their courteous and kind manner are distributed to all and much of the large business now transacted at this fine Hotel must be in the abstract attributed to the great exertions, constant zeal of Mr and Mrs. Hunt. May the guidance of their earnest work inspire them with confidence and triumphant success lead their bold efforts for the future that awaits them.

A great auxiliary to the enjoyment of this fascinating game is to the selection of a steady attendant at the table, Mr Hunt may congratulate himself in securing that necessary desideratum. Few rooms in the celebrity of the Belle Vue are in possession of a young man more loving to his first as than our esteemed young townsman Mr Sutton. Though we all are at times—cannot please every temperament of mind—Still I am of opinion anticipating being supported by many magnanimous gentlemen who would their way to enjoy a discharge of Balls, that Mr Sutton finds an advocate in all in Your Capt Sircob, and most personages, who frequent this graceful spoundage in the Belle Vue. The costly presents that are in his possession ought to be a pleased reflection to him conveying as they most the absolute esteem, Mr Sutton must have winced from his humble endeavours to merit such recognized tributes of respect. I fully know Friend you have pitched your tent in an enviable spot surrounded as you are by so many who take a lively interest in your welfare you ought to be eloquent with praise for comforts enjoyed. I am sure you appreciate the many advantages you have, in partaking of the old english sports Englishmen pride themselves with. You are known as an enthusiastic angler throwing the fly and catching the Fish. I feel glad of your success in Wales, angling with a great man whose we are all attached to a gentleman whose delight is to be in the midst of us—whose absence we all lament whose presence we greet with acclamation and joy. I know your profound esteem for him may the sprinkling of his long accompany bless as unitedly you may visit that choice spot in Wales and realize the ineffable delight of your aspirations. I merely wishing you may be an absentee from the gaze, which you appear to be a lively partaker of may good riddance make you free, and prosperity the fruition of your efficient discharge of your honorous position. Long may you survive!

This splendid adapted room for Billiards was never in more elegant appearance than on Wednesday night the 15th inst. It was a pleasing vision to behold some 150 county gentlemen in this capacious apartment—nervously sitting for the result of these combatants.

Roberts Senr the man who challenges the whole world at Billiards, whose high repute gentlemen are conversant with in most parts of the world, whose playing is perfect miracle standing by himself venerable Roberts having no compeer. You adorn your profession with a lustre illimitable—dazzling its radiant glory—an brightest hues all around. When Herr Joachim is on his Stradivarius Roberts is on the Billiard table the one raising the bow the other the cue, both consummate masters of their profession. If in Roberts kingdom there he reigns with undisputed sway, great the gift, his affections are great, for Billiards long may he reign his health continue—and I am confident Malvern gentlemen will always rejoice to see him. I know in champion you have an antagonist to Doctors, what about the one big business? be careful with those professional men being masters of anatomy—you will loose in the conflict. I am open to wind you a challenge, that the same beneficent Doctor Will do the same artistic position for 10th for the hour and half. Will you accept the generous and tender offer? Roberts you will win. Have one more go do not I entreat you be discomfited, shall I say you? Not for Joseph! The same kind Capt Sircob who have given Malvern gentlemen such great pleasure in Billiards, with very great business sent to all hitherto inviting them to see Mr Roberts' Son—J Roberts play. Arrogating to himself the pompous title—of second champion of the world. From such a strong designation of talent much was anticipated and the large congregation of gentlemen were eager with excitement to see this supposed interested game—a more lamentable failure was scarcely ever beheld.

Whether Roberts was in fac of not the game was soon brought to an inglorious conclusion. Opinions differ as to Mr Roberts Jun. man gentlemen who narrowly watched him are of opinion he is a fine player. The common element of his playing was as luxurious as any one could desire. All anticipated he would prove himself an irresistable foe with any gallant and polished performer Mr Cook. All present would have clapped their hands with joy—exulting with praises if Roberts continued as he commenced. For the sake of his father many anticipated he would partake a little of that cunning gentleman's wondrous performance. Whether he played imitable or lost his temper perceiving a signal defeat for him I cannot say. Sure I am never was he more totally eclipsed by any playing than the highly finished skill of his wary antagonist Mr Cook—

Should Mr Roberts again visit Malvern I hope he may restore confidence where he has lost it, not making such a benevolent exhibition of his weakness. That he possesses mighty powers no one would deny, I sincerely hope he will illustrate with more certainty when he next meets at Malvern. I wish he may ascend higher claiming the noble position so honourably held by his venerable Father.

Never was Mr Cook better in harness, his playing was as near perfection, as the most fastidious critic could pant for. Such elegant style he appears to have at his command so felicitous in his strokes—accompanied with such graceful ease and careful study—with natural intuition brought to perfection—from study few more intelligent are to be seen—at this fascinating game than Mr Cook—Though not as much artillery as the champions who at times strikes his balls as if he was going to cannonade some battery or destroy a citadel. Yet Mr Cook's manner is polished and severe. He appears as to speak to argue with his balls, if they go wrong he rebukes them with tenderness, conveying them where he pleases. Cook has a good word from all present, for his consummate playing. Gentle and kind in his manners, free from arrogance and boastful nonsense, he merits the profound respect of all. "May his shadow never grow less."

For these classic treats at the Belle Vue Malvern is indebted to Captain Sircob, his unlimited kindness so large, bountiful and free as one not partaken of without most justly thanking the worthy donor. In him find a counsellor and friend. Glad proud of my name thus to sound through the columns of the "*Musical World*" the very great respect all gentlemen appreciate the Captain's large heart. May the pure air of Royal Malvern refresh and strengthen him, the splendour of the scenery a area his vision and a happy longevity be allotted to him.

In the name of Malvern Captain Sircob I thank you. All were enraptured with this intelligent evenings entertainment none seeming to relish, the kind treat more than the Captain's professional attendant Dr Lowrych—whose appetite for Billiards immediately after a meal is something marvellous and well known. Long may this good Samaritan reign and adorn his high calling. In conclusion Mr Sutton most conscientiously made the game. Mr and Mrs. Hunt fulfilling their duties nobly. A cold collation was laid for all and all invited to partake of freely "without money without price."

Thus ended this night's pleasure, provided by such a kind founder and benefactor.

HOLMES OF HARROW.

No Unicorn Hollow the Hole.

PS. I append you Friend Morris' score—Morris is well born and pungent using all powers to uphold what is good—but tremendously indignant at any thing wrong. His labour at the *News* is rewarded occasionally getting a sale of 5000 copies. His rejoicement is great.

[Morris' score next time.—A. S. S.]

PARIS.—Meulenaere's *Hulda* has been brought out and favorably received.—Herr Scholer the Conductor is engaged on the composition of a new opera called *Die Huttenbrant*.

REVIEWS.

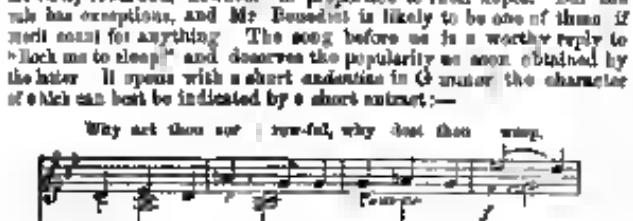
Part Music for S.A.T.B. Edited by JOHN HULLAH. New Edition with *Pianoforte* Accompaniments. Sacred series, No. 4. [London: Longmans, Green, Reader & Dyer.]

The present number of this cheap and excellent re-issue contains a motet from a *Christus* a *Miserere* by Zingarelli which opens well and solidly but soon disappoints the hopes thus excited. The second movement is as trivial in theme and secular in style as any thing to modern Italian Church music which is saying a great deal. After this comes a "Tenebre" adapted by the editor from Michael Haydn the only striking feature of which is that it carefully follows the words and cries "with a loud voice" whenever the Divine sufferer is represented as dying so. Such literalness on such a theme is almost irreverence. If sing about at all the subject of His death should be treated with "bated breath." The rest of the number is taken up by an adaptation of the Apostles' Creed to music by Antonio Lotti. This is alone worth the price of the whole.

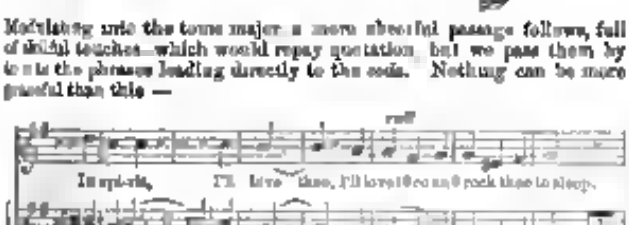
Why art thou saddened. Song. Answer to "Rock me to sleep," the words by WILLIAMSON GUERNSEY; the music by JULES BENEDICT. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

Answers and companions are very often induced by the success of a work in some sense "continuation" or a "sequel," or a "answer." They are rarely rewarded, however in proportion to their hopes. But the rule has exceptions, and Mr Benedict is likely to be one of them if merit count for anything. The song before us is a worthy reply to "Rock me to sleep" and deserves the popularity so soon obtained by the latter. It opens with a short andantino in G minor the character of which can best be indicated by a short extract:—

Modulating into the tone major a more cheerful passage follows, full of skilful touches—which would repay quotation but we pass them by to note the phrases leading directly to the coda. Nothing can be more graceful than this —



The coda is a "lullaby" respecting which a very brief extract will speak with sufficient eloquence:—



After these examples it is unnecessary to commend the song but a word of praise is due to Mr Guernsey for his really admirable verses.

A Method for the Pianoforte, by WILLIAM MASON and THOMAS HOLDEN. [New York: Mason Brothers.]

This large and well get-up work testifies to the degree of attention paid to music by our American cousins. It is clearly the result of much thought and no slight experience on the part of its editors, who have succeeded in producing a work in some respects unique and on all accounts likely to be useful. Its great features are the method in which the learner's difficulties are anticipated, and the clearness of the directions that enable him to surmount them. In some instances engravings are resorted to, in order that the position of the hands may be shown. By means of clever and pleasing "recreations" the pupil is led on from one point to another without any flagging of his interest, and, at the proper time, selections, classical and other are put before him as the reward of perseverance. These are fingered and accompanied by full directions for their due performance. Towards the end he is introduced to a course of scale exercises admirably adapted to secure his important object and as much of harmony as will render improvisation comparatively easy is also included to lend work. For comprehensiveness of design and completeness of detail we know nothing superior to this American book.

Watt's Psalms and Hymns, adapted to music. Part 6; and the *Choral Cyclopædia* a collection of hymns and moral songs with music, Part 8. By JAMES DRAKIAN. [London: F. Pitman.]

The numbers of these cheap works now before us sustain the character of their predecessors. We have no doubt that to a large number of persons interested in their contents both collections will be highly acceptable.

Cricket Polka, pour piano. Par EMILE EYLING. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

TUNEFUL and pretty but when calling a piece by the name of a peculiarly English pastime who indulge in the affectation of French on the title page. The practice is ridiculous under any circumstances; in this case it is absurdly grotesque.

Love's Secret. The popular ballad, as sung in the burlesque of *Ours* by Miss LOUISA MOORE. [London: Hopwood & Crew.]

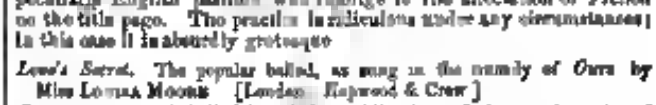
The merits of this ballad justify its publication. It has a character of its own. The melody is pleasing, and its treatment shows the hand of one thoroughly up to his work. It is not often that we meet with a more attractive thing of its kind.

Calia. For the Pianoforte. Composed by CHARLES SALAMAN. [London: Metzler & Co.]

ENCOURAGED by the success of "Calia" in its original form, Mr Salaman has here arranged it for the pianoforte. We like the composition best as a song but the song is good enough to warrant any one in liking the arrangement for its sake.

Cleveland's Farewell. Vocal Duet. Words from Sir Walter Scott's novel, *The Pirate*; the music by the Hon. ALBERT CANNING. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

WE take the Hon. Albert Canning to be a mild amateur who has often written mild little pieces for his own circle and who in a weak moment has been induced to send one of his mild issues into the rough world outside West-end saloons. He should not have been so drunk. Music like this can only flourish in "society" —



I imagine Sir Walter's pirate double noted and singing in his manner, about hoping to "shout among the shouting crew." Fie, Hon. Albert Canning, and don't do it again.

In the Dark Sweet Mary. Ballad. Written and composed by GEORGINA MEYRICK. [London: Rooney & Co.]

THIS is the lament of a soldier over his dead wife, to whom he proposed in a "bark," the sight of which brings the reflection that no more sailings in her companion-ship are possible. The melody, written for a contralto voice, is appropriately simple and sad.

I have no Father now. Song and chorus. The words by WILLIAM QUIN, Jun.; the music composed by C. GOUGNENOT, Organist to the Chapel Royal, Small Arms Factory, Enfield. [London: Novello, Ewer & Co.]

It is always refreshing to get hold of a poet who breathes thoroughly absorbed in his subject. We can even pardon such a one if occasionally his "fine frenzy" makes him unmindful of grammar and intelligibleness. In this instance the intensity of his grief has blinded him effectually to the niceties of language. Let us quote the first verse as an example:—

"The weeping willow is swaying
Its tender branches o'er,
Where father now is laying
Side those who've gone before!
Where there is silent breathing
Save from the mourner now
Then chide me not for weeping
I have no father now

Bravo! Mr Quin, we do not understand you exactly but incoherence under such circumstances is excusable, to say the least. The music is worthy of the words, and would be worthy even if all its glaring errors were corrected.

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SCHUMANN'S ADVOCATES.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—"No case—assume the plaintiff's attorney." On this principle, perhaps, The Glass Egg, unwilling, as he says, to discuss Schumann's music, turns fiercely upon "A. M." with a direct and indirect attack upon his advocacy of Schumann. I trust that the favour of admission to your columns will be extended to my letter, that those who do not refuse to a copy of the Crystal Palace programme in question may gain light on the observations which aroused Mr. Egg to pen the irate effusion that appeared last week. First, "T. E." takes offence at the following:—

"It seems strange that Schumann's works should still be a source of [illegible] in England."

"A. M." does not say that it is strange, nor it seems strange to the majority, but strange to me must always be the meaning of such a simple sentence. The second quotation is made without reference to its beginning or end, and stands thus:—

"All who have learned to know Schumann's compositions will agree that it is not want of merit that has been the cause of this seeming neglect."

What neglect we ask? And we find in the programme that this important work was only once performed until (twenty years after its composition) it was produced at Sydenham; and then "A. M." gives a probable reason for its being so laid aside, "that the composer's genius carried him into regions with which the taste of the musical public is not yet familiar." Can anybody discern in these words "a lofty tone, bordering on insult?" "Sneering" is a mode of expression never approached by "A. M." Can anything be more mildly written, yet true to the writer's experience. If "A. M." has any faith in Schumann at all, can he assume less than that musical connoisseurs cannot study his works without deeming this symphony (the C major) worthy at least of a better fate than to be laid on the shelf for ever after the first performance? No, Mr. Egg, the "illegalness," the "maladroitness," the "offensive manner" exist only in your own imagination. "A. M.," and such as he, do not expect "wisdom to die with them," but she lives with them, for "Wisdom is a loving spirit, and giveth understanding and prudence to all things." Mr. Egg continues, and I will give his words in full:—

"In other respects A. M. is a poor wielder of the pen. He says that, in the endeavour to discover a musical language for his emotions, Schumann—inevitably obscured those channels through which music alone can be pleasantly and intelligibly conveyed to the human heart. If this mean anything at all, it signifies that a musical expression of human emotion can never be pleasant or intelligible, which needs not to be refuted. The word 'inevitably' must therefore come out. Further on "A. M." observes that 'music became a great gainer' by the channels aforesaid being obscured."

I hope such total misrepresentation of words is rare. Below I give the true version; the few words in parenthesis are mine. "A. M." says—

"In the first thirty or forty of his works, mostly for pianoforte, Schumann attempted to illustrate characters and events closely connected with himself; and in this endeavour to discover a musical language for his emotions he not unnaturally invaded the cherished traditions of the musical art, and thus he (Schumann, who was not then acquainted with the mechanical part of composition) inevitably obscured those channels through which alone music can be pleasantly and intelligibly conveyed to the human heart. But prejudicial as this proved to Schumann's immediate success, the art of music was a gainer (by what?) by his thus unmeetsmanly following up (through a period of difficulty and discouragement) the development of his individuality with the perseverance natural to true genius, until with unremitting ardour he gradually practised the drudgery of contrapuntal study and familiarized himself with the mechanical part of composition; and having thus gained power and experience . . . . . the stream of his sublimes flows through the old majestic channels, while the banks are adorned throughout with flowers of his own sowing and culture."

Finally, "there are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy," and he must be on a very unassailable pinnacle of self esteem who cannot endure to be reminded in general terms of his ignorance of a great deal in art and nature. Mr. Egg's compliments on the style of "G." do not come in gracefully taken with their context. We always welcome "G." and respect his friend "A. M."—I remain, Sir, yours obediently,

GRATITUDE.

Wednesday March 18th 1868.

THE ENCORE THIEF.

(*From "Punch."*)

"Mr. Sims Reeves has dealt fairly with his Bristol audiences, and his Bristolians almost ought to deal fairly with him. He is called upon to sing twice everything which is put down for him in a programme, and hooted for not doing so. He was treated on Monday night."—*Bristol Times and Mirror.*

At the usual hour yesterday morning, Mr. Punch, the worthy magistrate, took his seat on the bench. The night charges having been disposed of, Susanna Ballowmere, cheesemonger, was placed in the dock, charged with a determined attempt at theft.

Mr. Sims Reeves, the eminent vocalist, stated he had been engaged at Exeter Hall on the previous night to sing in Handel's oratorio, *Jephtha*. He had sung, to the best of his ability—

The Magistrate: Then you must have sung very finely.

Mr. Reeves bowed, and continued. He had given the great and very trying air "Deeper and deeper still," and the audience had been good enough to signify the warmest approbation. He sat down when the prisoner, with violent shouts, demanded that the air should be given over again. Many of the audience indignantly protested against the prisoner's dishonest conduct, but he persisted in his attempt at theft, and was at last given into custody. Mr. Reeves added that though the attempt at robbery had been directed against himself personally, he appeared on public grounds, and had no vindictive feeling against the prisoner, who, he thought, was stupid rather than wicked, and perhaps might be dismissed with an admonition.

The Prisoner said that he would not be called stupid. He liked music, and choose to have as much of it as he could get. He stuck up for the privileges of an Englishman, and stood on Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights.

The Magistrate: The Statute of Frauds might be more in point. But don't talk such nonsense, man. What are you?

Prisoner: A cheesemonger.

The Magistrate: Is anything known of him?

Policeman, B 55: I believe he is a respectable man, your worship, but he is in the habit of acting in the way he does last night.

The Magistrate: Did last night, you mean. That evidence does not tally well with your statement of his respectability. Have you anything to say, prisoner?

Prisoner: I should say I had. What am I dragged here for? I say I like music, and I'll have as much as I can get. Why shouldn't Mr. Reeves sing twice when I tell him?

The Magistrate: Dear me, this is very dreadful, and I dare say this person is entitled with a vote. Listen to me, prisoner. You sell good cheese, I dare say?

Prisoner: Very good, your worship. I should be happy of your custom.

The Magistrate: Send me in a first-rate Stilton ripe.

Prisoner: It shall be at your worship's house before dinner time.

The Magistrate: It shall be paid for on delivery. If I like it, I will tell you to send one another, and that shall not be paid for at all. I like cheese, and I will have as much of it as I can get.

Prisoner: If I was an speaking to a magistrate, I should call that stealing.

The Magistrate: Of course, it is stealing. Exactly like your trying to take a second song from Mr. Reeves, for nothing.

Prisoner: O bother! A cheese costs one money. I pay the farmer and I pay the carriage, and I pay my shopman, and I pay the carter, or I could not deliver the article.

The Magistrate: A song costs Mr. Reeves money. He paid for instruction, he paid for years of study in Italy, he paid for the Broadwood on which he practised, and he paid for the carriage that brought him to the hall or he could not deliver the article. He undertook to sell it to you, and he did, and then you wanted another for nothing. The production of the article required special machinery and greatness, and caused much wear and tear of physical powers. Yet you persisted in your dishonest course.

Prisoner: I don't see it in that light.

The Magistrate: Then try and see it in the light of a prison-cell. I shall deal with you as I should deal with any other rogue, who buying one cheese of you, stole another. You will go to the House of Correction for a month.

Mr. Sims Reeves interceded for the prisoner.

The Magistrate: Well, Mr. Reeves, I am bound to say that you put a great temptation in his way, but he must learn to resist temptation. An example is necessary.

The prisoner was then removed to the cell, but before the arrival of the van he begged to be allowed to express his deep regret for what he had done. He supposed that he was the pit, but it had never occurred to him that an artist's voice was his property. He would never offend again.

The Magistrate kindly ordered his discharge, but intimated that he hoped any similar offender would be taken into custody, and brought before him for punishment, which he should certainly receive.

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FRANKFORT.—Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* was very admirably performed at the Second Subscription Concert of the Cecilia Association.

AMSTERDAM.—An excellent performance of Haydn's *Creation* was lately given under the direction of Herr Helmus.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW

Hutchings & Romer.—"The Tides," a cantata, by W. T. Belcher; "Let us think of the friends that are gone," "The Land and the Sea," "Down in the Dairy" songs by Richard S. Harding.
Novello, Ewer, & Co.—"I have no father now" song and chorus; words by William Quin, Jun.; music by G. Cotsedale.
Cramer & Co.—"The Pianist's Practical Guide," by J. Weber.

Advertisements.

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The OPERA SEASON, 1868, will commence on SATURDAY, MARCH 26th.

IN announcing his arrangements for the forthcoming Operatic Season, Mr. Mapleson regrets that he should be constrained to place at the head of his prospectus the name of any other theatre than that of Her Majesty's—with which he has been associated so many years—and which, based up as it was with traditions of the past, was regarded by the patrons of Italian Opera with a feeling akin to affection.

Nevertheless, pending the reconstruction of "the old House," he deems himself fortunate that, under these trying circumstances, he has been enabled to secure, as a temporary substitute, so admirably adapted a house as the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, admirably adapted as it is by its dimensions and the general convenience of its arrangements for the accommodation of a large and fashionable audience and the requirements of Grand Italian Opera.

Encouraged by the promised support of the highest and most distinguished patronage, Mr. Mapleson has pleasure in announcing that he is enabled to put forth a prospectus containing the names of the same eminent artists who have hitherto upheld the reputation of his management.

The brilliant success achieved by Mlle. Christine Nilsson, during the summer and by Mlle. Louise Kellogg, in the winter of last year, will be fresh in the memory of all, and their re-engagement for the coming season, strengthening once more the resources of his company, will give general satisfaction.

Mr. Mapleson cannot conclude these few preliminary remarks without expressing heartfelt gratitude for the generous and active sympathy evinced towards him immediately on the occurrence of the fire at Her Majesty's Theatre, and which still continues, as manifest itself has materially facilitated his exertions in bringing to maturity an enterprise of such cost and magnitude.

The interior of the "auditorium" [illegible] is unrivalled, after designs of the architects, Messrs. Marsh, Nelson and Harvey, of Whitehall, by which the same accommodation of boxes, stalls, and public seats as existed at Her Majesty's Theatre will be provided.

The chandeliers have been entrusted to the well-known manufacturers Messrs. Hooker & Son, of Drury Gardens Street; the upholstery to Messrs. Green & King, of Baker Street; and the gilding and decorations to Mr. Kerslake, of Baker Street.

ENGAGEMENTS.

Mdlle. TITIENS, Mdlle. CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG, Mdlle. SIGICI, Mdlle. CORSI, Mdlle. ROSE HERSEE, Madame TEDESCHI-LUCCHESI, Madame BAUGEMEISTER, Madame DEMERIC-LANLAUNE

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Director of the Music, Composer, and Conductor—Signor ARDITI.

Maestro Concertatore al Piano—Signor SEVIGNARI.

Chorus Master—Signor SANTI.

Organist—Mr. PITTMAN.

The Military Band will be that of the GRENADIER GUARDS, under the direction of Mr. D. GODFREY.

For the Divertissements—Mdlle. MARIE GOSSELIN.

Maître de Ballet—Mr. CORMACK.

STAGE ARRANGEMENTS.

Scenic Artist	M. WILLIAM SEVERLEY	Machinists	Mr. TUCKER and Mr. DRUMMOND
Stage Manager	Mr. EDWARD STIRLING	The Appointments by	Mr. BRADWELL and Mr. MEDCALF
Supperior	Signor GIALP	Gas Engineer	Mr. HINCKLEY
Regisseur	M. GOUÂ	Acting Manager	Mr. JARRETT
Artistes Costumiers	Miss BENNETT and Mr. COMBE.		

The Opera will commence at Half-past Eight o'clock each Evening, and the Doors be Opened Half-an-hour previous.

LA GAZZA LADRA (Rossini).—Giannetto, Signor Bettini; Fernando, Mr. Santley; Podesta, Signor Rokitansky; Pippo, Mdlle. Trebelli-Bettini; and Ninetta, Mdlle. Kellogg.

GUSTAVO III. (Auber).—Amalia, Mdlle. Titiens; Arvidson, Mdlle. Trebelli-Bettini; Oscar, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson; Ankastrom, M. Santley; Ribbing, Signor Gassier; Ribbing, Signor Bettini; and Gustavo, Signor Mongini.

LOHENGRIN—By Richard Wagner—(First time in this country).—Lohengrin, Signor Mongini; Conte Federico, M. Santley; Enrico, Herr Rokitansky; Araldo, Signor Gassier; Ortrude, Mdlle. Sisico; and Elsa di Brabante, Mdlle. Titiens.

Donizetti's admired Opera, FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO.—Tonio, Signor Bettini; Sulpizio, Signor Gassier; Dr. Pasquale, Signor Agretti; Orsinato, Signor Casazoni; Caporale, Signor Zoboli; La Marchesa, Madame Dorcia-Lablache; and Maria, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson (her first appearance in this character).

IL DON GIOVANNI (Mozart).—Don Ottavio, Signor Mongini; Leporello, Mr. Santley; Don Giovanni, Signor Gassier; Il Commendatore, Signor Rokitansky; Masetto, Signor Bossi; Donna Elvira, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson; Zerlina, Mdlle. Clara Louise Kellogg; and Donna Anna, Mdlle. Titiens, etc., etc.

LE NOZZE DI FIGARO (Mozart).—Figaro, Signor Gassier; Il Conte Almaviva, Mr. Santley; Bartolo, Signor Foli; Basilio, Mr. Lyall; Don Curzio, Signor Agretti; Antonio, Signor Bossi; Susanna, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson; Cherubino, Mdlle. Clara Louise Kellogg; and La Contessa, Mdlle. Titiens.

LES HUGUENOTS (Meyerbeer).—Raoul, Signor Mongini; Nevers, Mr. Santley; St. Bris, Signor Gassier; Marcel, Signor Rokitansky; Marguerite, Mdlle. Clara Louise Kellogg; Urbano, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Valentina, Mdlle. Titiens, etc., etc., etc.

Selections will be made from the subjoined extensive Repertoire:—

I PURITANI	Bellini.	RIGOLETTO	Verdi.	FIDELIO	Beethoven.
IL TROVATORE	Verdi.	LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO	Donizetti.	MEDEA	Cherubini.
ROBERT IL DIAVOLO	Meyerbeer	LA ZINGARA	Balfe.	LINDA DI CHAMOUNI	Donizetti.
LUCREZIA BORGIA	Donizetti.	MARTA	Flotow	IL FLAUTO MAGICO	Mozart.
LA TRAVIATA	Verdi.	LA FAVORITA	Donizetti.	SEMIRAMIDE	Rossini.
IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA	Rossini.	BALLO IN MASCHERA	Verdi.	DER FREISCHUTZ	Weber
GLI UGONOTTI	Meyerbeer.	LA SONNAMBULA	Bellini.	IFIGENIA (in Tauris)	Gluck.
LE NOZZE DI FIGARO	Mozart.	FAUST	Gounod.	DINORAH	Meyerbeer.
LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR	Donizetti.	OBERON	Weber	IL SERAGLIO	Mozart.
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Her Majesty's Opera, Theatre-Royal, Drury Lane, March 1868.

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VOL. 46—No. 13 SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1868 PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

GREAT HANDEL FESTIVAL.—The TICKET OFFICE at the CRYSTAL PALACE OPEN DAILY from Ten to Four for the issue of Vouchers securing Tickets.

Letters by post, enclosing remittances, duly attended to.

At all previous Festivals, as the time drew near thousands of persons from the country and elsewhere were unable to procure such tickets as they desired. The Festival Committee, therefore, can only remind intending visitors that early application alone will ensure the best position.

EXETER HALL.—"MESSIAH."—Mr. SANTLEY.—PASSION WEEK PERFORMANCE.—ON TODAY (March 28), NATIONAL CENTRAL SOCIETY. Conductor—Mr. G. W. MARTIN. Band and Chorus 100. Tickets 1s. 2s.; Numbered Stalls, 3s. 5s. 6s., 10s. 6d. Offices 21, 16, Exeter Hall (First Floor).

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL. Conductor, Mr. COSTA.—The usual Last performance of Handel's "ORGIAN" on Friday next, April 3rd. Extra Concert and Wednesday, April 8th (Subscription Concert). Principal Vocalists—Madame Catalani, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Santley.

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Note.—Subscriptions, One or Two Guineas, received as above, for the Photo Litho. portrait of Handel's Mr. of "Messiah," in the Royal Library. See announcement in Handel's Festival programme.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY. Dorchester Room. President, Mr. GENEGLIA; Director, Herr SCHUBERTH.—SEASON 1868.—SECOND CONCERT, Monday Evening, March 30th. Vocalists—Mesdames Fanny Armytage, Betty Gibbs, Gibbs Parker Dunbleton; Mr. Greenhill, Signor Nappi. Instrumentalists—Pianoforte—Miss Skiles, Signor Tito Mariani, Signor Li Calzi. Violins—Signor Siegel, Mr. E. Bruce Graham; Viola, Mr. Cooper; Violoncello, Herr Schuberth. Contra-Bass, Mr. Frank. Conductors—Signor Li Calzi and Herr Schuberth. Tickets, Messrs. D. Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

BY SPECIAL DESIRE.—PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. Conductor, Mr. W. G. CUSINS.—SECOND CONCERT, Monday, March 30th.—Symphony, Letter T (Haydn). Overture, "Hymnus Athens" (Beethoven). Overture, "William Tell" (Rossini). Scene, "Walpurgis Night" (Mendelssohn). Principal Singers—Mdlle. Drasdil, Mr. Wilfred Morgan, and Mr. Santley. Pianoforte Solo (Chopin), Mdlle. Clara Suss (Pupil). "On Lena's gloomy heath," Mr. Santley (Mendelssohn). Reserved Seats, 10s. Lambert Cook, Addison, & Co., 22 and 63, New Bond Street.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.—LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL, under the direction of Mr. SONS BOSEY.—On Wednesday Evening, April 1st, at Eight, will be given the LAST CONCERT OF ONE of the present season, at which the following Artists will appear.—Vocalists—Madame Sherrington, Madame Florence Lancia, Miss Poole, Miss Ellen Angelo, and Mdlle. Lichert; Mr. Nelson Varley, Mr. W. H. Poole; Trumpet, Mr. T. Harper; Harp, Mr. John Thomas; Pianoforte, Madame Arabella Goddard. The St. Cecilia Choral Society of Eighty Voices, under the direction of Mr. C. S. Hargitt. Conductor, Mr. S. L. Hatton. Stalls, 3s.; Balcony, 2s.; Tickets 2s. and 1s., to be had of Boosey & Co., Holles Street, and at the Hall.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.—Madame SHERRINGTON will sing at the Ballad Concerts, St. James's Hall, "Come, you Spaniel," "The Light On Oh!" and a new song by James L. Molloy, "Golden O'Named the River Roaring." Tickets of Boosey & Co., Holles Street.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.—Mdlle. LICHERT at the Ballad Concerts, St. James's Hall, will sing the celebrated Duet with Mr. S. L. Hatton, "The Singing Lesson," also Benedict's "May Song" and "The Prisoner and the Linnet," by Virginia Gabriel. Tickets of Boosey & Co., Holles Street.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD's last appearance this season at the London Ballad Concerts, when she will perform Thalberg's last celebrated fantasia, "Home, Sweet Home," and the "Last Rose of Summer." Tickets of Boosey & Co., Holles Street.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.—Mr. NELSON VARLEY'S last appearance at the Ballad Concerts this season, when he will sing "Oliver Grove," "Let Fame sound the Trumpet" (alike trumpet old gate by Mr. Harper), and Hatton's new and successful song, "The Beacon that Lights my Home." Tickets of Boosey & Co., Holles Street.

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HERR LOUIS ENGEL

BEGS to announce his HARMONIUM RECITAL on SATURDAY EVENING, March 28th, 1868, to commence at Three o'clock. Vocalists—Miss Pilp, Miss Mc and Mdlle. Drasdil. Instrumentalists—Signor Piatti, Mr. John Thomas, Miss Santon and Herr Louis Engel. Conductor, Mr. Benedict. Stalls, &c., to be had at Messrs. Chappell & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street of Herr Engel, 32, Great Stanhope Street, Park Lane; and at the Hall.

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PROGRAMME of FIFTH EVENING at the Crystal Venetian Hall, on Friday, April 3rd. Vocalist—Miss Rosamond Hermann.

PART I.

Sonata in G (No. 1 of Walter Macfarren's Lessons)	Mozart.
Lied, "The First Violet"	Mendelssohn.
Romance d'opéra, "Si jeunes Filles"	Bennett.
Cavatina, "Una voce"	Rossini.
Impromptu in E Flat	Schubert.
Ballad, "One Year"	Mrs. John Macfarren.
National Fantasia, "Merrie England"	Brinsac.

PART II.

Grand Sonata in B Flat	Beethoven.
Song, "[illegible]"	[illegible]
Duets, "La magdalene"	Wallace.
Old English Ditty (Manuscript)	
Third Tarantella	Walter Macfarren.

Pianoforte by Erard.

MISS MARIE STOCKEN'S BALLAD CONCERT Wednesday Hall, April 3rd. Artists—Misses Marie Stocken, M. Robinson and Julia Derby. Messrs. Frank Elmore, Trelawny Cobham and [illegible]. Harp, Mary Oberthür; Flute, M. Jansen; Pianoforte, Signor Tito Mattei. Conductors—Signor Li Calzi and G. Kingsbury.

MR. ERNEST will give his FIRST CONCERT at St James's Hall, on Wednesday Evening, April 15th (Easter Week). Vocalists—Miss Fanny Armytage, Miss Anna Bewick, Miss Nora Somerville, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Mr. Louis Thomas. Instruments—Pianoforte, Herr Carl Hause; Violin, Mr. Henry Blagrove; Violoncello, Mr. Aylward. Conductor, Herr F. Walter. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be obtained of Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; Robert Cocks & Co., New Bond Street; Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street; and at Austin's Ticket Office, 28, Bond Street.

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MISS LUCY FRANKLEIN having REMOVED to 6, BERNARD STREET, OXFORD STREET, W., requests that all communications respecting Concerts, &c., may be addressed there.

MISS KATHERINE FOYNTZ respectfully intimates that she is in Town for the Season. All communications respecting Engagements to be addressed to her to LUCCOMB, COCK, ARTHUR & Co., 67 and 68, New Bond Street, or to her address, 88, Great Marylebone Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MISS EMILY SPILLER will sing GUGLIELMO's new and successful Ballad, "THE MERRY MAID" (poetry by Harry G. R. Hunt), at Belfast on the 30th inst. "Miss Spiller sang 'The Merry Maid,' composed expressly for her, a sparkling, brilliant production which pleased exceedingly."—*Musical World*. "Miss Spiller was astonishingly successful, and especially so in Guglielmo's 'Merry Maid.'"—*Weekly Times*. "We shall be surprised if 'The Merry Maid' is not soon found on the pianos of most of the fair amateurs of England."—*Musical World*.

MISS SPILLER will sing (for the first time) "BREATHE NOT THAT NAME," new Ballad (poetry by H. J. St. Leger), composed expressly for her by GUGLIELMO, at Belfast, April 6th.

MISS MARIE STOCKEN will sing SCUTTA's admired Waltz song, "IL BALLO," at the Albion Hall Concert, Tuesday, May 7th.

MISS MARIE STOCKEN will play ALCKER's popular Romance, "ALICE," at the Albion Hall Concert, Tuesday, May 7.

MISS MARIE STOCKEN (with Miss JULIA DERBY) will sing HENRY SMART's new duet, "OH COMO'S LAKE" at her Ballad Concert at Willis's Rooms, April 15th.

MISS MARIE STOCKEN will sing "THE SPRING" (by WALLACE GERMAN) at her Ballad Concert at Westbourne Hall, April 3rd.

MISS MARIE STOCKEN will sing with Mr. FRANK ELMORE the popular Duet, "I'M AN ALSATIAN," from OFFENBACH's "Lischen and Fritzchen," at her Ballad Concert at Westbourne Hall, April 3rd.

MISS M. BOHN will sing "O COME TO GLENGARIFFE" at Miss Marie Stocken's Ballad Concert at Westbourne Hall, April 3rd.

MISS CLINTON FYNES requests that all communications respecting Concerts, Pianoforte Lessons, &c., be addressed to her, 21, Harley Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MISS BERRY GREENING is now making her engagements as singing Soprano for Miscellaneous Concerts and the following Oratorios:—"Messiah," "Israel in Egypt," "St. Paul," "Elijah," "Naaman," "Hymn of Athens," "Little Jacket," "Solomon," "Judas Maccabæus." Northern Counties in March. Address, Miss BERRY-GREENING, care of Messrs. CHAPPELL, 50, New Bond Street, London, W.

MADAME R. SIDNEY PRATTEN begs to inform her Friends, Pupils, and the Profession that she is now obliged to resume her Professional Engagements for lessons on the Guitar and Concertina, address—38, Wallbeck Street, Cavendish Square, W.

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MADLLE. ANGELE will sing for the first time BENEDICT's admired "Rock me to Sleep" (second edition) by the composer, "WHY ART THOU SADDENED," at Miss Clinton Fynes' Recital.

MDLLE. LEALI will sing Signor CATALANI's new Melody "GOW SOFTLY DAY IS DAWNING" on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings next week.

MR. CHARLES STANTON will sing "WAKE, LINA WAKE" at Canterbury on Tuesday, March 31st; "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Miss Berry-Greening's Concert, 11 Hanover, April 2nd; and the admired Duet, "ONE WORD" (with Miss JULIA DERBY) at Albion Hall, London Wall, April 7th.

MR. CHARLES STANTON (Tenor) is open to engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, &c. Address—8 Lower Porchester Street, Oxford Square, Hyde Park.

MR. GEO. PERRIN will sing GUGLIELMO's admired Ballad "THE THREE HOMES," at Sheffield on Thursday next.—"A charm in song 'The Three Homes,' by Guglielmo, most tastefully sung by Mr. Geo. Perrin was also encored."—*Orchestra*.

MR. ALBERT JAMES and Miss MABEL BRENT will sing the popular Duet "I'M AN ALSATIAN," from OFFENBACH's "Lischen and Fritzchen," at the Beaumont Institution, on Monday Evening, March 30th.

MR. GRATTEN KELLEY will sing "THE MESSAGE FROM THE DEEP" (composed by EMMA BENNETT) at Belfast, March 30th; Glasgow, April 8th; and Cambridge, 13th.

MR. H. C. SANDERS and Miss GRACE ARMYTAGE will sing "I'M AN ALSATIAN" from OFFENBACH's popular Operetta, "Lischen and Fritzchen," every evening during their present tour.

MR. FRANK ELMORE will sing REICHARDT's popular song, "THOU ART SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR," on March 31st, Westbourne Hall; and April 6th, St. George's Hall.—120, Adelaide Road, N.W.

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"WAKE, MARY, WAKE!"

MR. DENRIGH NEWTON will sing HENRY SMART'S vocal song, "WAKE, MARY WAKE!" at the Beethoven Sextet (Miss Prior's Concert), 1st April.

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"SPEED THE SAIL" HENRY SMART'S New Song, will be sung by Miss ANNA JEWELL at Aldershot, March 30th; Wurtemberg Hall, March 31st; Miss Crosby's Matinée Musicale, April 3rd; St. James's Hall, April 15th; and at Salisbury, April 22nd. Sent post free for 18 stamps.

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MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD'S BENEFIT AT THE MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

(From the "Morning Herald" and "Standard," March 21.)

The last of these excellent concerts (the 25th of the present season) was one of extraordinary interest, as the subjoined programme will explain:—

PART I.

Quintet, in G Major, for two violins, two violas, and violoncello—MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Henry Blagrove, Zerbini, and Piatti ... Beethoven.

Sonata, in B flat, for pianoforte alone (Posthumous)—Mdme. Arabella Goddard ... Mendelssohn.

PART II.

Sextet, for pianoforte, violin, two violas, violoncello, and double bass (Posthumous)—Madame Arabella Goddard, MM. Joachim, Henry Blagrove, Zerbini, Reynolds, and Piatti ... Mendelssohn.

Sonata, in A major No. 17, for the pianoforte and violin—Mdme. Arabella Goddard and Herr Joachim ... Mozart.

Two more unknown compositions by Mendelssohn, and, as might have been expected, two more masterpieces. Madame Arabella Goddard invariably imparts a special interest to her benefit programmes, either by the revival of some great work or works, undeservedly forgotten, or by the introduction of some very remarkable piece, to which no other pianist than herself can in every sense do justice, but on the present occasion without doing either, she has rendered even a greater service to the art of which she is one of the very brightest ornaments. Not long since she had the honour of introducing to the public a new book of "Songs without Words" at those same Monday Popular Concerts, and the hearty welcome they experienced is vividly remembered by all who were fortunate enough to hear them played in such absolute perfection. After the plaudits had bestowed upon the *Lieder ohne Worte* it was but reasonable that the prestige of her name and the magic of her fingers should be again enlisted when it was in contemplation to bring to light yet other long hidden treasures from the same apparently inexhaustible source. Madame Goddard's task was this time far more difficult, both the solo sonata and the sextet, the former especially, containing passages utterly beyond the comb of ordinary pianists. It was accomplished, however, with the same brilliant success as the first, and won a fresh triumph both for the dead master and his most eloquent living interpreter. The sonata in B flat major is in the same eccentric style as its published companion in E major, the only pianoforte solo-sonata by Mendelssohn which until lately was thought to exist. It is a worthy successor of that lovely work—like it, indeed, a genuine tone poem a thing of beauty that will live for ever. We shall not attempt any technical description of it after a single hearing, but merely state that the general impression produced—not only upon ourselves, but evidently upon the great majority of the 2000 amateurs who thronged St. James's Hall to inconvenience on Monday night—was that the sonata in B flat is, in the fullest signification of the term, a masterpiece. A first *allegro*, as vigorous as one of Beethoven's first *allegros*, a *scherzo* that could have been composed by Mendelssohn and none other, and which, as Mr Chappell (quoting Schumann) says in his analytical programme, "is stamped "F. M. B. (Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy) in large letters over every bar;" an *andante quasi allegretto* of the most unpretending texture, all melody and grace, like any of the *Lieder ohne Worte*, and a *finale* glowing with fire and animation, a characteristic feature of which is the re-appearance of the *scherzo* in the midst of it, these make up the sum total of the new work about which just now we need not say another word. About the splendid manner in which it was executed by Madame Goddard a whole volume might be written, but it is not necessary. Those familiar with and able to appreciate that exceptional combination of qualifications the possession of which unquestionably entitles our gifted countrywoman to the very highest position among pianists of the day native and foreign, will readily understand how Mendelssohn's unknown sonata was played when we state, briefly and emphatically that Madame Goddard never, in our remembrance, played anything more finely. Every movement was given to perfection; but most wonderful of all was the *scherzo* (in B flat minor), the extreme difficulty of which is quadrupled by the strict injunction of the composer, that it must be played *staccato*, *pianissimo*, and "without pedal," from the first bar to the last. Though no pianist with whom we are acquainted has the command of *staccato* touch possessed by Madame Goddard, not none can surpass her in the art of preserving tone and distinctness when a *pianissimo* is to be kept up without the assistance of the soft pedal, it might have been thought that the rapid pace which, its character considered, is indispensable to the *scherzo*, would somewhat disconcert her. Not so, however. Her execution was as equal and facile throughout as though no such impediment stood in her way. The performance of this single movement would of itself suffice to fix Monday night's concert indelibly in the memory of every connoisseur. But the entire sonata was received with enthusiasm; and the fair pianist was unanimously called back at the end. We applaud the judgment which induced her to pay no heed to the encore dictated by the *scherzo*, though a hard exercise of self-denial the sonata was allowed to tell its own tale uninterruptedly.

If the solo sonata is a wonder, seeing that it was written when its author was only eighteen years of age (in 1827), the sextet in D major for pianoforte and stringed instruments, is a still greater wonder, having been composed when he was still three years younger (in 1824). We have left ourselves no space to speak of this concerted piece in detail. Enough that it is quite as fine a work, and bears no less astonishing marks of ripe talent than distinguish the pianoforte quartets in F minor and B minor (Nos. 1 and 3) and the magnificent octet for stringed instruments—those other true phenomena produced so nearly as possible about the same period. The sextet, like the sonata, contains four regular movements, and, like the sonata, has a *scherzo*, which makes its re-appearance unexpectedly and with singular effect near the end of the *finale*, a movement of unflagging power and brilliancy. That the execution was beyond criticism—Madame Goddard having for her associates such artists as Herr Joachim and Signor Piatti, to say nothing of the others named in the programme—may easily be credited. The sextet, too, met with a reception right hearty and enthusiastic, and will, doubtless, as well as the sonata, be speedily heard again. At the same time it should always be borne in mind that we owe the first hearing of both to Madame Arabella Goddard.

The very grand performance of Beethoven's second string quartet (in C), a fortnight since, made so lively an impression that its early re-appearance in Mr Chappell's programmes during the engagement of Herr Joachim was not surprising. All we need add is that the second performance was in every respect equal to the first. That the exquisitely melodious and beautiful sonata of Mozart, in which the unparalleled violinist joined Madame Goddard, was one of the greatest treats of the concert, and kept the large majority of the audience in their places to the very end, may be taken for granted. Such *ensemble* playing is too rare to be missed.

Some songs were contributed by Mr Vernon Rigby, who has a pleasing and capable voice and whose singing is by no means devoid of expression, though we hardly think that the "Garden air" from M. Hontel's *Fleur* was wisely chosen. Mr. Benedict of course was the accompanist. The hall, as we have said, was crammed from one extremity to the other and the whole entertainment was one of the very best of Monday Popular Concerts, which is equivalent to saying one of the very best possible.

(From the "Queen," March 21.)

Last Monday (the 16th) the programme, for the benefit of the popular pianist, Madame Arabella Goddard, opened with Mozart's stringed quartet in C major, played by Joachim, Ries, Blagrove and Piatti. Mozart's sonata in A major, No. 17, was executed by Madame Arabella Goddard and Joachim; but the features of the concert were her introduction for the first time in public of two posthumous productions of Mendelssohn—the first a sonata in B flat (major) played by herself and the second a sextet for pianoforte, violin, two violas, violoncello, and double bass, in which the fair player had the co-operation of Joachim, Blagrove, Zerbini, Piatti, and Reynolds. The two newly-introduced compositions fully maintained the reputation of Mendelssohn. The sonata was written when he was only in his eighteenth year. It consists of four movements, including therein a vivacious *scherzo* in B flat minor quite exhilarating in its influence on the auditory. The slow movement is a charming melody, and the concluding *allegro* is in Mendelssohn's

fiery style. The B flat sonata will be permanently added to the rich repertory of the accomplished artist who has so honourably brought so many art treasures to the knowledge of the present generation of pianists. The sextet in D major was written when the composer was only fifteen (1824)—much about the same time, however, as he composed the quartet in B minor No. 3; so that the former is only one masterpiece more, exemplifying his genius at such an early age. There are four movements in this sextet, the *scherzo* of which, as in the sonata, being reproduced in the *finale*. It is needless to add how magnificently the two novelties were interpreted by Madame Arabella Goddard, who is the Mendelssohnian pianist *par excellence*—it is indeed her speciality, an intuitive gift, as it were, of diving into the composer's thoughts, and of making them palpable by manipulation which is adapted for the expression of the most profound pathos and of the most intricate passages of passion.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The Crystal Palace Concert on Saturday afternoon began with an exceedingly ingenious and spirited overture by Herr Ferdinand Hiller, of Cologne, commencing in D minor and ending in D major. While writing this overture it is clear that its composer must have been constantly dreaming of the *scherzo* in Beethoven's Seventh Symphony. It was welcome, nevertheless, as the work of a genuine master—a master, by the way, of whom his intimate friend, Mendelssohn, thought highly, and whose compositions, we cannot but think, have been very unfairly neglected in a country like our own, where so much that is inferior is accepted simply because it comes from "Fatherland." The concert was further remarkable for such a performance of Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony" as can be heard nowhere in England—nowhere, indeed, in Europe—except at the Crystal Palace. The eager attention with which this singularly fine performance was listened to, and the extraordinary delight it created, must have been as gratifying to those who watch with interest the progress of music among us as the irreproachable nature of the execution itself. The wonderful movement representing the "storm" surpassed anything we remember; the effect of the sudden entry of the trombones (their first appearance in the symphony) on an unanticipated part of the bar was electric, and the playing of the various wind instruments in the trio of the *scherzo* was as near perfection as could be imagined. A still more noticeable triumph, however, for Mr Manns and his orchestra was what may safely be accorded as the first performance of Mendelssohn's most delicate and trying concert-overture, *Melusine* that has ever been given—at least in England. From the delivery of the opening of the first theme by the clarionets to the very end the execution was beyond criticism. A concert of which it can be said—for the first time the overture to *Melusine* has been played as its composer could have imagined it—is one to fix itself on the memory.

Another feature of interest was the first appearance among us of Mdlle. Constance Skiwa, a young pianist from Vienna, who gave the last two movements of Hummel's A minor concerto, and a so-called "*Grande Valse de Concert*" by M. Joseph Wieniawsky, brother of the famous violinist, showed excellent qualities and won hearty recognition, being called back to the orchestra after each performance. Mdlle. Skiwa has a light, elastic touch; her tone, without being powerful, is sweet and legitimately produced; her execution is neat and brilliant, and she plays with an agreeable quietude of manner. Her success was complete and well merited.

The singers on Saturday were Miss Brunner, Madame Patey, Whytock, and her husband, Mr Patey. Madame Patey gave Gluck's always welcome though slightly worn "Che fare senz' Euridice?" Mr Patey the air "Lascia Amor" (from *Orlando*), perhaps the finest of the war-songs of Handel; the two together singing Balfe's pretty duet, "O ye shepherd pipes." Miss Brunner attempted the first of Cherubini's airs from Mozart's *Figaro* ("Non so più cosa son") and Schubert's well-known "Ungeduld."

At the concert this day we are promised, among other things, a solo by Mr Strelberg, a violinist from Brussels, and the whole of the music from Schubert's *Rosamunde*, which includes three choruses hitherto unheard—a chorus of Spirits, a chorus of Shepherds, and a chorus of Huntsmen.

STRAY SHOTS AT CONCERTS.

Scarcely an evening passes just now on which some musical performance more or less worthy of attention is not to be heard. To record in detail everything that occurs in this busy season of the year is out of the question. All that can be done is to select the most remarkable performances for special notice and to take a bird's-eye view of the remainder.

Some concerts of gaudier worth have been given in St. James's Hall by Mr. Joseph Barnby's Choir, and among the important pieces included in the various programmes have been the "Reformation Symphony" (its first and second performances in London), the music to *Athalie*, the Festival March in D written to celebrate the visit of Cornelius, the painter to Dresden (a posthumous work by the same composer—welcome like all the rest), the "Ave Maria" and grand finale from the unfinished opera *Loreley*, M. Gounod's *Messe Solennelle*, a new motet, "King all glorious," a composition of real merit, by Mr Barnby himself, Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in E flat, pianist Madame Schumann, and Mendelssohn's superb eight-part psalm, "When Israel out of Egypt came."

A second performance, in the same hall, has taken place of Professor Bennett's *Woman of Samaria*, more than confirming the good impression created by the first, and followed, as before, by his charming pastoral, *The May Queen*.

Madame Schumann has given the first of two "Recitals," at which the most interesting features were her performance of some of Schumann's "Kindersceenen," and of the same master's variations for two pianofortes, with her clever countrywoman, Mdlle Agnes Zimmermann. Herr Schlesser, a pianist and professor of well-known talent, has commenced a series of performances exclusively devoted to Schumann's chamber music, under the name of "Schumann Evenings," at the second of which among other things, the same Variations were played by the concert-giver and another excellent German pianist, Mdlle. Madeline Schiller. Mdlle. Schiller herself is holding "Pianoforte Recitals" in the same rooms, and proving her versatility by playing with distinguished ability music of all schools; and yet another German pianist of talent and acquirement, Herr Carl Rome is doing much the same thing for the sake of German chamber-music in a series of six "Classical and Miscellaneous Concerts" ("miscellaneous" is a doubtful word applied to matters musical) in the Hanover Square Rooms. So that if German music and German pianists do not thrive in London, it is not for want of pushing activity and zeal.

The Sacred Harmonic Society at Exeter Hall is going through its well-known repertory with its well known excellence and success. Thus we have had on one night, Mozart's *Requiem*, in conjunction with Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* (with Mr Sims Reeves in the "Watchman"); on another Mendelssohn's *Athalie* in conjunction with Rossini's *Stabat Mater*—performances so familiar as to require no new description.

The admirable London Ballad Concerts of Mr. John Boosey are still drawing crowds to St. James's Hall.

At the Monday Popular Concert on Saturday afternoon (why not call the afternoon performances Saturday Popular Concerts, seeing that they invariably take place on Saturdays?) Mendelssohn's posthumous quintet in B flat was played by Herr Joachim, Signor Piatti, &c.—the first piece performed at the first of those now established entertainments, on the 14th of February 1859, and therefore, if on that account alone, invested with a certain interest. Madame Schumann, who was the pianist, gave Beethoven's somewhat too frequently heard "Moonlight Sonata," and the trio in E flat (Op. 70) of the same master, with Herr Joachim and Signor Piatti. Herr Joachim accompanied by Mr Benedict, playing an *andante* and *scherzo* from *Salon Dictionen* of Spohr. Mr Vernon Rigby was the singer. The concert on Monday night derived an added importance from the fact that it included the greatest of all Beethoven's quartets—the so-called "Posthumous Quartet" in A minor; to his leading of which Herr Joachim is indebted for an small part of his renown as an intellectual performer of "classical" music. Of that anon.

LAURENCE PITT.

MILAN.—Signor Bottesini has given a second concert at the Teatro Real, when he played his *Fantasia* on motives from *Lucia*, and a "Tarantella." He was most rapturously applauded, and called on several times. In obedience to the general wish of the audience, he performed after the "Tarantella," some variations on the "Carnaval de Venise." The Queen, the King, and the Royal children were present.—There is a report that Signori Mario and Tamberlick are engaged to sing this summer in the Campo Elisee.—At the Salon Madrileno a new comic opera, *Aventuras de un chapado* is announced.

GENOA.—The Italian operatic season has commenced auspiciously at the Teatro Principal. The first opera given was *La Traviata* with Signora Spezia as Violetta, and Sig. Aldighieri as Germont.

LEIPZIG.—Nicolai's opera, *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor*, has been successfully produced.

MUSIC AND THEATRES IN VIENNA.

The last great event at the Imperial Operahouse has been the production of M. Gounod's *Roméo and Juliette* under his own direction. The excitement in musical circles was something quite unusual and by the time M. Gounod, who had arrived here about a week previously made his appearance, and with the Order of Guadeloupe, and the cross of the Legion of Honour on his breast, took his place in the orchestra, that excitement and gave up considerably above boiling heat. The opera was most favourably received, and the composer, as well as the principal singers, honoured with numerous calls. But the enthusiasm of a first night is not a gauge of permanent success, and though *Roméo and Juliette* will maintain an honourable place in the repertory it will never rank as high as *Faust* in the estimation of the Viennese, whatever it may do elsewhere.

Everything that the management could do for it was done. The costumes, made from the designs furnished by the celebrated and talented painter, Herr Franz Gaul, were models of good taste and magnificence, the scenery, by Herren Brioschi and Jachimowicz, was splendid in the extreme, and the stage management would have done honour to Mr. Augustus Harris. The only thing that could be found fault with was the German version of the words. This really surpasses in badness some of the choicest specimens of English libretto-writing in days gone by, when hollow hearts were made, and so on. The following was the cast: Juliette, Mdlle. von Murska; the Page, Mdlle. Rabatinsky; Gertrude, Mad. Gindele; Escalus, Herr Hrabanek; Paris, Herr Neumann; Capulet, Dr. Schmidt; Tybalt, Herr Prott; Mercutio, Herr v. Bignio; and Lorenzo, Herr Rokitansky. Great fears were entertained that Mdlle. von Murska would be the cause of the first performance being deferred beyond the appointed day, as the rehearsals and to be suspended in consequence of the fair singer being been unwell. Luckily, however, she recovered in time. It is pretty certain that no other vocalist on the stage could sing the waltz air so brilliantly and with such ease as Mdlle. von Murska sang it; but it is equally certain that she should not be so lavish of her powers; she would do well to husband them more carefully for the remainder that is to say, by far the greater portion of the character. Herr Walter was a good Romeo, though he might have been a better; Mdlle. Rabatinsky a charming Page, and Herr Rokitansky an impressive Lorenzo. M. Gounod left Vienna two days after the production of his opera. This was his second visit to the Austrian capital. He came here first in 1843, to conduct his Mass.

There have been several professional visitors who have tried their fortune at the Imperial Operahouse lately. Among them may be mentioned a certain Herr Hacker from the Court Theatre at Dresden. He attempted the principal male character in Auber's *Masaniello*, but was deficient in everything—dramatic talent, vocal ability, and personal appearance—required for the representation of Masaniello. How the management could ever have allowed him to appear was a matter of astonishment to every habitué of the theatre. People began to fancy that things were once more under the old Salvi *regime*. Dr. Dingelstedt must be more careful in future, as his reputation as a clever manager will suffer. I am sorry to add that Mdlle. Schuller was almost as unsatisfactory in the part of Fenella as Herr Hacker in that of the Neapolitan fisherman. The same may be asserted most truly of Herr Karl Walter from the Gratz Theatre, who, as Hermann in Verdi's opera of that name, proved himself the most utter stick—except Herr Hacker—that ever paraded his incapacity before the footlights. Another visitor, though of a different order of talent, was Mad. Blume, from the Royal Operahouse, Berlin. She appeared as Donna Anna in *Don Juan*, Leonora in *Fidelio*, and Pamina in *Die Zauberflöte*. She impressed the Viennese favourably, more particularly as Pamina, in which character she was most effectively supported by Mdlle. von Murska, who sang the Queen of Night. —There has been a new comic fairy ballet produced. It is by M. H. Desplanes, and is entitled, *Liebesabenteuer im Blumenreich*, which may be rendered—*Love's Adventures in the Realm of Flowers* —and is even more stupid than could fairy ballets generally are. There are a great number of gorgeous living flowers, and strange insects, amid very pretty scenery, various effective dances, several undoubtedly handsome dancers, several equally objectionable dancers—all male dancers are a mistake—and nothing else. The work wants a good story, and the absence of this causes the *Adventures* to be rather dull.

At the Carltheater, Offenbach's *Urlaub nach dem Zapfenstreich* was produced for the benefit of Herr Eppich, and proved a hit. Mdlle. Cannas, who made her *début* as Nicole, seems to possess ability, both as an actress and a singer. On the occasion of the ex-King of Hanover's "Silver Wedding," which has proved so fertile a theme for the papers throughout the length and breadth of Germany, his ex-Majesty retained more than eight hundred places at this theatre for as many of his former subjects. The piece of the evening was Offenbach's *Pariser Leben*, in which the well-known Mdlle. Gallmeyer sustains the principal character. His mode of dancing the cancan appeared literally to take away the breath of the simple strangers—but they liked it for all that. A large number of them were franked, also, by their former sovereign to the Theater an der Wien, where the bill included *La Grande Duchesse*, and *Barbe Bleue*. The first-named piece fell very flat. All the jokes against petty kinglets, and their petty courts, were either not understood or not appreciated, perhaps the former, for the worthy Hanoverians did not appear blessed with too great an amount of intelligence. M. Herré's *Fyfel im Auge*, arranged for the German stage by Herr Julius Hopp, the musical director at the Theater an der Wien, has been produced, but with no great success. Mdlle. Geistinger did all she could for it, but in vain. At the third performance the house was nearly empty.—At the Harmonie Theater, which, by the-bye, is in a bad way a little one-act trifle has been produced, and highly praised by those who have seen it, but their number is *not* legion. This trifle is entitled *Somnambule*, the libretto, taken from the French, being by Mad. Betty Young and the music by Herr Zayta. The story is that of an old Marchioness, who, in order to preserve the innocence of her son from contamination keeps him caged under lock and key. But, as we all know, Love laughs at locksmiths, and old Marchionesses into the bargain. A pretty girl, a Gardener's Daughter, gains access to the captive youth, and prevails on the aristocratic but foolish mamma to liberate him. Of course the interesting prisoner is played by a lady. Mdlle. Hild, who was exceedingly good, as was, also, Mdlle. Rittinger as the Gardener's Daughter. The music is exceedingly pleasing and full of original melody.

As I find that my letter is already rather long, I shall defer till next week, or the week after, what I have to tell you about concerts.

To Shirley Brooks, Esq.

"I estimate
Journalists aright."

How alter order of the flowers? Or rose
Blended with asphodel amouse?
Gave for donkeys to exchange we're ill able,
Or say that you than nay's a better syllable
Dab rooks in pigeon pies; It's monstrous fun
Make soft green woodlands, like your tailor, dun;
Call any one who oddly rhymes a poet;
Mad all as March's hares we are, you know it.

Philharmonicus.

Leipsic.—Weber's *Oberon*, magnificently got up, has been triumphantly revived.—The directors of the Gewandhaus Concerts forward, on the 125th anniversary of the Concerts, one thousand thalers to the Committee of the Mendelssohn Monument, in recognition of the services rendered by Mendelssohn to the cause of music in Leipsic. The money is to be put out at interest from the 11th of the present month, and interest and capital are to become the absolute property of the Committee directly the monument is commenced.—Tenth concert of the Euterpe Musical Association: "Orpheus," Liszt; Duet from *Beatrice and Benedict*, Berlioz (Mdlles. Wigand and Martini); intermezzo from *Lohengrin*, R. Wagner; three Two-part Songs (Op. 43), Schumann, and Symphony in C major Schubert.—Fortieth concert of chamber-music given by Riedel's Association: Tenor Songs, Neumann and Schubert; Violoncello-Sonata, Brahms; Songs for Alto, Rubinstein; "Fasching-Schwank aus Wien" for Pianoforte Schumann; Songs, Schumann and Franz; Variations Sérieuses, Mendelssohn, etc. At the last concert of the same Association Riedl's *Music Schmaus* (Op. 40), and Bach's Cantata, "Ach, wie flüchtig!" were performed.

Ballenstedt.—The King of Denmark has bestowed the gold medal for Art and Science on Herr J. B. André, musical-director.

EDOUARD MONNAIS.

(From the "Revue et Gazette Musicale.")

For the second time within a short period the *Revue et Gazette Musicale* has to mourn a heavy loss. On the first occasion it was one of its most learned and assiduous contributors that it lost—we allude to Georges Kastner—now, it is Edouard Monnais, its chief editor since 1835, whom pitiless death snatches from us! On Tuesday morning, that eminent writer, so distinguished in his tact, and alertness, to whom our publication is indebted for so many and such excellent contributions, our constant and devoted friend, succumbed to a long and painful malady, regretted by all who knew him.—In a few days we shall devote to his honourable and laborious life a chronological notice which the profundity of our sorrow renders us at present incapable of writing.

On Thursday, at three o'clock, a funeral service was performed in the church of Notre-Dame de Lorette for M. Edouard Monnais, whose sad loss we have already announced. We cannot do better than extract from the *Moniteur* of Friday the following details of the ceremony:

"To-day, at three o'clock, the funeral service was celebrated in the church of Notre-Dame de Lorette, for M. Edouard Monnais, Imperial Commissary of the lyrical theatres and the Conservatory, who a month ago, in consequence of the state of his health was, at his own request, allowed to retire on a pension.

"The crowd that filled the church consisted entirely of friends, who all felt deeply the loss they had just suffered. In side by side with those rare qualities of mind which caused his labours, so numerous and so varied, to be appreciated, M. Edouard Monnais possessed that precious gift of kindliness, courtly and delicate obligingness which attracts men's hearts and retains them ever afterwards. A friend of the greatest composers—of Rossini, of Meyerbeer, of Halévy, and of Auber—his loss has occasioned universal regret in the world of art, and that regret found an eloquent interpreter in M. de Saint-Georges. Before however giving this gentleman's words, so full of feeling and describing so well the affectionate devotion and intelligent spirit of conciliation that distinguished the disposition of the Deceased we will rapidly mention his principal efforts as an author, who, by the impartiality and justness of his scholarly decisions, and the amiable tone of his style, remarkable for its gentlemanly delicacy, achieved a place it will be difficult to fill up in musical criticism.

"We owe to Edouard Monnais the thirteen volumes of the *Ephémérides universelles*, *Fulvia*, a comic opera, *Mémoires de la vie d'artiste*, *les Sept Notes de la gamme*, *Le Portefeuille de la Cantatrice*, a number of comedy vaudevilles such as *La Demande en mariage*, *Le Cœur des Femmes*, *Le Secret d'État*, *Un Ménage Parisien*, and *Le Petit Suisse*, most of these written with some one else; and a great number of articles in *Le Courier Français*, *Le Moniteur des Arts*, and *La Gazette Musicale*, in which he assumed the name of Paul Smith.

"The *Moniteur Universel* remembers with pride that he contributed to its columns.

"Among the persons present we noticed M. de la Charme, Chief of the Ministerial Cabinet of the Imperial Household, M. Camille Doucet, Member of the French Academy, Director-General of the Administration of Theatres, and the Members of the General Direction; M. Auber, Director of the Conservatory of Music, and the Members of the Conservatory; M. Ambroise Thomas, M. Edouard Thierry, Administrator General of the Théâtre Français; M. Emile Perrin, Manager of the Opera; Baron Taylor, MM. Carvalho, Bagier, Chorz d'Est-Ange, de Vatry, A. de Lavergne de Lassabathie, Théophile Hipp. Provost, F. Bazin, Oscar Comettant, Paul Dalton, Th. Gauthier, A. Gouzien, Cristal, D.-A.-D. Saint-Yves, M. du Mesnil-Roy, Laurent de Rillé, Jules Simon, Deforges, Maher, Goudare, Montaubry, Dupeux, Simon-Foy, Pouchard, Vauthrot, J. Pasdeloup, Hengel, Louis and G. Drandis, S. Dulom, Hipp. Rodrigues, Marmontel, Révial, Laget, Masart, H. Herz, Lecouppey, Mathias, Alkan, Donvernid, Cockers, Dunda, Professors of the Conservatory, Alkan, Batiste, Butin, &c.

"At the tomb, in the Cemetery of Père-Lachaise, where the Deceased is buried, M. de Saint-Georges delivered the following address in the name of the Society of Dramatic Authors of which he is chairman:—

"An excellent man, an individual of rare mind, a distinguished artiste, a skilful man of business, a true and devoted friend—such is he for whom we weep to-day; such is he who is so deeply regretted; such is he whose gentle and sympathetic face will be treasured up in the memory of all who knew that is to say, loved, him.

"Edouard Monnais was for a long period a writer in one of our most important political papers; he was entrusted with the musical criticism and attracted attention by the excellence and judiciousness of his notices, in which severity was always mitigated by extreme kindness towards the authors whose works he blamed and censured. He encouraged the weak and imparted new energy to the strong by recalling their Past for the benefit of their Future.

"Having been remarked and appreciated by all true friends of art, Edouard Monnais was called to the management of the Opera; he determined to apply to that first theatre the artistic theories of which he had long been the apostle; he *did* so with gratifying results, and several grand works brought out during his management were consecrated by success. Having been appointed shortly afterwards to the post of Government Commissary for our large theatres and the Conservatory, he brought to the discharge of his new duties that spirit which, first and at the same time obliging, increased the number of his friends, and filled so many hearts with gratitude and devotion.

"As a lyric author, he wrote for ten years all the cantatas which served for the first essays of our "Prix de Rome," more than one of whom was indebted to his inspiration for bearing off the palm with fine works which were *le premier pas* in a career of glory and of fortune!

"His studies and his labours gave his criticisms an authority which caused him to be esteemed by all true lovers of art, and will render his loss still more heavy for all the readers of those papers which for a long time owed him their vogue and their success.

"A few words, gentlemen, on him in his private capacity—the last homage of one of his most intimate friends. Good, ready to oblige, and endowed with one of those happy dispositions which inspire confidence, and irresistibly attract friendship, Edouard Monnais will be missed by all of us; we shall long look for him in our artistic committees, in our juries, and at those public competitions where his conciliatory spirit and well-known kindness reassured the students and was sought by the judges!

"But it is to the bosom of his family, to the midst of those he loved most tenderly, that his loss will be cruelly felt!

"If our regret reaches thee, my dear Monnais, let it soften the pang of separating from those whom thou lovest! may the thought of all the sorrow that survives thee be accepted as a proof that thou will be eternally remembered by our hearts!"

In a few words, bearing the impress of sincere emotion, Baron Taylor, in the name of the Association of Artist-Musicians, of which M. Edouard Monnais was long vice-chairman, then bade a last farewell to him who has left among his colleagues such lively sentiments of esteem and affection.

AUS KÖLN.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Private and public balls, masquerades, dinner parties, and every description of exciting and gastronomic enjoyments have for nearly a month I would say, uninterrupted to different degrees, the different social circles of our jolly Cologne as celebrated for its merry Carnival. The muses had retired to rest into the temple of Apollo for a while, looking down from mount Parnassus in a contemptuous way upon us, who have been quite carried away by the vortex of sensual pleasures, until tired, but not satisfied we began to seek once more for repose at first and for enthusiastic rehabilitation afterwards. Our splendid Gürzenich Hall, consecrated to the divine emanations of the eternal geniuses of Mozart, Beethoven, Handel, Bach, Haydn etc., has been dedicated to public dinners, suppers, and "*Bal-masqué*." The professors and pupils of our Conservatoire have been part equally to the general gaiety, and the phalanx of fiddlers of our celebrated orchestra, with the exception of the "*prunnenn*," has been scattered in private houses and hotels, playing polkas and contredanses every night instead of symphonies and overtures.

But order has been restored at last. The appeal has sounded, the professors and pupils of the Conservatoire are gone back to their serious duties, and F. Hiller having already gathered together his orchestra, has surprised us in the most delightful way presenting a very interesting programme for the ninth Gürzenich Concert last night. The muses have returned among us to raise once more our souls to the high regions of the beautiful. They presided smiling at this concert. Here is the programme of it:—

No. 1. Overture from *Schauspiel-Director*—Mozart. No. 2. aria "*Dove sei*" from "*Allegro ed il Pensieroso*"—Handel, (English M. Sherpent, one London. No. 3. Violoncell Concert composed and performed by Herr C. Davydoff, one Petersburg. No. 4. aria "*Non ma che*" Don Giovanni,—Mozart, Fr. M. Ehrquist. No. 5. Suite for the orchestra von Franz Lachner (first time in Cologne) *Prelude*—

Intermezzo—Chaconne (with variations for flute, clarinet, violin, violoncello, horn, and two violins)—*Sarabande*—*Gavotte*—*Courante*. No. 6, Choral with variations for mixed chorus and orchestra by Joh. Seb. Bach. No. 7. *Fantasia for the* violoncello by Servais—H. G. Berlioz. No. 8. *Russian National Songs*—Fri. M. Enequist. No. 9. Overture of *Wilhelm Tell*—Rossini.

Herr Davidoff went to Leipzig on 1862, to study mathematics wishing besides to learn music under the lamented professor Hauptmann, and it was F. David who only per chance discovered, that the Russian student was no less than a very first rate violoncello player. Herr Davidoff was in consequence immediately engaged as professor at the Conservatoire and solo player at the Gewandhaus Concerts of Leipzig, and after a few years went back to his native country, where he occupies presently an eminent position as professor at the Conservatoire of Saint Petersburg as well as soloplayer of the Imperial opera and the Philharmonic Concerts. Purity and continuity of sound, from the *fortissimo* to the *pianissimo*, great expression elegance in phrasing and elevated musical taste in the *rubatéis*, great virtuosity and perfect command upon the most difficult octaves sixths, thirds and *staccato* passages in the *allegro*, are the high qualifications of this deservedly celebrated artist. As a composer Herr Davidoff stands not so high and although his violoncello-concerto belongs to the well written and well scored music, still as regard to melodical originality and form it cannot claim to be placed among the first class compositions. The public applauded him warmly however after the *andante* played to perfection and recalled him at the end of the concerto. On delivering the Fantaisie of Servais, Herr Davidoff excited the enthusiasm of the crowded and fashionable audience.

The *Suite* of Mr Lachner turns of the best instrumental productions of this veteran of the pure German School. The three first movements *Preludium*, *Intermezzo*, and *Chaconne* are full of originality of form and melodical power and they are scored in the well known style of the master bringing out special effects through every different peculiar *timbre* of the wind instruments and producing the most powerful sonority through the relative sympathetic combinations between this and the string instruments, never bursting into noise and confusion even in the great fortissimos.

The little concert overture from the opera of Mozart as well as the grandiose and spirited one of Wilhelm Tell went on capitally under the masterly leadership of F. Hiller. The choral of Bach is rather a *longueur*. Fräulein Enequist being so well known in England the readers of the *Musical World* will easily imagine that she was successful in the Swedish Song, making the audience shake. The national songs keeping within a limited compass of the voice and not requiring the high notes, I would advise Frl. Enequist to choose them "*de preference*" for her concerts-repertoire. According to journals Frl. Enequist is going to sing Lucia at our theatre. I am very anxious to see such a miracle. Not to speak of our thrice very good prima donna we have had here just during the last fortnight a most remarkable first rate soprano singer from the Royal Opera of Munich, Fräulein Mathilde Mallinger who in many parts produced a very great and general sensation. Her beautiful appearance, voice and acting as well as her magnificent method and great sentiment have left such an impression with our public—that only some extraordinary artist can have for the moment a chance of success in Cologne. Although some friends of Frl. M. Enequist have been publishing some *reclames* about her great artistical capacities, proclaiming her as the best pupil of Jenny Lind. Still I am afraid for our coming out as Lucia here!

The last novelty at our Opera House has been the "*Fliegender Holländer*" of Wagner given for the first time in Cologne. It is a very stupid libretto, with a very heavy music as you know. However the celebrated chorus of the "*Spinnerinnen*," as well as the baryton air and the two duets for soprano and baryton are musical gems. Our fair *prima donna* Frl. Schenerlein in creating the difficult part of *Senta* has increased her reputation as a great singer and actress. The pupil of our Conservatoire, Frl. Schmitz, whose success in a concert at our theatre I mentioned in the *Musical World* some weeks ago has in fact made a very brilliant debut at the Royal theatre in Cassel in the opera *Strafella* by Flotow. The local papers speak in very high terms about the excellent qualities of this young singer.

The King of Italy has conferred a great distinction upon our professor Signor Marchesi presenting him to the rank of officer of St. Maurice and Lazarus after only three months of his first nomination as a knight of the same order.

You would oblige me by presenting my best compliments to Bishi Barnek Esq and tell him that his *extempore* addressed to Owen Meredith Esq (vide *Musical World* March 14 page 177) is now as short and expressive as the following old original of it

"In tempi non legabili più forzati,
Il suo pensiero fedeli sulle orme,
In tempi non forzati a più legabili,
Il suo pensiero in orme in polte si fedeli."

Your obedient, and faithful

Cologne March 15. SILVESTRE SAVERIO BALDASSARE.

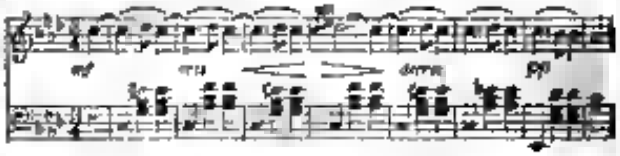
REVIEWS.

The Pianist's Practical Guide to develop from the major and minor scale all the principal intervals, chords, and variations thereon, and to apply them to daily exercises in composing and performing: designed to advance the student simultaneously in theoretical knowledge, and in manual execution. By F. WEBER, organist at the Royal German Chapel, St. James's Palace. Second Edition. [London: Cramer & Co.]

We are glad that a second edition of this excellent work has been called for, and take the opportunity of recommending it once again to public favour. The object sought by Mr. Weber, and so fully set forth—the title page is one which engages too little attention. As a rule amateur pianists know little or nothing of that portion of musical theory which makes them intelligent players and enables them to give a reason for what they do, while indefinitely increasing their resources. The student who masters this book before us may claim to be called musician as well as pianoforte player.

Franz Schubert's Sixteen Dance Measures. Edited and fingered by BERNHARD ESCHRIG. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

We are prepared beforehand to welcome anything bearing the name of Schubert, feeling sure that however small and unimportant it will be worth having. These little and simple illustrations of dance measures are more valuable as specimens of varied rhythm than for their own intrinsic worth. Yet are they pretty and some of them, quaint enough. From one of the latter so I use call the following extract:—



Let us think of the friends that are gone. Ballad. Written and composed by RICHARD S. HARDING. [London: Hutchings & Romer.]

As the symphonies and accompaniments to this song are the work of another hand we take it that Mr. Harding has a modest estimation of his musical capacity. Based he bids fair on the nature of his gifts and attain to a high that respect, we are able to judge of him as a poet. It will suffice to quote one verse:—

Let us think of the friends that are gone:
A father perhaps we now mourn,
Who has left us in this world alone,
And gone to Eternity's bourne.
In life, how he loved to impart
To those who around him he found,
The genial warmth of that heart
Now lying so cold in the ground.
Then, oh! let his memory be dear" &c.

The Land and the Sea. Song. Written and composed by RICHARD S. HARDING. [London: Hutchings & Romer.]

In this song Mr. Harding has exercised his powers of melody and verse upon a bolder theme. Here is the refrain written with the direct spirit of one who either never has been on the sea, or never means to go:—

"Oh, yes! Oh, yes! on the restless rolling sea,
Where waves dash high, and winds blow free,
In safety or danger there would I roam
Its bosom my pathway, its billows my home.

The melody is bold and florid, if not very original.

Down in the Deep. Song. Written and composed by L. S. HARTON (of Liverpool). Symphonies and Accompaniments by J. L. HARTON. [Liverpool: Hime & Son.]

This is by far the best of the songs in which Mr. Harding's name is attached, not alone because of Mr. Harton's elegant and expressive accompaniments, but because there is real merit in both words and melody. We advise those who sing it to take the last verse first, merely for the sake of effect. This done, and an interesting future thereby secured, "Down in the Deep" will be a welcome song.

Loreley. Ch. Allemand, transcrit pour le pianoforte, et dédié à Mlle Pauline WEITRICH par EDOUARD SAUSSMANN. [London: D. Davison & Co.]

This is an extremely florid transcription of the melody of Hatton's well-known poem. As an exercise in arpeggio and scale playing it may be found useful.

DARMSTADT.—Herren Stockhausen and Brahms lately gave a concert. The former gentleman produced a very deep impression by his rendering of songs by Schubert and Schumann, but the latter met with only a cool reception.

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THE SONGS OF THE STREET.

Perhaps a slight apology is needed for introducing so vulgar a subject to the readers of *Echoes*. If so, it is to be found in the title of Victor Hugo's last-published volume of poems. Since the author of the *Roi s'amuse* and the *Burgraves* has deigned to write the *Chansons des Rues et des Bois*, it is surely no derogation to speak of them here. Besides, far more men in all ages have written for the street and the people. Indeed, it is hard to commence an article on the allusions of the humbler Barnes and Berangers of the present day without a reference to the oft-quoted remark of Fletcher of Saltoun, one of those happy quotable sayings that do more towards securing popular fame for a man than a dozen written volumes would do. Had Fletcher's aspirations been gratified to the extent which he desired, our ears would probably have been greeted by strains more elevated in sentiment than those which now salute them at every street corner. His remark shows him to have been a gentleman of laudable ambition and correct taste, some portion of which latter feeling might have been transmitted like the mantle of the prophet Elijah to his successors.

These songs generally emanate from the various Music Halls, and they include ballads in their autobiographical and narrative character. Whether they refer to some fair being of the gentle sex, or contain an account of the supposed social position of the singer the songs which become popular are mostly in the first person. The singer may be either a Howling Swell, a Jolly Dog, Costermonger Joe, Champagne Charlie, the self-denying Joseph of the Chickalanny Cove, and as such confine himself to a general sketch of his mode of living, or he may as the Monastrap-Man or the Broken-hearted Shepherd deplore the faithlessness of the object of his affections. The cruel conduct of the aforesaid object is continually dinned in to our ears. If she has not danced away with a tailor-printer's clerk or with that cursed Jemmy Riddle, she has flown through the air on a flying trapeze, leagued with Leybourne, turned out a cruel deceiver, fallen in love with a German bandsman, eloped with an organ man, or gone away with the ugly driver of a donkey cart. Three fourths of these songs for the last four years have turned upon female perfidy, a feature of public taste which naturally leads us to believe that the predominance of such a theme in the music hall songs is due to a preference for it on the part of the audience. The shortness of such ditties are taken up vigorously and they seldom fail to become popular. Their success is "in manifest." But why is it so? Have the greater portion of the audiences of Vance Lloyd and Leybourne been jilted, and in despair taken to bear, tobacco, and ale? Is it a savage satisfaction to them to learn that others have been as luckless as they—that Polly Perkins has left her milkman, that the girl who worked the sewing machine was also false to her lover; that Angelina was always fond of soldiers; that Susan Jane preferred a policeman, and that Jessie at the rail way bar was a general jilt? Do they derive comfort from the fact that they are not the only sufferers? Such would easily seem to be the case, though, after all, they may be simply enjoying the spectacle of the unhappiness of others, without any such predisposing cause, just as we always laugh most heartily at that portion of a pantomime where the red-hot poker is most liberally applied. Sometimes however things do go well. Pretty Jemima did not say "no," neither did Sarah with the lovely golden hair, and latterly pretty Mary has followed their good example.

Still a few of the play impulses to speak a few words in favour of these melodies. As far as music goes, many of them are fully equal to Offenbach's popular airs, and indeed some are absolutely published from the operas of that composer, which as he is by no means a new occasionally pretty harmony of this nature himself is perhaps only retributive justice. Others are fashionable value tunes suitably modified—as, for "The Broken hearted Shepherd" is "Dreams of Childhood," "I like to be a Swell" the "Guinnman Guards" and "Fifty Years Ago" the "Belgravia" waltz. On the other hand, a number of them after being popularized in the street, made their first appearance in society in burlesque and pantomime.

There are many good features in the street songs proper, as a humid would say, or improper as elderly ladies may observe of to-day. In the first place their morality is unimpeachable. When they do turn which is very seldom the case, upon any little deviation from the right path they usually wind up with the fearful chastisement inflicted upon the erring sinner. Poetical justice is almost always accorded. Did not the young lady who quitted her lover for the sake of the fascinating acrobat have to go through a variety of evolutions upon the flying trapeze—an exercise to which, with all due deference to Mdlle Adelia, a spell upon the sensitivity would be absolute repose. Sometimes however it must be admitted that British gallantry allows the female offender to get off clear. Love is a frequent theme, but the suitor's intentions are invariably strictly honourable whether he bemoans his hard lots or sketches a picture of future conjugal bliss.

Occasionally a bit of the old sentimental style crops out; "Sweet Spirit, hear my Prayer" and "Beautiful Isle of the Sea," are instances of this. The American war left its traces in "Glory, Hallelujah," "Tramp, tramp, tramp," and "When Johnny comes marching home;" whilst "Dinny," anglicised as "Nanny in the Strand," wrested a perfect *furore*, and had one of the longest runs on record. One remarkable fact well deserves mentioning. Despite our being a thoroughly unmusical nation, one scarcely ever hears a sea-song in the street now-a-days. Without going back to the times of Dibdin, one can remember the days when Henry Russell's sea-songs were the rage; but beyond "On board the Kangaroo," which turns upon the inevitable faithlessness of woman-kind, "Cheer he was a gay young sailor," which can hardly be classed as a sea-song at all, and "Good-bye, John," we have had nothing of late years with the faintest smack of the briny.

Echoes.

MUSIC AT MALVERN.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

One of the most delightful vocal musical evenings ever given at Malvern was on Monday (the 16th) at Mr. Haynes's Music Hall. The audience numbering nearly 400, including families of the highest distinction, which the town can happily boast of being in profusion of.

I need hardly mention that Mr. A. Brown, the very interpising manager of the old bank, was selected to take the chair which he occupied admirably. Being a practised musician himself and a powerful help to many of the old societies at Worcester. Always when he was a resident there fond of melody from his youth upwards. No wonder when he was summoned to give his weight to musical matters, his labours meet with such magnanimous success, many gentlemen giving him their support in return for the enjoyment and surprising way in which the business of the old Bank is so praiseworthy conducted.

Mr. Brown was most fortunate in securing gentlemen of the greatest repute in musical matters. The great name of Mr. Stanton was a programme in itself. Never was a Malvern audience more thoroughly awake to what good singing was than on Monday night. Since Mr. Sims Reeves was at the Wells (where he most kindly gave a concert on behalf of the new organ, and where he kindly has also promised to give his services at the opening of his) never has such tenor singing been heard in Mr. Stanton's. His beautiful chest voice and graceful delivery among the attention of all present. The first song "The Message," was the greatest song and the best ever given in Mr. Haynes's Music Hall and one of the greatest treats that musical science can boast of in Our town. The audience were fairly astonished by this fine declamatory power, this scholar like reading and tremendous force of power at command. May Mr. Stanton again visit Malvern, all will be enraptured to hear a gentleman riding so high in his profession, by possessing as full to ed like voice as can empty itself in the human one. Several songs were most artistically given. Col. Mencrief is quite a favourite, singing with sound judgment and great impression. The good music he selects and which he always interprets well, proves him to be a gentleman of soul and appreciating what is good. Mr. John Evans also delivered very sweetly "Sally in our Alley." Mr. Evans having made great progress in song is always ready to give his aid and throw into the treasury anyth ng for the promotion of good and sound music. He has always experienced very strongly his attachment for these "Monday Popular Concerts" and they recognise him as one of their warm supporters.

The Rev. Jewell of the College Gem obtained a high position in musical matters. He has given Malvern some of its best harmony. We hear his reading of music is perfect and most kindly has he contributed his talents to these enjoyable entertainments.

The programme was interspersed, with instructive readings and recitations, in which the popular names of Dr. Grindrod, Lucy Wilson and Fisher were prominently prominent. Messrs. H. Wilson and T. Lucy are old contributors deserving the high congratulations which they have so unanimously deserved.

Mr. Brown was fortunate in securing Messrs. Haynes and Rogers for the piano. The Committee are very much indebted to these gentlemen for the able position they occupy at the piano. Mr. Rogers greatly improves as I hear him possessing a most exquisite touch, particularly in his accompaniments—never hanging the instrument to bury the voice—but, like a wise artist holding it in subjection. Mr. Stanton was most ably supported by Mr. Haynes in the "Message." Mr. Stanton conveying the same compliment, as Mr. Sims Reeves did when Mr. Haynes assisted Mr. Reeves at Malvern Hills concert—that seldom has he the great tenor sang to so accompanyist where he felt greater confidence in. If Mr. Haynes could give more time to the assistance of these attractive concerts much good would come. I hope on behalf of all who take interest in what is high and noble in the art of music Mr. Haynes will so often his can spare time. His name in the programme will always attract, and give the evening a tone I rely almost. I congratulate Mr. Albert Brown on his sound judgment in catering no costly for the musically disposed. The energetic committee who labours hard deserve most heartily to render their thanks to all gentlemen for their splendid services in kindly given. Should Mr. Stanton make another visit to this evergreen spot I hope sincerely he will again fascinate Malvern with "The Message" in which he has made such indelible impression, as all who had the fine opportunity of hearing this rising cantatas.

To Sutherland Edwards Esq.—March 21. HOLMES OF HALLOW

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

LAST MORNING PERFORMANCE,

SATURDAY, MARCH 28TH, 1868.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

SEPTET in E flat, Op. 20, for Violin, Viola, Clarinet, Horn, Bassoon, Violoncello, and Double-Bass (by desire and for the last time this season)—MM. JOACHIM, HENRY BLAGROVE, LAZARUS, C. HARPER, WINTERBOTTOM, REYNOLDS, and PIATTI ... *Beethoven.*

LULLABY, "Golden Slumbers"—Miss ELIZA ASHLE ... *Old English.*

SONATA, in B flat (posthumous), for Pianoforte alone (second time of performance in public)—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD ... *Mendelssohn.*

PART II.

ROMANCE, in G, for Violin, with Pianoforte Accompaniment—Herr JOACHIM ... *Beethoven.*

SONG, "Gretchen"—Miss ELIZA ASHLE ... *Schubert.*

TRIO, in D minor, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, M. JOACHIM and PIATTI ... *Mendelssohn.*

CONDUCTOR—Mr. BENEDICT.

LAST MONDAY POPULAR CONCERT OF THE SEASON.

THE DIRECTOR'S BENEFIT,

MONDAY EVENING MARCH 30TH, 1868.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET, in D minor, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, HENRY BLAGROVE, and PIATTI ... *Mozart.*

SONG, "The Fair"—Miss CECILIA WARTHOUSE ... *Schubert.*

FANTASIA, Op. 77, for Pianoforte alone (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts)—Mr. CHARLES HALLE ... *Beethoven.*

LIED OHNE WORTE (posthumous), for Violoncello, with Pianoforte Accompaniment (first time of performance in public)—Signor PIATTI ... *Mendelssohn.*

RECIT. and AIR, "Deeper, and deeper still"—Mr. SIMS REEVES ... *Handel.*

PRELUDE and FUGUE, in B minor, for Pianoforte alone—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD ... *Mendelssohn.*

PART II.

SOLOS { (a. "Slumber Song" / b. "Traumswirren") } for Pianoforte alone ... *Schumann.*
Madame SCHUMANN.

SONG, "When the moon is brightly shining"—Mr. SIMS REEVES ... *Milligan.*

ROMANCE, in E for Violin, with Pianoforte Accompaniment—Herr JOACHIM ... *Beethoven.*

SONG, "The Fisher Maiden"—Miss CECILIA WARTHOUSE ... *Meyerbeer.*

CONCERTO, in D major, for three Pianofortes (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts)—Madame SCHUMANN, Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, and Mr. CHARLES HALLE, accompanied by MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, H. BLAGROVE, and PIATTI ... *Bach.*

CONDUCTOR—Mr. BENEDICT.

Both Halls, 6s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. To be had of ROUTE, 22, Piccadilly; KEITH, PROWSE, & Co., 48, Cheapside; and of CHAPPELL & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

MENDELSSOHN'S POSTHUMOUS SONATA FOR PIANOFORTE

In consequence of the enthusiastic reception accorded to MENDELSSOHN'S PIANOFORTE SONATA IN B FLAT, played for the first time in public by Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, at her Benefit, in the MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS March 16th, it will be REPEATED (for the Last Time this Season), in the Concert TO-DAY, March 28th, when Madame GODDARD will also perform Mendelssohn's Trio in D Minor (No. 1) with Herr JOACHIM and Signor PIATTI.

IMPORTANT TO MUSICAL STUDENTS, COMPOSERS, & AMATEURS

Now ready, in one vol. demy 8vo. 9s. 6d.,

MUSICAL DEVELOPMENT. Being an attempt to show the minor in Mode of certain fundamental laws of human expression with a view to deduce the true spiritual aims of the chief forms of composition and to lay down the broad principles which should regulate their construction. By Jonathan Goddard, Author of "The Philosophy of Music."

London: THOMAS MUSKE, 22, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C.; SIMPKIN & Co., Stationers' Hall Court, E.C.; J. GODDARD, 186, St. Paul's Road, N.W.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

FIRST NIGHT OF THE SEASON.—On TUESDAY NEXT, March 31st, the first night of the Season, will be performed (for the eighth time in England) Verdi's last new opera, entitled "DON CARLOS." Principal characters by Signor Tamberlik, Monsieur Faure, Signor Bagagiolo, and Signor Graziani; Madame Barbieri-Nini and Mdlle. Fricci. Applications for Boxes, Stalls, and Prospectuses of the arrangements of the season to be made to Mr. Edward Hall at the Box Office, under the portico of the Theatre; and to the principal Booksellers and Librarians.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.—THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—FIRST NIGHT OF THE SEASON.

The Subscribers to the Opera, and the Public, are respectfully informed that the Season will commence THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), the 28th inst., on which occasion will be performed DONIZETTI'S Opera, "LUCREZIA BORGIA." Gennaro, Signor Franchini; Il Duca Alfonso, Mr. Santley; Rustighello, Signor Aquilli; Liverotto, Signor Zelioli; Gazzella, Signor Foli; Petrucci, Mr. Lyall; Oloferno, Signor Cambini; Maffio Orsini, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Lucrezia Borgia, Mdlle. Titiens.

After the Opera, the National Anthem.

Director of the Music and Conductor, Signor Arditi.

Mdlle. Titiens, Madame Trebelli-Bettini.—On Tuesday next, March 31st, will be presented Rossini's Opera, "Semiramide." Idreno, Signor Bettini; Assur, Signor Cambini; Oroe, Signor Foli; L'Ombra di Nino, Signor Cambini; Arsace, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Semiramide, Mdlle. Titiens. Conductor, Signor Arditi.

Mdlle. Titiens.—Thursday next, April 2nd, GUNOD'S Opera, "Lucrezia Borgia" (total above).

Mdlle. Clara Louise Kellogg.—Mdlle. Clara Louise Kellogg will make her first appearance on Saturday, April the 11th.

The doors will be open at Eight o'clock and the Opera will commence at half past Eight.

Prices.—Stalls, One Guinea; Amphitheatre Stalls, 1s. and 6s.; Reserved Box Seats 10s. 6d.; Gallery 3s. 6d.

Boxes, Stalls, and places, also prospectuses of the arrangements of the season, may be obtained of Mr. Nugent, at the Box Office of Her Majesty's Opera, Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, under the portico in Bridges Street, open daily from Ten till Six.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.—THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—Box Office.—Special Notice.

The OFFICES of Her Majesty's Opera are at the Box Office of the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, under the portico, in Bridges Street, open daily, under the superintendence of Mr. Nugent, from Ten till Six.

[illegible]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. HORACE MARDEW.—By no means —— see chapter *Heart Instinct potentia*

MR. SHIRLEY BROOKS.—Father of Ledbury

MR. AUGUSTUS MATHEW.—The Sophies of Persia.

DR. WILTER COAL.—Beethoven was not born at the time. Read Godwin's *Essay on Sepulchres*

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of* THE MUSICAL WORLD *is at* Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244 *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Eleven o'clock* A.M. *on Fridays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 28 1868.

FORGOTTEN TEACHERS.

2. ROMANO MICHELI.*

(*Continued from page 197.*)

MICHELI, also, was a disciple of the Roman school of music, having been a pupil of the Nanini already mentioned, and of Soavini. He possessed a speculative, acute mind, and, when he had only just completed his studies, attracted universal attention by his ingenious discoveries in counterpoint, so that he experienced no difficulty in soon finding plenty to do as a popular teacher. His position as such was, however, only a subordinate one; what leads him an especial interest in our eyes, is the fact of our being obliged to designate him the most combative fighting-cock of his time, always ready to break a lance for the principles he had imbibed

* *From the Neue Berliner Musikzeitung.*

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from Palestrina, always prepared to repel the attacks of any opponents, whoever they might be, and perfectly indifferent as to whether the attacks were directed against himself personally or not.

There was an assembly of assailants, so that the doughty champion really had enough to do.

The most interesting contest in which he was engaged was that which he waged with some musicians of Dantzic, not for himself, but for a countryman and old fellow-student, as well as for the musical teaching of Italy generally. Paul Syfert, organist of the Republic of Dantzic, in conjunction with Kaspar Forster, chapelmaster of the same Republic, had come to the conclusion that the Italian mode of composition (that of a certain Palestrina and his pupils) was by no means the correct one, or the most beautiful, but was far surpassed by that which Syfert himself, and others like him, cultivated. This was certainly an exceedingly modest opinion on the part of the worthy organist. It appears, however, to have sprung from his inmost heart. He had an opportunity of becoming acquainted, almost in his immediate neighbourhood, with the style of composition followed by the Roman school, for, at the Royal Polish Court in Warsaw, there resided, as chapelmaster, Marco Scacchi, a Roman composer of the first water, and a pupil of Palestrina's pupil, Felice Anerio. Apart from his qualities and importance as a musician, Scacchi did not exactly belong to the class of persons of a quiet temperament, for the opposition encountered by the Dantzic colleagues stirred up his Italian blood, that (in 1643) he came out with a publication addressed more or less directly to Syfert, and the musical style he followed. This struck the worthy organist as going beyond a joke, he too, was seized with a fit of indignant enthusiasm, and (in 1646) answered the audacious Roman, not with a pamphlet. In this, he did not, however, condemn his opponent alone, but all Italians, accusing them of not knowing how to compose anything except ariettas, canzonettas, and other trifles, and inviting them to visit Dantzic where alone, he said, they would enjoy the opportunity of learning what *real* music was. As a matter of course, the pamphlet of the northern barbarian excited Italian composers not a little, and the champion of Italian art, and of the honour of Italian artists, Romano Micheli, immediately took up the cause of his insulted countryman at Warsaw. He sent Paul Syfert, as well as Kaspar Forster, the Dantzic chapelmaster, some of his printed compositions, that they might see, by absolute facts, what Italians had learnt and how they could compose. That he sent only some of his best compositions will easily be believed. He accompanied them with a proposal for the Dantzic musicians to have a trial of skill before they dared to disparage, in the eyes of all Europe, Italy, the high school of music. Whether the name of Romano Micheli had a different sound for them than that of Marco Scacchi, or whether the compositions sent them showed they were wrong, we cannot say, but the long and short of the matter was that these Dantzic champions answered Micheli (at the commencement of 1647) very politely, abstained altogether from further strife with the Roman in Warsaw, and did not reply to a fresh pamphlet published by the latter (1649).

But ingratitude is the thanks of the world.

Impelled, perhaps, by Paul Syfert's assertion, Romano Micheli published in 1645 a small work, in which he made known and dedicated to the mamaans of Italy, a new class of compositions, steady, canons in several parts on the vowels of various words. Scarcely did Marco Scacchi receive the work, before he entered on a fresh dispute, and this time with Micheli. In 1647, he wrote a long dissertation against his countryman, endeavouring to prove that the pretended discovery was nothing more than a piece of arrogant assumption on the part of Micheli, as such canons had existed in days of old. So direct an attack, and from one, too, whose name he had so truly defended, naturally excited the justresentment of Micheli, who was not a man to let it pass in silence. His answer bore this title: *La Polizia Pontificia diretta dalla Sinfonia Franca*. These words were worked into two, three, four, five, and six-part canons, the conclusion consisting of a very perspicacious treatise against Scacchi which drove him victoriously from the field. Most of his contemporaries sided with Micheli, though they spoke the in high terms of the musical ability of his opponent.

With regard to the other events in the life of Romano Micheli, we will merely mention that in the year 1625 he was appointed chapelmaster at the church of S. Luigi dei Francesi, at Rome. He must have lived to an advanced age, for a manifesto which he addressed in the decline of his life to all the composers of Italy is dated in the year 1684, from Rome, and furnishes us with a proof that the combative propensities of the old gentleman were still undiminished.

(*To be continued.*)

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Mr. Gye opens on Tuesday with Verdi's *Don Carlos*, with Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mdlle. Fricci, Signors Naudin, Petit, and Bagagiolo.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.—Mr. Mapleson begins to-night at Drury Lane Theatre with *Lucrezia Borgia*, the principal characters by Mdlle. Tietjens, Madame Trebelli Bettini, Mr. Santley and Signor Fraschini, who has not been heard in London since 1847, the first year of the Covent Garden opposition, when he was Mr. Lumley's famous "Tenor of the Curse" (*Lucia*).

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—At this afternoon's concert Madame Arabella Goddard is to play for the second time Mendelssohn's Posthumous Sonata in B flat, for pianoforte alone, and also, with Herr Joachim and Signor Piatti, the same composer's first trio.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.—At the concert to-day Schubert's *Rosamunde* music is to be given entire, and a violinist from Belgium, M. Sternberg, will make his first appearance in England.

THE SISTERS DORIA are engaged to sing at the Crystal Palace on Saturday next, in Mr. Barnett's cantata, *The Ancient Mariner*, as well as at Warrington and Clifton, where it is to be given.

MESSRS. ROBERT COCKS & CO. announce their intention of publishing, by subscription, a collection of the National Melodies of Wales, arranged for the pianoforte by Mr. Brinley Richards, in a quarto volume. A more interesting publication to the lovers of Welsh music could hardly have been devised, and it could not have been placed in more competent hands than those of Mr. Brinley Richards, a true "Son of Cambria."

MR. JOHN BLAGROVE, the obliging manager of the St. George's Hall, has announced his benefit for this evening, when *The Beggar's Opera*, in which Mr. W. Harrison, Madame d'Este Fitzhenry, and Miss Rebecca Isaacs will appear, and the *Ambassadress*, with Mdlle. Liebhart, Mr. Wilford Morgan, &c., will be given. A large attendance may be expected from the attractions offered.

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.—(*From a Correspondent*).—An association for the performance of classical music has lately been established in this town, composed of the resident artists and principal amateurs, under the direction of that most talented organist and musician, Alexandre Guilmant. I attended the second concert of the society, which took place last Monday evening. The programme contained amongst other things, Beethoven's trio in B flat, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, and a sextet by Bertini, both of which were listened to with the greatest interest, and received with well merited applause. The vocal part of the concert consisted of songs by Schubert, Schumann, and an "Ave Maria" by Righini, admirably sung by Mdme. Bohrer. The audience was too numerous to be accommodated in the *salle*, and many were content to find standing room in the corridor, proving that good music has only to be provided in this town to be heartily appreciated. All honour is due to the director for his praiseworthy endeavours to cultivate a taste for a higher class of music in his native town than has hitherto been attempted.

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NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY.

On Wednesday night the members of this society, under the active direction of Mr. G. W. Martin, gave a performance of unusual interest, the programme comprising Handel's *Acis and Galatea* and the *Walpurgis Night* of Mendelssohn. That the combination of two such works would prove attractive might have been anticipated, and a large crowd assembled in Exeter Hall to hear them. There were certain curtailments in the *serenata* of Handel, owing, for one reason, to the indisposition of the principal tenor, Mr. Leigh Wilson, for whom a printed apology was circulated in the hall. To this gentleman had been assigned the music of Acis, but after the first air, "Where shall I seek the charming lass?" he was compelled to desist, and as "Love in her eyes" and the other air was omitted. The performance on the whole, however, afforded evident satisfaction, the other singers being the ready and versatile Madame Rudersdorff, Mr. Karr Gedge, who undertook the second tenor part (besides some of the duets of the first), and Mr. Santley, whose magnificent delivery of the recitative, "I rage, I melt, I burn" and air, "O ruddier than the cherry," brought down as never fails to be the case, an enthusiastic "encore." No singer now before the public can give the famous love-song of Polyphemus with the spirit, power, and fluency of this gentleman. The choral-singing was in several instances remarkably good, although the members of the society are by no means as familiar with *Acis and Galatea* as with other works of Handel. One point especially struck us as excellent—the well-sustained *pianissimo* at the end of the pathetic apostrophe, "Mourn all ye Muses." But the charm of numberless fresh voices in each department was everywhere apparent, and to a great measure atoned for deficiencies that time and assiduous practice alone can remedy.

The *Walpurgis Night* was a still more responsible task inasmuch as, though by no means little known to the country, as has lately been given out, it must be even less familiar to the members of the National Choral Society than *Acis and Galatea*. Perhaps on this account the greater pains and attention were bestowed but certainly the performance of Mendelssohn's work was superior to that of Handel. The bright and sunny chorus, "Now comes sweet May," immediately succeeding the clearing away of the storm supposed to be represented in the overture ("bad weather on the hills," as Mendelssohn himself used to describe it) exhibited the strength and vigorous freshness of the voices to the best advantage; and in each of the other choruses, not omitting the most trying and difficult of them all, "Come with torches brightly flashing" (to quote the original English version of the words) and its exciting sequel there was and much to excite a great deal of concert-room unqualified praise. The solo singers were Madame Osborne Williams, a new contralto, who gave the one air allotted to that voice, an air which, though generally voted "ungrateful," is of considerable importance, with a point and emphasis quite uncommon; Mr Karr Gedge—tenor; and Mr Santley whose reading of the music of the Druid priest was, from first to last, superb. The overture was admirably well played, as were all the picturesque and by no means easy accompaniments, by an orchestra thoroughly competent, led by Mr. Willy a violinist of no less ability than experience. Mr G. W. Martin conducted with his accustomed energy and diligence.

The Passion-week performance of the *Messiah* is announced for Monday week.

New Philharmonic Concerts.—Herr Joell is engaged to play at the first New Philharmonic Concert, April 23th, and Herr Lebeck at the second concert in May.

Pimlico Rooms.—The concert in aid of the funds of the Broadwood Volunteer Band was a great success, the room being crowded to excess. The principal artists were Madame d'Este Finlayson, Miss Fanny Holland, Mr Jeykall, M. Fontenier, Mr Sullivan, &c. (singers) Mr Swendsen (flute), and Mr Hartvigson (pianist to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales (pianoforte). The band acquitted themselves in excellent style and evinced good and careful training. Madame d'Este Finlayson was received with flattering applause, and the lady's artistic rendering of "Robert el tu che adore" was highly appreciated. The concert was under the direction of Mr A. Hipkins, who deserves special commendation for the *éclat* with which the performance passed off.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

The Philharmonic Society, the oldest institution of its kind in England, gave the first of its series of eight concerts on Monday night week—as usual, in the Hanover Square Rooms. The programme was interesting for more reasons than one, but most of all because it contained the two movements of Schubert's unfinished symphony in B minor, of which no more was written by the young genius, so early to be snatched away, with the exception of a few bars of the *scherzo*. For these exquisitely beautiful movements the musical world is indebted to Mr. George Grove, of the Crystal Palace, an indefatigable and enthusiastic musical amateur. Mr Grove we have equally to thank for several other welcome things by Schubert, that might, but for him, have still remained buried in the private library of a Viennese Doctor (Schneider), or in the dungeon-cellars of Herr Spina, the publisher and for none more heartily than for the music to the drama of *Rosamunde* and the symphony in C minor (No. 4) which bears the curiously inappropriate title, its almost humorous character taken into consideration, of "Tragic Symphony"—possibly, as Schubert was a bit of a wag, a joke on his part. The movements in B minor and E major, from the unfinished work in question, were described at length on the occasion of their production at the Crystal Palace, where they have already been twice performed. Last year they were also given by the Philharmonic Society. It is, therefore, enough to say that the oftener they are heard the better they are liked. They were admirably executed when first essayed under the direction of Mr. W. G. Cusins, Professor Sterndale Bennett's able successor, but the second performance showed so marked an improvement that the new conductor may fairly be congratulated on this fresh evidence of his thorough fitness for the post he occupies, and of the wisdom of the Philharmonic directors in appointing him. The other symphony was the B flat of Beethoven, the exhilarating "No. 4," which, as a contrast to the sustained vivacity of the rest, contains one of the most placid and lovely slow movements in existence—the incomparable *adagio* in E flat. The overtures were Weber's fiery *Euryanthe* and Cherubini's to his opera, *Blanche*, one of the most vigorous and original though one of the most rarely heard of his dramatic preludes, all of which, without exception, are models.

The pianist at this concert was Madame Schumann, who introduced for the first time her late husband's *Concertstück* in G, a work greatly prized by his admirers. Those who wish to hear the pianoforte music of Schumann in the highest imaginable perfection must hear it played by his widow. She throws heart and soul into it, and her fingers obey every impulse with unerring accuracy—as though where Robert Schumann is in question they could not possibly go wrong. Madame Schumann also gave, later in the evening Mendelssohn's well-known Introduction and Rondo in B minor and minor. She was unanimously called forward after each of her performances.

Vocal music was contributed by Mr Vernon Rigby and Mdlle Carola, for the latter of whom an apology was circulated on the plea of a severe cold. The songs were "Dalla sua pace" (*Don Giovanni*) for the gentleman, "Parto" (*La Clemenza*), and "Bell Raggio" (*Semiramide*) for the lady, the clarionet *obbligato* in "Parto" being played by Mr G. Tyler of Her Majesty's Opera.

At the next concert, by special desire, besides Haydn's familiar symphony, "Letter L," Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night*, a pianoforte solo (Hummel) by Mdlle Mehlig, and selections from Beethoven's *Ruins of Athens*, a MS scena by Mendelssohn, the words by Ossian (or rather Ossian Macpherson), "On Lena's gloomy heath," will be introduced by Mr Sautley. This, in all probability, is the scena expressly composed for Mr Henry Phillips, and dated "1816" in Herr Rietz's *Catalogue of Unpublished Works* at the end of the second volume of "*Letters*."

Mr. Alfred Bayles, a promising young tenor, is announced to make his *début* in London this season.

The London Glee and Madrigal Union, under the direction of Mr. Land, are engaged to appear on Wednesday and Friday next at the Classical Harmonists-Society's Concert at Belfast.

Mr J. L. Barnett's cantata *The Ancient Mariner* is to be given at the Crystal Palace next Saturday, April 4. It is also announced at Warrington and Clifton for the following month.

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MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CONCERTS.

Mr. Henry Leslie's concerts in St. James's Hall seem to be getting more and more into vogue. At the fifth the remarkable features of a very rich programme were a hymn for soprano solo (Madame Gilardoni) and chorus ("Inclina Domini") by Cherubini, a master whose admirable music for the church has not been anything like half explored, and the best performance hitherto heard in London of Mendelssohn's "Reformation Symphony," the whole of which was loudly applauded, the *scherzo* being encored with rapture. Mozart's greatest pianoforte concerto, the one in D minor, played by Madame Schumann. The impressive chorus "Envy! eldest born of hell," from Handel's *Saul*, very finely given by Mr. Leslie's choir, and some other features, including the charming romance from Mr. Leslie's *Holyrood* cantata, "In my pleasant land of France," sung by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, made this one of the most attractive concerts of the series.

The programme of the sixth concert was exclusively devoted to English part songs, glees, ballads, and choruses relieved by pianoforte solos from the promising Miss Austine, and a trumpet solo by the unrivalled Mr. T. Harper. Although all was good at this performance no point will demands special notice. At the seventh concert there were well made selections from the *Antigone* and *Œdipus* of Mendelssohn, both of which masterpieces Mr. Leslie had previously given entire with a success recorded at the time. The striking feature of the *Antigone* music was the magnificent "Hymn to Bacchus," which was encored and repeated. From *Œdipus* only one number was given, but that perhaps the finest of all—the chorus welcoming Œdipus to Colonos, with the description of the resources and treasures of that favoured land ("Thou comest here to the land, O friend," &c.). Between *Antigone* and *Œdipus* came one of the most splendid performances ever heard of Beethoven's splendid violin concerto in D, a work fit to match with the 4th and 5th pianoforte concertos, or almost any of the symphonies. It is scarcely necessary, after what has been said, to add that the violinist was Herr Joachim, and it is hardly possible to convey an idea of the enthusiasm created by his glorious execution of the concerto, and of his own elaborate and masterly cadenzas to the first and last movements—an enthusiasm revived, however, in all its plenitude, later in the evening, by his no less glorious execution of John Sebastian Bach's Chaconne in D minor, with variations, the most remarkable piece among the six sonatas for violin solo so many characteristic specimens of which have been introduced by the great Hungarian artist at the Monday Popular Concerts. The programme was further enriched by a very complete selection from Mendelssohn's music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*—as much of it indeed as could effectively be included in a concert performance. The overture, the *scherzo*, the duet with chorus, "Ye spotted snakes" (solos by Misses Vinta and Lizzie Cellier), the *intermezzo* in A minor describing Hermia's search for Lysander in the wood, one of the most characteristic and beautiful episodes in the work, the well known *nocturne*, and still better known Wedding March, the Funeral March played by Bottom the Weaver and his companions after the suicide of Pyramus (the quaint humour of which took the audience by surprise, and provoked a general encore), the dance of the clowns and the chorus and dance of Fairies ("Thro' the house give glimmering lights"), which brings this most poetical of dreams to a close, were, every one included, and the performance of each and all, under Mr. Leslie's direction, was extremely good. The air of Mathilde from the second act of *Guillaume Tell* by Miss Vinta, and Handel's "Hallelujah" (which terminated the concert) were the remaining pieces of the programme.

At the eighth concert Handel's *Acis and Galatea* was performed, with Mr. Santley as Polyphemus, besides three of the compositions which have met with the warmest approval this year—the "Benedictus" from Bach's great mass in B minor, the "Kyrie eleison" from Schubert's mass in E flat, and Mendelssohn's psalm for eight-part choir ("Judge me, O God"), and other attractive things. Best of this hereafter.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—On Saturday last (21st inst.) the examination of candidates for the "Potter Exhibition" took place. Board of Examiners—Messrs. Otto Goldschmidt, Cipriani Potter, and John Hullah. Elected—William Townend (pupil of Mr. Harold Thomas). Commended—C. Coulderey.

ST. GEORGE'S OPERA-HOUSE.—Mdlle. Lichhart took a benefit at St. George's Hall on Thursday evening, and attracted one of the most fashionable audiences of the season. The house was attended by the *élite* of the German families resident in London, as well as of our own aristocracy. The *Ambassadress*, and an operetta, *Der Versprechen Hinter'm Herd*, were the pieces given. Mdlle. Lichhart's success in the *Ambassadress* during the season is well known to our readers. On the present occasion the clever German vocalist, who exerted herself to the utmost, was rewarded throughout the evening with enthusiastic applause and a shower of bouquets at the conclusion of the opera, when she was recalled before the curtain with her "fellows," Madame d'Este Finlayson, Mr. and Mrs. Aynsley Cook, Mr. Terrett, and Mr. Wilford Morgan who by the bye, was in capital voice, and acted with more than usual spirit. The operetta, *The Lions concealed behind the Cook up Stairs*, played in German and for the first time in England, is admirably adapted to exhibit the talent of a lively pair of *danseuses* of varied accomplishments. Singing, dancing, cooking, &c., are all expected of her and Mdlle. Lichhart proved herself *au fait* at each. Besides the national Austrian *Volks-Lieder*, Mdlle. Lichhart introduced her popular songs, "Rick, Rock" (Kitzeken) and "At Morning's Break" ("Morgen Feuterle"—Proch) with great effect, the audience enthusiastically applauding each. Mdlle. Lichhart was assisted by several amateurs, whose names not being published we are unable to give. They acted well up to their spirited companion and materially contributed to the success of the evening. Before the operetta, the band played the overture to *La Vestale de Parlos* with great effect, under the direction of Mr. Gaze.

MDLLE. MARGUERITE DE BEAUVOISIN, a young pianist of whose performances we have had occasion often to speak in terms of unmixed praise, gave her annual concert at the Hanover Square Rooms on Tuesday evening. The rooms were filled with an elegant company, many of the best French families in London being present. Mdlle. De Beauvoisin was assisted by Madame Florence Lancia, Miss Robert Henderson, Miss Angelina Salvi, Mr. Albiniere, Mr. Arthur Lewis Baxter, Mr. Wilford Morgan, and Mr. Leigh Wilson (vocalists); Mr. Viotti Collins (violin), Mr. E. Chatterton (harp), Messrs. Barret (oboe), G. Tyler (clarinet), Charles Harper (horn), and Hutchins (bassoon). Mdlle. De Beauvoisin exhibited a notable advance in her art, and this was specially manifest in Beethoven's E flat quintet (Op. 16), for pianoforte and wind instruments, which was given with spirit and precision throughout. Her performance of Schumann's Novelletten was very hardly prepared to find her so familiar in that house with music of a very different kind. The applause at the end of the quintet was honourably shared alike by the fair pianist and her able coadjutors, Messrs. Barret, Tyler, C. Harper and Hutchins. The other pieces played by Mdlle. De Beauvoisin were Chopin's *Polonaise* in F sharp, Benedict's fantasia on Irish airs entitled "Erin" (so called recalled the conclusion of which the substituted some effective and characteristic on "Home Sweet Home") and Rendell's "Harmonious Blacksmith." All these were played in her very best manner and the warm applause (very warm for an artistic audience) that followed each showed how highly they were appreciated. Two vocal solos, both excellent of their kind, were given during the evening, one on the violin by Mr. Viotti Collins ("Fugitive" "La Chanson") and one recited and the other on the harp by Mr. Frederick Chatterton ("Reminiscences of Dublin") who was also called back at the end. Madame Florence Lancia, who was "in capital voice," gave a brilliant interpretation of "Bel Raggio" (*Semiramide*), and with equal success, a song by Mr. Frank Mori—"Gentle Spirit, now, again." Mdlle. Angelina Salvi sang "Kathleen Mavourneen" and "Isle of Beauty" very pleasingly; Miss Robertina Henderson, "Voi che sapete" and Mr. Albiniere "Pack Clouds away" (clarinet *obbligato*, Mr. G. Tyler), as perfectly as could be imagined, winning the cordial approbation of the audience. Madame Lancia Box or "Fanciulla che fiore" (*Dinorah*), and "Home, sweet Home" both well calculated to exhibit her rich contralto to advantage. Miss Henderson sang Irene Benedict's *Undine*—"The Baron's old Castle," and Mr. Sullivan's "Will he come?" each of which produced a sensible impression. Mr. Leigh Wilson's ballad song by Mr. Henry Smart which pleased and deserved to please. Mr. Wilford Morgan's song specially composed for him by Signor Travers—"Her Love" with a new ballad of his own composition—"Nor Angel nor Fairy" in an earnest and unaffected manner which spoke for itself and won general sympathy. Mr. Benedict, Mr. G. H. Allen, Signor Trivetti, and Mr. Frank Mori were the accompanists. The whole concert gave evident satisfaction to Mdlle. De Beauvoisin's numerous patrons.

PROVINCIAL.

Portsmouth.—The *Hampshire Telegraph* and *Sussex Chronicle*, of the 21st inst., writes as follows:—"Thanks to Mr. C. J. Mew the people of Portsmouth and its vicinity were presented with an opportunity on Thursday evening of being present at one of Madame Arabella Goddard's famous pianoforte recitals at the Portland Hall, Southsea. The weather was inauspicious, and the attendance was in consequence far from being up to the mark considering the reputation of the artist and the superior character of the programme, which comprised an almost unique selection of classical music. It was as follows, and it is not too much to say that a better one has seldom been presented out of London:—

"Sonata, in B flat, No. 6 (Mozart); song, 'The Are Maria' (Schubert); selection from the Eighth Book of Songs without Words (Mendelssohn); song, 'Lullaby Winter Song' (Mendelssohn); invitation à la Valse (Weber); song, 'Rock me to Sleep' (Benedict); Grand Sonata Appassionata (Beethoven); song, 'Hail thee with the Young Day Blushing!' (Barnett); fantasia, 'Moses in Egypt' (Thalberg).

"The principal attractions of a programme which was full of them were undoubtedly the selection from the posthumous collection of Mendelssohn's 'Songs without Words' and the immortal sonata, Op. 57 of Beethoven, which has been so suggestively nicknamed *L'Appassionata* by the great master's admirers. Of course Madame Goddard did them commensurate justice, as she did, indeed, to all the other compositions; and equally, of course, it was impossible not to admire the elasticity of her touch, the distinctness of her phrasing and the exquisite rounding off of each passage in its weaving with the orchestral features of the score. The lady is not only an executive performer of the very highest power, but an artist. She has rapidity of execution, but she has also a delicate perception and appreciation of the masters whose compositions she interprets. We are astonished at the manual dexterity and the gymnastic facility of certain performers, but we cannot help *feeling* the inimitable power of Madame Arabella Goddard over her instrument. Every light and shade of the composer's meaning is faithfully presented; every delicacy of sentiment is perceived and converted into sound. Ordinary performers would have made a meaningless jumble of the splendid harmony of Mendelssohn, and have converted the singularly constrained yet wonderfully balanced *Arpeggio* into a vulgar galop. We need scarcely remind those who heard Madame Goddard how she went through the movement. To those who had not that pleasure it is impossible to describe the effect produced. The *Appassionata* sonata is a grandiose exposition of passion,—sad, fitful and grand, and its execution on Thursday held the audience spell-bound. Up to the last moment Madame Goddard had delighted her hearers with the emotional powers of her art, but the fantasia from Rossini by her master, Thalberg, at the end of a programme gave her an opportunity of displaying some of its lighter graces. It was a true fantasia, inasmuch as it embellished the original motive with all the resources of fancy playing with the theme until the ear was lazed to its utmost to keep pace with the rapid manipulation of the pianist. Madame Goddard was frequently encored but she confined her acknowledgments to bowing her thanks. She was accompanied by Miss Edmonds, a vocalist of good education and taste, and with a voice of much sweetness but not of great compass. Her songs were almost exclusively of the pathetic kind, and she gave the *mezzetto* phrases very felicitously. In answer to an encore she sang a pretty little expressive song entitled 'Cupid has Eyes,' which she gave with such fine spirit both of voice and manner as to arouse the enthusiasm of the audience. The only drawback to the success of the concert was the weather."

Crawley.—A correspondent writes as follows:—Mr. J. L. Hatton, the well-known composer, and the equally popular Mr. Walter Maynard, entertained a crowded audience at the George Assembly Rooms, Crawley, on Thursday last, with pleasant musical chit-chat and humorous songs and descriptive pieces. The entertainment introduced for the first time we believe to the pretty little Sussex village, in excellent, and was most enthusiastically applauded; and we have no doubt that Messrs. Hatton and Maynard will be encouraged by their success to take their "novelty" north, south, east, and west, and let the inhabitants of other towns enjoy the anecdotes of the "*Enterprising Impresario*," and the rich commingling and remarkable pianoforte playing of the author of "Old Simon the Cellarer," as well as the good people of Crawley.

"THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA."

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—Professor Bennett was censured in some of the criticisms upon *The Woman of Samaria*, on the ground that his subject was not sufficiently dramatic. The suitability of music to the drama is a wide question; but, there are two remarks to be made on it, both of which justify Professor Bennett.

In the first place it is the tendency of modern music to overbear the words. The Italian Opera is conducted in a foreign language. In the songs the words are disregarded by the audience, while the recitatives in which the music is supposed to be subservient to the words for the purpose of developing the plot are generally but little attended to. The reason is that that the essence of dramatic poetry consists in action, while the essence of the opera consists in situations. Music is just as inadequate to the development of a complicated plot as it is capable of intensifying the interest of a particular moment. It brings into prominent relief the striking scenes, and curtails the action which links the scenes together, because it can only present it in the form of recitative.

This is the first difficulty in allying poetry and music. How, then, does Professor Bennett deal with it? Knowing that if the words are to be understood they must be simple, he has chosen not an action but a situation. Hence he is altogether relieved from the necessity of merely descriptive recitatives. The secret of his recitatives, which are acknowledged to be most striking, is that they are not dramatic but lyrical.

This distinction between the dramatic and the lyrical leads to a second and deeper difference between dramatic poetry and music. Dramatic poetry traces the conflict of internal passions to their external result, partly by representing it to the eye, and partly by developing it in a continuous action. The art of the poet is to convince his audience that the climax of the drama is the inevitable consequence of the passions exhibited by the characters. For instance, the interest of *Macbeth* consists in the stern necessity with which the death of Duncan is followed by continual murders, and is at last revenged by the death of the murderer himself. All these consequences flow naturally from the ambition of Macbeth. Music, on the other hand, represents the passions, but not their consequences. It is, in fact, lyrical, not dramatic. The opera to a certain extent preserves the dramatic element by representing the plot to the eye, though the continuity of the action is partly sacrificed and partly not attended to on account of the inattractive character of most recitatives. But an oratorio not being represented on the stage cannot even convey the dramatic action to the eye, so that, if its subject is dramatic, it must be detailed to the understanding of the audience in a book, which, if read at all, diverts attention from the music. On the other hand, a situation is essential to an oratorio, because, otherwise, the *dramatis personæ* would be lost in vacuity. The object, therefore, of the musician, is to select striking characters and a simple scene.

The emotions in *The Woman of Samaria* present a contrast between the dignified benevolence of Christ and the surprised incredulity of the woman, while the choruses represent the Christian sentiments called forth by the declaration that "God is a Spirit," which is the key note of Christianity. On the other hand, the situation is quite simple. It affords a framework into which the characters fit, and yet so easily understood. At the same time the scene is pervaded by a calm and poetic serenity. It is a moment of repose in the active life of Christ, to which we feel that music is quite natural.

Musicus.

Signor Arditi has returned from Paris, to commence his duties as conductor of the orchestra at Her Majesty's Opera. During his stay in the French capital Signor Arditi had interviews with Rossini and Auber with reference to the production, at Her Majesty's Opera, of *La Gazza Ladra* and *Guitare III*. He was graciously received by both. Auber presented him with a pianoforte score of *Le Premier Jour de Bonheur*. Rossini presented him with a pinch of snuff. Signor Arditi attended performances of Auber's new opera and of the *Hamlet* of M. Ambroise Thomas. He was charmed with Auber's new opera and charmed with Christine Nilsson.

Wurzburg.—*L'Africaine* has been most successfully produced.

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Shaver Silver across the Italian Opera

Sir,—The Opera Company having died before it had fairly begun to live, I was in hopes that I should hear no more on the subject. If nothing but good should be spoken of the dead, nothing good or bad ought to be said of the stillborn. But Mr. Gye will not let the Opera Company die in peace. His programme is full of it; and it is not until after he has devoted four long pages to explanations as to why it was not formed, assertions that it must have said with great success if it had been formed, and hints that it may be formed yet, that he proceeds to announce the engagements which he has made for the coming season. My opinion is that the Company never should not have been formed; that if by some miracle, it had been formed, it would have failed; and that—upon the basis laid down in the prospectus of the late Opera Company—it will be impossible ever to form it. Accordingly, on the unfortunate subject of the Opera Company, I am not very likely to come to an understanding with Mr. Gye. Not that I have the slightest ill-will against that gentleman—the most liberal and enterprising opera-manager the country has known. But his arithmetic is not my arithmetic, his logic is not my logic, his facts are not my facts. Mr. Gye has a perfect right to sell the Italian Opera for £270,000 if it had been possible for him to get that sum. But only a company of imbeciles would have paid that sum for it, seeing that a similar theatre could be built and furnished for about half the money; and the writers who hastened to show the impracticability of a project based on the payment of the amount in question, deserve well of Mr. Gye for having saved him at least from a disappointment which, sooner or later, loyally awaited him. If the Company had been formed or partially formed it would never have got the whole of the advertised capital together, and Mr. Gye at the very last moment would have been in a state of painful uncertainty as to whether the Royal Italian Opera was to be managed, during the 1868 season, by himself or by a company with limited liability, and with unlimited ignorance of operatic affairs. It is evident from Mr. Gye's programme that he personally knew very little of the transaction into which he had heedlessly drifted.

It had never struck him that a company which proposed to purchase the Royal Italian Opera for the sum of £270,000, and to give Mr. Mapleson £16,000 for consenting to become its managerial salaried servant, would want a capital of something over £286,000; and that to pay the fifteen per cent. promised to shareholders (the prospectus promised "from fifteen to twenty per cent.") an annual profit of £42,750 would have been required. Accustomed from my youth to figures, I saw this at a glance; and, as the framers of the prospectus only estimated the annual profits from the Royal Italian Opera at £20,000 per annum (they guessed these roughly at "from £19,000 to £21,000") I could not help perceiving that a little deception was being practised somewhere. There has never yet been an example of an opera-house in England paying its expenses for several years together. But, in spite of that, let us admit that the Royal Italian Opera, one year with another, yields an annual profit of £20,000. Even then the promoters of the Opera Company were not justified in promising fifteen per cent. to their shareholders. Mr. Gye is now obliged to admit that they did not keep faith with him—that is to say, they did not fulfil their purchase-contract; and if he had listened to those journalists whose opinions he have clear right to ignore, he would have understood thus much from the beginning and have taken his measures accordingly. There are never much chance of the British public (by no means so blind as usual as is generally supposed) being deceived; but I was at one time very much afraid that both Mr. Gye and Mr. Mapleson would, by placing too much faith in the Opera Company, injure their property for the season; and I shall always congratulate myself on having helped to open their eyes in time. Mr. Gye now protests that he never meant to do business with the Opera Company at all, but with some "financial company" unnamed. I do not feel equal to the task of discussing this point. However, the Opera Company is at end—Mr. Mapleson is installed at Drury Lane, and Mr. Gye still governs the affairs of the Royal Italian Opera. Long may he reign!

The prospectuses of both Operas are published, and what strikes me, in each, is the unusual and remarkable modesty of the tone. Instead of the old Dulcamara business, to which we have so long been accustomed, the competing managers—for a time reconciled, now rivals once more—come before us with the timidity of Nemorino. Mr. Mapleson begins with a lament over the destruction of Her Majesty's Theatre, which is one of the most touching things we ever read. Nevertheless, Mr. Mapleson will try what he can do at Drury Lane; and, considering that Mdlles. Tietjens, Nilsson, Kellog, and Madame Trebelli, Signor Mongini, Signor Fraschini, and Mr. Santley are members of his company, it seems to one quite possible that he may do very well. Mr. Gye cannot get over the failure of the Opera Company, partly because he was tired of managing the Royal Italian Opera and would willingly have given it up with the lement of £20,000 a year derivable therefrom, and partly because the interests of art would have been advanced by a concentration of all the operatic talent of the day at one theatre. There is, according to Mr. Gye, so little operatic talent in existence that it is quite a pity to divide it. Nevertheless, I find Mdlle. Adelina Patti, Mdlle. Pauline Lucca, Signor Mario, and Signor Graziani, all engaged at the Royal Italian Opera—which, for a theatre whose manager complains of the dearth of artistic ability, is really not so bad.

I cannot imagine why the failure of the Opera Company should have had the effect of diminishing that noble self-appreciation by which Mr. Mapleson and Mr. Gye were in former days so eminently distinguished. Something, however, seems to have gone wrong with them; and instead of calling upon the public with drum and trumpet to hurry to their support as of old, I now find them throwing themselves upon the public mercy, and apologising for an insufficiency which, even with Mr. Gye and Mr. Mapleson to guide us, I protest that I cannot discover. Mr. Gye may take my word for it, he has an admirable company. Mdlle. Patti alone would almost be enough to carry him well through the season. So also would Signor Mario. But with Patti, Lucca, and Mario together—besides an efficient company of "lesser stars"—his chances of success are so great as to amount to certainty. If Mr. Gye has not the finest company in Europe there is certainly no company equal to it except that of Mr. Mapleson; while if Mr. Mapleson's company is not absolutely the finest ever formed, it is inferior only to the company engaged by Mr. Gye. Does not Mr. Mapleson know the value of that enchanting singer Mdlle. Nilsson? Has he forgotten the brilliant success achieved last autumn by Mdlle. Kellogg? Has Mdlle. Trebelli lost her fluency? Has Signor Mongini lost his voice? Is Mr. Santley an indifferent singer and Signor Fraschini, the celebrated "tenore dalla malediscenza," not worth a ——? I should have been the first to reprove the rival managers if they had indulged in vain boasting; but I do not like to see them go to the other extreme. They have nothing to apologise for—nothing to be ashamed of. No capital in Europe possessed last winter such a company as has been assembled for the coming season by Mr. Gye at Covent Garden—by Mr. Mapleson at Drury Lane.

Shaver Silver.

[Mr. Shaver Silver has a positive right to his opinion, or opinions, but so has, assuredly, his obedient servant, A. S. S.]

Shaver Silver across the Philharmonic

Sir,—There was no novelty of particular importance at the first concert of this once exclusive institution which, though seven or eight years ago seemingly tottering on its last legs, has since held a "jubilee" in St. James's Hall, and is now beginning its 55th season. The concert took place in the Hanover Square Rooms, or from time out of mind and was attended by an audience of professors and amateurs such as in earlier days was wont to lay down the law about matters musical, but to the actual period of universal competition is of no more account than any other audience that might be gathered together to listen to symphonies, overtures, and concertos.

The two movements from Sanchez's unfinished symphony in B minor introduced to the English public last year at the Crystal Palace Concerts, and already made known to the Philharmonic audience, were again heard with unqualified satisfaction by all who were capable of appreciating them. That a work which promised so well should have been left by its author only half accomplished is indeed a pity; but, where there is so much of genuine beauty that two movements are better than none will be unanimously admitted. The execution was good—very good on the whole—if a little wanting in light and shade,

and occasionally somewhat rude. But Mr W. G. Cusins is an excellent conductor, as was sufficiently proved last year, the year of his probation; and if he could only persuade the men—nay, men who regulate the proceedings of the Philharmonic Society to allow him a few more rehearsals during the series of eight concerts, he would probably be able to make his orchestra play with delicacy just as easily as he now makes them play with accent and precision. The movements of Schubert by the way, were not half as much applauded as they might have been by an audience inured to regard itself as judicially paramount. Schubert's orchestral music is perhaps too legitimately melodious for them. Schumann, with his far-fetched ideas, or rather ideas of ideas, speaks more directly to their self-esteem, and his imaginary profundity is specious enough in a measure to take them in. How otherwise account for the fact that the comparatively poor and stilted *Concertstück* in G of the latter seemed to be more heartily relished than the glowing and exquisite lovelinesses which everywhere—amidst all its imperfections—prevail in the music of the Incense? True, Madame Schumann herself played the pianoforte part in the *Concertstück* and how admirably she interprets her late husband's music, with what enthusiasm she enters into its every detail, an amateur can be unaware. Many an indifferent dramatic piece however, has been saved from condemnation by the zealous exertions of a highly-gifted performer; and the same holds good of musical composition. Madame Schumann's second piece, the brilliant rondo in B minor of Mendelssohn, spoke—as it has often spoken since then—upon first played it in London more than thirty years back—for itself in unmistakable language.

Of Beethoven's admirable fourth symphony (in B flat) which but for its divinely soothing *adagio* would be from a wind to the other an unrestrained flow of unbridled vivacity, uncommon in Beethoven. It is enough to say that it was extremely well given; as were the two overtures, the first being prelude to Weber's least successful and as some critics insist (perhaps on that account) very best opera (*Euryanthe*), and the less known though spirited and ingenious overture to Cherubini's *Elisa*.

The vocal music, as usual at these concerts, rare occasions allowed for, was of comparatively subordinate interest. Mr Cusins directed the entire performance with incontestable ability.

Shaver Silver

[Mr Shaver Silver has a positive right to his opinion or opinions, but so has, assuredly, his obedient servant, A. S. S.]

MR. GEORGE TOLHURST AND 'RUTH.'

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—The composer of the 'Australian oratorio' is irreproachable. I have treated him as an art missionary from a distant land should be treated—with all gentleness and consideration. I reviewed his work, and contented myself with simply expressing wonderment at its novel features, and inability to distinguish those merits which I believed it might possibly contain. Then when Mr. Tolhurst appealed against my remarks, you threw open your columns to give him the opportunity of enlightening the darkness of this hemisphere upon the true principles of the musical epic. Yet he is not satisfied and now writes to ask why you do not insert a report of the first (and only) performance of *Ruth*, in addition to the review which gives him so little satisfaction. I imagine that the tone of that review, hopelessly inappreciative as I was compelled to make it, would supply the required reason to any ordinary man. But Mr Tolhurst is not an ordinary man—or he could not have written *Ruth*—and hence his persistence. It seems, then, that I must be very plain with this gentleman. In being so I shall probably hurt his feelings, but for such a result he will have only himself to thank. When a man practically adopts the cry of the lamented Irishman: "I *will* be drowned, and nobody *shall* help me," nobody need trouble themselves much about his fate.

My reason for withholding a report of the *Ruth* performance can be stated in *few words*—*I was present and heard it*. But Mr Tolhurst will probably require something more precise than this. He shall have it. In the first place, I kept silence out of consideration for the composer whom I understood to be a self-taught man and a stranger. There was absolutely nothing to be said for the work and to say anything against it appeared quite superfluous. Next, I kept silence because with every disposition to be merciful it was hardly to be expected that the remembrance of two or three hours continuous outrage upon good taste would give a tinge of bitterness to my remarks. True, I might have treated the matter as a joke by straining a point (for it was beyond a joke) but such a course would have pleased Mr Tolhurst even less than the one I adopted. Lastly, I kept silence because I wished to avoid putting on record that any English audience, however made up of friends, could award frequent encores, and more frequent applause, to music which is simply unmusical. For these reasons I would have allowed *Ruth* to drop quietly into oblivion whether it was sure to go in any case, but Mr. Tolhurst has not permitted me. He has insisted upon receiving an explanation and, having got it, I hope he will return to the antipodes; wiser, if not a sadder man.—Your obedient servant,

March 24th. Thaddeus Eos.

Bow Street Institution.—Miss Isabella Glendale's concert on Tuesday was well supported. The artists included Madames d'Este Finlayson, Rosford, Laura Baxter, Messrs Rosford, Chaplin, Henry Cottell, Lehmeyer, &c.; pianist, Miss Matilda Baxter. Madame d'Este Finlayson sang in her usual charming style both her songs meeting a well pronounced success. Madame Laura Baxter's unaffected rendering of 'Home Sweet Home' was much appreciated as was also Miss Rosford's "Should he Upbraid." Mr Chaplin Henry gave a new song, "Homeward Bound," in capital style. The fair concert-giver also contributed "Where the Bee Sucks" and "The Dream at Sea," which were well received.

Mr. Aguilar's Soirée d'Invitation took place on Wednesday last. The following was the programme: Piano solo, Caprice in D flat (Mr Aguilar), Aguilar; Romanza, "Come placida ragnada" (Signor Ciabatta), Aguilar; Sonata, Piano and Violin (Mr Aguilar and Mr Henry Holmes), Beethoven; Song, "Tornera" (Miss Linda), Mattei; Piano solo, "Valse Caprice" (Miss F. Staine, pupil of Mr Aguilar), Kotterer; Barcarole, "Oh vedete vous aller" (Signor Ciabatta), Gounod; Violin solo, Romance in G (Mr Henry Holmes), Beethoven; Song, "Le Réveil des Bois" (Miss Linda), Aguilar; Piano solo, "The Bluebells" (Mr Aguilar), Aguilar; Duetto, "Io resto fra le lagrime" (Miss Linda and Signor Ciabatta), Donizetti; Piano solos, "The Birds at Sunset" and Valse Brillante (Mr Aguilar), Aguilar. At the pianoforte, Miss Grace Aguilar.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

Robert Cocks & Co.—"Appendix to Hamilton's Modern Instructions for the Pianoforte," "St. Patrick's Day," transcribed for the piano by W. S. Rockstro; "He was despised," arranged for the piano by G. F. West; "The Pilgrims of the Night," for the piano, by L. Lichtig; "The Child's First Music Lesson," by C. Natalie Macfarren; "The Pianist's Library, No. 11: "Caprice" by Brinley Richards.

Ashdown & Parry.—"Hanover Square," Musical Magazine, for April.

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Signor ROSSI, Signor MARINO, and Signor NAUDIN.

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Machinist	Mr H GOMAS
Appointments by	Mr LAVIART
Stage Manager	Mr A. HARRIS

Scenic Artists—
Mr M MOGGAN, Mr HAYES, Mr H CRAVEN, and Assistants.
Artistes Costumiers—
Madame VALLET, Mons. HERNIER (of Paris), Mrs. JAMES, and Miss SMITH.

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L'ASSEDIO DI CORINTO.

This Work was originally composed by Spohr for the Italian Stage, but at a subsequent period it was brought out at the *Académie Royale* at Paris. For that purpose the illustrious maestro composed several new pieces of music, added to the choruses, and generally re-arranged the whole work, so as to adapt it to the requirements of the Grand Opera. In this form it will, towards the end of June, be produced, for the first time in England, with New Scenery, Costumes, and Appointments. The Principal Characters will be sustained by

Signor MARIO, Signor NAUDIN, Signor COLINI, Mademoiselle LAVROFSKA and Mademoiselle ADELINA PATTI.

During the Season the following Operas will, among others, be performed:—

ROMEO AND JULIET.—This work of the Composer of *Faust* was produced at a still later period but hence that it may be considered almost as a new work, having been performed only five times. Romeo, Signor Mario; Mercutio, Signor Cotogni; Capulet, Signor Graziani; Tybalt, Signor Neri-Baraldi; Friar Laurence, Signor Bagagiolo; and Juliet, Mdlle. Adelina Patti.

ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO.—This grand work, the first success of the great composer Meyerbeer, will be revived and be given with all its magnificent Scenery, Costumes, and Appointments. Roberto, Signor Naudin; Bertram, Signor Colini (his 1st appearance in England); Rambaldo, Signor Neri-Baraldi; Isabella, Madame Sherrington; and Alice, Mlle. Fricci.

LE DOMINO NOIR.—A wish having been expressed to Mons. Auber to produce his *chef d'œuvre* on the Italian stage, he at once most kindly offered to re-arrange much of the Music to write Recitatives to replace the dialogue of the French version and generally to adapt his work to the Italian stage. An entirely new translation in Italian has been made expressly for the Royal Italian Opera, by Mons. De Lauzanne. The music is now very nearly completed by Mons. Auber and the Opera will be produced soon after the arrival of Madlle Pauline Lucca, who will sustain the principal role. The principal characters will be by Signor Mario, Signor Cotogni, Signor Ciampi, Signor Tagliafico, Mdlle. Fritti, Madame Sherrington, and Mdlle. Pauline Lucca.

L'ETOILE DU NORD.—(For the first time these two years.) Peter the Great, Signor Graziani, his first appearance in that character; Danilowitz, Signor Naudin; Giorgio, Signor Neri-Baraldi; Gritzenko, Signor Ciampi; Prasovia, Madame Sherrington; and Catarina, Mdlle. Adelina Patti (her fourth appearance in that character).

LA TRAVIATA.—Fernando, Signor Mario; Alphonso, Signor Graziani; Baldassare, Signor Bagagiolo; and Lescaut, Mdlle. Pauline Lucca.

I PURITANI.—Elvira, Mdlle. Adelina Patti (her first appearance in that character in England), Riccardo, Signor Graziani; Giorgio, Signor Bagagiolo; and Arturo, Signor Fancelli.

FAUST E MARGHERITA.—Faust, Signor Mario; Valentino, Signor Cotogni; Mefistofele, Mons. Petit; and Margherita, by Mdlle. Adelina Patti and Mdlle. Pauline Lucca.

L'AFRICAINE.—This great work, the last production of the learned Meyerbeer, Meyerbeer will be given towards the end of May. Vasco De Gama, Signor Naudin; Nelusco, Signor Graziani; Inez, Madame Sherrington; and Selika, Madame Pauline Lucca.

NORMA.—Norma, Mdlle. Fricci (which character she has lately performed with the greatest success in Italy). Adalgisa, Madame Sherrington; Orovezo, Signor Bagagiolo; and Pollio, Signor Naudin.

LES HUGUENOTS.—Valentina, Mdlle. Pauline Lucca; Margherita, Madame Sherrington; Urbano, Mdlle. Locotelli; De Nevers, Signor Cotogni; St. Bris, Mons. Petit; Marcel, Signor Colini; and Raoul, Signor Mario.

IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA.—Rosina, Mdlle. Adelina Patti; Figaro, Signor Cotogni; Bartolo, Signor Ciampi; and Almaviva, Signor Mario.

RIGOLETTO.—Il Duca, Signor Mario; Rigoletto, Signor Graziani; and Gilda, Mdlle. Vanzini (her first appearance in England).

DON GIOVANNI.—Zerlina, Mdlle. Adelina Patti; Donna Anna, Mdlle. Fricci; Donna Elvira, Madame Sherrington; Don Giovanni, Signor Graziani (his first appearance in that character at the Royal Italian Opera); Leporello, Signor Ciampi; Masetto, Signor Tagliafico; Commendatore, Signor Capponi; and Don Ottavio, Signor Mario.

DON CARLOS.—This Opera, the last production of Signor Verdi, will be given early in the season.

LE NOZZE DI FIGARO.—La Contessa, Mdlle. Fricci; Susanna, Madame Sherrington; Il Conte, Signor Graziani; Bartolo, Signor Ciampi; Basilio, Signor Neri Baraldi; Figaro, Mons. Petit; and Cherubino, Mdlle. Pauline Lucca.

FRA DIAVOLO.—Zerlina, Mdlle. Pauline Lucca; Lady Cashburg, Madame Sherrington; Lorenzo, Signor Neri-Baraldi; Beppo, Signor Tagliafico; Giacomo, Signor Capponi; Lord Kokburg, Signor Ciampi; and Fra Diavolo, Signor Naudin.

GIOVANNA D'ARCO.—This Opera seria, the work of Signor Verdi, will be produced towards the end of June, and is performed for the first time in England. The part of Joan of Arc will be sustained by Mdlle. Adelina Patti (her first appearance in the character in England).

THE SUBSCRIPTION WILL CONSIST OF FORTY NIGHTS

One of these will (after the first week) be regularly FOUR NIGHTS a each Week—viz. MONDAY, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY. Subscribers will, by making known their wishes at the commencement of the Season, have the choice of selecting either Two of the Four Nights. Subscribers of last Season are also respectfully requested, if they wish to retain their Boxes or Stalls, to notify the same of each to Mr. EDWARD HALL, at the Box Office.

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Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, March, 1868.

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VOL. 46—No. 14. SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1868. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS.

First Appearance of Signor Mario.—Debut of Mdlle. Vanzini. Debut of Mdlle. Mayer.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY) Arm. dex, will be performed (for the first time these two years), Verdi's Opera,

"RIGOLETTO"

Extra Night.

On MONDAY NEXT, April 6th, Verdi's last new opera, "DON CARLOS" Principal characters by Mdlle. Priuli, Madame Sherrington, Signor Mardi, M. Petit, Signor Capponi, and Signor Graziani.

On TUESDAY NEXT April 7th (for the second time these two years), Verdi's opera, "RIGOLETTO"

Extra Night.

On THURSDAY NEXT, April 9th (for the first time these 6 or years) Bellini's opera, "I PURITANI." Elvira, Madame Pierotti (her first appearance these three years).

On SATURDAY April 11th (for the first time this season), Verdi's opera, "UN BALLO IN MASCHERA" Principal characters by Signor Mario, Signor Graziani; Mdlle. Priuli, Mdlle. Mayer and Mdlle. Vanzini

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

THEATRE-ROYAL DRURY LANE.

First Appearance of Mdlle. Clara Louise Kellogg.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY) APRIL 4TH Verdi's Opera,

"LA TRAVIATA."

Violetta, Mdlle. Kellogg

NEXT WEEK.

Titiens, Trebelli-Bettini, Fraschini, Foli, Santley

TUESDAY NEXT April 7th, Verdi's opera "IL TROVATORE" Manrico, Signor Fraschini; Il Conte di Luna, Mr. Santley; Ferrando Signor Foli; Ruiz, Signor Agresti; Un Zingaro, Signor Cambardi; Azucena, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; Inez, Mdlle. Zerne; and Leonora, Mdlle. Titiens.

Second Appearance of Mdlle. Clara Louise Kellogg

THURSDAY NEXT April 9th (Subscription Night, 11 lire of Tuesday, July 28th), Donizetti's opera, "LUCIA DI CHAMOUNI" Carlo, Signor Bettini; Arturo, Mr. Santley; L'Intendente Signor Casaboni; Il Prefetto, Signor Foli; Raimondo Signor Zelioli; Pirretta, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; Maddalena, Mdlle. Corsi; and Lucia, Mdlle. Kellogg (her second appearance). Conductor Signor Arditi.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.—THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—Box Office.—Special Notice.—The OFFICES of Her Majesty's Opera are at the Box Office of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, under the portico, 8 Brydges Street, open daily, under the superintendence of Mr Nugent, from Ten till Six.

GREAT HANDEL FESTIVAL.—June 12th, 15th, 17th, and 19th 1868.—The TICKET OFFICE at the CRYSTAL PALACE OPEN DAILY from Ten to four for the issue of the Vouchers securing Tickets. Letters by post, enclosing remittances, will be attended to.

All previous Festivals prove the time never been thousands of persons from the country and elsewhere were unable to procure such tickets as they desired. The Festival Committee, therefore, can only remind intending visitors that early application alone will insure the best positions.

Note.—All Cheques and Post Office Orders to be payable to the order of Charles Gruns.

THE LAST BALLAD CONCERT.—On EASTER TUESDAY April 14, will be given the last of the London Ballad Concerts, under the direction of Mr. JOHN BOSLEY at St James's Hall. Full particulars will be duly announced. Tickets at Boosey & Co. Holles Street.

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EXETER HALL.—"MESSIAH"—MR. SANTLEY.—PASSION WEEK PERFORMANCE, Monday, April 6th.—NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY. Conductor Mr. H. W. MARTIN. Miss Banks, Madame Osborne Williams, Mr Santley. Organist, Mr J. G. Bowman. Band and Chorus, 700. Tickets 2s. 6d.; Numbered Stalls, 5s. 10s. 6d., 21s. Offices, 14, 15, Exeter Hall (first floor).

ST JAMES'S HALL.—GOOD FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 10TH.—"STABAT MATER," and Selections from "MESSIAH," "CREATION" and other Oratorios. Mdlle. Liebhart, Mdlle. Rosnatelli, Miss Arabella Smyth, Miss Palmer, Mr George Perren, Mr Montem Smith, Mr Aynsley Cook. Conductor Mr Jewson. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Stalls, 3s.; Balcony 2s.; Admission 1s.

ST GEORGE'S HALL.—Miss KATE ROBERTS'S THIRD PIANOFORTE RECITAL will take place in MAY. Tickets, 5s. 3s., and 1s. of the Hall—4, Langham Place.

MISS CLINTON FYNES SECOND PIANOFORTE RECITAL (Series of Six) at the Dorchester House, will take place on WEDNESDAY EVENING, 8th April, 1868. Vocalists—Miss Adelina Newton, and Mr Denbigh Newton. Instrumentalists—Herr Wieniawski, Mr Aylward, and Miss Clinton Fynes. To commence at Eight o'clock. Tickets—Sofa 6s. 4s.; Reserved and Numbered 3s. To be had at Mr Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall, and of Miss Clinton Fynes, 11, Harley Street, Cavendish Square. The dates of the remaining Recitals will be Wednesday Evenings, April 8th and 22nd; Wednesday Mornings, May 6th and 20th, and June 3rd.

MR. ERNEST will give his FIRST CONCERT at ST. JAMES'S HALL, on WEDNESDAY EVENING, April 15th (Easter Week). Vocalists—Miss Young Artsybaga, Mrs Anna Jewell, Mlle Nora Schoeville, Miss Julia Derby, Mr W. H. Cummings and Mr Lewis Thomas. Instrumentalists—Pianoforte, Herr Carl Hause. Violin, Mr Henry Blagrove. Violoncello, Mr Aylward. Conductor, Herr F. Weber. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s. Admission, 1s. Tickets to be obtained of Keith, Prowse & Co., 48, Cheapside; Robert Cocks & Co., New Burlington Street; Lambern Cock & Co., New Bond Street; and at Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

MISS JULIA DERBY and MR CHARLES STANTON will sing the admired Duet, "ONE WORD" at the Albion Hall, London Wall April 4th (This Day).

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MISS EMILY SPILLER will sing (for the first time) "GO EATHE NOT THAT NAME," New Ballad, composed expressly for her by GONSALES, Composer of the popular Ballads, "The Lover and the Bird," "The Three Nones," "Under the Hazel Tree," "The Merry Maid," &c., in Belfast, on Monday next.

MISS FINFIELD and Mr. CHARLES STANTON sing "ONE WOOD" and "THE NUPTIAL BELL" at Trealy Nurseries, Pembroke, Carmarthen, and Newport, during Easter Week.

MISS BERRY GREENING begs to announce that she is now in Town for the Season, and that she has resumed her Private Lessons and Classes as usual. Miss Berry Greening's Matinée will be held, under distinguished patronage, at the Hanover Square Rooms, June 11th. Letters relative to Concert Engagements, Private Parties, Lessons, &c., should be addressed care of Messrs. CHAPPELL, 50, New Bond Street, W.

MISS ANNA JEWELL will sing Mr. W. H. CUMMINGS' new song "BEN'S WEDDING" at Mr. Ernest's Concert, St. James's Hall, Wednesday Evening, April 15th.

MISS LUCY FRANKLEIN, having REMOVED to 9, BERNERS STREET, OXFORD STREET, W., requests that all communications respecting Concerts, etc., may be addressed there.

MISS SPILLER will sing (for the first time) "GO EATHE NOT THAT NAME," new Ballad (poetry by M. J. M. Logue), composed expressly for her by GONSALES, at Belfast, April 8th.

MISS MARIE STOCKEN will sing SOURIS's admired Waltz Song "IL BELLO" at the Bijou Hall Concert, Tuesday, May 12th.

MISS MARIE STOCKEN will play ASCHER's popular Romance, "BLUE," at the Bijou Hall Concert, Tuesday, May 12.

MISS CLINTON FYNES requests that all communications respecting Concerts, Pianoforte Lessons, etc., be addressed to her, 21, Harley Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MADAME R. SIDNEY PRATTEN begs to inform her Friends, Pupils, and the Profession that she is now obliged to resume her Professional Duties after her late bereavement. For Lessons on the Guitar and Concertina, address—56, Westbourne Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MR. EMILE BERGER.

MR. EMILE BERGER begs to inform his Friends and Pupils that he returns to town for the season on the 20th May. All communications for Concerts, Lessons, &c., to be addressed care of DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, London, W.

MR. GRATTEN KELLEY will sing "THE MESSAGE FROM THE BEE" (composed by EMILE BERGER), at Glasgow, April 4th (To-Night); and Dumfries, April 13th.

"WAKE MARY, WAKE!"

MR. DENBIGH NEWTON will sing HENRY SMART's admired song "WAKE, MARY, WAKE!" at the Beethoven Rooms (by Prize Concert), 6th April.

MR. CHARLES STANTON will sing "THE MESSAGE" and "ELICE, WHOSE BOT THOU?" during his Tour in Ireland.

MR. CHARLES STANTON (Tenor) is open to engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, &c. Address—8, Lower Rochester Mews, Oxford Square, Hyde Park.

MR. W. H. CUMMINGS and Miss MARIE STOCKEN will sing the admired Duet "ONE WOOD," at Barnstaple, Tuesday Evening, April 11th.

MR. HENRY REGALDI, Professor of Singing, &c., can accept Engagements as Tenor Vocalist for Concerts, Oratorios, &c., in Town or Country, and continues to give Instruction in Singing at his own residence, or that of his pupils.—24, Gloucester Street, Regent's Park, N.W.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The season began on Tuesday night with a very effective performance of *Norma*, the three principal characters in which were sustained by Madame Frieci, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, and Signor Naudin. Habitual frequenters of the Royal Italian Opera would hardly be satisfied without one or two representations of Bellini's long-familiar work in the course of the series; and as Mr. Gye has no Pasta, Grisi, or even Cruvelli, to assume the high-tragedy part of the Chief Druidess, it is, perhaps, as well that these representations should be given as early as possible. Few managers are fortunate enough to count among their "*prime donne*" a lady like Madame Frieci, who, without ranking among the lately first-class singers, as nearly approaches the desired standard, and at the same time would not willingly consent to hold a subordinate position. Madame Frieci's performance on Tuesday was remarkable for sustained energy and for a dramatic feeling which imparted meaning and emphasis to every striking situation. She has evidently a conception of the character of Norma which, closely resembling in its outward manifestations that of Madame Grisi, is to herself no doubt, wholly satisfactory and convincing. In the grand trio at the end of the first act her reading is precisely the same as that of her illustrious predecessor, and she delivers the three most telling solos—"Oh! non tremare," "Oh! di quel sei tu vittima," and "Venne, sì, mi lascia, indegno"—to the best of her ability, physical and mental, exactly as Madame Grisi was wont to deliver them. The effect of the first of these upon the audience was such as to bring down unanimous applause, and in accordance with a general wish the solo was repeated. Other points created an equally strong impression, and on the whole this performance of Norma may be fairly cited as the most remarkable which Madame Frieci—a truly painstaking and conscientious artist, if there ever was one—has given since she was introduced to the English public. Nor on any previous occasion that we can call to mind were her efforts more warmly appreciated.

In Madame Lemmens-Sherrington Madame Frieci enjoyed the co-operation of a consummate musician, one who thoroughly knows her art and whose voice is well adapted to give expression to the tender and sympathetic music which Bellini has put into the mouth of the gentle and confiding Adalgisa. Madame Lemmens has never sung with more spirit and refinement than on this occasion. Her duets with Pollio and Norma—masterpieces, in their style, of operatic dialogue—and her duet with Norma, the popular "Deh conte" (Act II.), were equally successful. How that versatile and ever-ready tenor Signor Naudin sings the music of Pollio, most fickle and, until just at the moment when he cannot help himself, most heartless of Proconsuls, we need not say; nor is it at all requisite to dwell upon the dramatic significance with which he invests the character. A Pollio more vigorously demonstrative was never seen; and it seems cruel that so much energy should be comparatively thrown away upon such a thankless part as that in which the Proconsul confesses himself to his not over-lively friend, Flavio (Signor Rossi), of which it is difficult to say whether the preamble "Meco all'altar di Venere," the description of the dream, or "Io protegga, ond'difende, un poter maggio di loro," in which the present Pollio sets Irminsul, the god of Adalgisa, at defiance, is the most empty and pretentious. Happily Signor Naudin finds an opportunity in the two very dramatic musical dialogues with Adalgisa and Norma, in the first of which (Act I.) Pollio persuades his newly beloved Druidess to promise to accompany him to Rome and snap her fingers at Irminsul, while in the second (Act II.), Norma unanswerably proves to him that Irminsul, backed up by a crowd of armed and furious devotees, is a little too much for Pollio.

To the part of Oroveso, chief of the Druids, Signor Capponi brings a stentorian voice (I nothing more, and the small character of Clotilda, Norma's confidant, could hardly be intrusted to better hands than those of the generally useful and always competent Mdlle. Anson.

About the excellence of the orchestra of the Royal Italian Opera it would be superfluous to speak. Nothing could be more admirable than their playing on Tuesday—under their justly famous chief Mr Costa—from the short introductory overture, parts of which one might imagine had been suggested to Bellini by Auber's overture to *Masaniello*, to the very end. The chorus, too, were effective, alike in the pompous opening scene, the scene of the conference with Oroveso, and the declaration of war proclaimed by the Druids against their Roman oppressors—"Guerra, guerra!" In short, the general performance of *Norma* was quite up to the Covent Garden standard. Previous to the opera the National Anthem was sung by the chorus.

Glancing at Mr. Gye's prospectus for the season, the details of which are already pretty widely circulated, we find, besides the two new singers just mentioned, the names of three others—Mdlle. Lavrooka (from the Imperial Opera at St. Petersburgh), Mdlle. Lucatelli, and Signor Colini, of whom, knowing nothing, we can say nothing. A welcome addition to the company of last year—in the list of which we find again Mdlles. Adelina Patti and Pauline Lucca, together with other recognized favourites—is Mdlle. Fioretta, whose big tuneful Italian method of singing won for her such universal consideration three years since. The forty operas which constitute the repertory at the immediate disposal of the management will of course, be drawn upon as occasion may offer; and it is only necessary to say that among those absolutely promised are M. Gounod's *Romeo e Giulietta*, for Mdlle. Patti and Signor Mario; *Robert le Diable*, in which Signor Colini is to make his *début* as Bertram; *l'Etoile du Nord*, with Mdlle. Patti as Catarina, and Signor Graziani (first time) as Peter the Great; *I Puritani*, in which Mdlle. Patti will be heard for the first time by an English audience as Elvira; *La Favorita*, *L'Africana*, and *Les Huguenots*, in each of which Mdlle. Lucca is to be the heroine; *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, *Don Giovanni*, with a new Don Giovanni in Signor Graziani; *Le Nozze di Figaro* and *Fra Diavolo*—every one of which will be welcome. As novelties we are promised Signor Verdi's *Giovanna d'Arco* (never yet heard in England) with Mdlle. Patti as Joan of Arc (fancy Mdlle. Patti in armour!), Rossini's magnificent *L'Assedio di Corinto*, for Mdlle. Patti and Signor Mario—an opera which has not been heard on the Italian stage in England since the first years of Madame (then Mdlle.) Grisi, and of which the Parisian version, a remodelling of the earlier work, which bears the title of *Maometto Secondo*, will of course be adopted; and an Italian adaptation of Auber's ever fresh and delightful *Domino Noir* (with recitatives expressly composed by the greatest of French musicians himself), with Signor Mario as Horace and Mdlle. Lucca as Angèle. Here is surely enough, and more than enough, to make the season one of the most attractive since the Royal Italian Opera was first established.

LONDON.—Meyerbeer's *Dinorah* has proved a great hit. It was exceedingly well rendered by everyone concerned, especially Signs. De Ballos-Marimon. The principal male part was sustained by Signor Minetti.

MILAN.—A new opera entitled *Mefistofele* has been produced at the Scala, but has not proved a success despite the great expectations entertained of it. The composer is Signor Boito, a young man of five-and-twenty.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—Twelfth Museum Concert: Duet, Op. 141, Schubert (played by Joachim); Concerto for Violoncello Davidoff (Herr Davidoff); Overture to *Leonora*, No. 3, Beethoven; and Songs for mixed Chorus Gade, Hauptmann Mendelssohn, etc.—Herr Carl Hill, who enjoys considerable reputation as a vocalist, but has hitherto divided his time between the concert-room and the Post-Office, in which latter he holds an appointment, has resolved on renouncing official life, and accepting an engagement next season at the Operahouse, Schwerin.

BRUSSELS.—*Fra Diavolo* has been produced with brilliant success at the Teatro dal Liceo. Signs. Rey Balla gave great satisfaction as Zerlina, and the same may be asserted of Sig. Stagno as the redoubtable bandit chief. On the first night, the band and chorus were not quite up to the mark, but there was a marked improvement in them at the second performance.—A young and highly talented scenic artist, Don Juan Ballester died after a very short illness on the 18th ult. He is not long since he completed the scenery for *Dinorah* at the Teatro Principal. The effect produced by his scene at the end of the second act created a deep impression, and on the day he died, the audience called out as usual: "¡*Al Pintor!* ¡*Que Salga el Pintor!*" ("The Artist! The Artist!") Alas! he was already in his coffin. But this the audience did not know. They were, consequently, greatly shocked when the fact was communicated to them and when Signs. Vitali, Sigri, Stagno and Petit each laid a wreath upon a funeral urn, surrounded by the attributes of painting, which had meanwhile been brought upon the stage. Señor Ballester was only thirty-two.—According to report, Sr Ottani has been accepted by the proprietors as the new lessee of the Teatro dal Liceo.

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HER MAJESTY'S OPERA

Although Her Majesty's Theatre is burnt down, "Her Majesty's Opera" survives, and the same company which was to have appeared during the spring and summer in the Haymarket is engaged to perform in Catherine Street, Strand. That Drury Lane Theatre was the place of refuge to which Mr Mapleson in his difficulty must have recourse, was stated by us very shortly after the fire. No other theatre in London would have suited him so well, inasmuch as no other theatre offers such advantages, whether the accommodation of the audience or the practicable efficiency of the representations be taken into account; and the director of Her Majesty's Theatre was fortunate in being able to come to terms with Mr Chatterton, the Drury Lane lessee. Only a brief period has elapsed since the ordinary Drury Lane winter season came to an end, and little more than a week to prepare everything was at the disposition of the new comers. The interval, however, has been employed to excellent purpose. Scarcely a visitor entering the theatre on Saturday night would have recognized the interior of "Old Drury" so completely is it metamorphosed. We have now to all intents and purposes the brilliant "auditorium" of a *bona fide* Opera-house. The galleries excepted, which are divided into what are termed "dress circle stalls," and we presume, seats for the first comers, the entire amphitheatre is divided into private boxes, while the pit is exclusively absorbed by reserved seats, named, after the Parisian fashion, "orchestra stalls."

That the acoustical properties of Drury Lane Theatre are favourable to musical effect need hardly be stated; and had there existed any doubt upon the point it would have been speedily dispelled by the orchestral prelude to the rising of the curtain in *Lucrezia Borgia*, the opera selected for the occasion. That on the opening night of the season, and especially under such circumstances as rendered the personal opening night exceptional, a conspicuous share in the performances should be allotted to Mdlle. Tietjens was only natural; and, perhaps, in the purely Italian repertory no work better calculated to exhibit to advantage the dramatic and vocal capabilities of that genuine artist than the universally admired "*opera seria*" of Donizetti could have been chosen. That Mdlle. Tietjens received a hearty welcome may be taken for granted. She was in fine voice, and never in her remembrance has played and sung the part of the Duchess of Ferrara more admirably. To say anything new, however, about so familiar a performance—anything, indeed, that has not been said over and over again—would tax the ingenuity of the readiest and most skilful of word-spinners. Nor, when it is recorded that the character of the Duke of Ferrara was assigned to Mr Santley, and that of Maffeo Orsini to Madame Trebelli Bettini, is it requisite to add more than that Mr Santley, who continually makes progress as an actor, but rarely sang more splendidly, and that Madame Trebelli's clever and animated delivery of the famous *brindisi*, "Il segreto per esser felice" brought down such applause that the dirge-like admonition to the poisoned affectors of Lucrezia—

> "La gioja da prelati
> E un fiore passeggier"—

which, sung behind the scenes, separates one couplet from the other was drowned in the noise, so that by simply giving the second verse as it occurs, and when the noise had subsided, Madame Trebelli enjoyed all the honours without paying the penalty of an encore. Audiences are too prone to overlook the coming of the dirge, and many habitual frequenters of the Opera will remember that Alboni was constantly forced on this account to sing both verses of the *brindisi* twice over.

The novel incident of the evening was the first appearance since 1847 of a tenor renowned in his day, and who still shows traces of his former powers. Twenty-one years (in a large measure devoted to the "singing and hallooing" of Signor Verdi's muse) have inevitably left their mark on the voice of Signor Fraschini, whose energetic performances in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *Robert-le-Diable*, and other operas, made so lively an impression during the memorable season when Mr Lumley had to strive with a unexpected and formidable opposition at Covent Garden Theatre—the season when the "Swedish Nightingale" first captivated the ear of musical London. There is still however much to recommend him—and, before all, his declamation as recitative, from which many a younger singer might with benefit take a leaf (instance—"Ecco mentre non sono"—in the scene where Gennaro is questioned by Alfonso in presence of Lucrezia). The somewhat exaggerated expression which so many years back used to be counted among his faults was as noticeable as ever on Saturday night in his delivery of the simple melody "Di pescatore ignobile" and of the "ballata" in the celebrated trio with the Duke and Duchess, "Guai se ti sfugge un moto"—which last however, commanded the usual encore, nor did it lighten the attraction of a very indifferent air from a modern Italian opera by one of the crowd of imitators of Signor Verdi, interpolated at the beginning of the last act.* As an actor Signor Fraschini is now no better than he was in 1847; his gestures are just as strained and unartificial and his stage demeanour generally as little prepossessing. Thus the scenes in which Gennaro is most prominent—the scene of the death before Lucrezia—went for nothing. Nevertheless, whatever the reason—whether the simple air that an unfamiliar apparition, if of any account, invariably carries with it a certain interest, or that some undeniable good qualities vigorously displayed, were irresistible in their effect—Signor Fraschini was received with unquestionable favour, and his first appearance in England since twenty-one years may be fairly recorded as a success.

The subordinate characters in the opera were represented by Signor Foli (strange phenomenon—a Gobelin with a voice), Mr C. Lyall, Signors Agnetti and Zoboli. The chorus, the same for the most part as last year, was excellent throughout, and the orchestra, (leader, Mr. Carrodus) conducted with his well known zeal and ability by Signor Arditi, all that could be wished. The *mise en scène* looked uncommonly fresh and inviting; the costumes of the principals, as well as of the chorus, being in almost every instance new, while as much as could be possibly effected in so short a time in the way of scenery had been carefully put together by Mr W. Beverley. The house was brilliantly attended, and among the audience were the Prince and Princess of Wales. A more good humoured audience, one more evidently disposed to be pleased with everything, has rarely been assembled. At the end of the opera, in accordance with long precedent, the National Anthem was sung, Mdlle. Tietjens giving the solo verse with marked emphasis.

Mr Mapleson's prospectus for the season has been so widely advertised and circulated that its contents are tolerably well known. His company pretty nearly the same as that of last year, again includes Mdlle. Christine Nilsson (whose Ophelia in M. Thomas's new opera, at *Hamlet* has been turning the heads of all Paris), Mdlle. Sinico, Signor Mongini, and others unnecessary to name. Mr Mapleson will, of course, draw as largely as possible upon the repertory already familiar to his company—for every opera in which it need scarcely be added new music, scenery, and costumes will have to be provided; but he promises, further, *La Gazza Ladra* (Rossini) with Mdlle. Kellogg as Ninetta, Madame Trebelli-Bettini as Pippo, and Mr Santley as Fernando; *La Figlia del Reggimento* (Donizetti) with Mdlle. Christine Nilsson as the Vivandière; *Don Giovanni* and *Figaro* (Mozart), with Mdlles. Tietjens, Kellogg and Nilsson in each; the *Huguenots* (Meyerbeer) with Mdlle. Kellogg as the Queen; a most interesting revival in Auber's *Gustave III.*, which has not been given for eighteen years; and last, not least, Herr Wagner's opera, *Lohengrin* (*the Knight of the Swan*) a substitution for the promised *Tannhäuser*, by the same eccentric composer, of which his own disciples—himself even—would not think of complaining. If all these are brought out—and sufficient proofs have been afforded of the vigorous activity of Mr Mapleson's management—the operatic public will have no reason to be dissatisfied with the first season of "Her Majesty's Opera" since the destruction of Her Majesty's Theatre.

EISENACH.—On the 21st March a very interesting ceremony took place to commemorate the affixing of a tablet to the house in which J. S. Bach first saw the light. The tablet, which is very simple, bears the following inscription:—"Johann Sebastian Bach was born in this house on the 21st March 1685." The church choir of the town sang a chorale by the great composer and the motet, "Lob und Ehre," under the direction of Herr Thurnau the musical director, and the Rev Herr Böhm made an appropriate speech. The funds for the tablet were raised by the inhabitants, thanks to the exertions of Herr Bitter, J. S. Bach's biographer.

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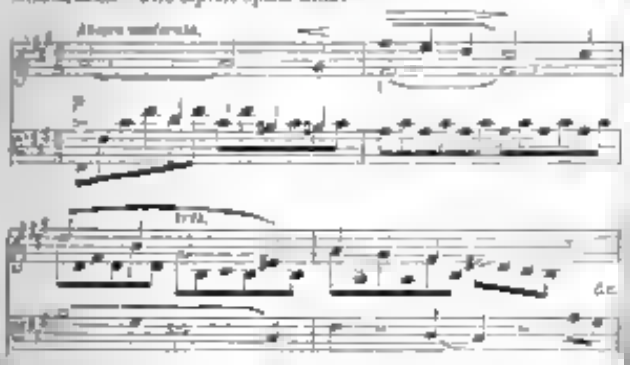
* *L'Ebrea* of Signor Apolloni.

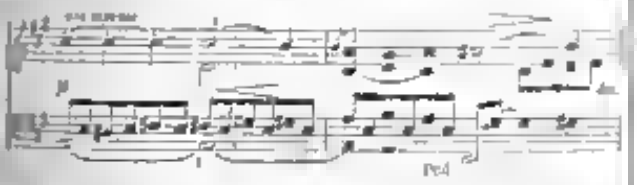
REVIEWS.

The Pianist's Library. A collection of pianoforte works from the best masters, classical and modern. Edited by HENRY RICHARDS. No. 11. [London: E. Cocks & Co.]

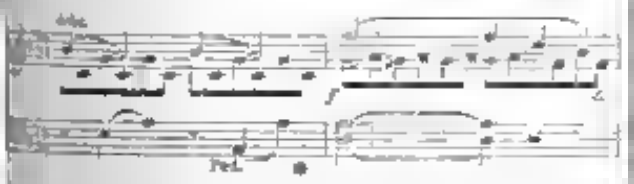
The present number of this excellent collection of sterling pianoforte works contains a *caprice* by the editor, which fairly deserves a place in any "pianist's library." That Mr Richards can write serious music for the popular instrument as successfully as he can the lighter effusions which come from his pen with such happy facility has long been known. The piece before us supplies an additional illustration of this power. It is throughout piquant, graceful, and without [illegible] figure, evinces abundant fancy (which only hold in check by art) in rhythmical skill. The *caprice* opens thus:—



The second subject is in pleasant keeping with the foregoing:—



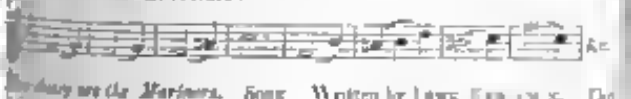
After a constant working out of these themes, we come upon an episode in B flat major, the graceful opening of which deserves to be [illegible]:—



At the close of the episode an enharmonic change brings back the original key and subject. We are inclined to rank this composition among Mr Richards's best efforts.

Sogno Vione alla Patria. For the Pianoforte. Composed by CHARLES [illegible]. [London: D. Davison & Co.]

A graceful and well-written movement in E flat major, by no means difficult to play, yet worth playing. Here is a *cantabile* theme, which forms its most salient feature:—



Ho Heavy are the Mariners. Song. Written by LEWIS [illegible]. The music composed by HENRY KELLICK MURRAY. [London: D. Davison & Co.]

A song that has the sea or sailors for a subject must of necessity [illegible] of dash and vigour or the public idea of fitness is affronted. We [illegible] possible at this, though we have a strong opinion that the idea [illegible] is merely founded upon fact. Our slight experience of the [illegible] tends to prove that going down to it in ships is not the fullest [illegible] of spending one's time, and we have hitherto failed to observe [illegible] are specially cheery except when spending money [illegible]. However fashion hath decreed on the matter, and hence [illegible] this song among other things, as particularly [illegible]. Mr [illegible] melody is vigorous and effective, adequately bringing out the [illegible] of most capital words.

Hanover Square. A Magazine of New Copyright Music. Edited by LUMLEY SCHOTT. No. 6. [London: Addison & Hurry.]

The number of this serial for the present month contains the usual quantity and kind of matter. First, is an impromptu by Ladislaus Wely, scarcely adapted to be popular, but which, nevertheless, is likely to have many admirers, especially among those who entertain a preference for the French composer's mannerism. The second pianoforte piece is a serenade by Henry W. Goodban, the theme of which is monotonous in its rhythm, but otherwise pleasant enough. The episode in the subdominant key (C) will be found agreeable, and, no less, the decorations appended to the original subject upon its recurrence. Mr Goodban's piece is not difficult and, on that account, will be a little acceptable to many. The first song is a *romance*, by Virginia Gabriel of some words by Christina Rossetti entitled "Echoes." In some respects Miss Gabriel has been as successful as in her wont—the modulation into the tonic major at the close of each verse may be cited for an example—but we cannot help thinking that she has striven after expression, and in doing so lost sight of beauty. At any rate we can see in her song very little of that refined charm which the passionate and beautiful words invite. It seems to have been excellent to attempt to write with a meaning. A diminished seventh into "desolate" interval we admit, but it is by no means essential to the words "Come back in tears," and certainly is not pleasant in song. The second song is a *stornello* by Alberto Randegger, the English words (a translation from Francesco dalla Ongaro) by Campbell Clarke. This is beyond question one of the very best compositions that has yet appeared in the serial. It is full of charming melody, delicately and cleverly accompanied. Moreover it gives evidence on every page of the hand of a true musician. If only for the sake of this song we can heartily recommend the April number of *Hanover Square*.

GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(Communicated.)

The Meeting of the Three Choirs will be held in this city in the week beginning Sept. 7th. A few years ago, when half-a-dozen gentlemen were with difficulty obtained to incur the certain money loss and to undertake the large amount of work attached to the office of stewards, one festival was scarcely over before arrangements for the next were of necessity begun. Now, a far different system of things prevails in both senses. Mr J. H. Brown, the indefatigable hon. secretary, has already received acceptances of the offer from no fewer than ninety noblemen and gentlemen connected with the county; this number exceeds the total number ever obtained before—and we may expect it to be increased to a hundred. At the Hereford Festival last summer the collections amounted to over £1,400; the stewards, in noble rivalry, will leave no effort unmade to exceed even that. One or two preliminary meetings of the standing committee have lately been held. As a first step the Rev. Canon Murray Browne was asked to apply to the Dean for the use of the Cathedral of the festival and of the library for the future meetings of the stewards. The request was made, and to it the Dean returned a gracious assent. Dr Wesley has been appointed conductor, and he is now preparing a programme of oratorios and a list of principal singers to be submitted to the stewards for consideration and approval at their next meeting on the 17th of April. Following a plan successfully adopted at Worcester and Hereford at the festival here in 1866, the recess was erected against the great west window. But at Gloucester the change was an improvement. It gave the important musical advantages the obtaining of a special organ was contingent on its appearance when erected was a delight. This year therefore the plan introduced upon that occasion for the first and every time since the festivals have been held in the nave will be again reversed in the orchestra will be placed against the organ-screen as of old. The choir will not be opened during the festival save for the purposes of ordinary daily service. Another alteration to be made is that all the seats in the aisles will be numbered and the prices of the tickets for those seats will be increased from three shillings and sixpence to five shillings. There will, of course, be cheap seats in the transepts.

SEVILLE.—Sig. Stagno is to sing here at Easter.

VENICE.—*Favorita Bosyne* has been brought out at the Teatro Principal for the purpose of introducing Sig. Bennoni as the Duke Sigra, Lanti was the Lucezia, and Sig. Carpi the Gennaro.

MANTUA.—Donizetti's *Favorita* was produced at the Teatro Real for the benefit of Signor Nandin, who sustained the part of Fernando, and sang also, with Sig. Tamberlich the romance and duet in Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*. Both singers were enthusiastically applauded and repeatedly recalled.—Sig. Bottesini has appeared for the third and last time. He has left a most favourable impression behind him in the *Carnevale Bella*, as the Madrilenos term their capital.

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Sighs Silent across the Opera

Sir,—The musical world was troubled some weeks ago, with rumours of an astonishing kind as to what was to be done this season in the matter of Italian opera. Mr. Gye's interest in Covent Garden Theatre was to be ceded to a company and Mr. Gye was to be replaced as manager of the Royal Italian Opera—which was somehow to be constituted the sole operatic establishment "one and indivisible" in London—by Mr. Mapleson. Mr. Augustus Harris, according to one announcement, was to be "provided for at St. Petersburgh;" and similar consideration would, no doubt, have been shown in selecting a place of exile either for Mr. Costa the orchestral chief of the outgoing, or for Signor Arditi, the orchestral chief of the incoming management. The two companies were to have formed one united happy family—and Mdlle. Patti, Mdlle. Nilsson, Mdlle. Lucca, Mdlle. Kellogg and Mdlle. Tietjens would, it was hoped, live harmoniously together, at least for one season, and share the honeyed inside among them. But Adelina Patti, the singer of the South, and Christine Nilsson, the singer of the North, like the palm tree and the pine of Heine's poem, are not to meet, and must still admire one another's perfections from a distance. It is fortunate for both; and the numerous other vocalists of high talent who are under engagements either to Mr. Mapleson or to Mr. Gye may be congratulated all round on not being restricted to one common arena. It would be strange indeed if London could not support two operas for four months in the year, when Paris, with a population only half as numerous, supports four, at each of which the season lasts much longer than it does with us. Mr. Gye, in his recently issued prospectus, maintains that the dearth of first-rate singers renders it desirable that only one great musical theatre should exist in London. Yet it is certain that each of the five *prime donne* above named has a large class of admirers, and that Mdlle. Nilsson is now drawing crowds to the Académie in spite of a heavy opera, just as Mdlle. Patti filled the Théâtre Italien last season in spite of the general incompetenceas of the company. Vocalists so attractive need separate spheres for the full exercise of their power.

Neither Mdlle. Patti nor Mdlle. Nilsson has yet arrived, but there is already an abundance of vocal talent in London and before the end of the week more than half the great singers in Europe will be here and in possession of what were once called our two great national theatres. The head-quarters and entire establishment of Mr. Mapleson, driven from Her Majesty's Theatre by fire, are now at Drury Lane, which is for the present to be known as Her Majesty's Opera. The house has been decorated and re-embellished in a lavish manner and presents a very brilliant appearance. A number of new private boxes have been constructed; the pit has been abolished or rather has been converted entirely into stalls; the amphitheatre has been arranged somewhere upstairs; in fact, everything has been done to make everyone comfortable and to make the whole theatre highly ornamental. Whitened gilded hung with amber curtains (Mr. Lumley's famous old embroideries, miraculously saved from the fire), the whole physiognomy of "Old Drury" is changed. It had long been known as the dingiest and dirtiest theatre in London, and it is now the brightest and cleanest.

The representation of *Lucrezia Borgia*, with which Her Majesty's Opera commenced operations on Saturday, calls for no particular notice. The cast, except as regards the part of Gennaro, was the same with which the frequenters of Her Majesty's Theatre are already familiar—Mdlle. Tietjens appearing as Lucrezia, Mdme. Trebelli-Bettini as Maffeo Orsini, Mr. Santley as the Duke. The orchestra is the same orchestra, the chorus the same chorus, the conductor (Signor Arditi) the same conductor. "Il mio quinto Ebreo de plus." That tenor, however, is Signor Fraschini, who, to judge by his Parisian reputation, ought to be the first tenor of the day, or at least second only to Signor Mario still the first of all first tenors. Signor Fraschini would be a better singer if he had a better voice; and I do not believe that Signor Fraschini, under any circumstances, would endeavour to astonish an audience by an thing in and out of season high C in the chest. That poor succession of young and vigorous tenors is impossible in Signor Fraschini. In the days of Jenny Lind, when operatic feeling ran high and the partisans of the Royal Italian Opera and those of Her Majesty's Theatre attacked one another with more than political violence, a tenor came out at the latter establishment who was said by friends to possess a voice that was young and fresh if somewhat uncultivated by his enemies a voice that was old and worn and which had long lost whatever beauty might originally have belonged to it. Signor Fraschini's present style of singing is sufficient proof that his friends and enemies of the year 1847 were determined to say something. He must have been younger then than he is now, or he would by this time have lost vigour and elasticity.

Signor Fraschini was one of the first to cultivate the declamatory style brought into fashion by the music of Verdi. The English public did not know what to make of it. Some said that he could no longer sing, others that he had not yet begun. Fraschini not only liked Verdi, but he had no objection to Meyerbeer; and in the part of Robert he proved that he possessed strong lungs and a sonorous voice. It was startling, too, to hear Signor Fraschini (beat the imprecation addressed by Edgardo to Lucia in Donizetti's *finale*. But times have changed, and Signor Fraschini has changed; and what we now admire in him is not physical power but intelligence. His appearance is against him, Mdme. demonstration intolerable, but his costume is delightful and his "get-up" grotesque.

As to Mr. Mapleson's future arrangements, full information is given in his prospectus. Instead of the long promised *Tannhäuser* we are to expect Herr Wagner's *Lohengrin*. It is time that some work by the "Musician of the Future" were brought out. I doubt the success of the experiment; but it will be interesting to see it made, and nobody the part of an unsubsidized manager to make it. The cast of *Lohengrin* is all that one is desired. An Italian version of *Auber's Gustave III* is the second novelty mentioned. It is too bad that one or other operatic manager does not produce this work, if only to give the public an opportunity of comparing it with Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera*, founded on the same subject. In consequence of the immense success of Mdlle. Nilsson as Ophelia, in M. Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet*, some idea, I believe, was entertained of bringing out that opera. I trust the idea has been abandoned. No one who has heard *Mignon* can wish to hear any other serious work by the same composer. But the scene of Ophelia's death—the scene which has made the success of the piece—is said to be beautiful in a picturesque and dramatic as well as musical point of view. This scene might, and perhaps will, be given by itself, of course with Mdlle. Nilsson in her original part. Mdlle. Nilsson, in spite of the efforts which have been made to induce her to remain in Paris, will come to London at the beginning of May. Signor Mongini, too, has to arrive, and with Mdlles. Nilsson, Kellogg and Tietjens in soprano, MM. Mongini and Fraschini for tenors, Mdme. Trebelli-Bettini for contralto, and MM. Santley, Gassier and Foli for baritone and basses, Mr. Mapleson will have a very admirable company.

Shabby Silver.

FÉTIS ACROSS MENDELSSOHN.

Sir,—Mendelssohn's "Reformation Symphony" was played for the first time in France at Pasdeloup's Popular Concert on Sunday week. While listening to it, in the midst of the excited and enchanted audience, it was curious to remember, and indeed difficult to believe, that one was in the same country where, in 1841, a musical editor wrote such lines as the subjoined on the overture to *Midsummer Night's Dream*:—

"The first impression made by Monsieur Mendelssohn's overture is not advantageous. I do not speak of *the incorrectness in harmony, and the contempt for the art of counterpoint which are manifested in this work*. Monsieur Mendelssohn is of a school which is not very severe on these points.

We need not believe that this heathenish criticism of M. Fétis was the echo of the general opinion, but that his words were published and read is a sufficient condemnation of those dark ages. It was long as is well known, before the great composer was really applauded, and not until nineteen years later that the whole of his *Midsummer Night's Dream* was played at the Conservatoire, and that Mendelssohn won an entire and glorious revenge. Fortunately, we are now far from the opinion of M. Fétis. Time has marched on, Mendelssohn has risen and triumphed, and shone out here, as elsewhere, in all the splendour of his genius. His "Reformation Symphony" perhaps his *chef d'œuvre*, in which he attains the greatness, majesty, and power of Beethoven, was a revelation. The grand dramatic introduction, the marvellous *scherzo*, which was enthusiastically encored, the *andante* ending in the Lutheran chorale, and awaking all thoughts of goodness and purity, were rapturously received, and the event has formed an era.—Your old correspondent,

Gnoxer Roosa.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

TO HORACE MAYHEW, Esq.

Sir,—There is no accounting for tastes. The latest novelty in photographic series is a group of "Miss Ada Menken and Sembrich the poet," which may be described as "after Dumas." As it appears in the shop windows it looks very real, but as there is a trick of photography which enables the artist to place the same person in two different positions and costumes in the same picture I am not prepared to say that the poet and the actress posed for the carte of which I speak. I hope not, but if it should be proved that it is not a genuine

representation after all, what a libel has been committed! Whether the poet of the entreat has until reason in such a case to complain I shall not presume to say. The conception is not a pleasant one, and it has not even the merit of originality. It is a poor adaptation of a French scandal, and as such nothing can be worse. A lower depth could not be found.—Yours truly,

THOMAS KARN DOWNE.

ENCORES.

SIR,—Singers will cease to be "too ready to repeat their performance" when reporters and musical critics cease to avoid favorable mention of vocalists, unless their songs are encored. Every one must observe that notices of concerts now consist merely of a recapitulation of those singers who have repeated their songs, others being treated as unsuccessful. For this reason very many who would be little content to rank among the "second and third rate singers" betray an equal readiness to respond to "encores" and in fact, it would seem that "the great tenor" is the exception which proves the rule. It is, therefore, to the reporters and critics that we must look for the abolition of a custom which becomes a perfect barrier to the enjoyment of the concert-going public.—I remain, Sir, yours obediently,

A SUBSCRIBER.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

"HYMNS ANCIENT AND MODERN."

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—The *Choir* of the 7th ultimo having given some very contradictory statements respecting *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, and the Selection of Hymns by an Incumbent, I addressed the editor of that paper on the subject. As he has not inserted my letter I send it to your journal hoping you will favour me by its insertion.—I remain, yours respectfully,

TRURO.

"To the Editor of "The Choir."

SIR,—In your last number of the *Choir* you say you "cordially approve" of an incumbent selecting *Hymns Ancient and Modern* for his church, and yet in the same article you speak of the danger of a minister choosing hymns for the use of his congregation. Just he may get them collections full of pious effusions in the still more objectionable resolutions derived alike from the Roman Oratorian or the fanatical Revivalist.' I am merely supposing you would not express yourself if you knew the derivation of a large portion of those first-named hymns. In *Strictures on Hymns Ancient and Modern* (published by Walbrook Henrietta Street, Covent Garden), you will find that about *one hundred and twenty* of them are from Romish sources, and are now used by Romanists for their compline, lauds, octaves, processions of Christ at first vespers, written for the occasion of the reception of a portion of the Holy Cross sent to St. Radegund of Poitiers,' &c. &c. Among those hymns are prayers for the dead, prayers to saints, and many other objectionable fallacies.

"At your laudatory remarks on the hymns in question might lead many persons astray (especially after you appearing to have a dread of Romish tendencies), your insertion of this letter in your next number will oblige one who loves consistency and most particularly in the Church.—Your obedient servant,

"March 16th, 1868. "TRURO."

LEIPSIC.—Herr F. L. Schubert, the well-known composer and arranger, died on the 17th March.—Gewandhaus Concert for the Benefit of the Poor. Overture to *Otto der Schütz* (unpublished first time) Rode. *Air from Faust*, Spohr (Mdlle. Schoffer); Violin-Concerto (unpublished) Herr W. Boeckinky), W. Boeckinky. *Air from St. Paul*, Mendelssohn (Herr Hasselbeck). Solo-Pieces for Pianoforte (Herr Coe Iotes). Songs, Schubert (Mdlle. Schoffer). and Suite, No. 2, Esen.—Fourth Evening for Chamber Music (compositions by Beethoven). Sonata for Pianoforte E minor Op. 90. Quartet for Stringed Instruments, A minor Op. 132. Variations on a theme by Handel, for Pianoforte and Violoncello. and Septet Op. 20.

WEIMAR.—*L'Africaine* has been produced and achieved a triumphant success.

SINGAPORE.—An Italian operatic company lately gave two very successful concerts on their way to Manilla, where they are engaged for the coming season.

VIENNA.—Signs. Mongini-Stecchi, and Sig. Cavrion have been favorably received at the Fenice as Anina and Elvino respectively in *La Sonnambula*. *L'Africaine* will be performed on the occasion of the *fête* given to celebrate the marriage of Prince Hubert, the principal parts being sustained by Signs. Lotti Sigri, Cavrion and Dirly. According to report, it will be followed by Donizetti's *Maria Stuarda* which will be got up on purpose.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.

This Society held its One hundred-and-thirtieth Anniversary Festival at the Freemasons' Hall, under the presidency of Alderman Salomans, M.P., on Thursday evening. The chairman was supported by Sir Thomas Gladstone, Bart., one of the trustees, Sir Henry Thompson, Sir C. Wentworth Dilke, Bart., Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mr. Whalley, M.P., &c. After grace dinner, and after dinner, "Non nobis Domine," in due form, was sung as admirably as ever, by an efficient choir under the direction of Mr. James Coward, who also undertook the direction of the concerted music, the solos being accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. C. E. Stephens. The usual loyal toasts succeeded in the accustomed order, that of "Her Majesty" being followed by "God save the Queen," solos by Mdlle. Carola and Madame Patey-Whytock. Then came Horsley's glee, "Mark yon bar eye," sung by Messrs. Dawson, Mason, Charles Henry and Barnby, and "I will extol thee" from Costa's *Eli* sung with great spirit by Mdlle. Carola, accompanied on the pianoforte by Signor La Calm of the Royal Italian Opera. This performance elicited loud applause. In proposing the toast of the evening—"Prosperity to the Royal Society of Musicians of Great Britain"—the Chairman made some significant remarks relative to the position and support that music and musical societies received from the Government. The toast was acknowledged by Sir Thomas Gladstone, who urged on the Chairman, as a member of the Legislature, the claims that music had on the country, as a branch of the Fine Arts.—which the Chairman promised "faithfully" to bear in mind at the proper period, when they should have his own hearty support, and that of as many friends as he could muster.

James Elliott's glee, "The Bee" was the next piece, and then we had Moore's "Meeting of the Waters," sung with unaffected expression by Madame Patey-Whytock, and loudly applauded. The toast of the "Patron of the Society" being drunk, Signor Tito Mattei played his brilliant "Fantasia on airs from *Norma*" which evoked such enthusiastic applause that the player was compelled to return to the pianoforte and play again. This time he selected his "Grande Valse," which was equally successful. Sir Henry Thompson now, in eloquent language, proposed the "President of the day" which being drunk with all the honours, Mr. Willford Morgan sang his own ballad "My Sweetheart when a Boy," which being loudly applauded, Mr. Morgan came forward to acknowledge the compliment. Mr. G. F. Anderson, Honorary Treasurer, then read the list of donations and subscriptions received during the evening, &c. which realized over three hundred pounds, including 50 guineas (making over £3000 received at several periods) from the honoured house of Broadwood & Co., 10 guineas from Messrs. Ashdown & Parry (fifth donation), 10 guineas from Messrs. Kirkman & Son, 5 guineas from Mr. Lamborn Cock, 5 guineas from Messrs. Hutchings & Romer, 10 guineas from Messrs. Novello & Co., 5 guineas from Mr. Costa (eleventh donation), 5 guineas from Mr. John Benedict (eighteenth donation), 5 guineas from Messrs. Duff & Stewart, 5 guineas from Signor Tito Mattei, 2 guineas from Mr. S. Brewer, &c. Mr. Anderson's labour accomplished. Miss Rosamunda Doria sang one of Gordigiani's Tuscan "Popular Melodies," delighting the company by the genial vivacity she threw into it. After the "Army, Navy, and Volunteers," Mr. Edward Howell performed on the violoncello, Kummer's "Fantasia on Scotch Airs," his tone and execution being the theme of general admiration.

The health of the Chaplain and Honorary Officers of the Society" having been proposed, drunk and responded to, that of "The Ladies" was given, appropriately coupled with Bishop's "Sleep, Gentle Lady" sung to perfection by the gentlemen already named, joined by others. This worthily closed the musical performance. Amongst the professional members and friends of the Royal Society present, we noticed Professor Bennett, Messrs. Charles Coote, Robert K. Bowley, J. H. Chatterton, Ferrar, F. Kinkee, Lazarus, H. H. Eyre, Aguilar, J. H. Maycock, Chalmers Masters, L. Cock, Frank Romer, Hutchings, F. B. Jewson, J. Westrop, Wallworth, G. Hammond, C. E. Stephens, Kirkman junior (who provided the grand pianoforte used on the occasion), J. Barnby, H. Littleton, &c. The gentlemen then joined the ladies, to partake of coffee and refreshment, and the company separated after a most cheerful and enjoyable evening.

H. B.

NAPLES.—*Polinto* has been produced at the S. Carlo, with Signs. Palmieri, Sigri, Succhia and Pandolfini.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Fine Bettter than Bert.—Here is a hint our correspondent has been anxious by looking for an estimate.— Testimonial to Mr. W. T. Best.— It is proposed to present Mr. W. T. Best with a practical mark of the appreciation in which he is held as an eminent member of the musical profession, one who by a life's study has earned for himself a reputation which inseparably connects his name with the grand instrument to which he has devoted all his energies. Mr. Best has held the appointment of Organist of St. George's Hall, Liverpool, for more than twelve years, during which time his performances on the celebrated instrument at which he presides have been familiarized to thousands,—including not only residents of the town, but strangers from all parts of the world. To have so long and successfully maintained the public interest in performances upon a single instrument unaided by the usual accessories of ordinary concerts is no slight proof of Mr. Best's extraordinary talent as an executant; while his numerous compositions and arrangements for the organ indisputably bear witness to his musician like abilities and remarkable skill. It being felt that many who have listened to the organ concerts will be only too glad of the opportunity of acknowledging the pleasure Mr. Best has afforded them, the testimonial will not be confined, as was originally intended, to his more immediate friends, but in order to give the musical public an opportunity of contributing to the fund, the following gentlemen have formed themselves into a committee and will be happy to receive subscriptions in behalf of this object:—Mr. W. C. Ashlin, 23, Kenyon Terrace, Birkenhead; Mr. Joseph Beaudre, The Temple, Dale Street; Mr. James Gardner, 15, Fenwick Street; Mr. Henry Hime, 77a, Canning Street; Mr. E. E. Hime, Church Street; Mr. Richard Hoolee, Exchange Alley; Mr. Henry Lovatt, Brown's Buildings; Mr. George Percival, 18, New Quay, W.; Mr. W. Rowson Pemberton, 22, Fenwick Street; Mr. Charles W. Smith, 19, Lord Street; Mr. Henry Tate, 101, Dale Street; Mr. Jonathan Whitehead, 37, Exchange Alley; Mr. W. H. Wordley, 15, Shooting Street; Mr. J. Bolingbroke Cooper (honorary secretary).

A Mantae for Schubert.—We can happily satisfy our musical correspondent. The note named was as supposed.—"Dear Sir,—You will be interested and glad to hear that the Crystal Palace Company have between possessed amongst other works of Schubert, of two of his symphonies viz. No. 4 in C minor, entitled by the author "Tragische Sinfonie" (1816) and No. 6 in C major (1818). These works have never in our belief been performed entire either in Germany or elsewhere. Through the kindness of Dr. Schneider of Vienna—the possessor of the autograph manuscripts of five out of Schubert's nine symphonies—the Crystal Palace Company have been allowed to take a copy of the scores of the two just named, and it is intended to perform the former of the two on Saturday next, the 29th inst. We propose to hold rehearsal by the ordinary band at twelve o'clock on Friday, the 28th, and by the enlarged Saturday band at twelve on Saturday, prior to the concert of three, and it will give us much gratification if you can arrange to be present on one or each of these occasions.—Yours faithfully, G. Grove, A. Manns."

Notices of the second Philharmonic Concert, Mr. Henry Leslie's eighth concert, and other pieces of interest, are unavoidably postponed till next week.

Dr. Wuyer Cial.—Wrong again. It was Méhul, not Boieldieu who composed *L'Irato*.

Sir Horace Mayhew.—"Carnificium exercent" (Nicholas Damasceno).

To Advertisers.—*The Office of* The Musical World *is at* Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co.'s, 244 *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Eleven o'clock* A.M. *on Fridays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1868.

MUSIC IN BERLIN.

At last we have had a novelty at the Royal Opera-house. I refer to *Die Fabier*, a five-act opera by Herr A. Langert, already favourably known by his first essay in operatic composition, *Der Singer Fluch*. The libretto of *Die Fabier* (*The Fabii*) is founded upon G. Freitag's tragedy of the same name, and is from the pen of Herr G. von Meyer. The following is an outline of the plot.

The proud and haughty patrician family of the Fabii are informed by Marcus, son of the Consul Fabius, that the Veientes have devastated and pillaged their lands, and that the Senate, as well as the peaceful and aged Consul himself, have determined to declare war against the aggressors. The Fabii are burning to avenge the injury done them, but Marcus goes on to say that Sicinius, the Tribune of the People, has forbidden the war. This incites the patrician Fabii against the representative of the plebeians, whom they so much despise. The Tribune now approaches surrounded by a large number of the People. He is received with biting sarcasm, but answers in a way which is deeply insulting to patrician pride. His retorts raise the indignation of the Fabii, who rush forward with the intention of killing him, but are prevented, by the arrival of the Consul, from carrying out their purpose. Sicinius waits till the Consul has taken his departure, and then, addressing the Fabii and their adherents, says that he will deliver them up, as the tyrants of Rome, to be the prey of the vultures and the ravens; that he will employ the People's whip till he has driven them howling out of the gates of the city. This is more than they can bear, and they take an oath to murder the reviler. They cast lots who shall strike the blow. The lot falls upon Sextus, but he fails to effect his murderous design, and seeks safety in flight. Marcus, the son of the Consul, on hearing that the Tribune has recognized Sextus, rushes into the bedchamber of the tribune and despatches him. But something which proves who was the murderer has remained in the victim's hand for the Tribune has torn from Sextus the wolf's head, which all the Fabii wear as a badge upon their breast. This is found by Icilius, a friend of the murdered man. Icilius has grown up from childhood with Fabia, the Consul's daughter, and is deeply in love with her. Mindful however, of the gulf between him, a plebeian, and the daughter of the haughty patrician race, he has never divulged his passion. But Fabia, grateful for his having rescued her from the hands of the Veientes, confesses that she has always loved him. Forgetting the difference of their respective stations, he opens his heart to her, and they swear eternal constancy. He now discovers the murder committed by the brother of her he loves. He hastens to the Consul whom he informs that Sicinius has been murdered, and adds that he knows the murderers. He begs the Consul to grant the People the same rights as the patricians, assuring him that, if he does so, all will yet be well. Fabius haughtily repels him, though certain hints dropt by Icilius, as well as his own presentiment, tell him that the murderers belong to his own race. Fabia now appears and reveals her love for Icilius. The Consul spurns her from him with contempt. He will not acknowledge as his daughter the future wife of a plebeian. Icilius has it in his power to be avenged for this affront, he needs but pronounce one word, and all Rome will rise against the Fabii. But he is too noble-minded to pursue such a course. Delivering up to Fabius the wolf's head, which proves who was the murderer, he swears to keep the secret. Fabius, however, resolves to show the

People that he is just. He says that the assassin shall not escape, but that pay the penalty of his crime—blood for blood, life for life—aye, even were it his own son. The Fabii are summoned to meet in the Campus Martius. "To whom belongs the hedge held in the hand of the murdered man?" Sextus steps forward. The Consul breathes more freely. The assassin is not his son! But his joy is of short duration. Marcus cannot allow another to be sacrificed for him. Despite all the entreaties of his friends and comrades, who conjure him to remember that he is destined to be one day the head of their race, he advances boldly and declares that he is the murderer. His father struggles to subdue his emotion, and orders the Lictor to decapitate the criminal. Marcus bows his head undauntedly to the axe. But the Lictor cannot execute the order. He has carried Marcus, as a child, in his arms; he has loved him, fondled him! His eyes fill with tears, and the axe falls from his grasp. Hereupon the Consul snatches up the weapon, and prepares to carry out the sentence himself. This excites the indignation of the Fabii, who renounce their allegiance to the Consul, and elect Fabius to be their chief. Meanwhile, the storm bursts forth in Rome. In vain that Fabia begs the adherents of her family to remain quiet; they haughtily determine to assert with the sword the pre-eminence of the patrician order. Icilius, on whom the People have conferred the post formerly held by the deceased Siccanius, appears, and, in the name of the People, banishes the Fabii from Rome. He is deeply moved by the better entreaties of Fabia, to whom he is so devotedly attached, and who intercedes for her father. But he is obliged to perform his duty; he dare not listen to her. The Fabii now resolve to assist the People sword in hand; but the new Tribune represents to them that the enemy, who are then advancing against Rome, will profit by their intestine strife, and probably, succeed in destroying the Republic. The aged Consul comes forward, and declares that peace shall reign in Rome, for that he and his banished son, together with those of their own race, will alone carry on the war against the Veientes. The annihilation of the little host is a certainty, and the People are lost in admiration of their heroic courage. In the last act we find Fabia entreating her lover to conduct the Roman army to the field of battle and save her father, her brother, and their followers. Icilius, moved by her prayers, leads the Romans against Veii, and overcomes the foe—but the Fabii are destroyed. The Consul, mortally wounded, gives his consent to the marriage of his daughter with Icilius, whom, "as a hero and a victor," the may now love and also wed.

Such is an outline of the plot, which affords scope for a great many highly interesting situations, well carried out by the librettist, though for myself I think it would have been far preferable to have laid the scene somewhere else, and adopted some other period for the action. Roman antiquity *par excellence*—or, if you come to that, Grecian antiquity also—is apt to be rather "caviare to the general." Classic furniture and classic stories were all very well in the time of the first French Republic, but more modern subjects are liked better now.

The music is not of the highest order, but it is fresh and possibly original, warranting the belief that Herr Langert will, at some future day, make his mark. One thing is certain: Herr Langert has studied, when so few German composers do study, namely the stage, and to this fact I attribute no small portion of the success he has achieved. His music is emphatically *dramatic* music, and deserves to be taken as a model by the great mass of German musicians at the present day, who will not understand that music admirably adapted for the concert-room or the chamber is not necessarily the music best fitted to be sung behind the footlights. A thorough German in musical sentiment, in his instinctive feeling of what will suit the stage, Herr Langert, like his great compatriot, Meyerbeer, more resembles the French composers. Among the most successful numbers may be mentioned the Consul's song in the first act; the duet between Fabia and Icilius, and the grand chorus, in the second; the trio for Fabia, Icilius, and Fabius, in the third; the introductory chorus, and that of the Fabii and the People, in the fourth; the duet between Fabia and Icilius, and the duet between the Consul and Marcus, in the fifth.

The cast was as follows: Fabia, Mdlle. Grün; Marcus, Herr Betz; Icilius, Herr Woworsky; the Consul, Herr Fricke; Sextus, Herr Krüger and Siccanius, Herr Salomon. All these artists exerted themselves to the utmost, and the composer is much indebted to them. Mdlle. Horina, too, as Quintus Fabius, a boy of fifteen, and the Consul's youngest son, fully contributed her quota to the general success. The costumes and scenery were exceedingly fine, and the *mise-en scène* everything that could be desired. On the first night there were no end of calls both for the composer and the singers. No one appeared to trouble himself however about Herr von Meyer, who had written a libretto far above the average merit of such productions. But this is the way of the operatic world. If an opera fails, the poor librettist generally has the blame of the failure. "Who could compose music to such a book! Utterly impossible!"—"How the dence old fellow, can the singers do anything with words like those! As for getting any effect out of them, they might as well expect integrity in a railway board of the old pattern!" If, on the other hand, the opera proves a hit, all the credit goes to the composer. This, however, is not the case in France, I must own, because French dramatic authors have pertinaciously refused to allow themselves to be treated like—well, like dramatic authors, in England at least—and, since the time of Beaumarchais, have absolutely insisted on being fairly remunerated, and, what is more, have carried their point.

Mdlle. Lucca has returned—in fact, she has now been returned for some weeks—from her two months' engagement in St. Petersburgh, where she created a profound sensation. And a good thing it was for the Royal Operahouse that she did return, for the season was beginning to get *tout ses* pen dull without her, seeing that Herr Niemann was on leave of absence, Herr Wachtel not well, and Mdlle. Artôt, who has been since playing with great success in Auber's *Diamants de la Couronne*, Gounod's *Faust* and Verdi's *Trovatore*, had not arrived. The character selected by Mdlle. Lucca for her re-appearance was that of Mrs. Ford ("Frau Fluth") in Nicolai's *Lustige Weiber von Windsor*. The house was crammed, and the audience were profuse in their manifestations of delight at once more beholding their old favourite safe and sound, and with her splendid voice uninjured by the rigours of a Russian winter. Mdlle. Lucca has since sung in *Faust*, *Figaro's Hochzeit*, *Don Juan*, *Il Trovatore*, and *Fra Diavolo*. What a pity that she will soon be flitting away again to go and enchant Mr. Gye's patrons!

Herr Wachtel has left, and is not to return till the 1st of December next. He took his leave as Manrico in *Il Trovatore*. Need I inform you that he sang in *Le Postillon de Longjumeau* a short time before he departed? What he would do without that postilion's jacket and large boots, I really do not know. There is one consolation left me: I am not obliged to go and hear him every time he takes it into his head to play the part. He is now in Hamburgh charming the inhabitants of that Hanseatic city. What I long ago predicted, as you may see, by turning over the back numbers of the *Musical World*, has come to pass. Herr Wachtel and Herr Niemann do not hit it off very well together; their artistic interests—and, dare I add, their personal vanity—render the Operahouse, large as it is, too small to hold both of them simultaneously, but you must remember that not only do they

play the same heroic business, but actually alternate the same part in several operas, such as *La Muette*, *Le Prophète*, *Fra Diavolo*, *L'Africaine*, etc. Thus, on one night, Herr Wachtel represents Masaniello, while on the next it is Herr Niemann who appears under the garb of that impetuous and patriotic fisherman. Of course, each gentleman has his admirers, who think everything he does charming, and everything his rival does horrible—a state of things which strikes one as possessing some mysterious, but logically inexplicable, analogy with that described by Mrs. Bouncer in Maddison Morton's celebrated farce, when she says: "What's the head of the bed for Mr. Cox is the foot of the bed for Mr. Box, and what's the head of the bed for Mr. Box is the foot of the bed for Mr. Cox." Matters attained such a pitch, I have been told, though I cannot vouch for the fact, that both the rivals were on the point of throwing up their engagements. What, however, I can vouch for is that an arrangement has been arrived at which will, at any rate, save Herr Wachtel from the misery of seeing the theatre full when Herr Niemann sings, and *vice versa*. Herr Niemann will begin and end the season, while Herr Wachtel "will be active," as we say in German, from December 1st to March 15th.

Great efforts were made by the management to give Prince Napoleon a favourable idea of the Royal Operahouse and its resources. Two and operas were produced in quick succession during his stay, and Taglioni's celebrated ballet, *Sardanapal*, celebrated for the richness of its costumes and the magnificence of its scenery, added by "express desire"—or, to adopt the expression in use here, "auf allerhöchsten Befehl," and a very nice expression it is, not at all redolent of haughty superciliousness on the part of those from whom it emanates, nor of abject inferiority on that of those to whom it is addressed. However, the spirit that invented such expressions, and the spirit that permitted them to be employed are not quite as general as formerly. At the present day even the King of Prussia would take some time to consider before he imitated the practice of Frederick the Second, and contemptuously addressed his General in the third person singular.—On the 21st inst. Herr Dorn celebrated his fortieth anniversary as *Capellmeister*. There was a grand gathering at the Operahouse on the morning of the day in question, when the members of the orchestra, after the speechifying *dérigueur*, presented Herr Dorn with a bust of Beethoven, and the King sent him, through Count von Redern, the Royal Order of the Crown.

The Italian operatic company still continues to do very well, all things considered, at the Victoria Theater. Signs. Barolta, Sig. Tombesi, and Sig. Padillo, though not singers of the highest rank, possess many good qualities, which have rendered them favourites with the public. The company made a trip to Hamburgh a short time since, and played at the Stadt-theater. They did very well eventually at the ordinary prices. At the outset they raised the tariff of admission, and the consequence was that the house presented "a beggarly account of empty boxes," and, let me add, deserted stalls.

At the Friedrich Wilhelm Städtisches-theater the manager as a rule puts up nothing but pieces by M. Offenbach—*Die Grossherzogin*, *Pariser Leben*, *Schöne Helena*, and *Orpheus*. Sometimes, though rarely, he gives something by some one else. For instance, a few nights ago, a trifle entitled *In Saus und Braus* was announced. During the performance, Mdlle. Anna Schramm, a talented young lady engaged for the "chambermaids," suddenly fell, apparently lifeless, on the stage. She had been struck down by an apoplectic fit. Medical aid was immediately called in. Mdlle. Schramm, I am glad to say, is now in a fair way of recovery.

There have been plenty of concerts lately, and of all kinds, good, bad, and indifferent, but I have not much time or space to descant upon them this week. I will, therefore, confine myself to chronicling the one fact that Stern's Gesangverein gave an admirable performance of Handel's *Israel in Egypt*, the other day, in the large room of the Singacademie. The choruses went splendidly, and the solos were most satisfactorily given by Mdlles. Zinkeisen, Mansfeldt, Herren Otto, Krause, and Bulz.

VALE.

MADAME SCHUMANN was to leave for the Continent on Thursday.

HERR JOACHIM left England on Thursday morning. He will give a concert of chamber music with Madame Schumann, and also play a concerto at the "Concerts Populaires" in Brussels, on his way to Berlin.

MR. DEACON'S *matinée d'invitation* last week was attended by a highly fashionable audience, who thoroughly appreciated the selection of music performed by Mr. Deacon himself, Mdl. Santon, Poltier, Hung, and Penn. The works of Mendelssohn, Weber, Spohr and Schumann were largely drawn upon for the occasion.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.—At the concert this afternoon Mr. J. F. Barnett's already popular cantata, *The Ancient Mariner*, will be given, under the direction of its composer. The soprano and contralto parts are to be sustained by Mdlles. Clara and Rosamunda Doria.

DR. S. S. WESLEY has been in town on business connected with the Festival of the Three Choirs, to be held this year at Gloucester. He was present at Mr. John Boosey's London Ballad Concert in St. James's Hall, on Wednesday evening last.

GOOD FRIDAY.—Rossini's *Stabat Mater* and selections from the *Messiah* and other oratorios are announced to be given in St. James's Hall on Good Friday evening. Mdlle. Liebhart, Mr. George Perren, and other popular artists will assist. Mr. Jennings will conduct.

THE Passion Week performances of the *Messiah* will be given on Monday next by the National Choral Society, Mr. G. W. Martin, conductor, at Exeter Hall. Miss Banks, Madame Osborne Williams, and Mr. Santley, *&c.*, are among the principal singers. The band and chorus will number 700 performers. A few two-shilling tickets have been issued for the performances.

HOBART TOWN (TASMANIA).—We have received the *Tasmanian Times* of February 1st, with a long account of the *fête* given in honour of H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh. Mr. McMillan, the spirited proprietor of the *Tasmanian Times*, must have spared no trouble and expense in obtaining so much interesting information for the English public.

HANDEL'S WORKS.—Dr. Chrysander, author of the *Life of Handel*, has bought from Victor Schoelcher the conductor's score of Handel's complete works for the sum of £800.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL.—Miss Kate Roberts's second "Pianoforte Recital" took place on Saturday March 21, before a numerous and fashionable audience. The programme was even more varied than on the last occasion, but the young artist proved herself fully equal to her task, and both surprised and charmed her audience by the versatility of her talent, keeping their interest alive to the very end. Three pieces by Weber, Schumann, and Mendelssohn, which concluded the first part, were judiciously selected to relieve each other, and to display to excellent advantage the thorough ability of the executant to identify herself with the genius of each of these masters. Miss Dove Dolby gave Rossini's "Bel Raggio" with admirable taste, and, with the aid of Mr. Denby Newton, agreeably varied the programme.

MEMORIAL TO SIGNOR ARDITI.—The principal members of the orchestra of Her Majesty's Theatre some weeks ago presented to Signor Arditi an illuminated address, in which they begged to testify their appreciation of his unremitting exertions on their behalf after the late fire, and of his having been one of the foremost to promote the movement set afoot to compensate them for their losses. The address concludes by stating that the disinterested kindness manifested by Signor Arditi in managing and conducting the concert for their benefit on the 5th of January would always be gratefully remembered by them—accompanied by a wish that the time might not be far distant when they would meet once more under his able direction. [The address was presented before it had been decided that the operatic company of Her Majesty's Theatre should perform at Drury Lane Theatre. The time has come—and again Signor Arditi occupies the position he has so long graced by his courtesy, ability, and zeal.—A. S. S.]

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

The last concert of the season, for the Benefit of the Director, Mr Arthur Chappell, took place on Monday last, when St. James's Hall was crowded in every part—a result due to the occasion and the excellence and variety of the attractions. What these were the following will show:—

PART I.

Quartet, in D minor	Mozart.
Song "The Trout"	Schubert.
Fantasia, Op. 77, Pianoforte	Beethoven.
"Lied ohne Worte" Violoncello	Mendelssohn.
Recit. and Air "Deeper and deeper still"	Handel.
Prelude and Fugue in E minor, Op. 35 Pianoforte	Mendelssohn.

PART II.

Solos, "Slumber Song" and "Traumerei-Tod," Pianoforte	Schumann.
Song "When the Moon Is Brightly Shining"	Molique.
Romance, in F, Violin	Beethoven.
Song "The Fisher Maiden"	Meyerbeer.
Concerto, in C major, for three Pianofortes	Bach.

It would be absurd to criticise such a concert in detail. Enough that the pianists were Mr Charles Hallé, whose solo was Beethoven's Fantasia, Madame Arabella Goddard, whose solo was Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue, and Madame Schumann, whose solos were the well known bagatelles of Schumann; and that the three combined their thirty ready fingers in Bach's Triple Concerto (played as written by the master) which was accompanied by a quintet of string instruments—MM. Joachim, L. Ries, H. Blagrove, Piatti, and Reynolds. The performers in Mozart's Quartet were the four first named gentlemen. The *Lied ohne Worte* of Mendelssohn (posthumous) was played by Signor Piatti, and Beethoven's Romance by Herr Joachim—both being accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr Zerbini, who also (Mr Benedict being at Liverpool) accompanied Miss Cecilia Westbrook and Mr Vernon Rigby in the songs of Schubert and Meyerbeer, Handel and Molique. How crowded was St. James's Hall may be gathered from the fact that more than 100 people were squeezed into the place than had ever been accommodated there before, and that hundreds were unable to obtain admission. The audience was enthusiastic, and called back everybody after everything; forbearing however, from a call which, under the circumstances, would have been the most graceful and appropriate—viz., a call for Mr S. Arthur Chappell, who, by establishing and directing the Monday Popular Concerts, has done more for the cause of healthy music in this enormous capital than anyone whose name stands honourably recorded among caterers for the public benefit and entertainment.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

This Theatre (Drury Lane) opened on Saturday, the opera being *Lucrezia Borgia* (*see elsewhere*).

On Tuesday *Semiramide* was performed, with Mdlle. Tietjens (Semiramide), Madame Trebelli Bettini (Arsace), Signor Gassier (Assur), Signor Foli (Oroe), and Signor Bettini (Idreno).

On Thursday owing to the illness of Mdlle. Tietjens and Signor Fraschini, the *Barbiere* was substituted for *Lucrezia*. Madame Trebelli Bettini (Rosina), Signor Bettini (Almaviva), Signor Gassier (Figaro), Signor Zoboli (Bartolo), Signor Foli (Basilio), and Mdlle. Corsi (Berta). In the "Lesson scene" Madame Trebelli introduced a waltz by Signor Alary.

To-night Mdlle. Clara Louise Kellogg, the young American singer, who, in the winter season which ended so disastrously, created an impression that can hardly have been forgotten will make her re-appearance in the character which first introduced her to an English audience—that of Violetta, in *La Traviata*.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The Theatre opened on Tuesday with *Norma* (*see elsewhere*).

On Thursday Verdi's *Don Carlos* was performed, with Mdme. L. Sherrington (Elizabeth), Mdlle. Fricci (Princess Eboli), Mdlle. Doria (Tebaldo—in place of Mdlle. Locatelli), Sig. Naudin (Carlos), Sig. Graziani (Rodrigo), Sig. Bagagiolo (Grand Inquisitor), M. Petit (Philip II.), Sig. Rossi (Herald), and Sig. Fallar (Friar). Of this next week.

To-night *Rigoletto* for the *début* of two new singers, Mdlles. Vistoni and Mayer, and the first appearance of Sig. Mario.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The programme of Saturday included the music composed by Schubert for *Rosamunde*. In November, 1866, two instrumental *entr'actes* and a vocal romance, and in March, 1867, an additional piece of ballet music were produced. All these, together with the overture and four pieces never before heard, were given on Saturday, being the whole of the *Rosamunde* music, except an *entr'acte* in D. The overture generally known as *Rosamunde*, belongs properly to *Die Zauberharfe*, an opera which Schubert composed three years earlier (1820). The overture originally prefixed to *Rosamunde* belongs to *Alfonso and Estrella*, an opera composed in 1822. Both have long been admired. The pieces given for the first time on Saturday were a "Shepherd Melody," a "Chorus of Shepherds," a "Chorus of Spirits," and a "Huntsmen's Chorus." The first named is full of pastoral beauty, the melodic phrases being given chiefly to the clarionet. The "Chorus of Shepherds" is sung to three verses of text by a choir of mixed voices. The charm of the vocal writing, and the delicacy of the orchestral accompaniments, belong to the most refined art, the use of the clarionet in the prelude, and the drone bass in the accompaniments, giving a specially pastoral character to this movement. The "Chorus of Spirits" (for male voices), full of an impressive gloom, was probably intended to be sung off the stage, and depends much on the dramatic situation. Here, the trombones are used with great effect. The Hunting Chorus is animated, but scarcely equal to the other movements. The pieces already known and repeated on this occasion produced as great an effect as formerly—the long *entr'acte* in B minor, as important as a movement of a symphony, the "Air de ballet" and the *entr'acte* bordering likelike composer's Impromptu in E flat—all these with the additional numbers, being listened to with intense delight. The orchestral performance, under Mr Manns, was admirable; and we have already adverted to the increasing efficiency of the Crystal Palace Choir.

Another novelty at Saturday's concert was the first appearance of Monsieur Sternberg, a young violinist from Brussels, who achieved a decided success in a very difficult fantasia by Vieuxtemps. M. Sternberg has brilliancy and certainty of execution, accurate intonation, a light and facile bow-arm, a fine tone, a specially good *staccato*, and a style devoid of affectation. In short, he is a genuine artist, and will doubtless soon be heard again—in music, let us hope, of more sterling weight and character. M. Sternberg was frequently applauded during his performance, and unanimously called back at the end.

The remainder of Saturday's programme comprised Weber's overture to *Oberon*, Mr. Sullivan's deeply felt and masterly overture entitled *In Memoriam*, Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue in G, on the organ, by Mr. Coward, and vocal solos by Mdlle. Carola and Mr. Wilbye Cooper.

GOOD FRIDAY AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

(*Communicated*).

The Crystal Palace will be open on Good Friday from nine in the morning. After one o'clock there will be continuous performances of sacred music and at half-past three a grand concert on the Handel Orchestra, in which Mr. Sims Reeves, Madame Rudersdorff, Mdlle. Drasdil, and Mr. Santley, Messrs. T. Harper, Levy, and the band of the Coldstream Guards are to take part. The "Old Hundredth," "Evening Hymn" and "God save the Queen," will be sung by the assembled thousands. Special trains will run from all parts of the metropolis, the Midland Company running excursions to London. This being an unusually early spring the gardens and shrubberies—especially those near the Entire Animal Department—are now in great freshness and beauty. The noble design of the late Sir Joseph Paxton in laying out these beautiful grounds becomes yearly more apparent as the trees and plants attain a large growth and finer foliage.

BARE LANE.—The Italian operatic season was to conclude on the 2nd April. *Fra Diavolo* was the last novelty produced. Signor Steger has been prevented by illness from singing as usual. The manager of the Teatro Real of Madrid, who came on purpose to hear him, was consequently disappointed.—The Gran Teatro del Liceo is to let. The proprietors may experience some difficulty in finding a tenant, the expenses connected with the establishment being very heavy.

PROVINCIAL.

SCOTLAND.—We learn from the Scotch papers that Mr. Herbert Bond, the son of Mr. J. C. Bond, of Brighton, is making the tour of Scotland as prima tenore of an operatic company under the direction of Mr. H. Corri. The local journals speak in the highest terms both of his musical and his histrionic powers. The *Greenock Advertiser* observes that he is "a good actor and musician. His voice and style are most wonderfully improved since we last heard him in Greenock. He is also possessed of a good figure and looks well on the stage." Referring to his performance of the part of Manrico in *Il Trovatore*, the critic speaks of Mr. H. Bond's exquisitely sweet voice, and goes on to say that "his opening solo, the song of the Troubadour ('Deserto Sulla Terra') was warbled in a most enchanting manner—so perfectly in tune and so pleasingly plaintive that the audience were enchanted with it. He also displayed great vigour and force in the *finale* to the third act, and received a well-merited recall. His solo in the tower ('Ah che la morte') was perfectly ravishing for sweetness—so beautiful was it, that the audience could not resist calling for a repetition." Equal praise is bestowed on Mr. Bond's execution of the ballade of *La Sonnambula* and that of Don Cesare de Bazan, in the lute Vincent Wallace's *Maritana*. He has evidently succeeded in winning the favour of his northern fellow-countrymen, and we look with eagerness to his re-appearance among us in the south.

TUNBRIDGE.—At Mrs. John Macfarren's pianoforte and vocal recital on Tuesday, March 10th (according to a correspondent), the Town Hall was so crowded that many were unable to obtain even standing room. The programme included sonatas by Beethoven and Dussek, selections from Bach, Mozart, Vincent Wallace, Schulhoff, Litolff and Brissac, with songs sung charmingly by Miss Banks, three of which were repeated by general desire. The grace and alacrity with which she gave Mr. Macfarren's "Half-past Nine" so delighted the audience that they would willingly have listened to it a third time. Mrs. John Macfarren's own performances were one and all appreciated as they deserved.

DUBLIN.—Herr Joachim has been here enchanting all by his splendid performances of the Chaconne and another piece of J. S. Bach, and the *andante* from Spohr's ninth concerto, at the last "Monthly Popular Concert." It was in consequence of the rapturous encore elicited by Spohr's graceful *andante* that we were treated by the great violinist to a second specimen from his favourite Bach. Herr Joachim also led Mozart's quartet in C but his fellow performers were by no means up to his standard. Had we space at command we might quote some eloquent passages from the Dublin papers which consecrated this interesting event in glowing (and befitting) language.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD played at a concert in Sheffield on Thursday night.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.—An electric organ is being built by Bryceson Brothers and Co. for Her Majesty's Opera, Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. The organ is to be erected at a distance behind the scenery as usual, but the organist will, for the first time, take his place near the conductor and in the orchestra. An electric cable of insulated wires will pass beneath the stage connecting the keys with the instrument.

MADAME PAREPA IN AMERICA.—A thoroughly charming performance of the *Barber of Seville* was given at Pike's Opera-house on Wednesday evening, and attracted, as it deserved, a large and fashionable audience. Rossini's master-work always calls out the legitimists, and the applause in consequence is usually discreet. The Rosina on the evening in question was Mdme. Parepa, and she rendered the music perfectly. We have always thought that the lady shines to best advantage in the heaviest works of the Italian *répertoire*, but she is so thorough an artist that nothing really comes amiss to her. Her vocalism was faultless, and she has the art to display it with the least amount of effort. The character is a light hooted sprightly one—but it lacked nothing in that respect, Mdme. Parepa being as quick and lively as any of her alimony competitors. In the Singing lesson she gave one of Arditi's waltzes ('L'Estasi') and received an encore which she responded to by singing a Tyrolienne, accompanying herself on the pianoforte. Both pieces "brought down the house."—*American Paper*, March 6th.

MDLLE. EMILIE GERBOT has been singing at La Scala (Milan) with great success. After the *rondo* from *La Cenerentola* she was recalled several times.

A NEW ENGLISH TENOR.—The *Fædrelandet* a Copenhagen newspaper writing about a new tenor (Mr. Bentham) says:—"A great surprise was reserved for the public in the performance of the part of Manrico (*Trovatore*) by Mr. Bentham. His soft, sonorous sympathetic voice made for the tender melodies of the Troubadour. His lament in pass as the sound of a silver bell and he threw himself with such ardour into the execution of the rondo that he enraptured and excited the audience to enthusiastic acclamations."

MR. AGUILAR'S SOIRÉE.—The following is the programme of last Thursday: Piano solo, Andante and Rondo Capriccioso (Mr. Aguilar), Mendelssohn; Song, "Break, break, break" (Miss Lindo), Aguilar; Piano solo, Fantasia on *Semiramide* (Miss Grace Aguilar), Aguilar; Song, "Farewell" (Mdlle. Angèle), Aguilar; Duet, Harp and Piano, on airs from *Faust* (Herr Oberthür and Mr. Aguilar), Oberthür and Aguilar; Romance, "Non è ver" (Herr Stepan), Mattei; Solo, Harp, "Souvenir de Londres" (Herr Oberthür), Oberthür; Song, "Le revenant des Bois" (Miss Lindo), Aguilar; Piano solo, "Weber's last Waltz" (Mr. Aguilar), Aguilar; Song, "Love, wicked teasing love" (Mdlle. Angèle), Chalmers Masters; Duet, Piano and Harp, on airs from *Aurora* (Mr. Aguilar and Herr Oberthür), Aguilar and Oberthür; Song, "Christmas Bells" (Herr Stepan), Hatton; Piano solo, Pensée fugitive and Mazurka (Mr. Aguilar), Aguilar. A very numerous audience were evidently pleased with the attractions offered them.

"GIOVANNA D'ARCO"—(*From the "Queen"*).—An opera which we have not heard for a long time, Verdi's *Giovanna d'Arco*, was to be resuscitated on Saturday at the Italiens. It was for Madame Frezzolini that Verdi "created" the character. At that time she possessed all the talents requisite for personifying the heroine of Orleans—youth, beauty, energy, passion and the superb voice, warm and supple, which she has lost since. No contralto has yet dared to succeed her in the part, and *Giovanna d'Arco* has remained in the shade for want of interpreters. But now a singer has come forth and demanded Joan's armour and coat of mail, and the singer is Patti! Adelina, who is laughing through *Don Pasquale* and weeping in *Lucia* longed to brandish the sword in the head of an army. [And doubtless she will brandish it right gracefully.—A. S. S.]

AN OLD BOY MET OF ROSSINI.—A composer who had contrived to make himself look like a caricature of Bach asked an audience lately of Rossini. Rossini received him kindly and, contrary to his usual habit, asked his fellow musicians to let him hear some of his compositions. The musician seated himself at the piano, began playing an extraordinarily gentle tune, allegro, and lead sense of all of work together and stopped at last exhausted.—"What is that?" asked Rossini.—"It is a funeral march," said the other quite seriously. "That I composed on the occasion of Meyerbeer's death. What do you think of it, *maestro?*" "Not bad, only I would have been better if you had died and Meyerbeer had written the music."—*Queen.*

INSTALLATION OF THE PRINCE OF WALES AS A KNIGHT OF ST. PATRICK, IN DUBLIN CATHEDRAL.—Doctor Francis Robinson has been specially appointed by the Lord Lieutenant to superintend and direct the music in St. Patrick's Cathedral Dublin, on the occasion of the Installation of the Prince of Wales as a Knight of St. Patrick. A large choir selected by Dr. Robinson has commenced rehearsing the choruses—taken from the works of Handel, Haydn, together with Sir John Stevenson's *Te Deum* which will also be performed on the occasion.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY.—The second concert this season, which took place on Monday 30th March was very interesting, the first part being almost entirely devoted to compositions by the President, Mr. Benedict. Three songs from the *Lily of Killarney* were sung by Miss Barry Elden, Miss Bilham Porter (her first appearance in London), and Mr. Greenhill. The other vocalists were Miss Fanny Armytage, Miss Danielson and Signor Nappi. The instrumental part was excellent, including Spohr's string Quartet in G minor, well played by Messrs. Bruce, Hasegawa, Cooper and Schuberth. La Calda's Pianoforte Concerto, played with great fancy and vigour by Signor Tito Mattei (with quintet and additional pianoforte accompaniment), two solos on the pianoforte by Mdlle. Skiwa, the clever young pianist from Vienna who made her first appearance in this country some time ago with such eminent success at the Crystal Palace; a solo on the violoncello, aptitally played by Herr Schuberth, a sonata, Beethoven's, in F for violin and piano, played by Signori Hasegawa and Tito Mattei. Everything went off satisfactorily, and the concert was decidedly one of the best given by the society since its foundation. The rooms were well attended.

BOLOGNA.—Mad. Borghi-Mamo has appeared with undeniable success in *Saffo*. She was well supported by the other artists, among whom were Sig. Tagliasacchi and Sigra. Vielal.

CAMDEN AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.—This society lent its valuable aid on the 24th ult. in the performance of a miscellaneous selection of sacred music at Upper Holloway Chapel. The object of the evening was to inaugurate the opening of a new organ built by Mr. T. Robson, of St. Martin's Lane, but, unfortunately, the instrument was not ready for use, the builder having forfeited his word as to its completion. Under these circumstances a pianoforte was introduced at the last moment, and Mr. J. Baptiste Calkin (who had most carefully arranged the organ part for the occasion) was necessitated to accompany the whole upon a small cottage instrument. His able performance and the thorough good nature with which he complied with the wishes of the committee, cannot be too highly commended. The performance consisted of a selection from the works of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn, &c. &c. under the able direction of Mr. Charles Dury, the conductor of the society. With regard to the solo singers, we must express our approbation of the lady who sang the contralto song "O rest in the Lord" from Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, and of the tenor (Mr. Julius Chartier) who gave the air "I will with all your hearts," from the same work, in a highly creditable manner. The choral music was effectively rendered by the members of the Camden Amateur Musical Society, who are already known to have distinguished themselves by previous performances in the neighbourhood. The Rev. S. H. Booth, the minister of the chapel, presided on the occasion, and in returning thanks to the society for its valuable services, regretted that he could not add a few words in praise of "his noble instrument," which unfortunately had been a note that evening, although the ostensible cause of the meeting was to lay its powers. He announced that the performance would be repeated "with the addition of the organ" on the following Monday evening, but as we were unable to attend, we can add nothing as to the capabilities of Mr. Robson's organ.

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THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), MAY 2ND, will be performed (for the second time these three years), Rossini's Grand Opera,

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On MONDAY NEXT May 4th, "GUGLIELMO TELL."

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First Appearance of Mdlle. Pauline Lucca.

On THURSDAY NEXT May 7th (for the first time this season) Auber's Comic Opera, "FRA DIAVOLO." Zerlina, Mdlle. Pauline Lucca (her first appearance this season).

Second Appearance of Mdlle. Adelina Patti.
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On SATURDAY, May 16, (for the first time this season), Flotow's Opera, "MARTHA."

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MDLLE. TITIENS.—"FIDELIO."—NOTICE.—In reply to the numerous inquiries at the Box-office it is respectfully announced that Beethoven's Opera, "FIDELIO," will shortly be repeated, of which the notice will be given.—HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

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MADAME RABY BARRETT begs to announce that her ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT will take place at St. George's Hall, Thursday, June 2nd.

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FRAULEIN MEHLHORN begs to announce her SOIREE MUSICALE at 18, Queen's Hill, Kyle Park, by kind permission, on Friday, May 29th, at Half-past Eight o'clock. Vocalists—Mdlle Valentini, Mdlle Angela, and Fraulein Mehlhorn, Signori Agrelli and Cavaglia. Instrumentalists—Mdlle Strindberg, Signori F. Manzi, Bottesini, Sinto, Regondi, and Herr Oberthür. Conductors—Mr. Benedict and Herr W. Ganz. Tickets One Guinea each, to be had of Franklin Schlesser, 18, Kensington Terrace, Hyde Park, W.

SIGNOR CATALANI'S MATINEE MUSICALE at his residence, 41, Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square, Wednesday, May 27th. Programme—Duet, "In the Woodland" (Mdlle Lucia Lee and E. Lelli); Romanza, "Ballata" (Signor Catalani)—Catalani; Duo from "Ernani" (Mdlle. Lelli and Signor Gualtieri)—Verdi; Melody, "Sailing Day" (Mdlle. Lelli)—Catalani; Galop, "Rose of Silver" (Herr Conti)—Coenen; Song, "Er ma n'amai" (Signor Gualtieri)—Guercia; Song, "Il Precatore" (Mdlle Lelli)—Pinsuti; Scena, "Mon Plaisir" ("Sadly Sighs") (Mdlle. Lelli)—Weber. Tickets at Cramer, Beale & Co., 201, Regent Street.

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MISS EMILY SPILLER will sing GUGLIELMO's new Ballad, "BREATHE NOT THAT NAME" (composed expressly for her), at her engagement this June.

MISS ROSERTINE HENDERSON will sing—26th inst. at Mr. Westlake's Concert, Dorchester Rooms; June 10th, St. George's Hall; 22nd, Mrs. John Macfarren's Soirée; 27, Jermyn's Hall; 30th, Mr. Marshall Cox's Matinée, Northumberland Rooms. All communications relative to engagements to be addressed to her residence, 19, Norman Street, W.

MISS ROSE HERSEE will sing her admired song, "A DAY TOO LATE," at Mdlle. Sedlatzek's Matinée Musicale, at Dudley House (by kind permission of Ed. Dudley), on Tuesday, June 9th.

MISS JENNY PRATT will sing BENEDICT's admired song, "ROCK ME TO SLEEP" at St. George's Hall, May 26th.

MISS BERRY GREENING will sing "THE SONGSTERS OF SPRING" (composed expressly for her by ALFRED CELLIER) at Mdlle. Malinda, at the Hanover Square Rooms, June 4th.

MISS BERRY GREENING begs to announce that she is now in Town for the Season, and that she has resumed her Private Lessons and Classes as usual. Miss Berry Greening's Matinée will be held, under distinguished patronage, at the Hanover Square Rooms, June 8th. Letters relative to Concert Engagements, Private Parties, Lessons, etc., should be addressed care of Messrs. CHAPPELL, 50, New Bond Street, W.

MISS CLINTON FYNES requests that all communications regarding Concerts, Pianoforte Lessons, etc., be addressed to her, 27, Harley Street, Cavendish Square, W.

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MDLLE. SINICO will sing Signor AUGUSTUS's admired song, "A KISS FOR YOUR THOUGHT" at the composer's Concert at Her Majesty's Opera, Theatre Royal Drury Lane, on Monday morning, May 25th.

MDLLE. FLORENCE LANCIA will sing MOORE's admired song, "A THOUSAND MILES FROM TOME," at Mrs. Dowell's Concert, St. George's Hall, May 25th.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Though there has been no absolute novelty since our last record of proceedings at this house, the production of several of the most admired operas of the repertory may claim a brief notice. The first of these was *Martha*—with Mdlle. Adelina Patti as Martha (Lady Enrichetta), Mdlle. Grossi, as Nancy, Signor Mario as Lionel, Signor Graziani as Plunkett, and Signor Tagliafico as Lord Tristan. About M. Flotow's well known work, which still seems to attract the public, any critical remarks are unnecessary. Nor need we repeat what has been already said of Mdlle. Patti's Martha—one of the most piquant and lively, where piquancy and liveliness are demanded, and whose sentiment is required as in the last part of Act 2, and the whole of Acts 3 and 4, one of the most gracefully sentimental performances imaginable. The feeling of a simple melody could not possibly be conveyed in a more expressive and natural manner than by Mdlle. Patti in "Qui sola, vergin rosa," which she sings equally well in Italian and English—for, being invariably called upon to sing it twice, it is her custom to substitute the words of Moore for those of the poet of the libretto. But we can really say nothing about *Martha* except that in Mdlle. Grossi (formerly of Her Majesty's Theatre) who played Nancy, Mr. Gye has at last got a genuine contralto; that Signor Mario, in excellent voice, never gave the lakadaisical ditty "M'appari tutt'amor" with more warmth and tenderness; that encores were awarded to the lively quartet at the spinning-wheel, to Signor Graziani, in Plunkett's apostrophe to the English national beverage, and to Mdlle. Grossi, in the last movement of Nancy's air; that the stretta, and that the scene of the Statute Fair was as animated, picturesque, and skilfully devised a piece of stage business as in previous years.

The first performance of *Lucia di Lammermoor* brought back Signor Pancelli, who, though he might be rendered serviceable in parts less exacting in ever weighted by Edgardo, originally composed for the great French tenor Duprez, and the "chevel de bataille" of so many renowned singers, from Moriani to Mario and from Mario to Sims Reeves. Signor Pancelli did nothing to encourage us in amplifying the opinion already pronounced of him so as to induce a belief that he would not be much more at home in the character of Arturo (extremely well sung by the way, by Signor Marino) than in that of Edgardo, which only a tenor of exceptional gifts and acquirements can approach with any chance of success. He has, nevertheless, decidedly good qualities, and how rare, now-a-days, are first class tenors, we need scarcely add. But the revival of *Lucia*, season after season, can never be unwelcome with a representative of the heroine like Mdlle. Adelina Patti, whose progress, as singer and actress, is so remarkable and who has now gone so far on the road to perfection that it would be almost unfair to expect her to go further. We have so frequently spoken of her admirable performance of Lucia, from the time when she first essayed the character (in 1862) with Herr Wachtel, most vociferous of Tenors, as Edgardo, that we are absolved from the task of dwelling in detail upon its many and characteristic beauties. She has never sung the opening recitative and air, "Regnava il silenzio," more brilliantly, or given a truer portrayal of innocent and confiding love in the duet with Edgardo, which brings down the curtain on the first act. She has seldom exhibited her remarkable powers as an actress more conclusively—in the duet where Enrico, by means of the forged letter, persuades Lucia that her lover is unfaithful, as in the scene where, having signed the fatal contract, Lucia falls prostrate under the despairing curse of Edgardo, or—last not least, in the scene where, after giving utterance to the unconscious ravings of a shattered intellect, in musical tones as eloquent and deeply felt, she rushes off to stretto. The effect upon the audience, who had listened in breathless silence from the first note to the last, was electric, and never was the ear of an artist gratified with applause more spontaneous, enthusiastic and prolonged. The other parts were sustained by Signori Graziani (Enrico), Mdlle. Ancse (Alisa), Signora Rosti and Capponi (Normanno and Raimondo), the great *finale* to the second act was superbly executed and the famous septet with chorus, descriptive of the astonishment of the bridal party at the unexpected apparition of Edgardo, unanimously encored.

What more can be written about M. Gounod's *Faust*? Happily that very popular work has already been heard this year, and we have merely to record that, on the occasion of its most recent performance, the character of Margaret was assumed by Mdlle. Pauline Lucca, in lieu of Mdlle. Mauriu, and that of Faust, Sig. Mario being indisposed, by Signor Naudin, who seems to be familiar with every opera in the repertory and whose readiness and versatility are intolerable. Mdlle. Lucca appears to have modified and toned down her idea of Margaret. Her impersonation is now less sprightly, if not less piquant—more pensive and, as we cannot but think, more dramatically faithful. In the Garden-scene, earnest and contemplative throughout, she won the sympathies of the audience by her impassioned utterance, and fascinated them by the natural grace that accompanied her every movement and gesture. This and the scene of the Cathedral, in which the hapless Margaret, thwarted by the admonitions of Mephistopheles, her inflexible and relentless enemy, endeavours vainly to expiate her sin by prayer, were Mdlle. Lucca's great points, though both in the scene where the murdered Valentine dies cursing, instead of pardoning, his sister, and that of the prison, the concluding trio in which demands just such a strong and penetrating voice as is possessed by the German songstress, she exhibited unquestionable power. Signor Naudin acquitted himself of a task no less ungrateful than difficult in a manner that fairly entitled him to the indulgence of an audience accustomed to the Faust of Signor Mario—singing the music as glibly as though he had sung it a hundred times already. The other characters were as before.

The opera on Saturday night was *La Sonnambula*, which attracted the most brilliant and crowded house of the season. It was in the part of Amina, as all our opera-going readers know, that Mdlle. Patti seven years since—a girl in years, but already an artist—made her first appearance before an English audience. From that time till now, not a season has passed without several performances of Bellini's ever fresh and popular work. And it could hardly have been otherwise, with such an Amina in the theatre, to say nothing of melody as spontaneous and beautiful that time can never make it stale, or of the pastoral story itself as dramatically interesting as it is simple and embodying characters—not merely in the village lovers, Amina and Elvino, but in Lisa, Amina's rival, and in Count Rodolpho—which are genuine types of humanity. To write a new criticism about Mdlle. Patti's Amina—to say one word more, in short, than that it has grown step by step, from a very striking performance of unequal merit, into one absolutely perfect in all its parts would be quite superfluous. Enough that on Saturday night it roused all the old enthusiasm, and—from "Come per me sereno" in which the young affianced bride confides her hopes to her companions, to "Ah sì mi Giorge," where, all suspicion cleared away, the innocent somnambulist restored to love and happiness, gives rapturous expression to her joy—won a series of legitimate triumphs for Mdlle. Patti. Signor Pancelli was the Elvino we remember last year and the year before, M. Petit a somewhat hard Rodolpho, and Mdlle. Lonatelli a livelier and more prepossessing Lisa than we have for some time been accustomed to.

Frankfort-on-the-Oder.—Meyerbeer's *Africaine* has been produced here, with the same success that it has achieved everywhere else.

Weimar.—Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* has been selected as the work to be performed at the grand national festival of uncovering the Luther Monument, on the 25th of June.

Granada.—M. Gounod's *Faust* has proved a great success. The principal parts were sustained by the Signore Spatia, Turriselli, Sigmoni Bonaili and Aldighieri.

Munich.—Herr Walter, from Vienna, and Mdlle. Lemoff, from Brünn, have appeared as Raul and the Page, respectively, in *Les Huguenots*, and made a very favorable impression.

Madrid.—The Italian operatic season at the Teatro Real, which commenced on the 10th October 1867 with *I Ebrei* (*La Juive*) by Halévy, was brought to a termination on the 3rd inst., when the performance, which was for a charitable purpose, bore a somewhat miscellaneous character. It consisted of the third act of M. Gounod's *Faust* with the Signore De Maesse, Llopis, Mora, Signori Tamberlick, and Selva; the second and the third act of *Rigoletto*, by the Signore De Maesse, Mora, Signori Tamberlick, Bonnaldo, Ugalde, Becerra, Farri, Derzan and Velasquez; and the grand duet from the opera of *Otello*, the singers being Signori Tamberlick and Bonnaldo.—The manager of the Teatro de la Zarzuela has announced a series of six Subscription Concerts, to be executed by seventy artists under the direction of M. Arian.

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HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

Mdlle. Clara Louise Kellogg is entitled to the thanks of all who admire the legitimate Italian school of operatic music for having been the means of enabling Mr. Mapleson to revive the picturesque and charming *Gazza Ladra* of Rossini, which since Mdlle. Patti played Ninetta at Covent Garden (1863), has been banished from our stage. Half a century old (*La Gazza Ladra* was produced at Milan in 1817) the style of much of the music has gone somewhat out of date, though the genuine beauty of its melody and the dramatic character of its concerted pieces must always save it from oblivion. The pretty and touching story of *La Fille Wilaus* has been known in England time out of mind, as *The Maid and the Magpie*, while it was as the heroine in Rossini's opera that Maliban and Grisi, in years long past, earned much of their renown as lyric coloratura. Albani attempted the character at the period of her career when tired of being what nature made her the contralto of contraltos, she essayed in succession the *Sonnambula*, the *Favorita*, the *Gazza Ladra* and other essentially dramatic operas intended for soprano or mezzo soprano singers, and utterly opposed to her idiosyncrasy, physical and vocal. But since Grisi there has been scarcely a Ninetta—Mdlle. Patti and, in a less marked degree, Madame Penco, excepted—that could help to keep the opera on the stage. Another difficulty lies in the part of the scheming and cruelly Podestà, which, though admirably acted by Ronconi, has perhaps never been satisfactorily represented, in a musical and dramatic sense combined, except by Lablache, whose noble bass (the part of Fernando, in which Tamburini was unusual, being written for baritone) made a solid foundation for the concerted music. The other responsible parts, those of Fernando and Pippo, have been lighter, for Il Tamburini and Albani were not constantly at hand, substitutes more or less on point have been from time to time obtainable, and the present representatives at Her Majesty's Opera—Mr. Santley and Madame Trebelli-Bettini—may fairly be cited as at least equal to any, and superior in most of them. Mr. Santley's impersonation of the aged father, to save whom Ninetta sacrifices her character and risks the sacrifice of her life, is admirable—another forward step, indeed, in his career as an actor; while his execution of the music is as good as Tamburini's, even when Tamburini was in his prime. Mr. Santley is so thoroughly great as an artist that florid passages seem as easily to him as those which are simply expressive, and thus he fulfils every indispensable condition. Exacting, too, must be the critic who, now that Albani reposes on her laurels, could desire a Pippo more admirable in every respect than Madame Trebelli, a more spirited delivery of the *Arcadian* "Tocchiamo, beviamo," or more faultless singing in the grand duet of the Prison-scene ("E ben per mia memoria"), where Ninetta, condemned for a theft she has not committed, gives Pippo her cross as a memento. In former days if a part of Gazzaniga, Ninetta never used to be thought worthy any first tenor (Marini, for example), but for a long time those most competent to sustain it have subdued it as beneath them. It is, therefore, now agreeable to find it in the hands of a practised singer as Signor Bettini. Signor Fall does not appear to have given very serious consideration to the Podestà—the peccant magistrate as he delineates him, being a mere lay-figure, without life or humour, not can such florid music as Rossini has written be glibly executed by a heavy voice as this gentleman's without a great deal more assiduous study than he can possibly have bestowed upon it. On the other hand, the Jew Pedlar (Isaac) of Mr. C. Lyall is capital—an instance in short of what a man resolved to do all that the libretto bids him can manage to do with the most subordinate of characters. Miss Rose Hersee's Lucy, too, might be unexceptionable if she would only not try to make herself look a little older—a little more like the mother of Signor Bettini and the possible mother-in-law of Mdlle. Kellogg.

But the central figure of *La Gazza Ladra*—the figure in which the chief interest reposes—is, of course, Ninetta. The part was, we understand, wholly strange to Mdlle. Kellogg, and if that be so, it is merely another proof furnished of the young American's singular quickness and intelligence. Her performance the first night was very good—on the second far better. The more we take it all together, scarcely as to her so well as the music of other operas in which she has been heard, with unqualified satisfaction, she has nevertheless mastered it completely. Her impersonation of Ninetta throughout shows what is apparent in every character she has hitherto essayed—that she has formed a conception for herself and embodied it with scrupulous consistency and truth. There is not a more thoughtful artist on the stage than this lady, and her Ninetta is only another example of it. The idea which Mdlle. Kellogg makes dominate over all is that of filial affection, and this she works out with consummate skill. Her tendency is plainly realistic—and thus, as she never allows us to forget that Zaira is merely a peasant, so she never allows us to forget that Ninetta is merely a servant. But—without adding a word we may say that this new assumption of Mdlle. Kellogg's is an honestly earned success, and that her Ninetta will be always welcome to the public, as much for its own sakes as for that of the beautiful music it has once more helped to rescue from oblivion. It was a treat to hear the picturesque overture and the bounful and vigorous choruses of this genuine opera, executed as they were under Signor Arditi's vigilant direction.

That M. Flotow's *Martha*, with Mdlle. Nilsson in the company, would be one of the operas of the season, might have been taken for granted. Its first performance attracted a brilliant audience. A more elegant and lady-like impersonation than Mdlle. Nilsson's Lady Harriet it would be difficult to name. Besides this, she sings the music to perfection. Her "silvery" high notes in the spinning-wheel quartet had as little to do with the boisterous encore that greeted it, while a voice that has a charm to every tone, accompanied with a sentiment so exquisitely tender as hers, could not be heard with indifference in a melody like "Qui sola vergin rosa" (the "Last Rose of Summer"), which was similarly honoured—and with no less unanimity. But really we can say no more about *Martha* than that the other parts were assigned to Madame Demeric Lablache (Nancy), Signor Fraschini (Lionel), Signor Zoboli (Lord Tristano), and Mr. Santley (Plunkett). Moreover, one of the characters in which Mdlle. Nilsson appeared last year was Martha, as all frequenters of the Opera must well remember.

Of *Don Giovanni*, already played this season, we have only to say that two performances have been given with as effective a distribution of the chief characters as at the present time is practicable. Mdlle. Tietjens (Donna Anna), Mdlle. Kellogg (Zerlina) and Signor Bettini (Don Ottavio), were in the first cast, but Mdlle. Nilsson has replaced Mdlle. Sinico, in Elvira. Herr Rokitansky is now Leporello, vice Signor Zoboli, and Mr. Santley takes Don Giovanni, in lieu of Signor Gassier. Herr Rokitansky's deep bass voice is a manifest advantage, the music of Leporello having been written for a genuine bass, and not for a baritone. Mr. Santley's Don Giovanni improves visibly in that wherein it was at first most deficient. In other respects it hardly admits of improvement, for certainly the music has not been so uniformly well sung by any of Mr. Santley's predecessors within the memory of the actual generation. Mdlle. Nilsson's Donna Elvira, from whatever point of view regarded, is charming, and both the prepossessing manner and the exquisite singing of this gifted lady so entirely win the sympathy of the house that Don Giovanni himself is not looked upon merely as a graceless libertine, but as a libertine of natural bad taste for showing a disdainful indifference to such perfection. Not all this, and more, was said last year of Mdlle. Nilsson's Elvira—which, we may simply add, loses nothing, but rather gains much, by closer familiarity.

The first performance of the *Huguenots* brought forward an unknown tenor as Raoul de Nangis. Signor Fusetti (Faranky—a Hungarian) enjoys considerable reputation at Vienna, but in the Austrian capital the orchestral "pitch" is nearly half a tone lower than it is here, and the difference was enough altogether to disconcert the new comer. This was observable in every passage of importance, and painfully so in one or two instances where he had to strain his voice to no purpose. Signor Fusetti, however, being certainly not without merit, as a prefer waiting till he has conquered his nervousness, and (if that is possible) becomes reconciled to a "pitch" so intolerable to tender voices, and even—as was perceptible to Herr Rokitansky's performance of Marcel on this very occasion—to the most robust. The other chief characters in the *Huguenots* were sustained by Mdlle. Tietjens (Valentina), Mdlle. Sinico (the Queen), Madame Trebelli-Bettini (the Page), Signor Gassier (St. Bris), and Mr. Santley (Nevers)—whose performances are too familiar to require a single word of description. The general representation of Meyerbeer's magnificent work was not quite equal to what has hitherto been witnessed at Her Majesty's Opera; but the production within so brief a space of time of no less than thirteen operas, for every one of which all the necessary materials, including even the music for the orchestra, had to be found, is sufficiently creditable to Mr. Mapleson and those who act for him, to justify us in withholding on exceptional occasions some part of that criticism which might, under other circumstances, be dealt out freely and impartially.

PARIS.—A posthumous opera, *Piccolo*, by the late Gustav Fay who died young, has been produced, but did not prove a great success.

AMSTERDAM.—Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* was performed at the last concert given by the Society for the Promotion of Music.

COPENHAGEN.—Concert given by Herr Joachim: Overture to *Athalie*, Mendelssohn; Violin-Concertos, in A minor, Viotti, and E minor, Mendelssohn; "Agnete and the Merrfrauen" Gade, etc.—Concert of the Musical Union: Symphony in E flat major, Haydn; Arietta and Chorus from *Oberon*, Weber; Violin Concerto, grand March and Chorus from *Die Ruinen von Athen*, Beethoven, etc.—Concert given by the Musical Union under the direction of Herr Gade: Symphony in E flat major, Mozart; Concerto for Stringed Instruments, Handel; fragments from *St. Paul*, Mendelssohn, etc.

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REVIEWS.

Hutton Hall. A Sunday Evening Monthly Magazine of Sacred Music. No. 4. [London: Metzler & Co.]

The contents of this number are marked by the usual variety and interest. Signor Randegger has contributed a song "There's Rest in Heaven," which though extremely simple, shows in every line the hand of a skilled musician. Another vocal piece is a duet by Henry Smart, called "Rest Yonder." To this, once more emphatically, a similar remark applies. The hymn tune is the work of Mr. G. A. Macfarren, who could not write a bad one if he tried; and the arrangements for piano and harmonium include a selection from Schubert's Mass in B flat and Mendelssohn's "But the Lord is mindful."

In the Summer Long Ago. Song. Words by J. P. Douglas; music by Arthur S. Sullivan. [London: Metzler & Co.]

In this song, as in most others bearing his name, Mr. Sullivan shows a profound sympathy with the words he undertakes to illustrate. Mr. Douglas's verses breathe an air of tender melancholy, which is embodied in the music. Hence the simplicity of the latter, hence also its success, a success far greater than could have been secured by error so much straining after effect. We wish that composers less capable than Mr. Sullivan would copy his self restraint. From what "affections sore" we should be delivered!

Mother, Oh! Sing me to Rest. Song. Words by Mrs. Hemans; music composed by E. N. Grazia. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

This is a song, or rather ballad, which relies for effect more upon the skill of the singer than the character of the music. The melody is of the simplest, though not any deficient in taste and feeling, and the accompaniment (*arpeggios* throughout) is to match. Yet, delivered under the influence of feelings inspired by the words, there is a certain charm about it.

The Child and the Storm. Ballad. Composed and dedicated to Madame Ferrari, by N. Guerrero. [London: R. W. Ollivier.]

A song not without merit of a conventional sort. Both melody and accompaniment are good of their kind; but, unfortunately, the kind is too familiar. Mr. Guerrero must try for more originality. Not, however, for the originality of the last verse, where he has accompanied this line—

"The shadow of the Saviour falls on childhood's sleeping brow,"

with *arpeggios* for both hands.

Evening Song. Written and composed by E. N. Grazia. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

A very pretty song, adapted for a mezzo-soprano or contralto voice. The words are good, and the music is full of expression.

Les Petits Concerts. Series of compositions for Voice, Piano, and Flute *obbligato*. No. 15. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

The latest issue of this series is a setting by E. N. Grazia of Tennyson's often set verses, "Sweet and Low." There is a good deal of sentiment in the music, while its effect is heightened by the *obbligato* flute part. Families who have survived the learning of the flute by one of their number will be glad to hear of, and then to hear the pieces contained in "Les Petits Concerts."

My Sunny Gamos Shore. Song. Written by Thomas Lee, Esq.; music composed by H. A. Rennie. [London: W. Czerny.]

There is a good deal of pretension in this song, some of which is justified by the merit it displays. On the other hand passages have and there make us regret the composer's eagerness to be unconventional. But while the music looks very like what might be picked out on the pianoforte by an ambitious novice, there are some things in the song to redeem its *gaucherie*.

The Tendril Wether. By E. D'Auvergne. [London: R. W. Ollivier.]

A mainly tuneful air, occasionally marred by merit not of the common.

The Children's Hour. Song. Written by Longfellow; composed by Gerard B. Allen. [London: Metzler & Co.]

If not very original in theme or construction, this song is a favourable example of its kind. Mr. Allen has chosen to be conventional, but his conventionalities are pleasant enough, and so, therefore, is the work before us.

Twin Stars. Duet for equal voices. Written by H. B. Farnie; composed by F. Servant. [London: Metzler & Co.]

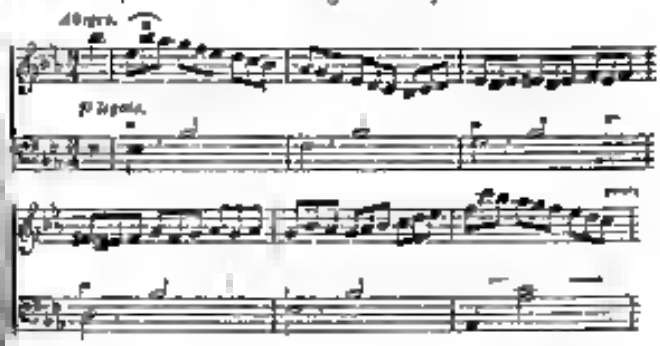
In this duet two stars are represented as wishing each other "Good night" as the morning, their work for the day as we suppose Mr. Farnie would call the night, being ended by the appearance of Aurora in her car, streaking the sky with blushing roses. The music is pretty enough, and we can commend the duet as of more than average interest, when once the verse-maker's anachronism is overlooked.

E FLAT MAJOR OR C MINOR.

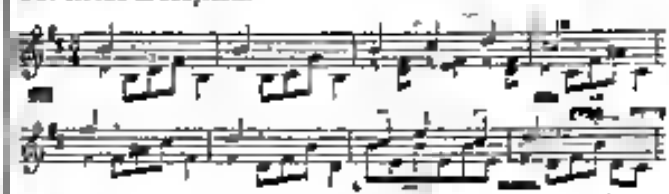
Sir,—In an article on Hallé's first Recital, the *Athenæum* singles out some of the pieces included in the programme, and among others an Impromptu by Schubert:—

"An Impromptu *designated* as in *E flat (should it not have been in C minor?)* Op. 90" &c.

Having possessed myself of a programme, as I invariably do, at these interesting performances, I am able to give you two citations from the example it contained. The Impromptu is built upon two themes, the first of which begins as subjoined:—



The second as subjoined:—



I do not pretend to be learned in keys, but perhaps some of your professional readers will tell me if either of the foregoing examples are in C minor, and oblige yours obediently,

To Dr. A. S. Sibet. Thomas Noon Gadd.

[Will any studious peruser of the *Musical World* go so far as to enlighten Mr. Gadd? At any rate by so doing he will also oblige, if not enlighten, A. S. S.]

Leipsic.—Having accepted the post of musical director of the new School of Music at Basle, Herr Selmar Bagge retires from the editorship of the *Leipziger Allgem. musikalische Zeitung*, and is succeeded by Herr Artur von Dommer.

The Theatres of Venice.—From some statistical returns compiled by order of the Government we learn that: the Teatro la Fenice belongs to a company, and was built in 1790-1791, the architect being Antonio Selva. The first performance took place on Ascension Day, 1792, the opera being *I Giochi d'Agrigento*, by Paesiello. Destroyed by fire, on the 14th December, 1836, the theatre was rebuilt on the old plan with certain improvements, the next year by Tommaso, and Giovanni Battista Meduna.—The Teatro S. Benedetto belongs to the brothers Gallo. It was erected, in 1756, by the noble family of the Grimani. Francesco Costa being the architect. The first opera given in it was *Zeno*, by Cocchi. Destroyed by fire on the 5th February 17 8 it was rebuilt according to the plans of Pietro Chegia. It was restored in 1847 by Giuseppe Jappelli, architect.—The Teatro Apollo was formerly called the Teatro S. Luca. It belongs to the Vendramin family and was erected in 1798, being opened with an opera entitled *La Pamfile* composed by Cartovillari. Burnt down in 1750, it was rebuilt the same year, the architect being Pietro Chegia. It was restored in 1848.—The Teatro Malibran was first known as the Teatro S. Giovanni Grisostomo. It belongs to the Brothers Gallo. It was erected in 1677 by the noble family of the Grimani and opened in 1678 with the opera of *Pesarano*, by Pallavicino. It was restored in 1834, according to the designs of the architect Selvadon.—The Teatro S. Samuele belongs to Signor Giuseppe Campion. It was erected by the Grimani family in 1655, and having been burnt down in 1747 was rebuilt by the architects Bernardo and Alessandro Maoro. It was recently restored by the present proprietor.—As regards the capacity of the above theatres, the Fenice will hold 2000 spectators, the S. Benedetto 1300, the Apollo, 1250, the Malibran, 2500, and the S. Samuele, 1300.

LITERATURE OF THE STAGE.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—On referring to the circular letters signed by the provincial managers, I find that Mr Gordon did alter the phraseology of his acknowledgment of piracy which I had studiously made gentle And substituted stronger language than I thought proper to dictate. He says—"I hereby acknowledge the performance of what has since proved to be a pirated version of your piece Of course in future I shall be more guarded against such unpaid frauds as that of Mr Watts, of Bolton as I at all times desire to avoid encouraging spurious imitations." Mr Gordon prefers his own strong language I regret that I deprived him of it. To the other correspondent it is needless to refer My drama was not acted at the Princess's last December The title found its way into the newspapers in January I must remind you that as soon as I produced *Flying Scud* a drama appeared immediately under the title of *Flying Jib*. *Arrah-na-Pogue* was followed by *Arrah-na-Dog*; *The Streets of London* by *The Streets of Lambeth*; *The Long Strike* by *The Great Strike*, and so on The pirates always professed indignant astonishment at any objection taken to their proceedings; they declared the similarity of the pieces and titles to be quite accidental. But on taking the Vice Chancellor's opinion on two occasions, and that of a jury in another, these gentry were judicially informed that such accidents must not occur again.

In my former letter I mentioned the sums realised by successful dramas It must be remembered that such amounts are divided between the author and the manager But a dramatic work is not only produced in London it is played in every provincial theatre, in all the theatres of the United States in California and in Australia. Sixty millions of people speaking the English language form an intellectual market In each of these five markets the author according to the plan I mentioned by me receives a share of the profits A city like Manchester can pay and has paid £1,5 0 for the run of a piece, thus recognising a profit of £3000. Liverpool has paid more Dublin more than either. New York was liberal as London. A simple calculation will suffice then to explain my figures The *Colleen Bawn* at the Adelphi Theatre was estimated by the Income Tax Commissioners at £30 000, and the manager and I paid the tax on our shares of that amount.

I state these things to enable the English public to perceive that literature is becoming as profitable and therefore as respectable, as brewing and slaughtering. When continued of this, brains will not be outlawed, as they practically are now since the author's property is a trade produce, so insufficiently protected. Last year a noble number in the House of Lords decided the idea that a novelist should have protection against a penny-a-liner If Mr Bass had required protection for his red triangle against a small-beer brewer who was imitating his labels, the noble legislator would have approached the subject of beer with that reverence due to the wrath of the brewer. Authors like the Abyssinian peasantry have become so accustomed to pillage that we may be said to have recognised to established piracy the prescriptive right of theft.—Yours obediently

May 14 ROB DOMICAITE.

TO SEBASTIAN HAYDEN Esq.

SIR,—We are being invaded by Vienna beer Vienna beer! What next? They are taking up their position already so as to take the Grand Opera, and two outposts are planted so as to command the two entrances which are not built I thought France was the Paradise of Bordeaux, or whatever you like to call the "Claret wines" of the middle ages but that idea too, is swept away like a borough in the original Schedule A. Why licensed victuallers, who I supposed always retailed the worst of spirits which inebriated have, I am told, undertaken to tee-totalise France. Well, tea is very well and this very good but for my part I recommend the dwellers in Paris not to be seduced away from the pleasant paths of Bordeaux.—Yours obediently

Paris—Jockey Club, May 10 THOMAS KNOX DOWN

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—In the following notice of the second New Philharmonic Concert of the season, which appeared in the *Musical World* of last week signed T. N Gadd the writer implies that the programme incorrectly states that Mendelssohn's Symphony in C minor was published only a year before his death.

On reference to the said programme, you will find no such *statement is made*

It is merely remarked in the programme that Mendelssohn seemed to regard this work with less interest than others, an opinion which his matured judgment corrected and that he reproduced it a year before his death at a concert given by him at Leipsic

As you have called attention to the mysterious work italicised as *Caption* I beg to state the printer is responsible for the coinage from the original MSS., which should have been correctly read "Caption"—I am, Sir your obedient servant,

May 21st. WYLDE.

DR DOMINIC METTENLEITER.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

A letter from Ratisbon brings me news that Dr Dominic Mettenleiter died there on the 2nd inst after a long and painful illness. As he occasionally contributed to the *Musical World*, you will, I am sure, feel disposed to give a line to his memory He was the author of many valuable works upon the history of music, and was corresponding member to many scientific societies at home and abroad Devoted to art, and thoroughly honest and impartial in his judgment his loss will be deeply felt by all who knew him By careful collection during many years, he was in possession of a most interesting and valuable musical library, which has now become the property of the Bishop of Ratisbon.—Yours obediently

May 21st. CHARLES OSMITSCH.

MR. PAUL BEDFORD'S FAREWELL BENEFIT

The curtain has at last fallen on an old actor who has amused two generations of playgoers, and who has probably enjoyed more personal popularity in his time than almost any living member of the theatrical profession. There is something odd in the fact that one of the oldest living actors should take his farewell benefit in one of the newest of the London theatres, but it is an utopian setting up partly of the new Queen's in Long Acre—a meeting impelly that exceeds that of any theatre in London with the exception of the Standard and Drury Lane, fully justified the choice of the committee. Mr. Paul Bedford's farewell benefit at the Queen's on Saturday—though in some degree a repetition of the ceremony which took place on the 2nd of February 1866 at Drury Lane Theatre, was a great and gratifying success. It proved (if such a thing requires proof) the cohesive power of the theatrical profession, and the steadfast friendship of the public for a popular favourite Mr Paul Bedford may not have represented the highest walks of dramatic art, but he thoroughly amused his public and was one of the main pegs of that theatrical institution—the Adelphi drama. He began life as an opera singer which made him useful in vaudevilles and burlesques and had a certain original personal humour which no one has ventured to copy

The performance of Saturday afternoon was necessarily made up of dramatic scraps, to give the companies of the various London theatres an opportunity of testifying their respect for an old companion. This respect was testified in various ways by the principal actors and actresses from the Surrey New Royalty the Adelphi the Queen's, and the Prince of Wales's with the addition of Mrs Stirling Miss Herbert, Mr Barry Sullivan, Mr and Mrs. Frank Matthews, Mr Arthur Stirling and others. Miss Glyn was to have appeared but was unhappily prevented by a domestic bereavement Mr Santley came too late, owing to a mistake in his instructions and Mr Sothern and Mr Buckstone tried to amuse the audience as representatives of the Haymarket company by a half serious performance of part of the third act of Shakspere's *Othello*. The audience, as many expected were not very patient with this well-intentioned outrage on the national poet, and both actors had to make apologies and shelter themselves behind the convenient cloak of charity The last scene was a gathering of some of Mr Paul Bedford's private and professional friends on the stage, in which Mrs Keeley stood prominent Mr Paul Bedford who had previously appeared in a fragment of one of his old Adelphi parts, was received with every demonstration of affection by the whole house and after a short and feeling speech retired to pri vate life with the best and warmest wishes of all present The stage arrangements were well managed by Mr Henry Irving, and the pecuniary success of the performance was largely due to the indefatigable exertions of Mr Donald Nicoll

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HANNOVER.—Herr Wachtel, who has been singing at the Stadttheater concluded his engagement by appearing as the inevitable Postillion in Adolphe Adam's well-known opera. He has been succeeded by Herr Niemann, who has made a brilliant success in Herr R. Wagner's *Tann-häuser*.

ST PETERSBURGH.—Thanks to Imperial patronage Mr Alfred Hellmesberg has been fortunate enough to get his heroic symphony to *Joan of Arc* for orchestra, chorus, and soloists, performed twice at the Grand Openhouse by four hundred artists The work was well received and the young composer called to the times.

LONGEVITY AMONG MUSICIANS.—Gossmann lived till he was ninety-nine! Dr Burney till he was eighty-eight Gluck and Zingarelli till they were each eighty-seven But they were all surpassed by a composer of antiquity Zenophilus who was as celebrated a musician as he was a Pythagorean philosopher He lived till he was one hundred and five without losing the slightest sign of decay According to Lemprière, he did not die till he had attained his one hundredth and seventy first year, and even then he was in possession of all his faculties. It is to be hoped that Auber and Rossini will follow his laudable example.

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD

Begs to announce

THREE PIANOFORTE RECITALS,

On the MORNINGS of THURSDAY, MAY 28TH, JUNE 11TH and 25TH, in St. JAMES'S HALL, at which she will have the honour of performing the EIGHTY BOOKS of MENDELSSOHN'S "LIEDER OHNE WORTE" ("Songs without Words"), Sixteen at each Concert, so as to include

THE WHOLE FORTY-EIGHT "LIEDER"

The Programme of each Concert will be divided into Two Parts, Eight Lieder in each Part, with a Vocal Piece by Schubert to separate one group of Four Lieder from another.

At the End of the First Part of each Programme, Madame ARABELLA GODDARD will introduce ONE OF THE POSTHUMOUS WORKS, at the First Recital a Selection from the hitherto unpublished PRELUDES AND STUDIES; at the Second, the SONATA IN G MINOR composed by Mendelssohn when he was Twelve Years Old; and at the Third, the CHAMB SONATA IN B FLAT which was received with so much favour at the Morning Popular Concerts.

PROGRAMME OF FIRST RECITAL, THURSDAY, MAY 28th

PART I.—Songs without Words—No. 1, Book I.; No. 5, Book V.; No. 2, Book 6; and No. 1, Book 3—Mendelssohn. Song "Many Flowers"—Schubert. Songs without Words—No. 3, Book 6; No. 3, Book 5; No. 6, Book 5; and No. 3, Book 4—Mendelssohn. Song "The Trout" ("Die Forelle")—Schubert. Selection from the Posthumous Works—Etude, No. 1 (Op. 104, Book 1); Prelude, No. 1 (Op. 104, Book 1); Etude, No. 2 Op. 104, Book 3—Mendelssohn.

PART II.—Songs without Words—No. 6, Book 1; No. 4, Book 6; No. 6, Book 5; and No. 5, Book 5—Mendelssohn. Songs "Who is Sylvia?" and "Hark, the lark"—Schubert. Songs without Words—No. 1, Book 5; No. 2, Book 5; No. 1, Book 5; and No. 4, Book 4—Mendelssohn.

Vocalist, Miss Emma Edmonds. Accompanist, Miss Lucy Murray.

Pianoforte—Broadwood & Sons' Concert Grand.

Reserved Stalls for a Single Recital 5s.; Subscription Tickets (Stalls for the Three Recitals) Half-a-Guinea. To be obtained of Madame Arabella Goddard, at her residence, 50, Upper Wimpole Street; Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street; and of Mr. Austin, at the Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

MR. CHARLES HALLE'S PIANOFORTE RECITALS.

FOURTH RECITAL, FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 29TH.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

VARIATIONS and FINALE ALLA FUGA, in E flat	Beethoven.
AIR "Adelaide"	Beethoven.
IMPROMPTU, in G minor, Op. 142, No. 1	Schubert.
MOMENTS MUSICAUX, Op. 94, Nos. 3 and 5	Schubert.

PART II.

SECOND SONATA, E major, Op. 109	Beethoven.
SONG "Das Gestirn Lagerne"	Schubert.
DOUATELLES, Op. 118, No. 11, Lib. 6, 8, 10, and 4	Beethoven.
POLONAISE, in C major, Op. 89	Beethoven.

PIANOFORTE ... MR. CHARLES HALLE.
VOCALIST ... MR. VERNON RIGBY.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

	For the Series.	Single Ticket.
Side Stalls, numbered and reserved	£2 2 0	£0 5 0
Balcony	0 5 0	0 3 0
Area		0 2 0

Subscription Tickets (Stalls) at Chappell & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co.'s, 48, Cheapside; Metzler's, 33, Old Bond Street; Austin's Ticket Office, 28, Piccadilly; and by Mr. Charles Hallé, 11, Mansfield Street, Cavendish Square.

DEATH.

At his residence, 104, Marylebone Road, Mr. FREDERICK WILLIAM CELLAR MEYRICK, musicseller, of 57, Baker Street, leaving a wife and nine children.

MARRIAGE.

On the 16th inst., at the British Consulate, Bayonne, France, and at the Cathedral afterwards, Mr. JACQUES BLUMENTHAL to LOUISE, only daughter of the late Mr. Robert Cox, of Yandilla, Queensland, Australia.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FOCUSER.—It was "La Florida" a new song by Signor Bertignani, that Madame Stolz sang, and for which she obtained an "enthusiastic encore."

W. C., on Welsh music, received. Will appear next week.

NOTICE.

Owing to an unusual press of matter we are again compelled to hold over notices of several important musical events.

We shall always be happy to receive any information our readers may have to give with regard to open appointments, choral festivals, and church music generally.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of* THE MUSICAL WORLD *is at* Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Eleven o'clock* A.M. *on Fridays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1868.

*BELLINI'S SONNAMBULA.**

BELLINI was the more desirous of making a great hit, and seeing his darling work *La Sonnambula* achieve a success in keeping with his hopes, because he had obtained, in interpreting the principal part, an incomparable artist who united in herself exceptional qualities carried to the highest perfection. Beautiful as the day, endowed with a voice which, for richness and volume, could not be rivalled; and an actress from head to foot, not innatural the same, but displaying such variety of accent and such fidelity to nature that Talma, on hearing her, when she was still very young, sang one of her leading characters, exclaimed with rapture: "That girl has found what I have been looking for these twenty years!"—and in addition to all this, an impassioned, pathetic, and captivating as any one could be. Madame Pasta—for it is of her I am speaking—was then in all the splendour of her admirable talent.

That talent which the men of our generation had not the opportunity of appreciating, must have certainly been very overpowering, very astounding, and very extraordinary, for all her contemporaries, including the most illustrious artists, agreed in allowing that she possessed most sublime qualities.

One evening that Madame Pasta sang in Rossini's *Tancredi* (it was in 1824), Talma, whose own sublime accents had so often been heard in the *Tancrede* of Voltaire, went to the Italiens to see the great artist whom he had heard so highly praised. From the noble and majestic entrance of the proud and graceful Tancredi on the stage, Talma had no eyes for any one else, paying attention to his slightest gestures, hanging on the slightest accents that fell from his lips, and following the home play of his features.

The actress's look, her attitude, her proud bearing, her splendid voice, and the beauty of her singing, her powerful execution and her impassioned play, natural, touching, and true, all contributed in him to produce the most complete illusion; the more she advanced in the character, the more Talma's gaze appeared to hang upon her lips. When she enunciated the luminous and inspired phrase

> "O patria! dolce e ingrata patria, al fine
> A te ritorno, io ti salutai, o cara
> Terra degli avi miei! Ti bacio, e, quando
> Fra me giacerò serena,
> Continuerò ancora a respirarti in sogno!
> Amandoti!

Talma, with his eye fixed, his features contracted, and his breast heaving, remained motionless for a time; at length he exclaimed in a perfect transport of admiration: "It is very fine!"

Some days afterwards, the illustrious tragedian obtained an introduction to the celebrated singer, who received him with touching grace. It is related of him that referring to his grave and

* From *Bellini*, *sa vie, ses œuvres*, by M. Arthur Pougin. Paris: Librairie Ed. Co.

melancholy voice, from which he could draw such profound and truthful accents, he said to her, with tears in his eyes:

"Madame, you realise the ideal I have dreamt; you possess those secrets for which I have never ceased to search ardently ever since the career of the stage was opened to me, and ever since I considered that the power of moving men's hearts is the highest object of art."

* * * * * * *

Bellini quickly perceived the great advantage to be derived from such qualities for the interpretation of the work he was writing. By a fortunate coincidence, Mad. Pasta visited nearly every day the house where he himself had met with such affectionate hospitality. There were other artists, also, among the visitors, and the drawing-room of the villa was frequently transformed into a kind of intellectual conversazione, where questions of art and literature were discussed and debated with genuine ardour. The company met, chatted and played music, so that the composer was enabled to appreciate at his leisure the admirable artist who was to give life to his inspirations and transmit them to the public. He studied attentively her appearance, the character of her voice, the exceptional nature of her talent and, lastly, the infinite resources which that talent placed at his disposal.

All this, however, might, perhaps, have been insufficient, but for more motives of a private nature to cause him to create one of those works which are all the more beautiful, the more expressive, and the more impassioned, because the artist pours into them the best part of his own being and because they are, as it were, an echo of his own past sufferings, anguish, and grief. Bellini had loved, he had wept, he was able to open the book of his heart, and I have no doubt an inward voice whispered to him accents similar to those which Musset attributes to the Muse in his beautiful piece *La Nuit de Mai*:—

"Poète, prends ton luth; c'est moi ton immortelle,
Qui t'ai vu cette nuit triste et silencieux,
Et qui, comme un oiseau qui se cache sous l'aile,
Pour pleurer avec toi descends du haut des cieux.
Viens, tu souffres, ami; quelque amour solitaire
Te ronge; quelque chose a gêné dans ton cœur;
Quelque amour, tel vers, comme un oiseau qui vole sur terre,
Une ombre de plaisir au soubiaut du bonheur
Vient, chantant devant Dieu, chantant dans tes pensées,
Dans tes plaisirs perdus, dans tes peines passées;
Prends ton luth, viens, et baiser pour un monde inconnu."

However this might have been, *La Sonnambula* was brought to a happy conclusion, and represented on the 6th March, 1831, with colossal success, the interpreters of it being Mad. Pasta, Rubini, and Marriani.

Whatever the faults that may be alleged against it, with regard to its style, properly so called, and to its instrumentation, it is no less true for every sincere artist, for every man who loves the Beautiful, and is susceptible to the merits of truth and passion, that this score is an admirable masterpiece. I own that for my own part I am not very much inclined to condemn the secondary faults of a work which moves me profoundly and opens my heart to find itself a place there, even though its violence should make my heart bleed. But such was not the case where Bellini was concerned. With him, the expression of passion did not find utterance in ungovernable accents, and yet it did not agitate the souls of the audience any the less. Always simple, always natural and always true, Bellini catches in a marvellous manner the character of each of his personages, and possesses the power of reproducing with scrupulous exactitude the particular sentiment which animates them all respectively.

Where shall we find accents of more perfect truthfulness, more exquisite delicacy, better sustained grace, more poignant and more affecting emotion, more intense passion, and, at the same time, a more happy sobriety of language, than in the adorable poem entitled *La Sonnambula*?

I do not speak of the melody. Every one knows that melody flowed spontaneously with Bellini and the freshness of his cantilenas, now more than thirty years old, has not withered, or even only changed while we see so many others, much more modern, prematurely die off and lose their charm. But are not even the character of his songs, and the nature of his musical language, in perfect keeping with the sentiment he wishes to express, and with the situations he has to interpret?

Amina and Elvina are two joyous peasants, two *contadine*; to divine this, we do not require to see them, and the simple and ingenious expression which the composer has succeeded in imparting to their strains, while preserving the elevated tone natural to delicate minds, suffices to make us understand their modest station. Where shall we meet with more vivid, more touching, tenderness than in Amina's delicious air, "Come per me sereno," and especially in the exquisite *andante*:—

"Sopra il sen la man mi posa,
Palpitar il cor mi sento!"

And the *finale*—so due so grand so noble, so pathetic—is that a vulgar page to be treated with contempt? It becomes you well, respected rhetoricians, before so perfect and highly finished a picture, before a dramatic page overflowing with passion and of such striking effect, it becomes you well to talk about Bellini's ignorance, and about his incapability of developing a motive. Where will you find anything finer, more magnificent, more inspired, and, at the same time, more simple, more pure, and more irreproachable as regards form, than the magnificent progression of the melodic design constituting the second part of the above admirable piece of music?

Again. Is not Elvino's air in the second act the most poignant expression of despair; the cry of a broken heart; of a soul which is wrung by grief, and yet which would not have the love that once constituted the enchanted dream of its existence changed into hate? Remember the sorrowful and tender expression imparted to the verses:

"Ah! perchè non posso odiarti,
Infedel, qual lo vorrei
Ma del tutto amor non mi sei
Cara sei ma del mio cor!"

and tell me if it is not the language of passion expressed in truthful, noble, and touching language.

But these are beauties which do not require to be discussed, for those persons who are not moved by them and whose tears they do not cause to flow, could never comprehend their scope.

I own that, for me, among all the works Bellini wrote, there is no work superior to *La Sonnambula*. His style is, perhaps, more grandiose and more energetic in *Norma*; while the character of *I Puritani* is without doubt more complex and more thoroughly dramatic. I shall have to treat at greater length of these two remarkable works, elsewhere. But there is nothing which more charms me, nothing which more profoundly moves me, than this idyll, which is full of such intoxicating grace and freshness, which sometimes approaches an elegy, but which stops short on the threshold of drama, properly so-called, as though affrighted at the consequences that might result from an excursion into the domain of pure tragedy.

To speak accurately, *La Sonnambula* is what the Italians call a work *di mezzo carattere*, impassioned and pathetic, but not furious and ungovernable, one of those works in which a smile is sometimes mingled with tears, and which gently introduces into your ear that sentiment of soft and tender melancholy which penetrates to the innermost recesses of the heart, without, however, cruelly wounding it.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday—*La Sonnambula* (first time).
On Monday—*Don Pasquale* (first time).
On Tuesday—*Faust* (first time).
On Thursday—*Don Giovanni* (first time).
To-night—*La Favorita* (first time).

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

On Saturday—*Don Giovanni*.
On Monday—*Martha*.
On Tuesday—*Il Barbiere* (in lieu of *Fidelio*).
On Thursday—*La Sonnambula* (first time).
To-night—*Lucia di Lammermoor*.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CONCERTS.

The last but one of Mr. Leslie's series given in St. James's Hall on Wednesday was for the director's benefit. Hardly less, however, was it for the benefit of the public present, who were regaled with an admirable selection of music admirably performed. The concert was opened by the familiar yet always welcome overture to *Zampa*, after which came the cream of *Acis and Galatea* in the shape of "Hush, ye pretty warbling Choirs," and "O ruddier than the Cherry," with the opening chorus, "Oh! the pleasures," and its more magnificent neighbour, "Wretched Lovers." The soprano solo was very expressively sung by Mdlle. Tietjens, and the amorous ditty of Polyphemus was what it always is in Mr. Santley's hands. An attempt to encore the latter turned out a failure. Both the choruses were well rendered and much applauded, more especially that in which the lovers are so forcibly warned of coming evil. Following the selection came Weber's scena "Ocean thou Mighty Monster" splendidly sung by Mdlle. Tietjens, whom we have rarely heard in better voice. That the popular songstress should be recalled amid general exclamations was a simple act of justice after so unusually fine an effort. The choir next sang Wilbye's beautiful madrigal, "Flora gave me Fairest Flowers," in a manner worthy of the composition—and then Mr. Henry Blagrove played—and played excellently well—Beethoven's romance for violin. We need not dilate upon the merits of so familiar a work, and it will suffice to say that, as rendered by our talented countryman, it lost none of its accustomed fascination. "Non più andrai," by Mr. Santley, and a good delivery of the conductor's always agreeable *Templer* overture brought the first part to a close. Mendelssohn's "Reformation Symphony" was the great feature in the second part. Mr. Leslie deserves praise for having given this favourite work a second time, especially as the later performance was in some respects the better. It was heard, we need not say, with pleasure, and every movement—the *scherzo* not least—heartily applauded. Mendelssohn's "Hear my prayer" followed (solo by Mdlle. Tietjens), and with it Weber's *Concertstück*, which Miss Madeline Schiller played in really admirable style. As regards precise execution, intelligent phrasing, and graceful style the young pianist left very little to be wished for.

Mr. Leslie's last concert takes place next week, so our report of which a *resumé* of the season's doings will be included. T. E.

The monument erected by the "Alfred Mellon Memorial Fund" over the grave of the late lamented artist will be formally inaugurated on Saturday next, at three p.m. The committee invite their subscribers to attend at Brompton Cemetery on the occasion.

Royal Academy of Music.—According to an advertisement in our impression to-day, it was resolved at a general meeting of the directors, subscribers, and professors of the Royal Academy of music, to appeal to the public to raise a fund to assist in carrying it on, Her Majesty's Government having withdrawn their accustomed annual grant to the institution.

In one respect Signor Piatti is an unfortunate artist. He has a noble instrument and unbounded skill, with but very little good music to play. This is no doubt why he has fallen back upon Romberg, whose Swiss Concerto he is announced to perform at the Philharmonic Concert of Monday next. The revival will be as interesting as Signor Piatti's rendering of the work will be perfect, which is saying not a little.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

(From the "Daily News," May 21.)

The third concert took place last night. The symphonies were Haydn's in G ("letter V.") and Mendelssohn's "Italian," an interesting contrast between the genial quaintness of the elder and the poetical romanticism of the younger master. The overtures were Weber's *Der Freischütz*, and Cherubini's *Les Abencerrages*. A prominent feature was the playing of Herr Rubinstein—a pianist held in almost as high esteem abroad as Liszt, the style of the two, indeed, possessing somewhat in common. That Herr Rubinstein is a pianist of great powers of execution, unbounded energy, and vigour of style, with a touch at once firm and elastic, and capable of great delicacy, can scarcely be disputed. That his energy is occasionally in excess, his impulse somewhat too unrestrained, and his ardour a little exaggerated, appears to us equally true. In many instances if he would do a little less he would do still better. His chief performance consisted of Beethoven's concerto in G—a work scarcely inferior to the great E flat concerto. The concerto in G displayed not only exceptional powers of execution but also a high faculty of poetical expression, and perhaps those who have had the good fortune like ourselves to hear it played by Mendelssohn are apt to be a little hypercritical on its rendering by other hands. Herr Rubinstein's performance, with many admirable points, offered also some instances of the demonstrative style to which we have alluded, all the more remarkable since the andante was played with unaffected grace and delicacy throughout. His *cadenzas* (in the first and last movements) were neither of them to our taste, the second especially, which was crude and spasmodic, and had no merit beyond its enormous executive difficulty—if that be a merit. The other performances of Herr Rubinstein consisted of two pieces from the *Fantasiestücke* and *Waldscenen* of Robert Schumann, and Liszt's elaborate transcriptions of Schubert's *Forelleng*. In each instance Herr Rubinstein was received with loud demonstrations of applause.

The chief feature in the vocal portion of the programme was the exquisite singing of Mdlle. Adelina Patti in "Una voce," and "Ah! non Giunge," the latter encored and responded to by "Home, sweet home." Other vocal solos were given by Signor Fancelli and Mdlle. Clara Doria.

OUT OF VIENNA.

(From a Correspondent.)

The Gentlemen's Choral Society (Wiener Männer Gesang's Verein) whose splendid singing on the occasion of the French Emperor's visit to Salzburg was so much talked of, has just received from the Emperor of Austria a magnificent flag, as a proof of his admiration. At one of the reunions of the Choral Society, which took place the other evening in the rooms of the Conservatory, M. Goldberg* who is now in Vienna, received quite an ovation. Herr von Dumba, the president, being aware that he was in the room, appeared on the platform and addressing himself to the audience, said—"Gentlemen, I am sure you will have great pleasure in knowing that our countryman, Herr Goldberg, the celebrated professor of London, has honoured us this evening with his presence." Scarcely had he pronounced the words when all the members, four hundred in number, began to applaud in such a manner that Herr Goldberg was obliged to rise from his seat to acknowledge the compliment.—Herr Southern, from Stuttgardt, has just finished his Gastrollen at the Opera. There has been for many years such a want of good tenors that the Viennese public welcomed Herr Southern in a most enthusiastic manner. At each of his performances the house was over crowded, and tickets were sold at enormous prices several days before. He has a splendid tenor voice, resembling in quality that of Fraschini, and although his method is not faultless, he sings with great finish and expression.

The electric organ, built by Messrs. Bryceson for Her Majesty's Opera, is now completed. We hope to give a description of this remarkable instrument in our next.

* M. Goldberg who left Vienna very young, and before devoting himself to music, was a pupil of Mayseder and Leyfried. At the age of ten years he was an admired performer on the violin, for which instrument he one passed several concertos.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

Miss Emma Brunt gave her annual *matinée* at the Hanover Square Rooms before an appreciative audience. The pieces chosen by the clever pianist were Beethoven's trio in E flat (Mr. Henry Holmes and Signor Pezzi holding respectively the violin and violoncello), three of the posthumous works of Mendelssohn (Prelude, *Lied* and *Etude*), for pianoforte alone, Mozart's sonata in B flat, for pianoforte and violin (with Mr. Henry Holmes), and two pianoforte pieces by Schumann ("Der Abend" and "Novelletten, No. 1"). The artistic style in which Miss Brunt executed each of these compositions gave great satisfaction. She was warmly applauded after each composition. Miss Hubert Hendersen and Signor Ciabatta were the vocalists. The gentleman pleased greatly by his style of singing Buttolo's "Non è vero," and the lady was compelled to repeat Spohr's "The Bird and the Maiden," the *obbligato* clarionet accompaniment of which was well played on the violin by Mr. Henry Holmes. Mr. Walter Macfarren accompanied the vocal music.

On Tuesday Mr. Sydney Smith and Mr. Henry Blagrove gave a recital of pianoforte and violin music at the Hanover Square Rooms, which was attended by a large audience, and resulted in a marked success. Each artist played several solos. Those given by Mr. Smith including Bach's Prelude and Fugue in C sharp, his own "Golden Bells," "Study for Left Hand" and "Danse Napolitaine." In all these the popular composer for the pianoforte showed his mastery over that instrument to the undisguised satisfaction of the audience, who recalled him with enthusiasm. Mr. Blagrove's solos were a *rêverie* and *tarantella* by Vieuxtemps and a charming *impromptu* from his own pen. That this artist, who has so long and deservedly enjoyed public favour, acquitted himself well need not be pointed out. The concerted music was, however, the great feature, including as it did Mozart's pianoforte and violin sonata in A major, Beethoven's trio in B flat, for piano, violin and violoncello, and Mendelssohn's "Tema con variazioni," for the first and last named instruments. In these works (assisted when necessary by Mr. Aylward) the concert-giver left little to be desired, proving themselves to be as much at home as in compositions of a lighter cast. Miss Cecilia Westbrook was the vocalist, and sang, very nicely, songs by Arditi, Sullivan, Benedict, and Molloy.

The last two concerts (fifth and sixth of the series) given by Herr Carl Hause at the Hanover Square Rooms, have well sustained the interest excited by their predecessors. On each occasion Herr Hause has been assisted by Mr. H. Blagrove (violin), and Mr. Aylward (violoncello), with whom he has given several concerted works of the highest importance, including Hummel's trio (Op. 93), Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata, Mozart's quartet in E flat (with Herr Weber) and Rethberg's trio (Op. 97). All these were admirably performed and extremely well received. Among the solos played by Herr Hause were his own "Impromptu Brillant" and "Thème Varié," both being creditable to him as a composer no less than their execution showed him to be excellent as a performer. The vocalists on each occasion were Miss F. Armytage and Franklin C. Bean.

Signor Orsini Bucciarelli's concert at the Hanover Square Rooms on Thursday was in every respect a success. The attendance was excellent, and so, also, were the programme and its performance. Of Signor Regondi's share in the last we cannot speak too highly. He played (with Signor Li Calzi) Mozart's sonata in B flat, Spohr's "Concerto Drammatico," a prelude and fugue by Bach and an adapted movement from Mozart's Fifth Mass, in a masterly style, showing most clearly the instrumental resources of the concertina when in the hands of a master. But due the short pieces, Signor Regondi gave a solo on the zither from *Les Huguenots* and, leaving the concertina for the guitar, played his own composition for the latter instrument, which displayed still further his versatility and talent. Signor Regondi was assisted by among others Miss Poole, Signor Gustave Garcia, whose rendering of "Non è vero" with the concert-giver's guitar accompaniment, was much admired; and Mr. W. H. Cummings, who sang with his usual genuine expression, "Be thou faithful unto death" and Deprein's "Chanti: pauvre petite."

Miss Clara Lucas gave her Fifth Recital at the Beethoven Rooms on Wednesday with her usual success. Miss Fyson played Mendelssohn's Study in F minor, some of the *Lieder ohne Worte* Beethoven's sonata in F minor and a selection from Moscheles, Hiller and Chopin, in all of which she proved herself an able and conscientious executant. She was assisted by Mr. Lazarus, who in Weber's "Duo Concertante" on Danish Airs, made a great impression. Mr. Lazarus also played the *adagio* from Mozart's concerto in A (accompanied by Miss Fyson) in a style which could hardly be excelled. Miss Emily Hall, a rising young singer, and Miss David Dolby were the vocalists. The encores were filled and the whole performance gave much gratification.—B. B.

Miss Emmett, one of the most meritorious of the artists who annually give concerts in the saloons of the aristocracy, received her friends on Tuesday at the residence of Mrs. Jamieson, in Prince's Gardens, and was assisted by the Misses Doria, Signors Parisotti, Mr. Trelawny Cobham, Mr. Penna (vocalists), Signor Tito Mattei (pianoforte), Herr Oberthür (harp) and Mr. Lazarus (clarionet). Miss Edwards, as usual, appeared both as vocalist and pianist. She sang, with Signor Parisotti, "Quit ai bosco," "Vu, che sapete," a French romance, a charming song, "Sweet and Low" by Gounod, with clarionet *obbligato*, beautifully played by Mr. Lazarus, and a ballad by Signor Bevignani, "To him I gave my heart." Her pianoforte pieces were a duet by Oberthür for harp and piano on motifs from *Il Trovatore* and some selections by M. Arditi and Mr. Cipriani Potter. Miss Edwards evidently gave great pleasure to her audience, who frequently testified their admiration. Among the most successful efforts by the other artists were a duet from *Il Profeta*, by the Misses Doria, a song by Balfe, "Didst thou but know" (Si tu savais), tastefully sung by Mr. Trelawny Cobham, a duet by Herr Oberthür for harp and clarionet, carefully played by the composer and Mr. Lazarus, and some pianoforte solos by Signor Mattei, who was called upon to repeat his transcription of "Non è vero." Mr. Tenck Mori was the accompanist.

Mr. F. Weber, organist of the German Chapel Royal, gave a concert in St. George's Hall on Monday last, assisted by Franklin Augusto Methorst, Miss Abbott, and Miss Zuliani (vocalists); Miss Marie Weber, Carl Hause, Herr Oberthür, Messrs. Aylward and Henry Blagrove (instrumentalists). Several of Mr. Weber's works, both vocal and instrumental, were performed with more or less success. Mr. Weber played a pianoforte sonata, and with Messrs. H. Blagrove and Aylward, a trio; he also gave an performance on the organ, and with Miss Marie Weber a pianoforte duet, entitled "The Happy Horse." Miss Weber gave with effect one of Mendelssohn's *Lieder* and a *tarantella* by Carl Hause. Franklin Methorst sang an affecting song, "I could I were," accompanied by the composer. Herr Oberthür also played his "Souvenir de Londres" with much effect. The ballad was well attended.—B. B.

PROVINCIAL.

Leicester.—A concert in aid of the funds for the erection of the clock tower was given recently in the Temperance Hall. Miss Adelaide Newton and Mr. Denbigh Newton were the London artists engaged. Among the local performers who assisted were Miss Gill, Miss Dracott, Mrs. Ward, Mr. Carter, &c. Miss Newton made an impression by her singing in "Rock me to Sleep," and Mr. Newton's voice had ample scope for display in Henry Smart's "Wake, Mary, wake." The lady had to repeat her song, and Mr. Newton gave general satisfaction in the serenade. Mr. Nichol's on a flute fantasia was warmly applauded, and Signor Randegger's popular trio, "I Naviganti" ("The Mariners"), sung by Mr. Sargent, Mr. Carter and Mr. Newton, was similarly complimented.

Worcester.—The following report of the Festival Choral Society's last concert is condensed from the *Worcester Journal*:—

"Sterndale Bennett's *May Queen* was selected as the *pièce de résistance*, a miscellaneous selection following the cantata. The overture was moderately well played, and the rendering of the opening chorus led us to hope that the whole of the pastoral would have been well performed. This hope, however, was far from being realised, the performance being mediocre almost throughout. "O Melancholy Night" was quite sufficient to arouse a feeling of melancholy in all who heard it, but there was an improvement in the succeeding solo and chorus. "With a Laugh so sweet Round" (which is the loudest portion of the work) and was better sung than anything else. The pageant music, which heralds the arrival of the Queen, is quietly beautiful. Further, instead band this part of the cantata was very fairly performed, although the incompleteness of the orchestra detracted from the effect which might otherwise have been produced. Of the selection which followed the cantata nothing need be said, with the exception that some portions of the overture to the *Crown Diamonds* were excellently played by the band, and constituted a redeeming feature of the concert. There was a large audience."

Dublin.—Mrs. John Macfarren's pianoforte and vocal recital, under the auspices of the Literary Society, and patronized by the Lord of the Manor and all the best families of the district, came off last Tuesday, May 19, with great success. The audience gratified their appetites at a choice selection from the pianoforte works of Beethoven, Mozart, Weber, Mendelssohn, Thalberg, &c., and of Mrs. John Macfarren's brilliant playing by cordial applause, renewed each time that she quitted the instrument. Miss Bessie Emmett, to whom was entrusted the vocal portion of the programme, has a bright, fresh voice,

and an unaffected manner; the made a marked impression in "Vedrai Carino," and was unanimously called upon to repeat G. A. Macfarren's sacred song, "Late, late, so late" and a Welsh melody.

Liverpool.—A concert was given at the Philharmonic Hall on Tuesday in aid of the Orphan Asylum. In its notice the *Liverpool Daily Post* observes:—

"The attendance was very gratifying, all parts of the house except the stalls being well filled. The audience, though somewhat niggardly in their applause toward themselves towards the end of the concert, in the absence of an ordinary orchestra the accompaniments were played on the organ by Mr. Hirst who did the utmost with the instrument. The part-songs were well sung. Kreutzer's and Hatton's being encored, and it is hardly necessary to say that the performances of the boys' band were received with the utmost favour by the audience. Mr. Palgrave Simpson brother of the dramatic author of that name, gives his services to the cause of the band, and the success of Tuesday evening will we hope, lead him to proceed still further by including pieces on the next occasion of higher musical interest. The remarkable talent of the boys called forth many demands for repetition which were willingly complied with."

Glasgow.—The managers of the Glasgow Theatre Royal are spirited North Britons, if North Britons they be. Not long ago they put *Œdipus at Colonus* on the stage, with Mendelssohn's music, and on Tuesday last they did the same good office for *The Tempest*, with Sullivan's music. In noticing the latter performance the *Daily Herald* says about our young countryman's early work:—

"It begins with an *andante* movement that at once arrests the attention on account of the simplicity and beauty of its theme. This gives place to an *allegro con fuoco*, carefully interwoven and worked out. The prelude to the third act is replete with grace and beauty, and is certainly one of the most striking in the work. In the overture to the fourth act the most ambitious movement of the composition occurs. It is a very effective piece of writing, and the audience applauded it heartily an encore being narrowly escaped. Then follows the dance of nymphs and reapers. For this the composer has been fortunate in writing music at once characteristic and beautiful."

The *North British Daily Mail* delivers itself on the same subject to this effect:—

"The chief attraction of the occasion was the music written for the piece by Mr. Arthur Sullivan, who has already acquired high reputation as a composer. Chiefly, we think, is it admirable in the purely instrumental portions. These are at once fresh and delightful in character, and most admirably in their construction and scoring. As an example of a power in instrumentation quite rare amongst writers of the day, we might notice the whole of the music of the fourth act. We should add that the music throughout had the advantage of being capitally rendered by forty-nine instrumentalists conducted by Mr. Foster."

Dublin.—The recent "Harp and Vocal Recitals" of Miss Emilie Glover have attracting considerable attention, and her rooms were filled on Saturday week by a fashionable assembly. Miss Glover is a great favourite with lovers of the harp, her performances at the opera concerts during the Dublin Exhibition having rendered her exceedingly popular. She gave another capital recital on Saturday last, when her duet for harp and piano entitled "Erin," was performed. Professor Glover played a prelude and fugue from his "Organ Book" on an instrument erected for the occasion. Miss Glover had both amateur and professional vocal assistance on the occasion.

WAIFS

A contemporary adjectively describes *Don Pasquale* as a "musical masterpiece of elegant mischief with a lightsome jest in every bar which is not a liquid protestation of love or a comic shelling of senile irritation."

The Paris correspondent of the *Star*, who keeps more than half an eye on music, writes thus:—

"It appears that the Prince Imperial has decided musical tastes which the Emperor does not wish to be cultivated in any extraordinary degree, as he does not ambition for his son the role of a troubadour, as unfortunately adopted by the young King of Bavaria. The ex-King of Hanover is engaged in correcting the proof-sheets of his *Lieder* which will soon be published."

Those who are fond of logical entanglements, and can appreciate their felicitous turns thereof, will be pleased at a trait recorded in proof of the existence of old Mendelssohn, the philosopher, as the father of the great composer was called. In his presence some young sophist propounded this paradox: "If the saying that there is no rule without an exception be true, how fares it with the truth of that maxim itself?" Mendelssohn's way out of the dilemma was that, to the case in point, the rule was its own exception. It takes some time to see it when you are not accustomed to dialectics, but the answer is perfect.

[Very good, Ollendorf table-talk—or of Oscar Wilde, but "old Mendelssohn, the philosopher" was the composer's grandfather.—A. S. S.]

The gossiping Paris correspondent of the *Telegraph*, thus gossips in that journal:—

"On Saturday Boulard, that, prematurely old fellow, whom the youthful Auber dandyises as a man who wrote half young, gave a little party at which one Antonio Tamburini sang. Now this artist also comes to the category of Auber's young fellows, for he was born in 1800 and was in his zenith when he sang Grisi, Bellini and Lablache, sang "I Puritani," as I fear it will never be sung again. Signor Tamburini sang three morceaux and produced a great effect."

Corneille's house 18, Rue S. Angeo, is doomed to destruction. The Haussmannis hal has gone forth and the historic walls will speedily be reduced to dust beneath the rude pickaxes. Antiquarians may groan over the spirit of the age which ruthlessly sweeps all that is antique and venerable into the foot-hole, but Paris must have another avenue, and this new one is to surpass in breadth and magnificence any one yet erected, and will run from the Boulevard des Capucines right up to the Place du Théâtre Français, so you will drive over the spot where Corneille wrote his tragedies to see them acted at the Français.

There is to be a festival at Grenoble, to inaugurate a new equestrian statue of Napoleon the first. M. Berlioz whose *Harold* Symphony has made no irruption into the classical boundaries of the Gewandhaus Concerts, at Leipzig, will conduct.

Madlle. Emilie Georgi the well known contralto has made a successful *début* at La Scala in Milan. An extract from a private letter states:—

"Last night at a concert given for the benefit of the *Philharmonic*, Miss Emma Georgi made an extremely successful *début*. She sang the *largo* and *rondo finale* from *La Cenerentola* and the *brindisi* from *Lucrezia Borgia*. Madlle. Georgi was recalled four times and Prince Humbert was graciously pleased to send her his warm congratulations through one of his *aides-de-camp*."

Mdlle. Geneviève Halévy youngest daughter of the composer, has just been married to a Bordeaux wine merchant.

Auber's *Premier jour de bonheur* still keeps its attraction, not even the increasing heat of the weather being able to diminish its audiences.

The anniversary of the adoption by the Poles of their famous Constitution of the 3rd of May 1791 was celebrated this year at Lemberg, the capital of Galicia with more national demonstrations than usual. Huge placards were posted up in all parts of the town with the inscription "3rd of May" reminding the people of the absolutist times of Bach, when thousands used to write the memorable date on the walls secretly and at night, the police arresting any one whom they caught; then reminding the Poles of one of the greatest events in their history. In the theatre a patriotic play was performed entitled *Kosciusko on the Selne*, after which patriotic hymns were sung, followed by a grand tableau representing the national hero of Reciavice, the scene of one of his most celebrated battles. In the afternoon the Polish Musical Society gave a concert, at which it was remarked that Prince George Czartoryski sang in the chorus side by side with a number of poor men and women of the working class.

Königsberg.—Madame Hardten-Wippern has been "starring" it very successfully as Elizabeth in Herr Richard Wagner's *Tannhäuser* and Margaret in M. Gounod's *Faust*. Madlle. von Edelberg and Georgine Schubert have, also been singing here and Mdlle. Löwe from Hamburg, is expected shortly.

Cologne.—Franz Schubert's operetta, *Der häusliche Krieg*, is in rehearsal and will shortly be brought out.

Prague.—Kittl's opera *Die Franzosen vor Nizza* has been revived, after a lapse of twelve years.

Schwerin.—Herr Richard Wagner's *Rienzi* has just been produced here for the first time.

Weimar.—Schumann's *Manfred*, with connecting text by Pole, was performed at the 5th concert given by the Singacademie.

Moscow.—Alexander Serov's opera, *Rogneda*, is to be performed here in the autumn. According to report, the *mise-en-scène* will be very magnificent. The Emperor has bestowed a pension of 1500 roubles on the composer for life.

Riga.—M. Offenbach's *Belle Hélène* has found its way as far as here.

Mdlle. Nilsson.—The bust of Mdlle. Nilsson, by M. Francia, which we mentioned in a former number of the *Musical World*, may now be seen at Mr. Mitchell's, Old Bond Street. It is an excellent likeness of the popular artist, in the character of Ophelia.

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HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Titiens, Nilsson, Kellogg

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), June 6th, will be performed Mozart's Opera,

"LE NOZZE DI FIGARO"

Conte d'Almaviva, Mr. Santley; Figaro, Signor Ronconi; Basilio, Signor Polli; Bartolo, Signor Agnetti; Antonio, Signor Zoboli; Marcellina, Mlle. Cecri; Cherubino, Mlle. Christine Nilsson (her first appearance in that character); Susanna, Mlle. Clara Louise Kellogg (her first appearance in that character); and La Contessa, Mlle. Titiens.

NEXT WEEK

Mlle. Christine Nilsson

TUESDAY NEXT, June 9th, Donizetti's Opera, "LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR" Mesdlles. Christine Nilsson, Cecri; Signori Mongini, Santley, Polli, Agnetti, Castelmary.

THURSDAY NEXT, June 11th, Rossini's Opera, "IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA" Conte d'Almaviva, Signor Bettini; Figaro, Signor Cambardi; Il Dottore Bartolo, Signor Scolese; Figaro, Signor Gassier; Don Basilio, Signor Polli; Berta, Mlle. Rosenbleth; and Rosina, Madame Trebelli-Bettini. Conductor Signor Arditi.

SATURDAY, June 13th, Mozart's Opera, "LE NOZZE DI FIGARO"

Titiens, Nilsson, Kellogg

WEDNESDAY MORNING NEXT, June 10th, commencing at Two o'clock, Mozart's Opera, "IL DON GIOVANNI" (See bills &c.)

MDLLE. TITIENS will appear as LA CONTESSA THIS EVENING, and as DONNA ANNA on WEDNESDAY MORNING NEXT.—HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

MDLLE. CHRISTINE NILSSON as CHERUBINO THIS EVENING, as LUCIA on TUESDAY NEXT, and as DONNA ELVIRA on WEDNESDAY MORNING NEXT.—HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

MDLLE. CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG as SUSANNA THIS EVENING, and as ZERLINA on WEDNESDAY MORNING NEXT.—HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

MORNING PERFORMANCE, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 10.

TITIENS NILSSON KELLOGG

Mozart's Opera, "IL DON GIOVANNI."

Donna Anna, Mlle. Titiens; Donna Elvira, Mlle. Christine Nilsson; Zerlina, Mlle. Kellogg; Don Ottavio, Signor Bettini; Leporello, Signor Ronconi; Masetto, Signor Zoboli; Il Commendatore, Signor Polli; and Don Giovanni, Mr. Santley. Conductor Signor Arditi.

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Mlle. Adelina Patti

On TUESDAY NEXT, June 9th, for the first time these three years, Donizetti's Opera, "LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO."

Extra Night.—Mlle. Pauline Lucca.

On THURSDAY NEXT, June 11th, for the first time this season, Meyerbeer's Grand Opera, "LA VESTALE."

Extra Night.—Mlle. Adelina Patti.

On FRIDAY NEXT, June 12th, Bellini's Opera, "LA SONNAMBULA."

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ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—In consequence of the sudden withdrawal of the pecuniary aid from Her Majesty's Government, it has been resolved by the Royal Committee appointed at a General Meeting of the Directors, Subscribers, and Professors of the Institution on the 8th of May, to make an appeal to the general public, with a view to raise an adequate fund for the future provision of the Institution. A SPECIAL SUBSCRIPTION LIST has therefore been opened at the LONDON AND COUNTY BANK, Hanover Square; and the names of those who are willing to become contributors, either as annual subscribers or as donors, will be received and duly acknowledged by the Members of the Committee, as well as by the Secretary, by whom also copies of the Special Report, issued by the Committee, will be forwarded on application.

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C. A. BARRY, Secretary to the Special Committee.

MR. GANZ begs to announce his ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT at St. George's Hall, on Friday July 3rd. To commence at Two o'clock. Vocalists—Mdlle. Liebhart and Mdlle. Enequist, Miss Banks and Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Annie Smyth, Miss Fanny Holland, Miss Katherine Poyntz, Mesdes. Clara and Rosamunde Doria, Madame Patey, Wrydal and Madame Sainton Dolby. Signor Gardoni, Herr Reichardt, Mr. George Perren, and Mdlle. Mata. Signor Ciabatta, Signor Franceschi, M. Bélin, Lefort, Hess, Watkins, and Mr. Patey. Rossini, Mr. Ganz and Mr. F. H. Cowen. Violin, M. Sainton; Violoncello, M. Paque; Harp, Mr. Wright. Conductors—Messrs. Benedict, Boodegger, E. Ganz and Hall. Stalls, One Guinea. Reserved Seats, 10s. and Balcony Seats 5s., 2s. 6d. Tickets at the Establishment, and of Mr. William Ganz, 13, Queen Anne Street, W.

MR. LANSDOWNE COTTELL'S THIRD and LAST MORNING CONCERT for the Introduction of his Singing and Piano Pupils will take place on Wednesday, the 22nd of July, at Three o'clock precisely, in St. Marylebone, he will introduce to his Progressive Twenty Pupils. Signor Garcia, Violin and other instrumental artists will appear. Conductor—Herr Lehmeye. For all information apply to Mr. Lansdowne Cottell, Norfolk House, Norfolk Road, Bayswater.

SIGNOR PIATTI begs to announce that he will give an ETENING CONCERT in the St. James's Hall on Monday, NEXT June 29th, 1868. Pianoforte, M. Anton Rubinstein (his last appearance but one this season). Violin, Herr Joachim. Violoncello, Signor Piatti. Tenor, Mdlle. Trebelli. Conductor, Mr. Benedict. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Area, 7s.; Balcony, 5s.; Back of Area, 3s.; Gallery, 1s. Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street, and of the Hall, No. 18, Piccadilly.

HERR REICHARDT begs to announce that his MATINEE MUSICALE will take place at Mortlake, West Hill, Putney Heath (by kind permission of Mrs. Pfeiffer), under Royal and most Distinguished Patronage, on Monday, July 6th, commencing at Three o'clock.

JUNE 29.—MDLLE. TERESITA CARRENO will have the honour to give a MATINEE MUSICALE, under distinguished patronage, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Monday Next, at Three o'clock. Stalls, 21s.; Unreserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; of Messrs. Chappell, Lucas & Miller & Ringrose, 33, Langham Street; all Musicsellers; and of Mdlle. Carreno, 24, Queen Anne Street.

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MISS EDITH WYNNE will sing GUILLEMOT's Ballad, "THE SWEETEST MAID" (poetry by Henry Hiff) at the Festival of the National Orphan Home, Richmond, July 8th.

MISS EMILY SPILLER will sing GUILLEMOT's new and immensely successful Ballad, "BREATHE NOT THAT NAME" (poetry by H. J. de Lorenz), composed expressly for her at the Freemason's Tavern, Monday Next.

MISS FANNY ROLLAND will sing GUILLEMOT's new Ballad, "THOU ART THE WORLD TO ME" (poetry by R. Bingel), composed expressly for her at her concert St. George's Hall, July 8th.

MISS ROSE HERSEE will sing BENEDICT's popular Variations on "LE CARNAVAL DE VENISE" accompanied by the Composer, at Madame Prilleux's Matinée, given by kind permission of the Duchess of Newcastle at Clifton Terrace.

MISS ROBERTINE HENDERSON will sing Mr. MACFARREN HALL's new song "BUSHRINE," at the Composer's Concert, Mechanics' Rooms, Tue. Day Next 7th.

MISS BERRY GREENING begs to announce that she is now in Town for the Season, and that she has resumed her Private Lessons and Classes as usual. Ladies relative to Concert Engagements, Private Parties, Lessons, etc., should be addressed care of MESSRS. CHAPPELL, 50, New Bond Street, W.

MISS CLINTON FYNES requests that all communications respecting Concerts, Pianoforte Lessons, etc., be addressed to her, 21, Harley Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MADAME WEISS has the honour of announcing to her friends and the public that she has resumed her Professional Duties, and is in town for the Season.—61, George's Villas, Gloucester Road, Regent's Park.

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MR. GEORGE PERREN will sing GUILLEMOT's admired song "THE THREE MEMES" (poetry by WILLIAMS BUMPUS), at the National Orphan Home, Richmond, July 8th.

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THE HANDEL TRIENNIAL FESTIVAL.

The third and last performance was decidedly the best of all. The day of *Israel in Egypt* has, from the commencement, been the day of the Handel Festival; and as it proved on the occasion under notice. The weather was splendid, the crowd was enormous, and the performance was unparalleled in our remembrance. If further testimony had been required to establish the fact that the very grandest of all choral music is the biblical oratorio *par excellence* of the mightiest master that ever made the chorus subservient to his ends, it was amply furnished yesterday; and if any one present had doubted whether a host of singers and players numbering by thousands would be able to overweight Handel in Handel's loftiest flights, all doubt must speedily have been set at rest. The splendour of the music has long been recognised; the splendour of the execution cannot be adequately described.

The oratorio was preceded, as we yesterday announced would be the case, by the overture to the *Occasional Oratorio*, the brilliant performance of which, by the orchestra of 500 players, made even a stronger impression than at the miscellaneous selection on Wednesday. Nothing could have been more appropriately chosen. The final movement of the *Occasional* overture, a pompous procession march, was just the sort of thing to play while the multitude of visitors were being ushered to their seats, by those very courteous gentlemen—members, we believe, for the most part of the Sacred Harmonic Society—who officiate as "stewards," or masters of the ceremonies. And so delighted were the audience with this same march that they insisted upon its repetition with a vehemence that Mr Costa could not find it in his heart to resist; and so it was played again.

Grand as was the performance of the *Messiah* on Monday that of *Israel in Egypt* yesterday was still grander. From first to last it was almost without a flaw. After Mr Cummings (as on the Festival of 1865) had declaimed the opening recitative, "Now there arose a new King over Egypt," and Madame Sainton had delivered the solo "And the children of Israel sighed," the pathetic double chorus, "And their cry came up to God," in which the griefs of the enslaved people, under a monarch "that knew not Joseph," were so powerfully set forth, gave a genuine foretaste of the choral treat that was in store. Again, Mr Cummings with well-placed emphasis having in the first recitative "Then sent He Moses" &c., announced the first miracle, that wonderful chorus, "They loathed to drink of the rivers," a fugue of the gravest character (condensed from one of the six fugues for the harpsichord) with unconstrained intervals and chromatic progressions, was sung in perfection by the gigantic chain. This single chorus, the first of the marvellous chain of choruses, descriptive of the plagues, inflicted upon the Egyptians by Moses and his brother Aaron, was remarkable as a contrast to the effect of the double chorus that precedes and the double chorus that follows it, and with the single intervention of the recitative air, "Then brought forth frogs" (one of the miracles which Handel was evidently disinclined to illustrate in chorus), proceed in uninterrupted succession to the end of the first part of the oratorio. How the air was sung by Madame Sainton-Dolby we need not say. The choruses from this point to the termination of *Exodus* were given as we have never heard them given before. "He spake the word, and there came all manner of flies," one of the most elaborate and difficult, with its reiterations of the opening sentence, its characteristic passages for violins, illustrative of the plague of flies and lice in all their quarters," and the striking phraseology of its concluding sentence, where "the locusts without number" are described as adding to the misery of the Egyptians, was all that could be wished. Of "He gave them hailstones" it is hardly necessary to speak. This marvellously simple and as marvellously expressive double chorus was more than ever overpowering; and, encored, amid a storm of plaudits from every side, it was repeated as a matter of course. More admirable still because more arduous and trying was the sombre and expressive choral recitative "He sent a thick darkness over all the land," to which, in spite of the daring and unaccustomed progressions of harmony, the intonation of the singers up to the very last phrase for the basses—"even darkness which might be felt" was, from end to end, unwavering. How the music here rises to the sublimity of the verbal text was audibly and unanimously felt. The series of choruses that music—from "He smote all the firstborn of Egypt" to "There was not one feeble person among their tribes"—which form virtually a connected piece, was without exception superb. In these Handel's singular genius as a "word-painter" is powerfully evinced. As instances may be cited his manner of setting at a special point, the emphasised monosyllables, "He—smote—the—chief—of—all—their—strength;" the lovely and suggestive melody which accompanies the sentence, "But as for his people, *He led them forth like sheep*;" that no less suggestive passage, in the fugued style "He brought them out with silver and gold"—in which it has, not altogether extravagantly, been remarked that "one might almost see the precious metals glitter and hear them clink;" and, last and perhaps first, the triumphant asseveration "not one feeble person" so persistently and obstinately reiterated. All this was admirable; and most especially to be praised was the exquisitely subdued *piano* whenever the tuneful pastoral phrase "He led them forth like sheep," occurs. Skipping the stiff and comparatively rigid fugal chorus "Egypt was glad when they departed," a connected series most occurs, even grander and more impressive than what has gone before. We need scarcely name the sublime declamation, "He rebuked the Red Sea,' in which the chorus speak in a voice of thunder; its eloquent sequel (*pianissimo*) "And it was dried up;" "He led them through the deep;" and "But the waters overwhelmed their enemies." The large and stately theme of "He led them through the deep," given out first by the basses, one of the most striking in *Exodus*, is graphically suggestive of the miraculous passage of the chosen people through the divided sea, while the wonderful peroration, telling us, repeatedly and repeatedly, that not one of the enemy is left, and narrating the story of their annihilation, is a fitting climax. The accounts of this, as of the solemn chorus, "And the people feared the Lord, and believed the Lord by his servant Moses," which terminates the first part of *Israel in Egypt*, are worthy of the sounds. More we cannot say.

The second part the *Song of Moses* (written first, as all know who interest themselves in Handel's biography), is even sublimer than *Exodus* itself. Here the miracles, in *Exodus* one by one described, are referred to in the midst of hymns of thanksgiving and praise. The choruses belonging to the *Song of Moses* are far more complex and elaborate than the choruses to the opening section of the oratorio. But from first to last—from "Moses and the children of Israel sang this song unto the Lord," with which it jubilantly sets out, to "Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously," with which it as jubilantly comes to an end, both including the splendid episode "The horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea,"—they were as admirably given as any of those already enumerated. Two of the most difficult among them, the two most difficult, in short, in the entire work—"And with the blast of Thy nostrils the waters were gathered together," and "The people shall hear and be afraid"—were sung with as much precision and as much delicate observance of "light and shade" as if they had been the simplest, instead of the most intricate of them all. These were for many years, more or less stumbling blocks at the performances of the Sacred Harmonic Society in Exeter Hall; but now we heard them in little short of perfection, from a chorus counting by thousands instead of hundreds. So much for the continuous study of Handel's choruses going on, not merely in London but in the country, during the three years interval that separates our Festival from another; so much, also, for the improvement in choral singing generally all over England—no little of which may be more or less directly traced to the influence of the Sacred Harmonic Society and to that of the Sacred Harmonic Society's own child the "Handel Festival." The only instance in the sacred part where the slightest wavering was detected and where Mr Costa's unequalled skill in getting things right was manifested with its wonted readiness, occurred in the very trying chorus, "And with the blast of Thy nostrils," of which that wonderfully descriptive passage, "And the floods stood upright as an heap," and that other no less descriptive, "And the depths were congealed in the heart of the sea," are prominent features. Here an occasional tendency to unsteadiness was immediately corrected as if by magic. This secret possessed by Mr Costa would be an invaluable hint if communicated to the world of conductors at large. Among other

remarkable exhibitions of choral power and precision in the *Song of Moses* must be recorded the exhilarating double chorus, "Thy right hand, O Lord, is become glorious in power," and that most characteristic piece of "word-painting" among all the fugued choruses, "Thou sentest forth Thy wrath, which consumed them as stubble"—the last of which more especially is not often so fortunate as to go from and to and so might be wished. But to leave the choruses, which in *Israel* are so numerous, varied and superb, that we are tempted to forget other parts of the oratorio by we means undeserving attention, it may suffice to add that the final chorus, "The horse and his rider"—the recitatives of Miriam the prophetess, which under it is, being declaimed with consummate skill by Mdlle. Tietjens—was a fitting and pompous climax to the whole.

The airs and duets of *Israel in Egypt*, though every one of them is excellent, are overshadowed by the colossal proportions of the choruses. About the little there is of "solo" in the first part we have spoken. In the second a great deal more occurs. The three duets were all well sung—"The Lord is my strength" by Mdlle. Tietjens and Madame Rudersdorff, "The Lord is a man of war" by Mdme. Sainton and Signor Foli (encored unanimously in accordance with a long prevailing custom), and "Thou in Thy mercy" by Madame Sainton-Dolby and Mr. Cummings—whose exertions, by the way, during the Festival week deserved a word of hearty recognition. The first of these duets is plaintive, the second animated, warlike, and declamatory, the third peaceful and fervently devotional. Each is in Handel's most finished style, and serves to exhibit in its particular sentiment the variety of emotional expression he invariably had at command. The two airs, "Thou didst blow with Thy wind," for soprano, and "Thou shalt bring them in," for contralto, were respectively assigned to Mdlle. Tietjens and Madame Sainton-Dolby. The first, which in addition to its melodious beauty is remarkable for one of the most ingenious examples of Handel's employment of the ancient expedient of a "ground bass" was admirably given by Mdlle. Tietjens, the second with true Handelian expression by Madame Sainton, one of the most experienced of Handelian singers. But at this Festival, as at every Handel Festival that has been held, beginning with the bold experiment in 1857, the sensation of the week was produced by "The enemy said, I will pursue, I will overtake," &c., an air which Mr. Sims Reeves has made his own, and which to sing after him would be a ungrateful task for any other living tenor. This superb air was, if possible, sung yesterday by Mr. Reeves more magnificently than on any previous occasion—magnificently as, we need scarcely remind our musical readers, he has so often sung it. He gave it, indeed, with a power of voice, a vigorous accent, a truth of intonation, a fluency sustained from end to end, a fire and an enthusiasm which we never remember to have called. Every phrase and its well-measured meaning, every note told—even in the most rapid enunciation of brilliant passages. Its effect was literally "electrical," and at the end a storm of applause broke out from every part of the building in which the singers and players in the orchestra unanimously joined. To repeat the encore under such circumstances was impossible, even for Mr. Reeves, the avowed enemy of encores, and the air was repeated with the same power and unflagging animation as before. A more marked impression was never produced by a solo performance. The 20,000 rose at Mr. Reeves, as the pit, according to Edmund Kean, on some memorable occasion, rose at Edmund Kean.

At the end of the oratorio, as at previous commemorations the National Anthem was given (by chorus and orchestra—precisely as it was given on Monday). Then there was a loud and universal cry of "Costa," to which the indomitable conductor of the Handel Festival, responded by repeated bows, retiring amid applause that seemed as though it would never cease. Mr. Bowley, too, the energetic general manager of the Crystal Palace, to whom the organisation of these triennial gatherings is principally due, was loudly called for, but though he might gracefully have drawn he made no appearance.

What other remarks we have to offer on this Festival must be reserved till Monday. It has been sufficiently admirably that a brief farewell retrospect is nothing less than its just due.

The numbers were:—Admission by season tickets, 15,809; on payment, 9,392; total visitors, 25,161.

Saturday, June 20.

It is impossible just at present to obtain anything like an accurate financial account of the results of last week's series of performances. A comparison however between the numbers of persons who visited the Crystal Palace at the last Handel Festival, in 1865, and those who have attended the present meeting may help to some estimate as to which was the more successful of the two. Subjoined is the official statement,—

1864.		1868.	
Rehearsal	14,[illegible]	Rehearsal	18,617
First Day	12,871	First Day	19,317
Second Day	14,[illegible]	Second Day	20,[illegible]
Third Day	18,[illegible]	Third Day	18,[illegible]
Total	59,434	Total	76,[illegible]

In 1857 the experimental trial the aggregate numbers were only 38,114; in 1859—the first real Handel Festival in commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the renowned musicians death—they were 51,319; and in 1862, the year of the International Exhibition, when it was first resolved to make the Handel Festivals in the Crystal Palace triennial 67,567—the absorbing interest created by the International Exhibition satisfactorily accounting for the considerable difference between 1859 and 1862. The second triennial meeting—that of 1865—looked at simply from the point of view of numbers, represented a decadence, although regarded in an artistic sense, it greatly surpassed any of the three previous festivals. The falling off in numbers, however as compared with 1862 when the film was wholly new and, therefore, on that account at least, most attractive, and even with 1859, so materially influenced by the International Exhibition, was explained at the time, clearly enough by the announced dissolution of the old Parliament, the absorbing interest in the approaching elections for the new, the defective management of the railway transit immediately in relation with the Crystal Palace, a subject of general animadversion, the absence of all countenance, direct or indirect, from the highest quarters, the deluge of rain which prevented thousands from attending the performance of *Israel in Egypt* on the Friday, and other eventualities unforeseen and consequently unprovided for. On the present occasion there were none of them drawbacks. The dissolution of Parliament, as was then regarded as probable, was no longer thought of, there was no absorbing interest in new elections, seeing that, for the current year no new elections would be called for, the railway arrangements connected with the Crystal Palace offered little if any fair cause for complaint, there was no "deluge of rain" on the day of *Israel*, but fine weather all the week, and, lastly, two of the Royal family, the Prince and Princess of Hesse, came to listen in the second half of the last day's performance. That the numbers attending the Festival just over should have greatly exceeded those of 1865, and even have surpassed by more than 1,000 those of the memorable Festival of 1859 although much may be attributed to the new privilege granted to season subscribers to the Crystal Palace, of admission in all the exceptional no less than in the ordinary entertainments, is a sign that the Handel Festival is going up in general estimation, and that no further doubt need prevail about its henceforth being permanently established as a triennial affair. In fact, the success of the commemoration of 1868—which is saying we little—has been almost as great as its deserts.

That a more wonderful series of performances was never listened to, either in England or elsewhere, may be concluded from the remarks that chronicled the proceedings of each successive day. Into further details about these performances we need not enter. It may, however be remarked, as pleasant, that the largest attendance by some 1,500 was that to *Israel in Egypt*, on Friday when two of the "shining stars" of Her Majesty's Opera, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson and Mdlle. Clara Louise Kellogg whose names gave each "eclat" in the miscellaneous concert on the second day were absent, which warrants a belief that the sublime oratorio of the Bible was itself the object of attraction—assurance, of course, being universally entertained that, with Mr. Costa at the head of the musical department, the solos would be confided to none but the

cent practised and competent hands. And such, it need scarcely be added, proved to be the case.

In malewing the meeting of 1865 which at the time a vast number of even Handel's most zealous and enthusiastic worshippers felt convinced would be the last, we said—"If the Handel Festival close on the occasion of its fourth commemoration it will die in a halo of glory; for certainly, nothing to compare with the musical performances of the week has been heard in this or in any other country." That was true; but it is no less true that the performances of the week just passed have excelled those of 1865 just as perceptibly as the performances of 1865 excelled those of 1862, and so back by equally perceptible degrees to the earliest experiment of 1857, when even the Handel orchestra (itself to my nothing of the "auditorium" in the Centre Transept which, through the indefatigable efforts of Mr Bowley and those acting under him, is approaching course and nearer to the desired perfection, was in comparison with what it is now, absolute chaos. It would be hard to cite a more emphatic instance of what may be achieved by persevering industry accompanied by intelligence in proportion, than the Handel Festival, which during the whole of last week kept the lovers of music generally and of sacred music particularly, in a fervour of excitement. We remember at a Welsh Eisteddfod in 1860, the ruins of the Castle of Rhuddlan being converted, by ingenious architectural contrivances, into a music hall, where not only Welsh bards, more or less under the influence of inspiration extemporised "Pencilliion" but where the *Messiah* of the "Saxon" composer Handel was performed by Saxon singers and players, to the delight and astonishment of the majority of the aborigines, and to the infinite disrelish of the bigoted and thick-headed minority; but this was child's play in comparison with what has been done at the Crystal Palace, in the construction of that enormous Handel orchestra and the conversion of the vast area of the Centre Transept into a really admirable concert room—*pro tempore*. More, however, we are convinced, may yet be effected by further exercise of indomitable perseverance in the same direction; and we look forward to the Handel Festival of 1871 with an intimate conviction that it will be an advance on the one that has just been celebrated.

Upon what Mr Costa has done for these festivals it is hardly necessary to dwell. Musically from the beginning, he has been the Hiram and soul of them. While he has kept order he has infused spirit into every performance; and if he never conducted another the remembrance of the closing chords of "the horse and his rider" climax to that marvellous presentation of *Israel in Egypt*, on Friday, would suffice to perpetuate his name with every one who was present on the occasion.

In the general organisation of the Handel Festival, which devolved in equal measure upon the committee of the Sacred Harmonic Society and the directors of the Crystal Palace Company, many able and energetic gentlemen took part, whose names and the duties they perform so ably might fairly be placed on record. But, as our space will not allow of a detailed account of their exertions, we must be content to offer them this general acknowledgment of the services they have rendered. Not only however the directing managers, but every one concerned in the Handel Festival, from the conductor of the orchestra to the last member of the orchestra and the last member of the chorus, may justly lay claim to having contributed something towards the magnificent general result of the commemoration of 1868.

Monday, June 22.

Toronto.—The Musical Union, under the direction of Dr Tuckert lately gave a performance of Herr Ferdinand Hiller's *Gideon's Sieg*.

Essen.—The Musikverein lately gave a very successful performance of Haydn's *Creation*, the solos being sung by Mdlle Dannemann, Herren Hill and Raff.

Gotha.—The well-known composer Aloisia Hüttenbrenner died on the 5th inst. in his 74th year. He was an intimate friend of Beethoven and Schubert.

Mannheim.—A new operetta entitled *Die Geflickte Nachtwächter*, and founded on Kotzebue's comedy of the same name, has been produced with undoubted success. The book is written by Herr L. Rocke, and the music by Herr Ferdinand Langer, musical director of the theatre.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.

(Communicated and Original.)

This great and most successful celebration should not be allowed to close without noticing the important aid which is received from numerous gentlemen whose names are not prominently before the public, but who contributed essentially to its success. The general arrangements were carried out by the directors of the Crystal Palace and the committee of the Sacred Harmonic Society, a joint committee of the two bodies settling the minor details. All matters appertaining to the regulation of the audience belonged to the Crystal Palace Company, the issue of tickets and the arrangement of the blocks of seats being confided to Mr Wilkinson, who also designed and carried out the Royal house and corridors, with the fountains and other decorations therein. The acoustic screens were fitted up also under the superintendence of the same gentleman. The barriers have been erected and the temperature of the building regulated, under the direction of Mr Rose. The entire police arrangements were in the hands of Superintendent Payne, of the P division, and a large force of extra constables. The stewards, about 150 in number, whose exertions to promote the comfort of the audience have been beyond praise were under the honorary superintendence of Mr Coe, Mr Hyatt, and Mr Keene. The orchestral arrangements, generally—subject, of course, to the instructions of the conductor—have been under the control of the Sacred Harmonic Society; the band under the superintendence of Mr T. Sherrard, with six assistant superintendents, and the respective vocal departments under Mr Daniel Hill, Mr J. W. Wilcocks, Mr Carmichael and Mr Alex. Durbacher with an adequate force of assistant superintendents. Never was there an occasion when the advantage of strict individual discipline has been more apparent as producive of comfort to all concerned, and the utmost proficiency in the performance of the music. The professional engagements, both in London and the provinces have been made by Mr. J. J. Puttick, who has had an excellent opportunity to display to the utmost his zeal and business like habits in carrying out this important branch of the arrangements. Not the least essential part of the gentleman's duties has been the payment of all the professional performers. The whole of these payments were made within half-an-hour of the conclusion of the Festival; and when it is borne in mind that there are nearly 1,400 in number, it will be obvious that very great praise is due to Mr. Puttick, for the ability with which his department has been managed. Mr Puttick also visited some of the principal provincial choirs, being accompanied by Mr E. Prout, B.A., Professor of Music, who conducted rehearsals at Bradford and Birmingham (the head-quarters of the famous Yorkshire and Midland choristers, who together sent to the Festival about 400 singers), thus contributing to uniformity in the rendering of the music, and forming an excellent preparation for the general rehearsal under Mr Costa.

Amongst the gentlemen who assisted the committee by the selection of choristers in the provinces, may be specially mentioned S. Smith, Esq., of Bradford, and R. Peyton Esq., of Birmingham.

Upon all great labour has devolved, and it has required no small amount of ardour on their parts to labour to the extent required to carry out this undertaking. The success of their labours, however, will, it is hoped, recompense them in some degree for the vast trouble heaped upon them which although little apparent to the public generally, must have been undertaken by responsible individuals in each department, in order to secure the results which have ensued.

The duties discharged by the Sacred Harmonic Society's excellent president, J. N. Merriman, Esq., as also by Mr Thomas Brewer honorary secretary, and Mr W. H. Beak, are too numerous to be here specified, but too important not to call passing reference. The providing of the thousands of music books was carried out with the greatest regularity by Mr James Peck.

Probably on no occasion has the Crystal Palace been graced by the presence of a greater number of visitors distinguished in various walks of life, or by more members of the aristocracy. The only member of the Royal Family present was Her Royal Highness Princess Louis of Hesse, who with His Royal Highness Prince Louis attended the sacred part of the last day's performance.

As regards the pecuniary results of the Festival, it is too early to form an exact opinion. Considerable amounts have to be collected from the agents and the various items of expenditure ascertained, before anything approaching a balance can be struck.

It is, however, clear that the receipts will not vary much from those of the last Festival, while the expenses have been considerably lessened.

The great musical success of the Festival has established the Centre Transept of the Crystal Palace as the place for great choral exhibitions like that which has just passed, and we may look with confidence to their continuance.

Nearly one thousand index and gratuitous of the provincial press were located in the upper galleries, under the charge of Mr F. Lee, the superintendent of the Crystal Palace library department.

Basle.—Schumann's scenes from *Faust* have been given lately, Herr Stockhausen taking the principal part.

Prague.—The national Bohemian opera, *Dalibor* by M. Smetana has proved a great success.—Mdlle Ordgy who is now singing at the Bohemian theatre has been most favourably received.

THE STAR SYSTEM.

The converse is unfavorable of the old proverb "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good." Undoubtedly it is a rare wind that blows everybody good. Unmixed good and unmixed evil are almost altogether unobtainable in the world. The highest and most beneficial arrangement is ordinarily an imperfect one; the highest wisdom a compromise. Signs of improvement in one direction have manifested themselves during recent years in the theatrical world, but proof is already apparent that the benefits we have obtained are not to be enjoyed without cost. The most signal of theatrical triumphs we have recently obtained is we cannot but think, the blow that has been dealt to the "Star" system. Everybody now sees the Star at a discount. No single experiment he has of late made has been a success. No matter what the conditions under which he started, how great soever his real talent, how well deserved the public favour previously awarded him, the result of any attempt to force himself into a position of over prominence or solitary dignity has resulted in failure. We have in London at the present moment a dozen men or women who hold themselves Stars, and who are firmly convinced in their own minds that the theatre-going public has no other desire in life than to see them in some part in which their talents shall have ample room and verge enough. If their faith in the certainty of their own success must entirely secured the doubt only arises from their uncertainty of the capacity of authors to wrest for them parts good enough to display their remarkable powers to the fullest advantage. Such ordinary proof as most advocates of sincerity of belief they are prepared with. They will gladly risk their own money when they have any, and that of other people, under all circumstances, upon the result of an appeal to the public. Should failure be the result, it will be attributed to accident. A thought that he can be mistaken never enters the Star's mind. The public is waiting and anxious to give him £25,000 a year if he can only have the opportunity. To do the Star justice he is true to give the public the right chance, and is willing to sacrifice to the best of his ability the wages of popular applause. He will appear in as many and as arduous parts as you like, and will consent to memorize an incredible number of lengths, stooping even to fetch a length or two from his eighteen.

Not very long since a Star—his human was legitimacy—was playing the principal part in a revived tragedy not very familiar to the audience. One good speech was allotted to one of the fellow characters. In rehearsals the Star insisted upon the omission of the scene in which the speech occurred. His will was law and scene and speech were removed. At the first representation the reason for this was shown. One friend the Star scene forward and mouthed the whole of the speech he had removed from its original position and, without giving warning to any one, had interpolated in his own part. Of late, however, such childish vanity as this has been checked and the Star system has received from the public what in the language of the ring is known as a "fear." Every attempt of the Star to thrust herself before the public with a scratch company carefully trained not to interfere with his movements has been a failure. No matter whether legitimate tragedy, sensation drama, or farce has been tried, the result has always been the same. Heavy discouragement and great loss have been the inevitable issue of the experiment. Satisfactory in all respects is this, for of all baneful products of human vanity the Star system is, in our opinion, the most egregious and intolerable. A second consequence of its decay has been the rise of the drama and of acting in England. Better plays have been produced during the last five years than in those by which they were preceded. Our stage moreover at the present moment has a larger number of careful and conscientiously trained actors than it has for many years past possessed. But another evil, which, if unchecked, may lead to lamentable results seems now to threaten the stage. Respectable plays respectably acted are common enough. Occasionally we see a play really well acted. But there is a tendency visible to reduce all acting to a most undesirable level of respectable mediocrity. At the present moment a great many of our best actors and actresses find only precarious employment. We could name one-half of the very best actors our stage numbers who have not during six months made six appearances on London boards.

Now for this state of affairs many reasons may be found, and some of these are doubtless dependent upon mere want of dexterity on the part of the actor. Clever men are most subject to crotchets, and a clever actor would merely the most unmanageable and intractable of all beings. But the main reason for this state of affairs is one with which the actor has nothing to do. Managers will not give a large salary when a small one will suffice. An actor of merit will not, when his position is established, consent to appear unless his salary fairly represents his popularity and the measure of his success. But managers now when they begin to pay money for pieces, try to save in other directions. Few people engaged in mercantile affairs have the heart to deal on really sound and liberal principles. The tendency of human nature is to make people screw and screw accordingly they must somewhere. Many a good shy make for want of the proverbial pennyworth of tar. Managers accordingly commence to screw with the salaries of actors. Now unfortunately, this is a very easy operation. Actors of a certain class can be got for little—for nothing—nay absolutely for less than nothing. Scores of tolerable actors may be found who, for the sake of a London engagement, will take a small salary, content to wait for that future they are contributing indefinitely to launch. Others, again, will appear for the mere honour of showing on west-end boards. Some, and such most, though nonentities are not unknown, will pay to make their appearance. With women the mania is stronger than men. Recently has called into existence a class of beings, called by courtesy actresses, who are rapidly rendering the earning by a real actress of a respectable livelihood impossible. Women of some personal attractions, and with a certain amount of courage to display their charms, find engagements easy were especially as the terms they ask are such as are not likely to rouse the managerial mind. From the best of these, unnatural actresses are obtained to perform principal parts. Some of them even are for a time advanced to management.

From all these circumstances and conditions it results that a manager may get at light expense a company that is tolerable, and such such a company some managers and more playwrights choose to work. One dramatist especially, where success of late years has been indisputable, was a great sinner in this respect. He never makes an attempt to obtain a good company, and will scarcely consent to engage one actor of reputation for a principal comic part. Trusting to his own skill in stage managership, and to the interest of his dramas, he obtains a company scarcely one of which obtains work more salary than is paid to a skilled journeyman, and continues to give a fair but colourless representation. Look through half the successful dramas of late produced at the houses with which he is connected, and you will find scarcely an actor whose name a year or two since was known in London. That the general representation is good may be granted. Get-up is elaborately studied and praiseworthy moderation of acting is enforced. But the stage suffers, and will suffer from a continuance of this plan. We want acting with originality, individuality, what one may call "stuff" in it. We want to be stirred at times to the depths of our natures, not pleasantly tickled on the epidermis. At the present moment let the reader ask himself who is the "leading lady" at one theatre after another? He will be astonished to find how few of them he knows, how few have made any real reputation. Then let him recall the actresses whose performances he remembers and asks where are they. In the provinces, it may be, or in London doing nothing, because the manager will not give twelve or fifteen pounds a week when he can get off by paying three. Of course there is little heroic to marvel at, and not very much to condemn. A theatre is, after all, a mercantile speculation, and must, if it is to be successful, be conducted upon sound mercantile principles. We cannot expect a manager any more than a publisher or a picture-dealer to sacrifice his interests to his love of art. We have yet to learn however that singleness or motives wherein the public are concerned ever pays.

We believe that the manager who, as a rule, got the best pieces mounted there with most taste, and obtained the best actors, would, in the long run be the most prosperous. Whether however the course on which we have previously commented be wise or unwise, so far as managerial pockets are concerned, as to its baneful influence upon art, there is no question. It tends to cramp on with mediocrities, keep the best men in the background and degrade the public taste. It is one side of that realism which more than all other things is destructive to true art.

J. K.

CHURCH MUSIC.

The following is abridged from a lengthy report in the *Norfolk Chronicle*:—

The annual choral festival for the Archdeaconry of Sudbury took place last Tuesday week, at Melford, the number of choristers being 356. Many of the choirs had banners, some of which were carried in procession and others displayed near the pier in the nave. They looked very pretty, but reminded one more of a tournament or Roman Catholic procession than of sober spiritual worship, and many present considered them out of place. The service commenced by a processional hymn, music by Dr Steggall. This was sung by the choristers and clergy as they marched down the aisle, the congregation standing. The service was preceded by a short opening voluntary. The Proses and Responses and more melodious to "Bristol use," the Venite was sung to a chant by G. A. Macfarren, in C; the psalms to Bellamy in D flat, and the remainder to Macfarren, the change of chant suiting the words. The 46th Psalm was sung to Roger in E major and the 47th to Hayes. All these psalms particularly the last, were very fairly sung. The hymns were—"Rejoice, the Lord is King" Old 148th (Croft); "Lift your eyes of faith and see, Alleluia!" (Redhead); and "To Thee, mighty Lord, we offer praise" (Warchams)—in which the congregation joined heartily. Mr Thomas Smith of Bury St.-Edmunds, the indefatigable choirmaster to the association accompanied on the organ. The Rev. W. Barrow conducted the singing with his well-known skill. The voluntaries played by Mr Orlando Steed, organist of the church were Preludio in G Mendelssohn; Offertoire in D Batiste; March from *Athalie* Mendelssohn; Offertoire in G (Collin); Offertoire for Feast of Pentecost (Collin); March from *St. Polycarp* (Gounley); Fugue by Mendelssohn; and selections from the works of Batiste.

The sermon was preached by the Rev. Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, Bart.

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THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE CONCERT SYSTEM CONCERT ROOMS AND "SALONS." ARISTOCRACY, PLUTOCRACY, LOVERS OF ART, AND MECÆNATES.*

(*Continued from page 433.*)

At that period, however, music was the only occupation of all elevated to which a man dared devote himself, without being suspected of aristocratic tendencies—and on the other hand, music offered a guarantee that its votaries did not trouble themselves about ideas of freedom. All the elegant wives of the Terroristes cultivated it, and Madame Tallien, subsequently the Princess Chimay, and the grandmother of one of the best female pupils Chopin had, was a zealous admirer of the art. Napoleon, too, as an artillery officer, liked music and musicians. Later, it is true—according to the unanimous testimony of all the memoirs referring to him—he regarded music only as the best means of amusing the people harmlessly. We must, however, not omit to state that it was at his immediate suggestion that Spontini wrote *Ferdinand Cortez*, and Cherubini his *Requiem*. There is another fact, also, not to be passed over in silence. He frequently enunciated opinions with regard to music as surprisingly just as those he uttered in conversation with Gothe respecting *Werther* and dramatic poetry, opinions to which in his later years, the poet-prince refers in his annals with admiration.

Opera was thus tolerably supported in France, but not so concerts. In the year 1725, Philidor, brother of the composer and celebrated chess-player, founded the "Concerts Spirituels," which during Lent, and on grand fast-days, when there was no opera, were given in a large room at the Tuileries, and at which sacred choruses and airs of the period alternated with instrumental solos, and with concertos for the violin and the oboe. The enterprise was exceedingly flourishing between 1770 and 1780, so much so, indeed, that Mozart considered it an honour to write a Symphony for it. During the time of the Revolution the Concerts Spirituels were discontinued. Somewhere about 1750 a Société d'Amateurs had been formed, but it ceased to exist even *before* the Revolution. In fact, people in Paris did not care a great deal for concerts.

In Italy, even from the sixteenth century, opera had made such progress that there was no room for the development of instrumental music. The fiddle alone, as the vocal instrument, could boast of great artists; the male soprano's exercised their throats in runs which only the most eminent violinists could execute with equal rapidity and correctness, and the violinists, moreover, took every possible pains to produce a noble and grand tone upon their instruments. Their compositions are even now models. With regard to pianists, the only one of eminence is Dominico Scarlatti, a remarkable personage, inasmuch as, in his Piano Sonatas, he treats the instrument in such a manner that we feel inclined to believe he must have been acquainted with, and studied Bach's works. There is one fact which we may look upon as certain, owing to the almost incredible development of the art of singing—about which Mozart's letters from Italy contain some astounding facts—instrumental music was merely cultivated to some extent by amateurs societies and at the various Courts, in the last, as in the present century, concerts possessing no power of attraction for the Italians. With regard now to concert-giving in Germany during the past century—in so far as it is possible to obtain trustworthy information—we must particularly mention one fact which at first sight appears strange, namely, that there were few or no concerts precisely where music was most general. In Vienna, even in Mozart's time, there were only Subscription Concerts (*Subscriptions-Academien*, as they were denominated) that is to say, concerts got up by those musicians who gave a great many lessons, and who went about with a list to their patrons, to whom, and by whose assistance, they endeavoured to dispose of tickets. How unproductive, however, such manœuvres were, is proved by a letter of the year 1784 from Mozart, in which he informs his father with great glee that he had 174 subscribers for his three concerts, that being thirty more than Richter and Fischer together, who were the most popular teachers of the period. The infrequency of these concerts admits, however, of an easy explanation if we only bear in mind that all nobleman had their own private musical establishments, gave concerts to their own houses, and generally paid artists magnificently. Hence people who in any way belonged to good society had heard every celebrated artist as often at private concerts, that public concerts had but little attraction for them. Only something particularly unusual could reckon upon any great success. This was especially true of female fiddlers, among whom a Mdlle. Ringbauer and a Mdlle. Strinasacchi were as celebrated in those days as Mondlles. Milanollo and Ferni are in our own.

Very different was the state of things in the North. The higher classes there hardly troubled their heads at all about music, but among the classes of burghers and Government officials, on the other hand, music was very generally cultivated, even as far back as a little after 1770, and concerts were everywhere well attended. But we must not assume that a regard for music was the sole principle at work; as far from this being the case, we may conclude with certainty from the light writings of the period that concerts were regarded as the most agreeable and most becoming class of entertainment by many worthy families, only because the latter entertained considerations scruples against going to the theatre; this was probably the case more especially in the Protestant parts of the country. Between 1770 and 1780, there was not in the whole of north, or middle, Germany a single town of any importance, where there were not regular concerts of amateurs or professional musicians. Thus in Stralsund there was a concert every fortnight, and there were concerts also in Magdeburg, Erfurt, Ludwigslust, Coburg, Schleusingen, Detmold, and Nordhausen. At Göttingen Forkel founded concerts in 1780, and it is highly amusing to hear him talking *at that time* of the decay of opera and of church music, and praising up his concerts as the only place of refuge for good music. According to all accounts, Hamburg seems to have been the Promised Land for travelling virtuosi. Dresden was highly celebrated for its chapel and when, after the battle of Kesselsdorf, Frederick the Great entered the Saxon capital, one of his first commands was to the effect that he wished to hear a concert. In Berlin Bachmann's Subscription Concerts existed in 1751. Some time after 1780 they were superseded by Hurka's Orchestral Concerts, in which the Royal Chapel took part, and which were attended by the Royal family. At that time, also, there was a concert saloon for the Jewish colony in the "Flisischen Haus," the monthly subscription for three persons being one thaler and eight groschen. A Mad. Lewy, a Mad. Wolff, and Herr Flies, appeared there as pianists. The papers said nothing more what was favourable about the music, but added that there was too much talking, and too much bowing and scraping for anyone to be able to hear it well. Between 1780 and 1790, Reichardt's (founded) Concerts Spirituels, on the Parisian model, symphonies by Ditterdorf, Benda, and Kuhnau were the order of the day. Solo players also gave performances. The favourite concert instruments were the flute, the French horn, and the fiddle; the oboe, the clarinet, and bassoon were also highly esteemed. The last-named instrument, moreover, was, even at the commencement of the present century, frequently employed for solos at concerts in Berlin. I myself heard a Berlin bassoonist later than 1830, play in Vienna, variations on "An Alexis send ich dich." The worthy man looked as deeply moved when playing the motive as a lyric tenor looks in a highly sentimental part. The piano, now so fearfully tormented, was then but rarely used as a solo concert-instrument. The music catalogues of that time, down to the year 1840 contain only trios, and other concerted pieces, but very few brilliant fantasias, and works of that description. The facts that I here adduce were not to be found in one book, but have been collected from the most various journals and periodical publications.

(*To be continued.*)

* From a lecture *On Modern Society and Music*, by H. Ehrlich.

CONCERTS.—The town has just sent a deputation of singers, in consequence of an invitation to that effect, to represent it at the approaching grand Musical Festival in Chicago, U. S. The deputation have taken passage in the Germania, which started a few days since from Hamburgh.

COBURG.—Herr Langert's *Fabior* has become very popular here.—Induced by the special interest he takes in all affairs connected with the stage, the reigning Duke has resolved to hireself personally managing the Theatre from the first of September next. The present General-Intendant, Baron Gustav von Meyern-Hohenberg, and Herr Friedrich Hause, the dramatic manager, have consequently resigned their posts.

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AMERICAN NOTES.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

Mr. Editor,—Not the "impeachment" fever which has raged here considerably prevented me from forwarding to you an account of musical and dramatical doings in this part of the globe but severe indisposition which I trust will be an ample apology for the delay. Conscious of numerous, that it would be quite a serious task to give a faithful record of all, but inasmuch as most of them are but of local interest, given by local professors to extend their local fame, it would be needless to trouble the English readers by entering into particulars.

Thus Leopold de Meyer has engaged here, all your readers of course know and he left us it is said, with 15,000 dollars clear profit in his pocket; this however is believed by few, however it may not be altogether known that he left in so great a hurry that not even his critical friends were aware of it until the bird had flown and were, of course, quite disappointed in losing the treat of a farewell *diseuse à la champagne*; however L. de Meyer is too great a philosopher to take it to heart, remembering no doubt the old adage "Fools are hasty and wise men eat them." It is reported that he forgot his celebrated hat, without which he was never able to appear on the platform.

Ole Bull has been here and given a series of successful concerts, including two or three positively *last* farewell concerts; however he has returned for positively three more concerts only. His style and performance are still the marvel as days of yore—I do double harmonics in the variations on the "Carnival of Venice" were really exquisite. Speaking of violinists, I may as well mention those I have heard, of which Mr. Listemann ranks first; his playing is full of vigour, excellent tone and fine bowing. Mr. W. Hayes although a fair violinist, is greatly wanting in vigour; but as he is still young will no doubt improve.

We had two musical festivals on a large scale—one at Boston the other here. Unfortunately I was not able to be present at Boston arriving there just the day after its revolution, all criticisms which I have read agree in pronouncing it a success. The New York Festival from the 18th to the 23rd May, was, in a musical point of view, everything that we could expect and on the whole, very well attended. But musical festivals are not here the same as in the old country; there it is the praiseworthy effort of a society headed by an influential committee of noblemen and gentlemen, to bring before the public the best works of the great composers, and handing the profits to some charitable institutions; here it is the enterprize of a speculator to make money. Hence also the difference in the efficiency of the choruses. In England they are under constant training, everyone aiming through regular attendance to contribute his part to the general excellency of the chorus; here the singers are taken where they can be got, and a very few rehearsals are sufficient for such a festival as this, it would be quite impossible to bring out any new work requiring special chorus training. Thus we had in this department repetitions of the *Messiah Creation* and *Elijah* under the direction of Mr. B. L. Ritter who has very good conductor. The principal parts fell to Madame Parepa Rosa, Mr. Simpson, whose fine tenor voice was especially effective in the *Creation* and Mr. J. R. Thomas. We had such a host of other artists assisting that it would be almost impossible to enter into details, however much I would wish to do so, as a hint to some of them might be useful although coming from a long way off still every intelligent musician here reads your *Musical World*. The orchestra performed several overtures, symphonies, &c. under the direction of Mr. Th. Thomas in excellent style, and pleased me extremely beyond all my expectations, as I had often been greatly disappointed when listening to their performances at the Sunday Evening Concerts in Steinway Hall; however they did not consist their of more than 30 while upon this occasion they numbered 100 performers. If Mr. Thomas, as conductor, would only exhibit a little more animation—which no doubt would excite an animating influence upon his orchestra—and take his *tempi* a little more *presto*, I feel confident it would be a great improvement.

We had several works for the first time among others Reinecke's overture *Manfred* a work full of sparkling freshness. Mr. Ritter's symphony exhibits a clever musician as the author, but is too long and requires curtailing; while on the other hand the string instruments are too much employed, and by giving the wood and reed instruments a few min passages more light would be thrown, which no doubt, would be a rational improvement.

Mesdms. Mills, Pattison and Pease our best pianists here, assisted at the Festival and sustained the well-earned opinion of the public. Mr. Lanz played the second and third movement of his concerto. The *barcarole* is rolling and effective, and made a favourable impression, but I cannot say so much of the last *allegro moto ingrato*, which was *facile*, was wanting in energy. Mr. G. W. Morgan the great organist contributed personally an instrumental overture, *St. John the Baptist*, his own composition; but although bearing a biblical name it bore little trace of Biblical inspiration. This gentleman, formerly of Gloucester Cathedral, and for thirteen years organist of Grace Church, New York, has just resigned his appointment, and is succeeded by Mr. Samuel Warren, a young American organist of considerable merit, and a pupil of Haupt of Berlin.

Now a brief outline of dramatical doings. *The White Fawn* still proves a great attraction at Niblo's Garden having been performed 150 times successfully. Mr. Howard Glover of London, Lond., &c. has taken the conductor's appointment since May 1st, and hence we have had occasion to hear part of *Fore o' Shooter*. *Humpty Dumpty*, at the Olympic, has still a great fall every night and draws good houses. At Wallack's Theatre, *The White Cockade* has been brought out, and crowded audiences have enjoyed the play immensely. This is the only theatre in New York where a good drama is performed and hence all lovers of the legitimate play flock here every night, never disappointed.

Madame Ristori and her excellent company are again for a short *farewell* tour at the French Theatre. *Sir Tyrone* and *Maria Antoinette* are the stock pieces.

I cannot conclude this epistle without referring to the struggle which has been going on here for a long time between our two leading pianoforte manufacturers, Steinway and Chickering; each claiming to have received the *first* gold medal at the Paris Exposition. Considerable excitement prevailed as to who was right and musical papers took, of course, opposite sides according to personal interest, when Messrs. Steinway and Sons published the following:—

OFFICIAL CERTIFICATE

Of the President and Members of the International Jury in Musical Instruments (Class X):—

Paris, July 20, 1867.

I certify that the Prize Gold Medal for American Pianos has been unanimously awarded to Messrs. Steinway by the Jury of the International Exposition.

First on the list in Class X.

Meurice, President of International Jury
Ch. Lucien Lefebvre, Antoine Tomas, E. Hamelle, F. A. Gevaert, J. Scudmalian, } Members of the International Jury

This, and the translation of M. *Fétis* official report, entering into all the merits of the different makers, settled, of course, the matter; whereupon Messrs. Chickering turn round and advertise that they were the only makers who received the *first* gold medal and the Cross of the Legion of Honour. Every man who knows anything of the matter laughs of course, at the absurdity of mentioning the Cross of the Legion of Honour as a prize at the Exposition. It may, of course, have been obtained as a dove *prize* at the Exposition as a bird of rose-up for disappointment in not getting the *first* gold medal, but are direct from the members of the Internal and Jury for such a prize as the Cross of the Legion of Honour was never bestowed on the list for competition. As this is not a mere personal, local nor nations matter but a subject that interests the whole universe I trouble the readers of the *Musical World* with it.

New York June 3, 1868.

AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER FROM MENDELSSOHN.*

Leipsic, the 12th April, 1846.

"My dear and respected Baroness,—Since those never-to-be-forgotten days which I passed in Milan I have not written to you, and probably you scarcely know how profound and unchangeable my great esteem for you has become in my heart. Few days have passed since then without my thinking often and long of your kindness and friendliness, and again thanking you for the same. I had my share of all the good and lovable I could hear about your life, though I was compelled to be far away and remain silent. To-day after so many years an opportunity has at length presented itself for writing to you, and I cannot let it escape me, since I know that my writing will afford you gratification.

"The fact is my friend Jenny Lind is going to Vienna and I should like you to become acquainted with each other for I mean in the whole course of my existence, not a more noble more genuine and more sincere artist, and I also know nothing that nothing could give you greater pleasure than to make the acquaintance of such an artist. Had she ever sung you a little song as executed a grand air I should not require to say any more; you will have her and consequently I do cut and another word.

"I must now beg that you too, will sometimes kindly give me a place for a moment in your memory. The hours passed in your house were indeed delightful! If you should desire further details of my sayings and doings, Mdlle. Lind is the very best person to tell you all about them; for I have seen her very often, and she knows everything concerning you and mine.

* To the Baroness von Ertmann. Communicated by Sig. S. C. Marchesi.

"May I beg that you will not doubt the unchangeable attachment and heartfelt gratitude with which I am, and shall be as long as I live, your most devoted FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY."

The above letter from Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy to the Baroness Ertmann,* was written at the time Jenny Lind was about to make her first appearance in the Imperial city. It is interesting to learn from it what a high opinion Mendelssohn entertained of Jenny Lind, and what respect he had for the Baroness Ertmann, whom acquaintance he made in Milan.†

As this lady was not merely a distinguished pianoforte player, but, for a long series of years, the friend and patroness of Beethoven, we here append a biographical sketch of her.

Dorothea Baroness Ertmann was born at Offenbach, near Frankfort on the Maine, where her father a rich manufacturer, resided. From her earliest girlhood, she exhibited an extraordinary talent for music; but as, when a child, she found the first lessons very distasteful, she was frequently tied by her mother to the music-stool, which she often recollected afterwards with a thankful heart. When eighteen she married the Baron von Ertmann, a captain in the Austrian service, who died as Lieutenant Field Marshal at Milan.

During her residence in Vienna, where she lived several years, the Baroness Ertmann became accidentally acquainted with Beethoven. She happened to meet him in the shop of Herr Hoslinger, the music-publisher, who had shown her some Sonatas of Beethoven's which had just appeared, remarking, as he did so, that they were very beautiful, but that they had many opponents. The Baroness immediately proceeded into a room adjoining the shop, played the Sonatas through with a practised hand, and hardly expressed her rapture at them. She had scarcely concluded speaking, as a young man of bashful appearance went up to her and introduced himself as the composer. From that moment, Beethoven was a daily visitor of her family. He himself taught her how to play all his Sonatas, and he never tired of relating how aimed he was, and how often he used to place his arm upon her hands, while she was playing, so that she might not move them about too much.

The Baroness Ertmann soon found out how difficult Beethoven was to manage, but she bore patiently his whims and caprices, perceiving how unhappy he often felt. His absence of mind went frequently so far that, during dinner, he would complain of want of appetite, suddenly leave off eating, and then, for the first time, remember that he had already dined. He used to call the Baroness his St. Cecilia, saying she was the only person who understood him and his music. This did not prevent him from giving way to violent bursts of feeling with her as with other persons, and avoiding her house for weeks together. He would then return, hold out his hand to her without pronouncing a word, and peace was concluded.

When the Baroness had the misfortune to lose her last child, Beethoven was the only person who did not express his condolence with her under the calamity. After the lapse of several weeks, however, he called. Without uttering a word he proceeded to the piano, making a gesture of invitation for the Baroness to go and sit near him. He played and extemporised. "Such music," said the Baroness, "I had never heard! What he wished to express by it was the death of the child, and the joy of the angels, who greeted its pure soul in Heaven."

When he had concluded, he was not able to speak for weeping, and left the room. It was not until afterwards that he could tell the Baroness what he had then felt.

As we know, Beethoven dedicated to the Baroness Ertmann his Sonata, Op. 101, in A major. Among the Baroness's papers, after her death, were all Beethoven's Sonatas, with observations written in his own hand.

DRESDEN.—There is at present a great amount of bad feeling in theatrical and literary circles here in consequence of the Count von Platen-Hallermund, the General-Intendant, having deprived Herr Ludwig Hartmann, a well known critic and composer, of his free admissions to the theatre. A pamphlet which the incident has evoked from the pen of Dr. Hübler and which is entitled *Ein offenes Wort an den General-Intendanten Herrn Reichsgrafen v. Platen Hallermund* has already attained a third edition.

* Her maiden name was Grassmann. She was aunt of Madame Marchesi, née Mlle. Grassmann, and wife of Professor Marchesi.

† See *Mendelssohn's Letters*, vol. I.

REVIEWS.

Guirlandes de Mai. Cantiques à la Ste. Vierge. Par le Pape PIE IX. Pour l'Oratoire de Londres, musique de WILHELM SCHULTHES, Directeur de Musique à l'Oratoire. [Londres: Novello, Ewer et Cie.]

We have unfortunately had to speak unfavorably of the religious music composed by Herr Schulthes. As a writer for the Roman Catholic service he deserves to hold a high position. His melodies, and scarcely less, his harmonies, have, apart from their artistic merit, a certain passion—we had almost said sensuousness—admirably suited to a faith which appeals strongly to the feelings. This quality is very apparent in the songs before us. Father Faber's beautiful and passionate verses, which express the very luxury of religious sentimentalism, are wedded to most congenial music, and the result is all that can be desired. It is not necessary to notice the six pieces in detail, each being excellent of its kind; but we may instance the last—a "Salve Regina," as of greater pretension and of greater merit than the rest.

Oh! the Happy Days Departed. Song. Written by CHARLES MURRAY; the music composed by FRANZ ABT. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

This song is written with much feeling and shows a good deal of the merit apparent in Abt's best compositions. It may have little in common with the songs of classical writers, but on the other hand it is far removed from the ordinary run of its kind. Easy of execution, and moderate in compass, the little piece is likely to be well received.

God Bless our Sailor Prince. A national song, with chorus *ad lib.* The poetry by J. E. CARPENTER; the music composed by STERNDALE GLOVER. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

It is pleasant to contemplate the exceeding loyalty of ballad writers and composers. On every possible occasion they come forward with lyrics in honour of "the Queen upon the throne" or her family. Of course, the attempted murder of Prince Alfred was an opportunity not to be lost, and hence the effusion now before us. In such *pieces de circonstance* we look for heartiness rather than art. This condition the work of Messrs. Carpenter and Glover satisfies. The words are earnest if not eloquent, and the music is full of smartness if not of science.

Going Home. Song. Poetry by JEANNETTE THERALFALL; the music composed by CELATE. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

In these verses the poetess tells of a dialogue between herself and a child after the fashion of Wordsworth's "We are seven." She does it with much of the charming simplicity of her model, and Celate's music shows the same spirit.

The Hyacinth. The music composed by CELATE; the poetry by her Sister. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

The old story of "good in everything" is here once more re-told, and the hyacinth preaches of "fair haven in the land where all is peace." Some of the music is suitable, but the *coda*—the moral of the whole—by no means satisfies our taste.

Six Part-Songs for Mixed Voices. Composed by HENRY W. A. BEALE. [London: Alfred E. Malloch.]

The majority of these songs are pretentious, if not in design at least in the character of their working out. Mr. Beale has hardly been successful with one or two—as, for example, the "Valkelied" which is no improvement upon its Mendelssohnian source—but others of the six show considerable taste and skill. Chief of the latter is "The Bashi Bazouk to his Steed," a composition not at all unlikely to be much in request and to do for Mr. Beale what his more ambitious efforts may fail to accomplish. All things considered, the set is worth notice.

A Tiny Bark. Ballad. Words and music by ALICE. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

We have not the least idea who "Alice" is, but her pretty name at once enlists sympathy. Who could upbraid "Alice" lest her write words and music ever so badly. On the other hand who will not praise her for an outburst of devotion such as this—

> "I seem to see thee, o'er and o'er
> Long watching for me by the shore,
> And waiting patiently the while
> To glad me with thy cheerful smile.
> Oh! I would rather cast away
> All joy that life can give to-day
> Than I can more thy face behold
> When I come drifting on to thee."

Adieu, "Alice;" we wish your "Tiny Bark" bon voyage.

Faithless Robin. Ballad. Words by E. M. H.; music by LOUISA GRAY. [London: Heinzler & Co.]

A LOVELORN maiden sitting at her spinning-wheel, waiting for Robin, who never comes—such is the subject of this simple and pretty ballad. We like its unaffected and artless strains.

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Violoncelle de Palmerini à l'Office file du Roy Florence et de Maestro et de La Reine Grecque, fils de Comitus, Empereur de Constantinople by Jean Maggini, dit le Petit Ingenue. A perfect copy of this extremely rare Romance to be sold for Twenty-five Guineas.
Enquire of Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

ERRATUM.

It was M. Langhans (not Langhans), the new violinist from Paris who played a sonata of his own composition at Herr Lehmeyer's second *soirée*.

BIRTH.

On the 22nd inst., the wife of E. E. W. Wey, Esq., of Denham Place, Buckinghamshire, of a daughter.

DEATHS.

On the 17th inst., Robert Sloman, Esq., at Dudley, late of Worcester Street, Gloucester (aged 72), the beloved father of R. Sloman, Mus. Doc.

On the 20th inst., at 10, Gloucester Crescent, Regent's Park, Rosanna Cooper, wife of the late James Rosen, Esq., of Dunstan. Aged 29. Friends will kindly accept this intimation.

On the 20th inst., at La Celle St. Cloud (Seine et Oise), Madame Josephine Vieuxtemps, wife of M. Henri Vieuxtemps, the celebrated violinist.

NOTICE.

The Musical World *will henceforth be published on* Friday *in time for the evening mails. Country subscribers will therefore receive their copies on Saturday morning. In consequence of this change, it is urgently requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday, otherwise they will be too late for insertion in the current number.*

With this number of the Musical World *subscribers will receive four extra pages, and again, from* time to time, *as expediency may suggest.*

To Advertisers.—*The Office of* The Musical World *is at* Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co.'s, 244 *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock* P.M. *on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1868.

THE FESTIVAL OF THE LOWER RHINE.*

(*Concluded from p. 409.*)

THE first evening commenced with an address, by Herr Schrinck, a lawyer, who, in telling words, directed attention to the high significance possessed by the fiftieth anniversary of the Festival. Immediately afterwards, the opening strains of the *Messiah* resounded through the building. It was originally intended that the solos should be sung by Madame Harriers-Wippern, Madame Joachim, Dr. Gunz, and Dr. Schmidt. But the first-named lady having been taken ill in Königsberg, sent word to say she could not come. In her case, the committee had turn to telegraph to Madame Dustmann, requesting the latter to undertake the part. Dr. Schmidt, on the other hand, was not "indisposed" until after the rehearsals had commenced. By a really lucky chance that valuable artist, Herr Hill, happened to be in Cologne on his way to Holland, and was enabled to come forward like a genuine *Deus ex machina*; but for him, the committee, who, under any circumstances, had a very task to accomplish would have been placed in no slight difficulty. I cannot omit this opportunity of mentioning a peculiarity which distinguishes these musical festivals, and which subjects all who take part in them to a very severe, even if very honourable, ordeal. As I have previously hinted, for several years past, the custom has been introduced of selling tickets for the rehearsals. Though these tickets cost much less than those for the evening performances, they give the purchasers a certain right to expect that the performers should do not as if they were at rehearsal, but as if they were at a regular concert. It is easy for an instrumentalist to satisfy this expectation, because, as a rule, he is accustomed to exert all his energies when playing, and because a few hours repose enable him to overcome the fatigue which he feels from the heat, that is sometimes nearly insupportable. But, with a singer the case is different. He is, at one and the same time, both instrument and performer. If he is in the least fatigued, his instrument fails him, and anything that even the most eminent singer may do is a failure the moment his voice loses its strength. This has frequently happened with Stockhausen. Again, there is the fact that, if a distinguished and celebrated instrumentalist does not happen to come up to the expectations of the public at rehearsal, he can nevertheless collect all his strength, and make a hit in the evening, because, to do so, he merely requires to surmount an attack of momentary nervousness or depression, and he is certain of his instrument. But if a singer has not done well at rehearsal, either because his voice was fatigued, or suffering from some accidental drawback, a still harder lot awaits him in the evening than in the morning; if his instrument be out of order, not all the energy in the world is of any use, and the nervousness with which he appears before the public is not to be overcome; every tone which he endeavours to extract from his throat, and which issues therefrom colourless or absolutely out of tune, creates a feeling of dissatisfaction, a feeling of discomfort, among the audience, against which consideration, friendship and respect for the unhappy artist struggle in vain. Now, most theatrical singers are accustomed at rehearsal on those days when they have to sing in the evening, scarcely "to mark," that is, to hum over their part in an under voice, for fear to give it with all their force. Just fancy what must be the position of an artist, who, feeling that his voice is touched, and that it is only by the most tender treatment that it may perhaps carry him through at night, finds himself face to face with an audience who expect a perfect performance, and on whose verdict his success for the next three days partly depends! He must either sacrifice himself, like Madame Dustmann, or retire altogether as Dr. Schmidt did after the first rehearsal. Madame Dustmann, we have been generally assured, achieved a great triumph four years since (1864), at Aix-la-Chapelle. On the present occasion, however, her voice was so uncertain, and so tremulous throughout, that immediately after the first rehearsal of the *Messiah* and *Die Vestalin* the only feeling entertained for the fair and esteemed artist was one of commiseration. Dr. Schmidt, who had never sung at any musical festival on the Rhine before, and whose place of merely assuming his part was something quite unexpected by, and not precisely agreeable to, the audience, prolonged settling the matter at once. The interest of the audience was therefore, concentrated the first evening on Madame Joachim and for three reasons: because a considerable amount of reputation had preceded her from Leipsic and Bremen, because it was the first time she had sung at a musical festival, and because she bears the name of a most celebrated and most popular artist. And the expectations formed of her were most amply fulfilled. She possesses all the qualities requisite for a perfect oratorio singer; a full, beautiful, sympathetic voice, the purest intonation, a noble style, and finished execution. The very first air, "O du die Wonne verkündest," excited the enthusiasm of the audience, who, after the words, "Er war verschmähet" burst forth into a storm of applause such as was probably never before heard, except after the singing of Jenny Lind. The artist who achieved the greatest success, next to Madame Joachim, was Herr Hill, and the audience let slip no opportunity of bestowing on their favourite

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

the loudest marks of their approbation. That esteemed artist, Dr Gunz, had a difficult task to perform, but he maintained his old reputation, though his voice has lost much of the clear fresh quality distinguishing it in former years. With regard to the chorus and orchestra, their performance was something truly incredible. So much physical endurance, and so much love for art are requisite in this hot weather, to sing and play with always the same freshness, and always the same precision, at all the rehearsals and public performances, that it is impossible to indulge in too much praise.

The second day commenced with a *Cantata zum Pfingstfeste* by J. S. Bach, and though we cannot reckon the work among the highest productions of the great master, its introduction into the programme was still very acceptable. The solo parts were sustained by Madame Joachim and Herr Hill, and were thus in the very best hands. F. Hiller's second Concert Overture, which followed, is one of the best works of its class, in conception, realization, and dash, which never flags, and towards the end becomes most brilliant. What now shall I say of Mendelssohn's 114th Psalm, "Als Israel aus Egypten zog?" The sunny beauty and clearness of this work have long since penetrated to the heart of everyone who knows it, and though the final chorus is not on the same level as the preceding numbers and bears the stamp of formal art rather than of inspiration, the whole is still an imperishable monument of the most sacred poetic fire. The performance was quite worthy of the work. The second act of *Die Vestalin*, the principal parts of which were sung by Madame Dustmann and Dr Gunz, suffered from the unfortunate fact that the lady's voice was decidedly fatigued and that her depression extended more or less to the other artists engaged, and to the public. I cannot, moreover, refrain from saying that I think it was a mistake to select that portion of an opera in which one of the principal effects depends upon the dramatic situation and which, therefore, can only be carried out by acting. The second evening was brought to a conclusion by Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, the gems in the performance of which were the first movement and the *Adagio*, the latter being executed in a manner not to be surpassed. The *Scherzo* struck us now and that as being taken too quickly, and in the vocal quartet of the last movement (a quartet which certainly is one of the most ungrateful and hardest vocal tasks in existence), some confusion was occasioned by the indisposition of Madame Dustmann; the chorus and orchestra were admirable. The third evening—the Artists' Concert, as it is called—began with an overture by J. Rietz, which, from the neatness of its workmanship, and the skill with which it is carried out, has become a favourite piece with the public. A vocal chorus, with orchestral accompaniment, "Frühlingsnacht" composed expressly for the Festival by Hiller, contained some very beautiful bits, among which the middle strophe must be especially mentioned. The third piece was Bruch's Violin Concerto, executed by Joachim. The composer, who is still young, enjoys an early and well-deserved reputation, and several of his works (Scenes from the Frithjofsage, *Schön Ellen*) are very frequently played in the South of Germany. His Violin Concerto had already been executed by Joachim with great success in Bremen, and the fact of the eminent artist's selecting it for performance at the Festival, could not fail to exalt public curiosity and reputation to the highest pitch. The Concerto ought rather to be called a Concertstück, since the first movement is not constructed and carried out thematically, but (to use Bruch's own term) is a "Vorspiel" or "Prelude" followed by an *Andante* and a short *Rondo*, in the Hungarian style. Nevertheless, we do not hesitate ranking this work among the best productions of recent times. The Prelude is full of poetic dash; the *Andante* is very noble and rich in melody, and the *Rondo*, which, in a musical sense, we consider the least important part, produces a great and brilliant effect. The instrumentation, moreover, must be designated masterly; the orchestra is treated with a knowledge of the different nuances of tone not to be characterized as the result of great industry, but to be recognized as a peculiar artistic gift. How Joachim rendered his friend's work, I need not say; that the public were transported with delight, and that, after his subsequent performance of Spohr's *Andante* and *Allegro*, they went into perfect ecstasies, which induced him to add a *Gavotte* and *Bourrée* by Bach, will strike everyone of my readers as natural. Madame Joachim sang a profane cantata by Marcello, with all the charm of her magnificent voice and feeling style. Herr Hill sang Schumann's "Flutenrauschen Elve" and "Widmung," and Dr Gunz, Schubert's "Frühlingstraum" and a charming "Ritornello," by Hiller, both artists proving themselves masters of song-magic, and being distinguished by liberal applause. A rare treat of a high order was afforded by the execution of Schumann's D minor Symphony; this for executive perfection even in the finest touches, as well as for enthusiasm and dash, was perhaps the most brilliant orchestral effort of the whole Festival. All that remains to be recorded is that Madame Dustmann sang a song by Kirchner, meeting with the most considerate indulgence from the public, and that Handel's "Hallelujah" formed a most worthy conclusion to the Festival. After the sacrifices had been duly offered on the altar of music, the convivial pleasures commenced; some two hundred and fifty persons, the members of the committee, with their families and friends, Master Hiller, the soloists, and a large number of artistic visitors, and the representatives of the press, supped together in the Casinosaal. There was no lack of toasts; the most unconstrained and unclouded good humour animated the banquet, and the sun had long sunk over the hill tops, ere the last guests had left the building.

If we now cast a last glance on the Festival, and consider its organization and significance, the fact deserving most prominent mention is that Hiller's unshakeable physical and moral powers of endurance excited universal astonishment, a feeling that found vent in the rain of flowers with which the Master was overwhelmed after the third concert, as well as in the enthusiastic exclamations of the artists, when his health was drunk at the supper. A man like him, who, with unerring elasticity of mind, possesses the art of discharging the social as well as the artistic duties of his position, is necessary to give proper importance to a musical festival. The results are manifold; none of them ought to be undervalued, and it strikes me that one of the most important is the meeting of so many distinguished artists, and the *esprit de corps* fostered thereby. Everyone must contribute and subordinate himself to the general result, any instance of a man thrusting himself forward, and indulging in self-display, is instantly observed and not received with favour. Just as the public flock together from all parts merely to enjoy themselves intellectually, and to acknowledge immediately everything good, the artists must leave their private tendencies at home, and merely bear in view the general object of the gathering. This is a gain which cannot be too highly prized. It was delightful to see on what friendly terms the professional men were with each other; there were Bargiel, Brahms, Brassin, Breuning, Bruch, Otto Goldschmidt, Grützmacher, Laughaus (from Paris), Müller (from Frankfort-on-the-Maine), Fischlow (from Paris), Samuel (conductor of the Brussels Concerts Populaires), Schmitt (from Schwerin), Seubert (from Liége), Taubert (from Berlin) &c. The French press, too, had sent its representatives, and all agreed in declaring that this Festival was one of the most significant and delightful ever celebrated on the banks of the Rhine.

H. Ehrlich.

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THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—In reply to a question asked by Sir George Bowyer in the House of Commons on the 4th inst., with reference to the withdrawal of the annual grant of £500 to the Royal Academy of Music, Mr. Scholar-Booth is reported to have said "that it would require four times the amount of that grant,—viz., £2,000—to keep the Academy in a satisfactory condition and as other societies were pressing their claims for support, it was thought advisable to withdraw the grant. He hoped, however, that an extended plan for imparting a good musical education would sooner or later be brought into Parliament."

Without entering into the merits of such a method of reasoning, I now ask from a short space in your valuable column to set forth a few real facts which have not yet been made public.

When I accepted the office of principal, some eighteen months ago, I found that certain communications had passed between the Government and the institution, giving me the hope that the Academy was in a fair way of being permanently adopted and protected by the Government. This hope was strengthened by official documents, now in the possession of the institution and I was even invited to inspect the rooms provided for the Academy under a Government roof—an invitation which, although I was ready to accept, was afterwards withdrawn.

After this first act of antagonism to the old institution the directors wrote to the Government, asking in what way aid was to be afforded to the Academy and received for reply that the granting of rooms, as originally proposed, would imply an absolute protection of the institution which the Government declined to undertake.

Seeing that it was hopeless to lessen the heavy expenses of the Academy by obtaining a house, or even apartments rent free, another application was made by the directors for a subsidy of £2,000 per annum, it having been ascertained by careful calculation that the increase of greater one instruction by means of additional free scholarships, and the general enlargement of the institution, as insisted on by the Government as a condition for granting aid, could not be carried out without this assistance to its funds. To this the following answer was returned:—"That their Lordships were disinclined to grant a sum to be dispensed by private hands."

The directors met this objection by stating that they were perfectly ready to place the Academy under Government inspection, but this time they were met by a new reason—viz. that as less of a grant to the institution a system of "cheap musical instruction" was to be proposed under the direct control of Government.

To the next appeal from the directors (in which it was asked to what manner the free students and scholars who had been admitted on the faith of Government promises should continue their education), yet another reason appeared for the neglect of the institution—viz., that the Irish Academy of Music had also asked for support, and that the directors of the English Academy must see that the two institutions were equally deserving of attention.

Now there can be no question that all these separate reasons for refusing aid to an institution which has done so much for art in this country may be accepted as an indication that some scheme is concocting with which it is intended to supersede the only national institution that has any pretension to the education of professional musicians.

Such a step I feel certain, will be most fatal to the interests of the art, and the voice of the profession and of all who are interested in the continued advance of music in England will surely be raised against so retrograde a movement, as well as against the wretched parsimony (requiring four varying reasons to excuse it), which denies to the Royal Academy of Music a sum insignificant in amount as compared with the assistance granted to similar institutions by foreign Governments.

I therefore submit, Sir, that the extinction of the Royal Academy of Music would be an discreditable an event for the country, and for the age we live in, that should all aid be still denied by Government, I appeal as a last resource to the musicians throughout the country, both professional and amateur, to prevent its being closed, and I have little doubt that while a love for high art exists, we may still hope to maintain an institution so highly prized by all who are acquainted with it.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT, Principal.

Royal Academy of Music, June 15th.

[How entirely we share the sentiments expressed by Dr Bennett, whose letter was published in the *Times* of Saturday, June 20, shall be set forth next week.—ED. *M. W.*]

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

(*From the "Morning Post," June 23.*)

The seventh concert, which took place last night at the Hanover Square Rooms, was one of more than common interest. It began well, it went on, in the most part, well and it finished well. To take at once the beginning and the end, happier specimens of the genius of the two greatest of modern composers (by which we mean the two greatest composers who come after Beethoven) than Mendelssohn's overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and Spohr's to his opera *Jessonda* could hardly be named, though the genius of Mendelssohn soared far beyond that of Spohr while his overture, considering the early age at which it was written, belongs to the phenomenal achievements in the history of the art, which can hardly be said of anything that Spohr ever produced. Both are undoubted *chefs-d'œuvres*, and finely given, as they were last night under the direction of Mr Cusins, both were right welcome, as was proved by the loud applause with which they were greeted.

There was only one symphony, but that one symphony was the glorious *Pastoral* of Beethoven, a 'concerture' standing alone—the origin of what has been absurdly christened "programme music," and the forerunner of almost as many bad things (instance the symphonies of Dr Liszt, the *Ocean Symphony* of Herr Rubinstein, the *Columbus Symphony* of Herr Abert, &c.) as of good ones, such as the concert overtures of Mendelssohn and Sterndale Bennett, the *Weihe der Töne* of Spohr, &c. The symphony was, for the most part, very admirably executed, and each movement was warmly applauded.

Then we had a new violinist, Herr Beckirsky, who brought with him a concerto of his own manufacturing, which he played con amore—as might have been expected from the father of his child.

But the most interesting feature, and the most brilliant success, of the concert was the concerto in F minor, for the pianoforte with orchestral accompaniments, among the published compositions of England's greatest and most gifted musician, William Sterndale Bennett, who, though a "Doctor in Music," and occupying the chair of musical professor at the University of Cambridge, is none the more illustrious on that account, inasmuch as he owes the well-deserved celebrity he enjoys, here and abroad entirely to the admirable compositions he has given to the world. This concerto of Dr Bennett—Professor Bennett—or as we prefer to style him plainly, Sterndale Bennett—is one of the noblest things of its class that have enriched the repertory of the pianoforte. It has a first and a last movement, either of which Mozart and Mendelssohn might have written in partnership, evincing as they both do the fluent and masterly treatment of the earlier musicians, the fire and unflagging energy, together with the bright and glowing colouring of the latter. But there is also, for middle movement, a *larghetto* of such exquisite melodious loveliness that it can have been nothing else than an inspiration, and this one movement, without reference to its companions, would stamp the concerto in F minor as a production of the highest genius. Like all the published concertos of its author (and it is well known that two—one in the same key, namely in A minor—still remain in manuscript) the No. 4 is crowded with difficulties, difficulties only to be overcome by pianists with whom difficulties count for nothing—such pianists, for example as Mendelssohn and (as many amateurs still may recollect) Sterndale Bennett himself about the time he wrote this and many other works more or less approaching it in merit.

The pianist last night was Madame Arabella Goddard, who alone among the distinguished players of the day comes from time to time before the public with one of the concertos of her eminent brother musician and compatriot. For very many years past, but for this lady, the concertos of Sterndale Bennett—the best of which are in no way inferior to those of Mendelssohn and may be

ranked, indeed, side by side with those of any known composer—would have remained unheard. That they would have come to light again some future day can hardly be doubted. Such music was not written for oblivion. Meanwhile, however, the present generation of amateurs are indebted to Madame Goddard for the few opportunities afforded them of appreciating the wonderful beauties to be found in these concertos. She has performed the No. 2 (in E flat), the No. 3 (in C minor), and the No. 4 (in F minor) at the Philharmonic Concerts and elsewhere, and invariably with brilliant success. But on no occasion that we can remember has she played any one of them so magnificently from end to end as the concerto in F minor last night. Not to enter into detail, we may add that every movement was applauded with fervour; that Madame Goddard, had she felt so inclined, might have repeated the charming *barcarole*; and that at the end of the concerto she was enthusiastically summoned back to the orchestra. A more genuine triumph was never obtained; and as this triumph was shared between an English composer and an English executant, it was all the more grateful to those who cared about English art.

There was also some singing by Mdlle. Sinico and Madame Demeric-Lablache. The rooms were crowded, and among the many well-known and distinguished performers present was the veteran pianist and composer, Herr Moscheles.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.

(*From the "Saturday Review"*)

We have had another Handel Festival: the fourth since the experimental one of 1857, and the third since the commemoration in 1859 of the centenary of the illustrious musician's death. The progress made since 1857 in improving the so-called "Handel Orchestra" and in converting the Centre Transept of the Crystal Palace, by slow but sure degrees, into a vast concert-room at once marvellous and favourably adapted for musical effect, is remarkable. Mr. Bowley has done wonders, and Mr. Costa, in his way, has done wonders too. At each successive Festival a step onward towards the desired perfection has been taken; and now at last the "General Manager," who, compared with any other general manager entering for the public entertainment, is a Colossus to a pigmy, has imagined and carried out the happy idea of two enormous screens, hanging from the roof, on either side of the orchestra, more than three parts down towards the base of the Transept. To have virtually enclosed the area in front of the orchestra, on every side, would be a still greater triumph; but as this was impracticable—for a very sufficient reason, inasmuch as it would have shut out many thousands who come to hear the music as best they may, and who are satisfied with places outside the inevitable barriers—it is of no use speculating further on what might have been its result. Certainly on no former occasion has the effect of the Handel Festival been half so impressive as during the very splendid performances of the present week.

Opinions differ about the absolute good effected by these exceptional gatherings. Some insist that even the chorus and orchestra at Exeter Hall are already in excess of all legitimate requirements, some point to the resources at Handel's disposal in Handel's lifetime; while others cite the oft-quoted opinion of Beethoven—that an orchestra sixty strong was all that is necessary for the adequate execution of his symphonies. No doubt the music at the Handel Festival would have been little to the taste of Othello, who, if we may credit the ordinary stage instruct the musicians attending the Moorish General on his wedding night, liked "music so well that he desired them, 'in all love, to make no more noise with it.'" But though Othello is quoted as an authority "in regard not greatly to hear music," he is happily an exception. Mr. Costa would by no means have suited him for a chapel master any more than Mr. Bowley would have suited him for a master of ceremonies. There is, however, another side to the question. The Handel Festivals—now we are glad to believe, permanently established as "triennial"—are really the most social gatherings in existence. They bring together people from all parts of the country who meet for a common purpose, the successful accomplishment of which has been engrossing their thoughts, and occupying very much of their time during the interval of three years that elapses between Festival and Festival. The chorus, of some three thousand singers, and upwards, represents, as we all know, the flower of the choral societies all over England—societies entitled to respect, not only because they diffuse the taste for a beautiful and ennobling art, but because they offer inducements to countless worthy people who might devote their leisure to much less harmless, and, at the same time, much less profitable, occupation than that of the practice and study of part-singing. More than one of our considerable country towns might securely challenge the capital to an encounter in the art of choral singing; and Birmingham, Norwich, Bradford, Leeds, among others, would probably come off victors. But the only common ground on which they can all meet is friendly association in London—which Mr. Bowley, formerly one of the most zealous promoters of the fortunes of the Sacred Harmonic Society, having largely widened his sphere of action, has for years persuaded the world of music to look upon as Sydenham. An ordinary visitor at the Crystal Palace in the Handel Festival week may gaze at that biggest of orchestras, from any part of the Centre Transept—the diameter of which is so often exultingly set forth, in the official advertisements, as "twice that of the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral" underneath which 5,000 children from the charity schools annually meet and sing—without giving himself a moment's trouble to reflect upon how they can possibly have been brought together. And really the system of organisation through which the various members of this gigantic chorus are trained in advance, by separate conductors, and then placed under the despotic control of a single chief, who finds all ready to his hands and has simply to make the best use of the elements at his disposal, is something to be wondered at. No doubt Mr. Costa is the generalissimo of generalissimos in his department; but as the preparations for the Handel Festival he owes very much to certain "provincial" martyrs, who smooth the way for him. The only one, perhaps, title to hero in strict discipline or vast host. It is not the less an advantage to him that the various ingredients which compose this host are thoroughly prepared. They come to him from north and from south, from east and from west, well trained in what they have to do, and all enthusiastic about the result of their united efforts. Thus and thus only are such exceptional performances as those of the Handel Festivals be possibly accomplished. To which it may be added that no other music than that of Handel and not all the music even of Handel could accommodate itself to such conditions. There is a certain breadth of outline in the larger works of this unique master combined with an absence of minute details to be found in them of no other composer, and it may be stated, with all deference to Mozart, that at the first performances of this and previous festivals, had the additional accompaniments which Mozart wrote for the *Messiah* been omitted, they would rare exceptions allowed for, hardly have been missed.

The programme for the week has been almost precisely the same as that of the last Festival—in 1865. The *Messiah* was given on the first day (Monday), *Israel in Egypt* on the last (Friday), and as usual, a miscellaneous selection on the second (Wednesday). The execution of the *Messiah* was positively marvellous, and when, during the performance of the magnificent "Hallelujah" chorus—an outburst of homage and thanksgiving that has never been excelled, never, in fact, equalled in music—an eighteen or nineteen thousand people reverentially stood up, the impression upon the most indifferent looker-on to say nothing of those in whose hearts every sentence of the "Hallelujah" and the other great choruses in the *Messiah* find a responsive echo, must have been extraordinary. At such a moment all the talk about superfluous means and appliances, about the number of singers and the number of players, was reduced to insignificance, and the conviction that the "Hallelujah," with twice as many singers and players, would still not be overweighted, can hardly fail to have presented itself to every mind. It was more or less, the same with other choruses—for example, "And the glory of the Lord," "For unto us a Child is born," the superb scene contained in the *Passion* music, commencing with "Behold the Lamb of God," and ending with "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all," the jubilant "Lift up your heads," and last, not least, the glorious final chorus, "Worthy is the Lamb," culminating in an "Amen" that Handel himself has nowhere else approached. True there was, here and there, a quasi-scramble—as, for instance, in the fugue "He trusted in God," and—where a multitude of singers are engaged—the often not unmanageable "Let us break their bonds asunder;" but, regarded as a whole, the choral singing in the *Messiah* on Monday was, with out exception, the finest we can remember. The solo singers, too—Mdlle. Tietjens, Madame Sainton Dolby, Madame Enderssohn, Mesars. Cummings, Santley, and Sims Reeves—all did their best, the best of the best, however, being Mr. Sims Reeves's pathetic delivery of the music of the *Passion* from "Thy reproach hath broken his heart" to "But thou didst not leave His soul in Hell," for the restoration of which last to a tenor voice (in accordance with Handel's own design) we are indebted to the first of English musical critics—Mr. Macfarren.

The selection on Wednesday, though richly varied and extremely interesting, was much the same in its general features as the selection on the Wednesday of 1865. We had again the "Epinician" series of choruses—set of *Saul* from "How excellent is Thy name" to "Hallelujah," descriptive of the exultation of the Jews at the triumph obtained by their hero David over the Philistine giant, Goliath; the masterly and impressive chorus "Rejoice, ye sons of Hell," from the same oratorio (immediate predecessor of *Israel in Egypt*), the chain of choruses from *Solomon* (which came after *Judas* and preceded *Susanna*), beginning with the gorgeous and exhilarating "From the cedar,"

and including the whole of the music generally known as the "Famous" "Immortal Lord" from *Deborah* Handel's second English oratorio (*Esther* being the first), which used at one time to be, but is now no longer, given by the Sacred Harmonic Society—the so termed "Epithalamium" from *Solomon*—"May no rude intruder," and for climax, "See the conquering hero comes," that personal trio with chorus, which originally belonging to the seldom played *Judas Maccabæus*, is invariably introduced in the often played *Judas Maccabæus*. Besides these, there were two very unfamiliar choruses—"He saw the lovely youth" from *Theodora*, a work if we except the English adaptation of his very first oratorio, composed in Italy (*The Triumph of Time and Truth*) was Handel's last work of the kind but one (the last being *Jephtha*), and—"Now Love that everlasting boy" from *Semele*, one of the English so-called "oratorios." Both of these were interesting, not merely because, the first especially they are very fine, but because they were utterly unknown to nine hundred and ninety-nine out of one thousand of those present—neither *Theodora* nor *Semele* having been performed in England since Handel's time. Then we had the bright, if somewhat comic overture to the hastily manufactured *Occasional Oratorio*, and the "Dead March" from *Saul* which critics unanimously cite as the "sublime of simplicity," and which if not exactly "sublime," is unquestionably very simple. It is almost needless to state that these were admirably performed by the orchestra seeing that, notwithstanding the instruments superadded (by Mr. Costa, we presume) to the march in the overture, there is scarcely anything in either of them which for such a company of experienced players, is much more than child's play.

The solo singing in this varied selection was excellent; but with very few exceptions it was devoted to pieces so familiar that it would be supererogatory to enumerate them, even in a catalogue so *raisonné*. Mdlle. Christine Nilsson came forward (for the first time in London as an oratorio singer) with precisely the same airs which she sang last autumn at the Birmingham Festival—"From mighty kings" and "When men flattering," giving them precisely in the same manner as on that occasion and with the same changes and *ad libitum* cadences. Mdlle. Kellogg sang "O had I Jubal's lyre," from *Joshua* and sang it extremely well. Mdlle. Tietjens gave "Piangerò," Mdlle. Carola attempted "Let the bright Seraphim" (executed with such wonderful spirit by Mdlle. Adelina Patti at the last Handel Festival), and was charitably allowed to dispense with the second part. Mr. Santley, as a matter of course, gave "O ruddier than the cherry" and as a matter of course was obliged to repeat the quick movement. Madame Sainton and Mr. Cummings respectively introduced airs from *Solomon* and *Semele*. Madame Lemmens ventured upon the interminable "Sweet Bird," from *L'Allegro* (Jenny Lind's prescriptive property); while Mr. Sims Reeves gave "Deeper and deeper still" and its melodious and lovely sequel, "Waft him angels" together with the famous war song, "Sound an alarm" (with chorus), from *Judas Maccabæus*. For judgments upon these various performances we must refer our readers to the profusely eloquent descriptions of our daily contemporaries, who, in the way of mere criticism, have said all that can be said, and left us without expletives to eke out a sentence, complimentary or otherwise. At the same time we may in a word express our opinion that the finest and most legitimate singing of the day (all being singularly good), was that of Mr. Sims Reeves, in the most pathetic of declamatory recitatives "Deeper and deeper still" ("Jephthah's rash vow," as it was not to be styled), which the skill Braham earned renown for singing, although he never sang it with the genuine taste and expression of Mr. Reeves, with whom people are so fond of comparing him.

Israel in Egypt, with its picturesque and superb choruses, must be going on as a work of the great oratorio of *Exodus* it is unnecessary to speak. The *Israel* day—the last day—has always been, and will always be so long as the Handel Festival endures, the greatest day of the three. Meanwhile, we may conclude with saying that both the *Messiah*, on Monday and the miscellaneous selection, on Wednesday attracted many thousands more to the Crystal Palace than in 1861. The Royal box, most Royally fitted up, but it is true, been hitherto untenanted by Royalty; but if as we hope the Festival of which we speak is likely so prove in a financial as it may safely be affirmed to have been in an artistic, sense, the most successful ever known, the Handel Triennial Commemoration like Dryden—

"Secure in secret, immortality smiles—"

is not apparently destined to be overwhelmed by the waves of adverse circumstances, from whatever quarter.

Munich.—The principal parts in Herr R. Wagner's new opera, *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg* are thus cast: Hans Sachs, Herr Betz (from Berlin). Ritter Stolzing, Herr Nachbaur (from Darmstadt). Beckmesser, Herr Gustav Hölzel (from Vienna). Eva, Mdlle. Malinger. Magdalena Anna, Mdlle. Dietz; David, Herr Schlosser.

OWL'S HOWL.

Moping Hole Ivy Mantled Tower

Dear Peters,—I would say "my dear Peters, so more affectionate, but the weather is too hot for me to take needless trouble. Yet cannot doubt my affection, for I never write to you, and that is the kindest course a true friend can take. I know you feel that, my Peters.

Last week you inserted an account of a concert, at which a beautiful song, written by "your friend Shirley Brooks," was sung. I quote "your friend" for much as I should like to know that gentleman, I have never succeeded in doing so. I never saw the party. But I know from attentive observation of his style, that he is quite incapable of making "breath" rhyme to "oblest," as your usually most careful compositors have made him do, nor can I believe that he would introduce "this" twice in two connected lines. In fact I went and bought the song, and I find that instead of the terrible image of fire streaming out in a mother's breath, he wrote—

"Nor dare to call thy lot unblest,
While this is granted from above,
While in thy mother's natural breast,
Burns holy fire—thy mother's love,"

And a truly beautiful verse it is—perfectly exquisite; and, as I see by the papers that the writer is gone to visit Father of Ledbury—won't there be a row before they have talked for half-an-hour?—I send you this correction.

The reason for the mistake—or I mistake—was that you found the Crystal Palace hot, and the champagne cup cool, and you were quite right. Bless you. How is Fanny Mayhew? Ever yours,

To D. Peters, Esq. ZAMIEL OWL.

BENNETT NOT BENEDICT.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

Sir,—In your notice last week of the Misses Jewells' concert, you inadvertently named the *Rondo Piccante* played by Miss Ellen Jewell, as being the composition of Benedict instead of Bennett.—I am, Sir, yours obediently

June 20th. A SUBSCRIBER.

"L'AFRICAINE."

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

Dear Sir,—Although only an amateur I beg leave to express my astonishment at the very meagre delineated report and critique given in respect of Meyerbeer's great work, *L'Africaine*. In the general daily papers, where space is of value, I understand these loose reports; but in a paper treating exclusively of music I wonder that such a work has not been more fully commented upon—at least as to musical part, a fact in the musical world, and not as much on the plot as one single character which, although quite appropriate in its present case, yet does at the same time great injustice to the other two principals.

What caused the lamented composer to delay so much in bringing his work forward was the want of a tenor able to sing this intricate and trying music, to say nothing of that vigorous impulsive, and dramatic power which is requisite; and yet this character actually chosen by Meyerbeer himself is merely named (among subordinates, we may say) to be dismissed very briefly. Also, very little more is said of the next important character whose impersonation is extraordinary and his voice still more so. The next and most important striking feature which makes me wonder at the little comment made—in fact, no comment at all—is the grandeur of the music as performed by the orchestra. In my opinion, humble as I may be, the voice-on-voice is too attractive and people really do not seem to listen to those superb sounds depicting the true originality of the composer's genius.

I have witnessed the opera upwards of ten times, and every time I discover fresh movements—truly splendid—and am always astonished to see how little people seem to be impressed with these parts, however splendid, and with which the opera abounds. As a proof of the foregoing, you will observe during the movement à la mesure, nothing's going on and attention wanders—and what is the result? Although the opera has been performed often and particularly that part, they, the public, never fail to burst in applause in the *middle* of it! You will excuse an amateur addressing you thus, but I know I can give an offence in any way. It is only a wish I have to say for a week, weak though they may be, in favour of what should be said of a great opera, full of deep and wonderfully original music, and of its principal actors.—I remain, dear Sir, yours respectfully. E. L.

London, 22nd June, 1868. A New Subscriber.

[Had our correspondent been an *old* subscriber he would have read quite enough in the *Musical World* about the *Africaine*.—Ed.]

MR. JOSEPH BARNBY'S CHOIR.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—A report has obtained a considerable circulation through the medium of the press, to the effect that my choir from this time will cease to exist. As the statement is calculated to do me no injury, I must beg to be allowed to give it a most unqualified contradiction.—Faithfully yours, J. Barnby.

MDLLE. THERESE LIEBE.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—Having been present on Saturday last at the musical *soirée* of Madame Leopold at St. George's Hall, I beg to draw your attention to the brilliant playing of Mdlle. Thérèse Liebe (violinist). It is indeed surprising to hear this young lady—only 13 years of age—executing the most difficult classical pieces with the deepest understanding and most magnificent performance. The real genius of music approaches the listeners and the effort surpasses all anticipation. Mdlle Liebe draws from her instrument a tone so full round sympathetic, and energetic as to remind us of the wonderful playing of Joachim. Asking you to oblige me by inserting these lines in the *Musical World*, I enclose my card, and I remain, Sir, your obedient servant C. A. R.

June 23rd.

CONCERTS VARIOUS

Mr. Frank Elmore's annual concert was given in the Hanover Square Rooms on Thursday week. His own contributions to the programme began (after jointly the Sisters Doria in Leslie's trio "O Memory") with "Adelaide," in which he had the good fortune to be accompanied by Mr Lindsay Sloper. The pensive love-song was well delivered and not less well received. Mr Elmore next joined Misses Edith Wynne and R. Doria in Balfe's "I'm not the Queen," afterwards singing Benedict's popular "Rock me to Sleep" with much expression. The concert-giver was well supported by—in addition to the artists already named—Madames Dean, Sofia Vinta, Emmeline Cole, Signor Ciabatta and Herr Reichardt, vocalists. Miss Madeline Schiller (encored in Thalberg's *Inverno*) Miss Sophie Angelino, Messrs. Carl Hause, Tito Mattei, J. B. Chatterton, and Cheshire, instrumentalists.

Mr. Lansdowne Cottell lately gave two interesting morning concerts at Mr Wornum's Rooms, Store Street. All the executants were selected from Mr Cottell's pupils. The rooms were crowded on both occasions, and the young *dilettanti* received flattering encouragement. Herr Lehmeyer ably conducted. The third and last concert of the series is announced for July 22.

Mdlle. Louisa Leale's *matinée* was given on Thursday week, at 7, Buckingham Gate, under distinguished patronage. The *bénéficiaire* sang first her own ballad, "In the Woodlands," which was very favourably received. She afterwards gave Schira's "Sognai" (harp and violoncello *obbligato* by Mr B. Reeves and Mr M. Albert respectively), Arditi's "Bacio" (Il Bacio) and lastly took part with Mr G. Stanico in Verdi's "Se m'ami ancor." Other vocal pieces were contributed by Signor Caravoglia, who was encored in Mattei's romance, "Io la perdei." In addition to the instrumentalists above named (each of whom played a solo) Signor Tito Mattei, Signor Regondi, Signor Bisegni and Herr Fittig (Zither), had a share of the programme.

Miss Louisa Enoch's annual concert took place on the 6th inst., at 10, Portman Square, and was attended by a very crowded audience. Herr Engel first played (with Herr Schlesinger) an arrangement for piano and harmonium of the *William Tell* overture. This was followed by a solo on themes from *Faust*, the minuet from *Don Giovanni*, and "Home, sweet Home," with variations (encored). Herr Engel also took part in several concerted pieces, in each giving much satisfaction. The concert-giver was assisted by Mdlle. Christine Nilsson (encored in Engel's *solo*, "La Rosa"), Miss Fanny Holland, Madame Dolby, Herr Reichardt, Signor Gardoni, M. Jules Lefort (encored in Engel's "Fedele in Amore"), M. Sainton, Mr. John Thomas, and Herr Kohn.

Mrs. Jonas Maryanski gave her second pianoforte and vocal recital in St. James's Hall last Tuesday, when she was assisted by Miss Robertine Henderson and Mr W. H. Cummings, whose very effective singing of Nicolai's popular duet, "Oun Verdi" was much applauded. Mr Cummings was encored in David's *barcarole*, "O sua mattinata," and Miss Henderson in G. A. Macfarren's new ballad, "The Golden Heart," the beautiful words of which (by Miss Procter) excited as much admiration as the music. Mrs. John Macfarren played several masterpieces of the great pianoforte composers to the great delight of a very numerous audience. Her brilliant execution of Brissac's Fantasia on Weber Melodies and of Walter Macfarren's "Third Tarantella" effected in both cases, the compliment of a re-call; and the bright and facile manner in which she threw off Professor Bennett's sparkling musical sketch "The Fountain," met with such cordial and unanimous recognition, that its repetition was inevitable.

The programme of Miss Agnes Zimmermann's concert (at Hanover Square Rooms, 22nd ult.) was worthy of that young and talented pianist's reputation. It included Beethoven's Trio (Op. 70 No. 2)—Herr Ansorge and Signor Piatti assisting the concert-giver. J. S. Bach's *Gavotte* from his sixth Violoncello Suite (transcribed by Miss Zimmermann), a very clever sonata (MS.) for piano and violin, also the work of Miss Zimmermann of which we must speak at length hereafter; Schumann's fanciful pianoforte solo "Carnival," and Chopin's grand *Polonaise* for piano and cello. In all these the *bénéficiaire* exhibited the talents which have gained for her so enviable a place in public estimation. The vocal music was sustained by Miss Julia Elton and Mr. Cummings.

Emma Bellert's concert at St. George's Hall on Monday week was one of varied attractions. The programme included several pieces which served to display the concert-giver's powers as a vocalist. Among these were—Romer's setting of "A Psalm of Life," Bizet's duet from *Cinqmars*, "Vedi e cura" (sung with Mdlle. Clara Doria) Mattei's *buffo* song, "Il Farfallone" and last, not least "Miei rampell." Other selections, vocal and instrumental, were given by the Sisters Doria, Mdlle. Valentini, Mrs Lucy Franklein, Signor Gardoni, Mr Henry Gordon, Mr Vernon Rigby, Signor Caravoglia (encored in Mattei's "Io la perdei"), Mr Frank Elmore and Signor Tito Mattei. Signori Bevignani and Li Calzi conducted.

A Pianoforte Recital lately given by Mr Eldley Prentice deserves notice. The programme was an excellent one. It began with Mozart's Fantasia and Fugue in C major after which came Beethoven's Sonata in A major for piano and violoncello (Signor Piatti assisting the concert-giver) Chopin's Fantasia, in G sharp minor the "Harmonious Blacksmith" Handelsohn's Variations in D major for piano and violoncello, and the same composer's Sonata in E major for piano alone. In all these Mr Prentice gave much delicate to a full audience. The vocal music was supplied by Madame Dowland who, in the course of the afternoon sang two pretty songs by the concert-giver.

Fräulein Annette Montanari's *soirée musicale*, which took place at 18, Craven Hill, was a successful affair. The concert-giver herself sang several songs, much to the satisfaction of her audience. Among these were—"Sombres lectis" from *Guillaume Tell*, Benedict's "Maiden's Dream," Mattei's romance, "Tornera," Meyerbeer's "Father Mother" (encored) Oberthür's "Serenade," and Gaul's "The Faithful Echo," the last two accompanied by their respective composers. Fräulein Mehlhorn was assisted by among others, Mdlle. Strindberg, Mdlle Angelo, Mdlle. Valentini, Signor Caravoglia, Signor Agretti, Signor Bisegni, and Signor Tito Mattei. Herr Gaul conducted.

St Mark's College Exhibition Fund.—A concert in aid of the funds of the Society of St Vincent de Paul was given last Wednesday evening in the drawing-room of the above establishment, which was comfortably filled by a fashionable audience. The principal soprano was Miss Blanche Gottschalk, whose singing of the "Air des Bijoux," from *Faust*, was warmly applauded, the upper notes being particularly bright and clear. Miss Amelia Madot sang Proch's "Adieu" with much refinement and taste, but the effort was somewhat marred by a little flatness in the violoncello *obbligato*. Madame Elwood Andrews rich contralto voice told very effectively in "Vina la Patria," and all three ladies joined in Cimarosa's favourite trio, "My Lady the Countess," which was one of the most decided successes of the evening. Miss F. Harvey's unexceptionable rendering of the exacting solo in the "Tramp Chorus" gave marked satisfaction. Mr Holland, who has a fine baritone voice and finished style, sang Sullivan's "If doughty deeds," and also a duet with Madame Andrews. The principal feature in the instrumental portion of the programme was Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor, played with much power and brilliancy by Mrs. G. Carrow, the orchestral parts being ably represented by a quartet of strings. The other instrumental pieces were an "Air varié" of De Beriot, played by a gentleman who was loudly and deservedly applauded, but whose name was not announced; a cornet fantasia on *Martha*, also very well received; Mozart's Quartet No. 1, and the overtures to *I Italiani* and *William Tell*, effectively given by the full instrumental strength of the company.

PROVINCIAL.

Brighton.—A musical performance in connexion with a bazaar took place on Thursday, June 18th in aid of the fund for the enlargement of St John's Church Redhill. The principal feature of the *matinée* was the brilliant pianoforte playing of Mrs. John Macfarren, who executed a sonata of Beethoven and pieces by Weber, Brissac, Wallace, &c., to the great delight of a fashionable audience. Miss Beatrix Emmett, also, made a very favourable impression by her effective rendering of several songs, including G. A. Macfarren's "Late, so late," given with much fervour and intensity and a *cabaletta* of Romeo Aldo, which happily displayed the brightness and flexibility of her voice.

WAITS.

Signor Botteskini has arrived in Paris.

Rumour says that M. Gibs is about to retire.

Twelve of the Parisian theatres have closed their doors.

Mrs. and Mr. Joseph Robinson from Dublin are in London.

Moscheles, the renowned composer and pianist, is in London.

Félicien David's *Herculanum* was to have been revived at the Grand Opéra on Friday week last.

Vieuxtemps has been prevented coming to England by the death of his wife. He is at present in Paris.

M. Max Graziani has written a quadrille called *The Earl*, which he dedicates to the Marquis of Hastings.

M. Bagier has engaged for his next season at the Italiens Mdlle. Elena de Muraka, Signori Tamberlick, Fraschini, and Della-Sedia.

The preparatory examinations at the Paris Conservatoire, which began on the 5th inst., were presided over by the veteran Auber.

Among the audiences at Madame Arabella Goddard's second recital of the *Lieder ohne Worte* and the posthumous *Preludes* and *Studies* of Mendelssohn were Mdlle. Adelina Patti and Mr. Costa.

An electric organ, built by Mr. Barker, has just been opened in the Parisian Church of St. Augustin. It appears to have given great satisfaction.

Count Gudelcourt, director-general of the St. Petersburgh Imperial Theatres, is now in Paris, negotiating with M. de Saint-Georges for a new ballet.

Humane Mayhew's Last Musical Problem.—"Why do players on the violoncello always take snuff?" *Note* (by Printer's Devil).—"Nobody *Knows*."—*Punch*.

The third and last recitals of Madame Arabella Goddard and Antoine Rubinstein took place simultaneously, the one at St. James's Hall, the other at the Hanover Square Rooms.

M. Lenz, the enthusiastic author of *Beethoven et ses trois styles*, is now writing a critical and biographical work upon the composer of *Der Freischütz*. He is at present in Dresden looking up materials.

Madame Rey-Balla (Mlle. Gyon *dilettante* of to-night) had a very successful benefit performance at Seville. She sang in two acts of *Macbeth*, the second act of *Fra Diavolo*, and the trio from *I Lombardi*.

L'Art Musicale has the following:—"Three planists have been heard in London at three concerts given by the New Philharmonic Society. They are MM. Jaell, Lubeck, and Rubinstein. Of these the last obtained the least success."

The admirable "*buffo*," Signor Scalese, left London for Paris unexpectedly the other day, for reasons which, as they say, "have not transpired." Signor Scalese is a loss to any theatre seeing that he is the best living *buffo* after Ronconi.

La France Musicale wants to know (referring to a paragraph in *L'Ecoutant*) who is the "Hugo Pierson" spoken of as a celebrated composer. Our contemporary will be glad to learn that Hugh Pierson wrote an oratorio called *Jerusalem*, once performed at the Norwich Festival, and one at Exeter Hall.

Mr. Zerrahn, the conductor of the Boston Philharmonic Concerts, and musical director of the recent great Festival at Boston, is in London for a short visit. He was present at the Handel Festival, at the Philharmonic Concert on Monday, and is busily employed in judging for himself of what is going on among us just now in the art of which he is himself a distinguished professor.

The monster Tower drums which were used at the Handel Festival held in the Crystal Palace this year, were originally manufactured for the Great Handel Festival held in Westminster Abbey in 1784. They were called "Tower" drums owing to the fact that one of the heads was made from the skin of the celebrated lion known as the "Monster Leo," which was exhibited at the menagerie kept at the Tower of London about that period—a circumstance now almost forgotten. They were supplied by Messrs. Potter & Co., the military musical instrument manufacturers, of London and Aldershot.

A learned rescuing contemporary, in the course of a brilliant article on Madame Schneider and *La Grande Duchesse*, thus defends its favorable opinion of the music of M. Offenbach:—

"About the light and piquant music of M. Offenbach nothing can be said that has not been said over and over again. That the almost universal popularity it has obtained—and it is notorious that only musicians who, in the aggregate of the human race, are happily or unhappily as people may think, as a minority, condemn it—must be founded on some quality or qualities not possessed by every composer, is indeed by one out of a hundred composers, who throw off what they write in the mere careless and capricious manner, is incontestable. Whereon the special charm may lie we do not pretend to decide, but the charm is there, and those who feel it may not be curious to analyse their impressions; content to be amused, they know not how and care not wherefore."

The argument is incontestable, and the eminent composers of "Champagne Charley," "Not for Joe," &c., ought to be obliged to our contemporary for putting it into their hands.

MADAME PAREPA-ROSA.

Our readers were informed last week that Madame Parepa-Rosa and her husband are en route to California. We take the following impartial account of their farewell performance in New York from the *Tribune*:—

"The concert last night at Steinway Hall, with all its excellence, was rather a melancholy celebration, being a leave-taking between one of the most estimable vocalists who has ever visited us, and a public who have been for several years her admirers and friends. Madame Parepa has enjoyed an almost unparalleled popularity in New York, and she has richly deserved it. She has sung for us in every style of music, and in all has sung superbly. She has given to the concert-room a brilliancy to which it is not too familiar. She has illustrated the lyric stage with several performances of unexpected excellence, and in the grand stream of the oratorio she has won a glory which no woman in America ever won before. We shall miss her deeply during her absence, and it will be hard for anyone to please us in her place. Last night, to bid her good-bye, she had a fine audience and they seemed to enter into the spirit of the good old song, 'Auld Lang Syne' which, with others of her departing troops, she gave at the end of the evening. This is an inconstant world (as somebody remarks somewhere), but in her case we may be pretty sure that old acquaintance will not be forgotten. Her part of the programme last night included several ballads, Gounod's "Ave Maria," with violin, piano, and organ accompaniments, and a cavatina from *Semiramide*."

An electric organ, which will shortly be opened by Mr. Glover Wesley, is being built by Bryceson Brothers & Co. for Christ Church, Camberwell. This organ is to be placed in a chamber on the south side of the chancel, above the vestry, but the organist will sit on the opposite side, amongst the choir some fifty feet distant from the organ. The electric system is forthwith to be applied to the organ in St. Michael's Church, Cornhill. Messrs. Bryceson's contract having been accepted for the entire reconstruction of this large organ. The manuals will be placed at a distance of thirty feet from the instrument. Various pneumatics of wind and other improvements will also be introduced.

The Clayhant Junction Estate.—The first portion of the Bolingbroke Park property having been entirely disposed of, the usual allotment took place on the 24th inst. at the offices of the Conservative Land Society and a large sale thereof was effected. The competition for special plots was so great that as high as £50 was paid for a right of choice to secure priority of selection. Some notion of the high prices which suburban freehold land will fetch near a railway station is afforded when it is stated that the 113 plots sold in the first allotment ranged in price from £58 up to £1,000 per plot, and plots in the second portion were sold from £50 up to £100 each.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

Duff & Stewart.—"Vive la Joie," by H. Sauerbrey; "A Sister's Love," by C. Gounod; "The Golden Heart," by G. A. Macfarren; "A Dream of Enchantment," by E. L. Hime; "Daybreak," by E. L. Hime.

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Extra Night.—Mdlle. Christine Nilsson.

MONDAY NEXT, July 20th, Donizetti's Opera, "LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR," Edgardo, Signor Mariani; Nell of La Peyrouse, Florence (his first appearance); Enrico Ashton, Mr. Santley; Raimondo, Signor Fiorini; Arturo, Signor Agnesi; Normanno, Signor Casaboni; Alisa, Mdlle. Corsi; and Lucia, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson. Conductor, Signor Arditi.

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TUESDAY NEXT, July 21st (last time but one), Mozart's Opera, "LE NOZZE DI FIGARO."

MDLLE. TITIENS will appear as PAMINA, in Mozart's Opera, "Il Flauto Magico," THIS EVENING; and as LA CONTESSA, in "Le Nozze di Figaro," on TUESDAY NEXT.—HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

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RECITALS.

(*From the "Saturday Review" July 11th, 1868.*)

We believe that Franz Liszt, now Abbé Liszt, chief apostle of the "Art-work of the Future," inventor of Richard Wagner's household pianist to his Holiness Pio IX., composer of "oratorios, cantatas, "Realistic symphonies" &c.—the man who through his social influence and virtuosi, which all over Germany is enormous though happily elsewhere impotent, has done more harm to music than any of his contemporaries or predecessors—was the first to dignify a particular kind of musical entertainment with the pompous nickname of "recital." As Liszt, however played everything, his own music included, from memory, the title was, after all, not so inappropriate; but it has now come into general use, and whether the virtuoso exhibits with or without book, it is all one—his performances, as a matter of course, are "Recitals." We have and "Recitals" year after year in London, from every sort of player, big middling and diminutive, from pianists of the first class, from pianists of the second and third classes, and from comparatively obscure teachers, who ask their friends and pupils a guinea or half-a-guinea as may be expedient, for performances which ordinary musical amateurs would not pay a shilling to hear, or which, in fact, if the case were put to them, they would rather give a shilling not to hear. During the winter, spring and summer, some "Recitals" have been legion. Madlle Madeleine Schiller, a young and very promising artist, has recited no less than six times. Mrs. John Macfarren has recited, and her "Recitals" have derived no small share of interest from the annotations appended to each piece by her relative, Mr G. A. Macfarren. Mr Walter Cecil Macfarren, who recites annually for the edification of his immediate circle, the Misses Kingdon, Misses Gordon and Roberts (Kate), Miss Cinella Fynes, and other aspiring young ladies, have recited. Mr Sidney Smith, composer of popular pieces for the drawing-room, has recited some of his own compositions, together with "*pour une bouche bien jolie*," an occasional sprinkling of the "classical." Herr Schlosser, so enthusiastic Schumann, has disposed of his idol, quoad the pianoforte side of his productivity, in four "Recitals." Signor Tito Mattei has equally recited among other things a pianoforte-concerto by Signor Le Cibo, the orchestral accompaniments represented by a second pianoforte. Mr Hutton C. Allison has recited. Herr Cousen—who, though he can play well enough with two hands, has any ordinary mortal, musically (like M. Wolff), employs the left hand alone—has recited; and Mr Apponius has recited on the harp some hours, doubtless, if he had stint. Time, and many more, have recited according to the spirit moved and the fingers obeyed, several of them playing what are conventionally denominated "transcriptions"—in other language, arrangements, or derangements, of compositions never intended for the pianoforte, and still less in the grotesque shape they are made to assume. If the rage continues, we may look to Herr Emanuel Lieberth for a "recital" of his Musical Box, where, unless the "Pianoforte-automat" or "Electric automaton piano player" of M. Trastow be brought into action, we must surely stop for form that the "Musical Box" it would be impossible to descend to "Recitals" proceeding from animated fingers.

But from among all the motley company of pianists &c. who have recited during the current season, we are only able to pick out three whose performances, having a direct purpose, possessed any claim to public recognition. The unexcluded three are Mr Charles Hallé, Madame Arabella Goddard and M. Antoine Rubinstein. The "Recitals" given by these professors had specific objects in view. Mr Hallé wished to make the musical world familiar with all the pianoforte compositions of Schubert that have found their way into print. Madame Goddard was desirous of introducing the whole of the *Lieder ohne Worte* of Mendelssohn, together with his fine "Fantasia," Preludes, Studies and Sonatas; while M. Rubinstein especially aimed at exhibiting himself. As these renowned artists have little or nothing in common, we shall consider them separately.

To begin with the eldest of the three—Mr Hallé—who was more or less of a great name when Antoine Rubinstein and Arabella Goddard, the former by some years older than the latter, were what the Germans call "wunder-children," children able to do with ease that which nine tenths adults not of twenty, after long years of laborious application, are unable to accomplish even indifferently. Mr Hallé from the first was addicted to what is termed "classical," but which age having nothing to do with it, might just as well be simply denominated good, sound. In Paris, before the Revolution of 1848, he was famous at the Conservatoire, and elsewhere, for his performances of Beethoven's concertos; and when, in that year, after some two short visits, he settled in England, what had previously been his chief, thenceforth became his undivided pursuit. Mr Hallé never shone brilliantly as a player of fantasias and the choice which has influenced his long and honourable career evinced hardly less discretion than good taste. Though for many years habitually living at Manchester, where he has done more for music than any professor of ability who ever took up his residence in a provincial town, he is one of the most frequent and one of the most welcome participators of the Monday Popular Concerts, and in the summer season he makes the metropolis his home. During his visits to London it has for many years been Mr Hallé's agreeable custom to give afternoon performances on Fridays at St. James's Hall, under the name of "Pianoforte Recitals." In the beginning these Recitals were exclusively devoted to Beethoven, the whole of whose solo pianoforte sonatas on three different occasions, he has played in chronological order. At other times, while making Beethoven the leading attraction of his programmes, he has introduced the works of various composers, and proved himself as admirably conversant with J. S. Bach, Handel, Mozart, Clementi, Dussek, Weber, Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Stephen Heller, &c. while showing an indifference to F. Emanuel Bach, Woelfl, Steibelt, Pixis, Hummel, F. Hiller and Sterndale Bennett, which is inexplicable in so accomplished a musical bibliophilist. Not a single series, however, has been otherwise than instructive, and perhaps the one just expired may compare advantageously with any of its precursors. The eight programmes comprised—from the works of Schubert—the ten published sonatas, the so-called "*Fantaisie Sonate*" (in G), the *Bref Characteristique*—which though independent pieces are (four among them at least) generally believed to have been intended as integral parts of another sonata—the great *Fantasia* in C—in which the theme of "The Wanderer" is used as a basis for some ingenious variations, and to which the adventurous Liszt added orchestral accompaniments (as though Schubert would not had he pleased, have done that for himself), the two sets of "Impromptus;" the "*Moments Musicaux*," the *Adagio et Rondo* in E, and certain dance pieces, which probably no man would have been more surprised than Schubert to find set down for performance in a series of "Recitals" like Mr Hallé's. Most interesting among these works (which nevertheless, it must not be supposed, include anything like the whole of Schubert's compositions for pianoforte alone †) were the sonatas, some though not nearly all of which and been already played in public by Mr Hallé and Madame Goddard; and not the least welcome were the sonatas in E flat, B major and C minor, wholly unknown to the large majority of the audience, and as characteristic examples of Schubert or anything that came from his unfailing pen. While putting Beethoven in the same programmes, Mr Hallé evinced sound judgment in confining himself to the minor pianoforte compositions of that unequalled master, for beautiful and ingenious as several of them are, and original as they are all, the sonatas of Schubert would not have enjoyed a fair chance of appreciation in juxtaposition with those of his great contemporary, by the side of whom, is has been aptly said, Schubert was as a woman to a man. The miscellaneous pianoforte works of Beethoven, however, offer a rich mine of wealth, and fairly stood their ground against the sonatas and the other pieces of Schubert; for charming as are the "Impromptus," &c. of the lower master, none of them are compare with the Variations in C minor, the Variations on a Waltz by Diabelli, or the Variations and Fugue in E flat, with the composition of which and others of the same stamp the great colossus has leisure hours. But the leisure of Beethoven was often more productive than the serious labors of other men, and these two sets of Variations, to speak of nothing beside, have scarcely their parallel in music. Mr Hallé's playing need not be described again. It is masterly in its way, amateurs well know, and above all is distinguished by a mechanical finish that any pianist might envy. It is, moreover, the playing of a thorough musician, and an artist to the core.

Madame Arabella Goddard's Recitals, though only three in number, were quite as interesting as those of Mr Hallé. Often as some of the most popular of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte* have been heard in our concert-rooms, probably not more than a fourth of them and been publicly played till now. Madame Goddard's scheme included the whole of the eight books, each containing six songs. To these she added the *Barcarole* in A, which originally appeared in an Album published by the late Maurice Schlesinger and which is as beautiful as any of them; besides the three Preludes, three Studies, and two Sonatas only very recently given to the world. A description of the forty-eight, or forty-nine, published *Lieder ohne Worte* of Mendelssohn would exceed our limits, not happily so necessary. They are all more or less familiar to amateurs who prefer good music to bad. To hear them, however, from beginning to end, disposed in groups of four, not according to the order in which they are printed, but with a view to contrast of style and relationship of keys played, too, with the perfection of refinement which Madame Goddard brings to them one and all—to the most difficult as well as to the easiest (and the *Lieder* traverse the entire ladder of difficulty)—was unprecedented. The experiment might have been considered doubtful by those who have an implicit faith in the plaintive genius of Mendelssohn, but it was crowned with

* Just as Robert Schumann suggested might be the case with a set of "four impromptus."

† A glance at the compositions in Catalogue of Dr Theodore Kraus von Hellborn is enough to show the mistake.

success, and will doubtless be repeated. The new Preludes and Studies, fresh proofs of the versatility of their composer, admirable as music, and of the highest utility as mechanical exercises, materially enriched the first and second programmes. The entire six were heard with marked satisfaction; but two of the Studies more particularly (in F major and A minor), examples of those minuteness and ingeniously elaborated quick movements to the production of which Mendelssohn displayed such endless variety, were singled out from the rest for special approval and executed with the dazzling finesse peculiar to Madame Goddard were unanimously called for again. Of the greater sonata, in B flat, we spoke on the occasion of its first performance at the Monday Popular Concerts in the early spring. The work gains by familiarity, the second movement, in B flat minor especially—one of the most individual and charming of the Mendelssohnian family of *Scherzi*. The smaller sonata, in G minor—written at the age of twelve—is little short of a miracle. The lovers of Mendelssohn's music are deeply indebted to Madame Goddard for an unexpected and ample supply of it in the height of the "fashionable" season.

M. Rubinstein's three Recitals were, of their kind, unique. The programmes embraced all sorts and degrees of music, from J. S. Bach and Handel to Mozart, from Mozart to Beethoven, from Beethoven to Mendelssohn and from Mendelssohn to Herr Rubinstein himself, who, among other specimens of his creative power, offered his hearers with a prelude and fugue unlike any other prelude and fugue with which the ear is familiar. Shade of John Sebastian Bach! what a fugue! If, as the Augustan poet maintains—

Versibus exprimi tragicus res comicus audet—

surely the converse holds as well. A fugue is a grave matter and, like Thyestes' banquet, disdains to be treated otherwise than gravely; but the fugue of M. Rubinstein has come travesty very hard in play (in fact, indeed, which possibly no other than M. Rubinstein would have the temerity to risk), but still harder to listen to. The other pieces in the suite to which this singular fugue belongs are more musical, because less pretentious. It is when venturing on such ground that the virtuoso proper is frequently bewildered aiming at that for which he has no vocation and aiming at it in the vain glorious spirit which, while affecting to despise a hatevent does not directly appertain to "virtuosity," induces the less cautious to show that to virtuosity nothing comes amiss. M. Rubinstein's fugue is much the same species of conceit as, in another sphere, an orchestral symphony of his master and prototype, Abbé Liszt. Now in the prelude much better. At the same time the delivery of each by the composer was a marvel of facile execution. M. Rubinstein is undeniably a prodigious executant, and if he could by any magic acquire the art of keeping himself within reasonable bounds, he would be one of the most astonishing performers of the day. As it is, the result of his too manifest exertions is terribly unsatisfactory. It is by sheer accident that he plays a piece unfortunately well, and this he seldom happens. It happened commonly in the course of his three Recitals, and afforded such unalloyed gratification that the rarity of the occurrence was all the more disheartening. Among the pieces which M. Rubinstein played thus well were two nocturnes—graceful, quiet, unobtrusive trifles—by John Field, Mozart's lovely *Rondo* in A minor, a gigue by Handel, and some of his own less ambitious compositions. These were, one and all, given to perfection—faultless alike in tone, gradation, mechanism and style. But the remainder was vexatiously unequal—here and there very good, here and there indifferent, here and there amazingly bad. M. Rubinstein's own "study" in C major, for instance, was neither more nor less than a practical joke upon the audience—not alone the "study" itself, but the pot-boiler to which it was delivered. Then the liberties taken with two out of three of the sonatas of Beethoven—the great sonata in C minor (the 53rd and last) and the E major, Op. 109—were intolerable to those who care, or think how much more there is in a single phrase of Beethoven than in all the perpetuations of all the "virtuosi" that ever existed. The other sonata (the D minor, Op. 31) was far preferable, because treated with becoming reverence, though on the whole certainly not played as the composer himself, we could like to have heard it. In one or two of Chopin's pieces M. Rubinstein showed both great power and great expression, but in the B minor *scherzo* he again ran wild. It is unhappy *scherzo* to remind him of Mazeppa and Herr Rubinstein of the wild horse to whose back Mazeppa was strapped, without a chance of escape. In Mendelssohn's fairy-like *Presto Scherzando*, we had once more the wild horse and Mazeppa. On the other hand, some of the seventeen *Variations Sérieuses* of the same composer were very lovely, while the rest were caricatured. The dreary *Etude Symphonique*, and the cumbersome *Scènes Bigarrées*, or *Carnaval*—a proof if proof were required, that Schumann was destitute of genuine humour—are more after M. Rubinstein's own heart, and for the greater part were admirably given. Not enough has been said without referring to the "transcriptions" of the overture to *Egmont*, the "Wedding March" from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and the quick march from the *Ruins of Athens*, with each of which, for an apparent reason, M. Rubinstein and nature were in evidence, to support an opinion that the impetuous Wallachian pianist is in some respects one of the most wonderful, in others one of the most irregular and unsatisfying of executants. That he is richly endowed is unquestionable; but in taking Abbé Liszt instead of M. Thalberg for model, he has overshot his mark. M. Thalberg is one of those who do nothing without careful premeditation; Abbé Liszt is one of those who do nothing without careful premeditation; and M. Rubinstein, who is far from equalling either, would have shown more wisdom in adopting the soberer precedent—*qui nil molliter ausit*.

"LA GRANDE DUCHESSE"

Sir John Brute, a worthy knight well known to the playgoers of the Garrick period, when Vanbrugh's *Provoked Wife* still kept possession of the stage, had an easy and convenient standard whereby to judge specimens of lyrical art. "I would not give a fig for a song that is not full of sin and impudence." So said good Sir John applying his standard approvingly to a ditty which had just been sung by his friend Lord Rake, and which concluded with the burden—"In peace I jog on to the devil." This was the original song of the piece, and it will be found in the collected edition of Vanbrugh's works. But some acute critic seems afterwards to have discovered that it scarcely came up to the high encomium which had been passed upon it. Lord Rake indeed braved all edicts, divine and human, when he sang—

> When my head's full of wine
> I overflow with design,
> And more wit pour from me than one can see;
> What's in I claim
> Some good in my eyes,
> And religion we've down to disturb me.

Yet though his vagaries were sinful enough in all conscience, they could scarcely be termed impudent in that popular sense of the adjective according to which it is a euphemism for a dissyllable of disreputable origin. Accordingly, in later editions of the *Provoked Wife* one did, in lieu of the old profane lay, another song so grossly indecent that, were it a new production, it would scarcely be printed nowadays without risk of a visit from the representatives of the Society for the Suppression of Vice. The facts we have just recorded form little powerful answer to the often asserted theory that criticism is without practical effect on literature. The lyrics of Lord Rake were found wanting when weighed in the balance proposed in the person of Sir John, and were altered accordingly.

There have been times when the knight's clearly expressed canon threatened to become obsolete. The verses that were sung at Vauxhall towards the end of last century—and which, though of unmistakably Southern growth, recorded for a quasi-Scottish dialect the loves and squabbles of Jockie and Jeanie, were saucy at the best, but never impudent. Something similar may be said of the vast quantity of popular songs that cropped up during the reign of George IV., and afforded ample opportunities for the display of a certain sweetness proper to some of the best female vocalists of the period. Nay, at the present day, the restrictions laid by prudent mamas on the poetry sung by young ladies at the piano are so severe that love, save when it takes a perfectly harmless domestic form, is regarded with avowed disfavour by publishers of music, ignorant of the power by which their market is ruled. The little lyrical coquetries which would have been quite according to order forty years since would now be deemed far too demonstrative. Nevertheless, if we have any doubt that the principle of lyrical morality so laid down by Sir John Brute is widely maintained, even now, we have only to cast our eyes to those places of public recreation where tastes of all kinds are gratified within the one comprehensive category of a taste for music. Where our fathers flourished songs were indeed chanted at a late hour in the Coal-holes and Cider-cellars of the time, more beastly than any thing that would be tolerated at the present day. But then it was understood that them were intended for the exclusive recreation of men of loose habits, and of the club of gentlemen who waste their hours and health as "a rising life." To this generation in particular belongs that mass of sin and in pudence lightly yelled forth at the music-halls, in the presence of persons of both sexes, including women not necessarily belonging to an abandoned class. To this generation in particular belong the vocal Lizzies, Minnies, and Nellies who want to cling in a familiarity with their hearers and allow their portraits, radiant with impudently to be plastered against the walls. To this generation in particular belongs that race of quasi-male female acrobats, who by an occasional accident gratify that latent feeling of cruelty which is so often the concomitant of boorishness. To this generation in parts also belongs the exalted patronage so liberally bestowed on such a work as M. Offenbach's operatic extravaganza, *La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein*.

There is no doubt that at the bottom of the importance attached to the works of this new and celebrated composer lies a strong taste for what may be rightly called the improper among the higher classes of English society. When M. Offenbach was first emerging from obscurity on the strength of the small and slight works which he composed for the nearly perished Bouffes Parisiens, the whisper went about that in the Champs Elysées an odd but extremely pretty little theatre had sprung up, at which pieces were performed most delightful to see and hear, but scarcely decorous enough for the English taste. The same pieces were transferred to London and brought out at the St James's Theatre, but they attained no great success, and it was understood that what one liked to witness in Paris, where John Bull is supposed to be out on the loose, one did not care to behold in London. As, however, M. Offenbach expanded from a composer of operettas into a composer of what, from its dimensions at any rate, seemed entitled to be called opera, and the field of his labours was no longer the opéras Bouffes, but the time-honoured Variétés, people began to speak of him with respect as a musical genius, whose solid worth, veiled under a gauze of frivolity, had been underrated, and a smile of grave approval was substituted for a knowing chuckle in a significant nudge in the ribs. *La Belle Hélène* was pronounced a great work when properly interpreted, and greater still was *La Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein*. Great also was Mdlle. Schneider, whose name, by her excellent performances in both of these works, had become intimately associated with the name of Offenbach.

As the name of M. Offenbach increased an opinion was diffused that London was in a humiliated condition. The two great lyrical works had been seen in every European capital, and the "Grand Duchess" had even found her way to New York, where represented by Mdlle. Tostée, the *prima donna* of M. Offenbach's in her works, she was received with great delight, talking as she did in her original language. In London, indeed, English imitations of the French *chef d'œuvre* were produced, but these were so exceedingly unpromotive of mirth or even of cheerfulness, that people who had gone through a course of the dreary pleasantry could only marvel to hear that what seemed singularly dull on this side of the Channel was considered especially droll on the other. Their faith in M. Offenbach would probably have broken down altogether, if it had there not been trustful friends at hand to declare how much better things were managed in France, and how the tedious burlesques which bore the title of Offenbach's books were only base copies of a genuine article. London, indeed, was the sole capital at which Offenbach had not been represented properly, and on that account might be considered a degree less in civilization than Timbuctoo. Nevertheless, while the intellectual darkness of London was commiserated, a compliment was paid to its moral susceptibility. The old nudges and chuckles were revived, and the conjecture was hazarded that perhaps, after all, the musical drama that had found favour at the Variétés might be a trifle too free for genuine Britons. That we were averse to the ill-at-ease as an expedient for creating a serious interest was an hypothesis too well grounded to admit of suspicion, and it was a fair inference that we should be squeamish in the article of fast impropriety.

As the establishment of the Divorce Court finally shook the belief in our domestic virtues, previously deemed unsullied of the middle classes, so has the same tribunal, now closing terribly enlightened us as to the fastidiousness of our "Upper Ten" in the matter of public amusements. So slightly is the filthy fancy repugnant to the London patrons of French drama, that *Nos Jeunes* the most risky piece on the list presented by M. Felix afforded greater satisfaction than any other work leaving the world in wonder why an embargo had been laid on *Petit Forestier*. The dramatic portion of his season being at an end, M. Felix fills up his term by engaging Mdlle. Schneider and bringing out *La Grande Duchesse* attending admiration by the magnitude of his spirit and of his prices of admission. His success has been brilliant. Not only was his house crowded on the first night sacred to Offenbach, but the list of visitors published in the papers looked like a compressed edition of the Gotha Almanac, overrun with excerpts from the peerage. As for Mdlle. Schneider, she no sooner showed her face than she was received with an enthusiasm that could not have been exceeded had a welcome to a popular sovereign newly returned from exile been the business of the occasion.

That people should be amused at the performance of *La Grande Duchesse* at the St James's Theatre is natural enough. A subject decidedly intelligible to the meanest adult intellect is treated with much ingenuity by the play writer, odd figures are exhibited to the public, comic situations are brought about without any restraint caused by considerations of probability, the whole is made a vehicle for music of a taking kind, and nearly every part is well-sustained—the celebrated actress, Mdlle. Schneider having been declared by the press of Europe to be pre-eminent in the character of the Duchess. The question is, whether this is the sort of work that ought to summon a general outburst of irreverentia enthusiasm, in an age when an affectation of indifference seems to be the order of the day, whether the state of the lyrical drama which arises when the theatre most approximates to the music-hall is that which ought above all others to arouse high society from its habitual torpor.

There is, in fact, no difference between the feeling addressed years ago by the musical pieces brought out at the Bouffes, and that to which the so-called operas of the Variétés now make appeal. People will not go so far as honest Sir John Brute in professing a love for such mocking things as sin and impudence, but there is a certain satisfaction at naughtiness. This prevailing sentiment among modern audiences of every age and both sexes is not to be doubted. Had the book of *La Grande Duchesse* been of a purely frivolous character, M. Offenbach might have worn out all the lungs and all the fiddle-strings in Christendom before his creations would have excited an iota more of enthusiasm than is produced by the ordinary entertainments in which music and extravagant drama are combined. But the story of the "Grand Duchess" is essentially naughty, the fair presumptive herself is decidedly a naughty girl. She is naughty when, being a hereditary sovereign, she picks out of the ranks a simpering private, merely because, as Thackeray says of Tom Jones and his kind, he has large calves, and raises him to distinction, gloating all the while on his handsome face with the most scarcely express ion of delight. She is naughtier still when she summons the doll to a *tête-à-tête* seats him on a low stool by her side, caresses him with her dainty hands and, though she refrains from a verbal avowal of love, avows her passion by actions more expressive than words could possibly be. Indeed whether she appears in public at the head of her army, or whether she makes one of a party of two in her boudoir, the Grand Duchess is the incarnation of every quality that distinguishes the damsel of ill regulated mind. What is not extraordinary, the offences she commits and at which "society" in all parts of it applauds so heartily, are just of that sort at which the same "society" is not violently disappointed. Many a man who would contemplate without much wrath the progress of an intrigue between a lax girl, married and a married lady would shrink with horror from any manifestation of a love affair between a high born lady and a private soldier. Not only men alone, but the feeling for caste which keeps so many vulgar in order is offended, a class we regard *La Grande Duchesse* as in more than a comic pantomime, and deem the lady's offences against the laws of female propriety as unreal as those of the clown against the laws of mime and farce.

In the fact that *La Grande Duchesse*, ably executed, is successful, there is nothing extraordinary. The sort of success that attends it is an evil sign, I take it.

N. D.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE CONCERT SYSTEM, &c.

[*Concluded from page 486.*]

In France the virtuoso merely occupies the position held by every other individual who contributes agreeably to our amusement, and it is a characteristic fact that none of our great virtuosos have settled in Paris. The truth is, their pretensions are not satisfied there, and authors, painters, and scholars are, even in the most fashionable society, valued more highly than the most celebrated virtuosos. In England the musician has no social position at all. He is either very celebrated, and his services are secured and paid by the getters-up of concerts, or he is a teacher in high families, and thus placed in a position to give a concert in some lady's drawing-room, the names of all the other fashionable ladies who patronize, or, to adopt the English expression, bill or bow with their immediate patronage, figuring in the programme. The English respect, properly speaking, only a celebrated composer, whom they regard as a high class producer, but they have little or no consideration for the virtuoso. Germany is the country in which the musician, especially if celebrated as an executant, is well received in all strata of society, being nearly the only person in whose case the differences of social rank almost disappear. Social organization in Germany, as far as the artist is concerned, may be summed up as follows: the monarch rules, the aristocracy represent, the plutocracy make a great display, and the middle classes uphold the State. The monarch bestows on art favour and honour, the aristocracy patronize it, the plutocracy pay it, but it is among the middle classes that it lives. An artist may endeavour to obtain the favour of the monarch, he may assert his independence towards the aristocracy, mix with the plutocracy and make them pay him, but he belongs to the middle classes. This is an approximative idealistic position, but it is one successfully held by great German masters, such as Mendelssohn, Schumann (with his noble-minded wife), Joachim, Brahms, and many German musicians of less repute. Modern virtuosity, born

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over, as established upon French traditions, and as represented by the followers of Liszt, since his time takes the opposite path. Most modern virtuosos either cringe to the aristocracy, or behave like young noblemen, heirs to vast estates, and able to boast of sixteen quarterings. They associate with the plutocracy as though they were receiving dividends at the bank every day; but the man of the middle classes, the snob with his narrow notions, they despise. We frequently hear from their lips exceedingly democratic sentiments; of the very time they are almost expiring for very humility of the court of some reigning prince. We are able to recollect a very great and celebrated musician's conducting the very bad opera of a royal composer, and receiving for so doing a high order; we involuntarily thought, at the time, of the answer made by Boileau, who in his day was decorated as a courtier to the king Louis XIV., when the latter read him some verses he had addressed to a lady. "Sire," observed the poet, "you can do anything. You wanted to write bad verses, and you have been completely successful." We might adduce many proofs that most of the great virtuosos of our time preserve their independence less strictly than the great musicians in times of perfect absolutism. When any slight is shown to themselves personally they are certainly very brave, but they do not defend art.

Let us now consider the position of a musician in relation to the German aristocracy. Apart from the advantages of birth, and the best education on which points sufficient has been said for and against, the aristocracy appear to the artist as that stratum of society most likely to entertain idealistic views. However perverted these may be, they are more consonant with his own feelings than that endeavouring, founded upon pecuniary gain, which calculates the value of everything by what it will fetch. The musician's ambition, too, may be inflamed by the thought that his as one of the nobility of the mind may be more highly appreciated than where by the aristocracy of birth. But in these views, though based upon correct assumptions, and in this indulgence of ambition lies the greatest danger. The artist, and more especially the musician, is far too prone to forget that he is a man of labour, and moreover of the most exclusive labour, far too prone to forget, in the moment of success, that music is simply a means of electric connection between him and persons of a superior rank; that an electricity produces that inexplicable phenomenon by which heterogeneous bodies are momentarily united, though separated immediately the phenomenon ceases, the wonderful field of music forms an immensely attractive power between the executive musician and many persons at a distance from him. He must not, therefore, be astonished if those persons, whom he has found entranced and amiable after one of his performances, observe—at another moment, when they do not meet him as a musician, only the most superficial forms of politeness.—There is at work in the aristocracy that element peculiar to it, which Grillparzer once defined as the "half poetry as dangerous to the whole," and the effect of which is at one and the same time, magical, seductive, and—wearing. Many and many a man of an ideal talents has, from his easily explicable love for aristocratic society, been placed in a state of antagonism to his artistic convictions, and not to be reconciled with those convictions which point to abnegation and contemplation. We must not, however, confound the aristocracy with the fashionable world, as it is termed. The former is an order, a firmly connected whole; the latter is an amalgam, a sort of essence of the aristocracy, of diplomacy, of plutocracy, and of other ingredients, which possesses an principle of its own, and the great object of which is to get something out of every four-and-twenty hours. To amuse itself, no matter in what manner—to-day at a concert, to-morrow at a ball, the day after at an oratorio, and the day after that at a performance of *La belle Hélène*. Many poets and prose writers have written on this same fashionable society, and I will here quote the opinions of those who formed one from their own experience. Goethe says:

> "Gute Gesellschaft hat ihr eigenes Gesetz, wenn sie zum Besten, Edelsten keine Gelegenheit gibt.

Byron observes:

> "In the great world—which long interpreted
> Nineteen the worst, or worst, out of a city,
> And about twice two thousand people, bred
> By no means to be very wise or witty."

Bulwer's opinion runs thus:

> "The distinguishing mark of well-bred people is the composure with which they do everything. They eat with composure, drink with composure, quarrel with composure, and lose their wife with composure, while other persons make a noise at all things alike."*

These quotations may, it is true, be set down as outbursts of irritated humour on the part of the above great poets. I will, therefore, cite some minute passages intended to be laudatory. I have book written by a man of fashion for the world of fashion. A Baron Martenart-Rouse Comte de Mirle, in 1857 chamberlain of his Royal Highness, the Grand-Duke of Tuscany, published a book, *La Vie élégante des Gens du Monde* (Hachette, Paris). In it we read that Count d'Orsay, the model of fashion in his time, spent one pound nineteen a day for gloves (I know the Count after 1850, and then he could not well have afforded three shillings for the purpose). Furthermore, the book contains an exceedingly detailed description of hunting costume, and of the correct manner of eating oysters; where lastly, at page 248, as a eulogy of Paris, as the first city in the universe, are the remarkable words:—Schiller, with his naïve and hyperbolical genius has said:

> Es giebt nur a Kaiserstadt,
> Es giebt nur ein Wien.—

yet Paris will always, &c. &c." It is a significant fact that when treating of fashionable life, the worthy Baron a *priori* refers to music. I am almost inclined to take this as a compliment, or as an indirect hint to the musician that he had better not endeavour to belong, to the world of fashion. Even should he hazard the attempt, he must make up his mind to be disregarded by the plutocracy, for they are decidedly a component part of the fashionable world. All the young sprigs of the nobility of the gold bag, the barons of the price current lists, the entire lords, who patronise music because it is an article of luxury, and because a party is kept together by music better than by anything else—all those people who flock to wherever the nobility is assembled, all such people belong to the fashionable world. The artist must learn to distinguish; he must not confound the plutocrats who would play the Mecenas with the rich merchant, who, after having been actively employed in business all day, seeks, in the evening, to derive from music an entertainment and recreation for himself and family—a man of this description belongs to the middle classes—but all those who have been pitch-forked upwards, the successful bubble speculators, who would now pass, like others, for political personages, the bold gamblers of the stock exchange, and even the half learned, who, thanks to a rich marriage, have suddenly come into money, and (in the eyes of many) great artistic knowledge—such above specimens of the immortal race of parvenus belong, to the plutocracy, among whom they find a welcome and a gratification. They will always find, too, men connected with art who pay their court, and towards whom they can give themselves the air of Mecenates.

But to speak accurately it cannot be said that they merely give themselves the air of Mecenates; they exhibit a real similarity to the celebrated friend of the Emperor Augustus, to the man whom Horace so often sang, and whose name has descended as a barbarism upon every patron of art even down to the present day. What Tacitus said about him in his *Annals* I will not quote, because the great Roman historian was a man who would have nothing to do with the fashionable world. Other and less severe judges, however, among the historians gave us a picture of him that exactly suits our present patrons of art. He possessed a profound knowledge of precious stones, and everything appertaining to dress; he was the first to introduce the ballet—and what a ballet—at Rome; but whether from love for the art of dancing or for the dancers is a point that cannot be with certainty determined. He was one of the most competent authorities on the culinary art, and, according to Pliny, himself invented a peculiarly delicate dish. At his richly furnished table all witty fellows, all amusing individuals were welcome; but, *above all*, Bathyllus, the dancer, and Tigellius, the singer, the latter of whom played as great a part as any virtuoso of the present day. Horace describes him as a man who, at one

* As I have not a copy of Lord Lytton's works by me as I write, I do not give the above quotation as the *precise* words in the original English; it is merely a modelling of Herr Eichler's German version of the latter.—J. V. Cottenham.

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time, walked sedately about, as though the prosperity of the universe were resting on his shoulders, and at another flew along the street, as if running from his enemies—who now had his mouth crammed with the names of potentates and tetrarchs, and then affected an air of modesty, being contented with a small cot of Sabina wine in simple unpretending company—a man whom the vagabond brotherhood of boon companions valued as an amiable man (*quippe ben yuus erat!*—Really this Tigellius was the very ideal of a modern singer at some Royal or ducal court! After Bathyllus, the dancer and Tigellius the singer Horace and Virgil were, it is true, the favourites of Mecænas, who was fond of consorting with poets. He made the former a present of a small estate, which, according to Suetonius, was worth about a tithe of what he had thrown away on Tigellius and Bathyllus. Virgil, who had lost all his property in the war, he recommended to Augustus and the latter gave him, also, a small estate, for which the poet, in the *Bucolics* praised him as a God. (*Deus nobis hæc otia fecit.*) Another point of resemblance between the Roman Mecænas and the Mecænates of our own time deserving of special notice is that his intercourse with poets and scholars had such influence upon his own mental culture, and that in prose as in verse, his style was either bombastic or trivial. Of a truth the genuine artist can have no greater gratification than to hear certain people considered Mecænates.

But, Heaven be thanked, art is no longer compelled to appeal to the class. It has friends and admirers who work to advance its interest all the more profitably because they do so without ostentation. Many a son of whom the fashionable world knows nothing, pours out his offerings with an open hand upon the altar of art—and many a man who belongs to art avoids talking of what he does. Tigellii and Bathylli are as well adapted for the Mecænates of the present day, as they were, nine hundred years ago for the leader of the name. But the true mecænas is now-a-day a citizen of the world—and he certainly must expect less from individuals, if he would regard himself as belonging to all.

FROM COLOGNE.

The coming novelty at our Stadtest theatre will be the *Grand Duchess of Gerolstein*, rappresented by the charming Fräulein Fischer from Vienna. Our Conservatoire is going to lose its Marchesi. After an absence of seven years, Madame de Marchesi has received the flattering invitation to resume her annual position of first singing mistress at the Conservatoire of Vienna. Therefore she will leave Cologne in September next, and settle once more in the Austrian capital. Signor de Marchesi has accepted the position as professor for the superior singing classes for ladies and gentlemen at the Conservatoire of Cologne, but only until April 1869, when he will also go to Vienna. Mr. Gillmann has just discovered a new prominent musical Star in Vienna—a young and handsome Hungarian, possessing a splendid Soprano, and being highly gifted. This future musical celebrity has been confided to the tuition and care of Mme. de Marchesi in Cologne. On the occasion of the 50. years jubilee of the University of Bonn, which will take place on the third of August next, a great Cantata for solos, chorus Orchestra, and Organ, expressly composed by F. Hiller, will be executed in the Cathedral of the Said Town, under the direction of the Composer. The great *Fête* which will last three days, promises to be a very brilliant one. More than 500 Professors, and Doctors from the different Universities of Germany are invited and the Prince of Prussia will preside at the meetings.—Yours faithfully

SALVATORE ENRICO BALDASSARE.

Cologne, the 11th July.

Signor Salvini versus the Opera.

SIR,—Madame Ray-Balla, announced to appear on Monday night at the Royal Italian Opera, for the first time, as Selika in *L'Africaine*, was prevented from doing so by bad position. In place of *L'Africaine*, *Faust* was performed, with Signor Nicolini in the part of the hero, and Mlle. Vanzini in that of the heroine. The character of Mephistopheles was as usual represented by M. Pedi.

The old system of benefits supposed to be exploded, seems to be reviving at our Italian Opera-houses. Mlle. Leon went through the form of a benefit before deserting London for the more invigorating Interlachen. Mlle. Patti, for whatever place she may be bound, will I feel assured, take a benefit before wishing us farewell. The same custom prevails at Her Majesty's as at the Royal Italian Opera, and from Mr. Mapleson's, as from Mr. Gye's establishment, no great singer is allowed to depart without making a formal adieu to the public. On Monday night it was Signor Mongini in most respects the very first tenor of this day, who appealed specially to the audience of Her Majesty's Opera on his own merits. Naturally there was a very full attendance, and Signor Mongini being in good voice (as he always is) and in good spirits, as in such an opera as *Il Trovatore*, it must be somewhat difficult invariably to be, the tenor part was in particular admirably sung. Let this, however, take nothing away from the glory of Mlle. Tietjens, the incomparable Leonora. The opera, one of Mr. Santley, the unrivalled Count di Luna. I may add that the part of the Gipsy Azucena was filled most effectively and with wonderful spirit by Mlle. Trebelli Bettini and that the whole performance went as well as a performance ought to go under the auspices and direction of an experienced and able *chef d'orchestre* as Signor Arditi.

Sphinx Silver.

[If no more why so much?—as Lord Grizzle says to the ghost of King Arthur in Harry Fielding's immortable *Tragedy*. Mr. Silver should read Godwin's *Essay on Sepulchres*.—E. W. W.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

MY DEAR EDITOR,—I send you by this post the programme of an excellent selection of music performed by the splendid band of the 62nd Regiment, and conducted by the talented veteran Mr. Carey, who is well known to several gentlemen connected with the *Musical World*. The grand march "Indienne" the overture to *Zampa*, a fan ada entitled "Remembrances of Meyerbeer" and the waltz "Venus reigen," by Gungl, were the most attractive pieces and indeed I may say with justice were played in first rate style. This excellent band performed in the new orchestra erected on the Navigation Wall, and the promenade was attended by all the *élite* of Cork and its neighbourhood—and I am happy to tell you that Cork still keeps up its celebrity for beautiful girls. Cork is also celebrated for musical amateurs, amongst the most distinguished are—Miss Gibbings, daughter of Colonel Gibbings, Mrs. William Bennett, Mrs. Barrington, Miss Wheeler, the Misses Bolster, Mr. Atkins, Mr. Perry, Mr. Lindsay, &c. &c. The vocal compositions of Arditi, Gaul, A. Sullivan, and C. B. Allen are very popular, and I have heard some of the compositions of Mr. and Mrs. St. Leger charmingly sung by Mrs. William Bennett and Mrs. Barrington.

Au revoir. I'm off to Killarney.

I. FANATICO PER LA MUSICA.

Royal Hotel, Cork, July 14.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—I believe the Royal Academy of Music to have been most undeservedly abused and its pupils insulted. Therefore, it would be well if some of the gentlemen and ladies who have received their musical education therein would now come forward in its defence.

For my own part, I am ready to take a share in the battle by challenging any of the former or present pupils of any of the musical institutions in Europe to a friendly contest in the branches of music I have made my particular study—that is, pianoforte playing and composition. There are many far more distinguished pupils, in the same branches, than myself, and I trust they will come forward and prove to the world that our national institution for music last year equal to any similar institution in the Continent for producing *musical men*. Some of our countrymen have been foolish enough to ask how it is we have never produced such men as Mozart, Mendelssohn, &c., &c. A counter question will answer it—How many such men have the Continental Academies produced? And further, How many of those great men the Continental countries boast of as having been educated at all in their *Conservatoires*? I think they will find that neither Mozart, Haydn, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Handel, Rossini, &c. received their education in any of the institutions that have been so often named as examples for us.

I am sanguine that this should not be taken as a boasting challenge, therefore, at present, I sign my name

PIANO.

["Piano" will suffice, the handwriting of the gentleman who assumes this nom *de guerre* being well known to A. S. S.]

NATIONAL SOCIETY'S TRAINING COLLEGE, BATTERSEA.—For the annual concert the music selected was Dr. Sterndale Bennett's *Woman of Samaria* followed by some pleasing part-songs. The choir contained about one hundred voices, the soprano part being taken by the Chapel Royal boys, and picked boys from the local choirs. The beautiful quartet, "God is a Spirit," was rendered with great delicacy and concord. The singing throughout was remarkably good and was warmly applauded. Professor Hullah conducted.

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Pastoral de Palmerin d'Olive fils du Roy Florendos de Macedoine et de Dorisse Empereur de Constantinople, by Jean Wauquelin. A perfect copy of this extremely rare Romance to be sold for Twenty Guineas.

Enquire of Duncan Davison & Co., 244 Regent Street, W.

DEATH.

Recently, at his residence, Villa dei lago di Como, Monza (three months after the death of his wife) Signor Brignoli, the well-known tenor vocalist.

NOTICE.

The Musical World will henceforth be published on Friday, in time for the evening mails. Country subscribers will therefore receive their copies on Saturday morning. In consequence of this change, it is urgently requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday, otherwise they will be too late for insertion in the current number.

To Advertisers.—*The Office of the Musical World is at Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co.'s, 244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock p.m. on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1868.

THE ELECTRIC ORGAN.

An application of electricity to organ mechanism has just been perfected, which amounts to a revolution in the construction of the royal instrument. It supplies the one thing required to overcome difficulties which have been vainly struggled against for years with much patient ingenuity. Henceforth, no such difficulties need exist, and what was the weakness of the organ may be made its strength.

To estimate the good accomplished it will be necessary to glance at the evil removed. Part of this is found in the obligation imposed on the organist of sitting close to the body of his instrument. The position involved several disadvantages, one of which must be familiar to every frequenter of our cathedral services. There is no greater drawback to the musical part of those services (except, perhaps, the perfunctory style in which they are usually performed) than the clashing between organist and choir made inevitable by the separation of one from the other. Perched in a gallery far away from his voices, and deafened by the noise he himself makes, the cathedral organist has no chance of accommodating himself to the choir or of estimating the effect of their united exertions. The result is ruggedness, frequent errors of judgment, or else against good taste, and much vexation of spirit all round. Another disadvantage of the ordinary position is that the performer can have but a very faint notion of the impression made by what he does. We hardly exaggerate in saying that an organist who has never heard his instrument played by other hands has never heard it at all. The reason is as obvious as that a man who only looks at a picture with his nose to the canvas cannot know much about its beauties. Many attempts have been made to remedy these defects. Cumbrous systems of trackers (always getting out of order) have been devised to separate the player from his instrument, and hydraulic apparatus has been used to lighten the touch thus necessarily made heavy. But the evil defied all attempts at removal till the very recent day when Mr. Barker (of pneumatic action fame), applied the electric spark. Now it matters not where the organist sits. In point of fact he may put his keyboard and pedal frame on wheels, splice on a sufficient length of cable, shift his battery, and have a fresh plaine every Sunday if it pleases him. Wherever he may be he has complete command over his instrument. From the other end of the church—or for the matter of that, from the other end of the county—it yields docile and instant obedience to his slightest touch.

We need hardly say that the advantage thus gained secures other desirable results. The abominable "organ chambers," now so common, in which instruments, pleasant to see and hear are boxed up till they can be heard but imperfectly and nearly can never at all, have not a shadow of excuse, now that the organist is independent of his organ's position. Effects are possible, also, that could not be thought of previously. One part of the instrument, for example, might be erected in the chancel and another at the opposite end of the building; or it might be divided like the choir it leads, into *Decrescs* and *Crescs*; or a portion might be built high up in the roof—anywhere, in fact, according to the exigencies of the case. Again, in concert halls the player will now be able to sit near and facing his conductor, thus rendering unnecessary the effort of gazing into a constantly bedimmed mirror. Not one might go on for a long time without exhausting the improvements made possible by Mr. Barker's invention.

The foregoing remarks are suggested, legitimately enough, by the theory of the case. Granting that an organ can be played through a bundle of insulated wires, they follow as a matter of course. But, in this instance, what theory suggests practice has triumphantly proved. The electric organ is an accomplished fact, and a performer shade of Jubal that such a thing should be—has discoursed sweet music upon it through five miles of wire. We hear that Mr. Barker has erected one of forty two stops, in the Parisian church of St. Augustin, and another near Marseilles; while in London, as our readers know, the Messrs. Bryceson (who represent the patentee in this country), have built a third, in the new of Her Majesty's Opera. Of the first two we can say nothing, while, with regard to the last, it would be quite enough to state that it gives entire satisfaction to Mr. Pittman, the musical organist at Drury Lane. A favourable verdict from such an authority is conclusive as to the merits of the invention.

Messrs. Bryceson's instrument is but the swell (with pedal) of a larger one not yet completed. It has, consequently, only a single row of keys, placed at one side of the orchestra. The batteries are beneath the floor where, also, the cable runs on its way to the organ, which is built in the "flies" on the O. P. side. The cable consists of as many insulated wires as there are notes in the registers. As soon as the key in connection with either of these is touched the electric current is complete, a magnet becomes excited, the corresponding pallet is opened, and the pipe speaks. We need not say that this series of operations is instantaneous, and it will readily be understood that the touch required is the lightest possible. With regard to the latter point we can conceive no greater luxury for an organist than to play upon an electric instrument after laboring at one of the ordinary kind. The keys move as easily under the fingers as a Broadwood grand, and the answer is as prompt. In what extent this enlarges the capacity of the instrument will at once be recognized. It revolutionizes organ playing nearly as much as Mr. Barker's invention revolutionizes organ building. But the foregoing is not all the mechanical advantage gained. Both the swell pedal and stops work by the same means and with the same ease, thus securing to the performer the maximum of comfort. In point of fact there is not a mechanical difficulty connected with the instrument that electricity does not at once set aside.

That so important and valuable an invention would find prompt

acceptance might have been anticipated. Already we hear of several organs—among them the fine instrument belonging to St. Peter's, Cornhill—being fitted with the necessary apparatus. How long will it be before every cathedral in the land will follow this example? We fear a good while; but, meantime, the less unruly and less conservative parish churches will do well to go on taking advantage of the most important reform ever known in the history of the "king of instruments."

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday, the *Barbiere* (Patti and Mario).

On Monday, *Faust* (Mdlle. Vanzini and Naudin—in lieu of the *Ernani* set down on account of the illness of Madame Rey Balla.

On Tuesday, *Romeo e Giulietta* (Patti and Mario)—last time this season.

On Wednesday, *Rigoletto* (Vanzini and Chelli—his second appearance)—last time this season.

On Friday, *Un Ballo in Maschera* (Fricci, Vanzini, Graziani and Fancelli—as the Duke)—in place of *La Sonnambula*, Mdlle. Patti being indisposed.

To-night, *La Figlia del Reggimento* (Patti)—last time this season.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

On Saturday, *Faust* (Nilsson and Fancelli).

On Monday, *Il Trovatore* (Tietjens, Mongini, Santley, Trebelli) for the benefit of Signor Mongini—first time.

On Tuesday, *Lucia* (Nilsson).

On Wednesday (Mr. Mapleson's benefit at the Crystal Palace), a grand concert and *Le Nozze di Figaro* (Tietjens, Kellogg, Trebelli, Santley, Gassier, &c.)

On Thursday, *Don Giovanni* (Tietjens, Nilsson, Kellogg, Santley, Fiorini, Bettini, &c.)

To-night, *Il Flauto Magico*—first time.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

A *soirée musicale* was given at Ashton College, Ladbroke Gardens, Kensington Park, W., on Tuesday evening by the young lady pupils, which was attended with the greatest success. The first part consisted of Professor Bennett's *May Queen*, the solos in which were sung by Miss Hackman, Miss Nicolas, Messrs. Tietkens, Gregory, Smith and Mr. May, the choruses being taken by the students of the college, with the assistance of gentlemen amateurs. At the close the applause was deservedly loud and hearty. The second part was miscellaneous. Mr. Gregory Smith's song, a new song of Hiscock's, Gretchen's, Abt's part-song, "Gipsies wake," and Brinley Richards' "So merrily over" and "Rossini's Il Carnevale" (encored), all merited the applause they received. Miss Higgenbottom, in a pianoforte solo by Vincent Wallace, was loudly applauded, as were also Miss Younghusband and Miss C. Douglas. The Misses Needham, L. Douglas, and Jackman were received with equal favour. Miss Lewis, the lady principal of the college, has reason to be proud of the evening's success. Mr. Westaway Force, Mr. E. Prout, B.A., and Herr Lehmeyer were the conductors.

Mdlle. Leonora Tourne gave her first *soirée musicale* at the Beethoven Rooms on Thursday week to a crowded audience. Mdlle. L. Tourne has a fine voice, which she displayed to advantage in Concone's "Lovely Spring," an air with variations by Proch, and the popular duet "Fra un Albatian." Miss Goodall, a rising singer, gave Bellini's "To Idol I gave my heart," effectively, and Madame Amelia May Bolt, Batton's "Sing, pretty bird." Mr. Wallace Wells gave "The Bay of Biscay" with much spirit, and Mdlle. Mela and Signor Bettini sang one or two Italian vocal pieces acceptably. Mr. W. Ganz played his own "Qui Vive Galop," and a fine transcription of Liszt's "Nightingale Trill," and Herr Oberthür his Souvenir de Landres, and (with Mr. Bambridge) his duo for harp and pianoforte on airs from *Lucrezia Borgia*. Mdlle. Liebé contributed two violin solos, which were well received, as was also Signor Calderazzi's solo on the "solothion à trois harmonique." Mr. Bambridge was the conductor.—D. D.

Herr and Madame Sauerbrey gave their annual evening concert on the 26th ult. at the Beethoven Rooms with much success. Beethoven's trio in E flat (Op. 12) for pianoforte and violin was well played by Herr Sauerbrey and Signor Regani, both executants being heard to much advantage. Madame Sauerbrey in "Voi che sapete," "Or la sull' onda," "Das Fischermädchen" and in some concerted vocal pieces, gave much pleasure to the audience. Miss Marian Rock, a pupil of Herr Sauerbrey, played some pianoforte solos clearly and brilliantly, more especially Weber's "Il moto continuo," which was loudly applauded. Mdlle. Clara Doria gained an encore for the grand aria from *Anna Bolena*, Mr. Vernon Rigby recited a ballade for us in Benedict's "Nulla da te," and Mdlle. Liebhart in "Lilla bird so sweetly singing" was loudly applauded, as was Mdlle. Therese Liebe in her violin solo. Mdlle. Sandrina, Miss Maria Bentall and Mr. Lewis Thomas also contributed to the success of the concert. Messrs. Allan Lehmeyer and Herr Sauerbrey were accompanists.—B. B.

Mdlle. Antonia Zuliani gave a concert on Monday evening which was fully attended. She sang (with Signor Caravoglia) the duet "Dunque io son," Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable," a song by E. L. Hime, "Come to me over the Sea" (composed expressly for her) and (with Mdlle. Mela and Signor Caravoglia) the *terzetto* from *I Lombardi*, in all of which she gave much satisfaction. The concert-giver was assisted by Frauleins Augusta Mulhens, who sang Rossini's "Sombre forêts," and Gounod's "Nightingale Trill," and Mr. Chaplin Henry, who was heard to advantage in "The Mill-wheel." Mr. W. Ganz played one of his brilliant pianoforte solos, as also did Signor Tito Mattei with a pianoforte in a harp solo by Parish Alvars, and his own arrangement of Irish melodies, made a great impression. In addition to the foregoing, Mdlle. Mela and Signor Caravoglia sang several popular pieces. Messrs. Ganz, Tito Mattei and Mela were the conductors.—B. D.

Signor Rapponi, the well known violinist, gave a concert on Monday evening which was well attended. Signor Regani, in conjunction with Signor Tito Mattei and M. Albert, played Mendelssohn's D minor trio in excellent style. He also introduced a solo by Vieuxtemps, and an elegie by Bazzini, in all of which he displayed genuine talent. A Mdlle. Marzaldi made her first appearance, and sang one or two airs remarkably well. The Misses Clara and Rosamunde Doria gave a duet by Weber and the latter also encored in her own new and charming little song, "I Dream of Spring." Mr. Louis Thomas sang Mozart's "Quidegan," with his usual effect, and Mdlle. Mela, in Mattei's "Non a te." Mdlle. Florence Lancia in an aria by Meyerbeer, as well as Mdlle. Clara Doria and Miss Fanny Holland in other solos, were rewarded with much applause. Herr Ella's song was encored in a zither solo, and Signori Tito Mattei and Bevignani played a brilliant duet by the latter on a tarantella. Signori Li Calzi and Bevignani were the conductors.—B. D.

Miss Katharine Ryan, a young pianist of high promise, gave her first concert at St. George's Hall on Friday evening. The programme was an excellent one, and of very liberal dimensions—almost too liberal indeed, for an entertainment taking place at night. The public, however, seldom feels that it has too much of a good thing, and on this occasion commanded attention and results quite as profitable as if the arrangements had erred on the side of brevity, and there was a hunger that she had sought never to soon. Miss Ryan received the most hearty co-operation and support throughout the evening from a large number of popular vocal and instrumental artists, whose names are as follow:—Madame Trebelli Bettini and Florence Lancia; Mdlles. Clara Louise Kellogg, Sidney Liebhart, Rose Hersee, Shinkwin, and Dorewski; Messrs. Gardoni, Bettini, Rodwell, Foli, Santley and Maurice—all vocalists; Frederick Chatterton, harpist; and Herr Ludwig Strauss, violinist. A select detachment from Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir was also in attendance, and, under the guidance of Mr. J. G. Callcott, supplied some admirable part-singing. Miss Kathleen Ryan's most ambitious effort was the *Andante con variazioni* from Beethoven's "Kreutzer" Sonata, in connection with which she displayed the valuable qualities of a very delicate touch, great attention to time, and an expressive power highly praiseworthy in so young a pianist. The violin portion of the work was sustained by Herr Strauss—a name that is a guarantee for every excellence—and both artists were much applauded at the conclusion of the movement. Miss Ryan's solo pieces were Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith," a "Schlummerlied" by Schumann, Heller's "Die Forelle," Weber's "La Gaîté," and Aschner's transcription of "Alma, ma mie" (Alma?). The last-named piece was given by general desire, and obtained a unanimous recall for the clever executant. Mdlle. Wolfing sang the new vocal waltz by Arditi, which bears her own name, and the old ditty "Flora's Nibbles" to her own accompaniment (the last encored). Madame Trebelli gave an aria by Verdi magnificently and substituted "Il Segreto" in an encore. Mr. Santley excited the usual *furore* by "O rather than the liberty," and on being recalled a second time gave Arditi's "Stirrup Cup," and Mdlle. Succo sang "Qui la voce." Mr. Foli's song, "The Dhoni," Signor Mongini's "Barcarole" (from *Mazeppa*), and Signor Gardoni's "Chemin du Paradis" (by Blumenthal) all created a remarkable impression. The conductors were Messrs. Benedict, Arditi, Pilotti, Balfe, Frank Mori, Allen, and Carter.—*Morning Star*.

PROVINCIAL.

MALVERN WELLS.—On Saturday week a new organ was opened at the church here. A choral service took place on the occasion, and the sermon was preached by the Lord Bishop of Worcester. The church was specially decorated at Easter and with flowers and religious mottoes. The organ, which has in a complete set of manuals and separate pedal organ, was built by Mr. Nicholson, of Worcester. The following is a specification of it:—

MAIN ORGAN.—CC to F 54 Notes.

	Ft.	Pipes.		Ft.	Pipes.
1. Open Diapason, metal	8	54	5. Principal, metal	4	54
2. Dulciana Treble, C to flat	8	42	6. Wald Flute, wood	8	54
3. Stop Diapason Bass, wood	8	54	7. Preparation for Fifteenth.		
4. Stop Diapason, Treble, wood	8	54	8. Preparation for Sesquialtera.		

SWELL ORGAN.—Tenor C to F 54 Notes.

1. Bell Diapason, metal	8	54	4. Preparation for Hautboy		
2. Stop Diapason, wood	8	42	5. Preparation for Bourdon.		
3. Principal, metal	4	54			

PEDAL ORGAN.—CCC to F 30 Notes.

1. Bourdon, wood 32 30

COUPLERS.

1. Swell to Great. 2. Swell to Pedals.

Two octaves and a half of German pedals radiating.
Three C-swell for Pedals to Great Organ.

The instrument is regarded as a decided success, and most happily adapted to the size and acoustic qualities of the building. The first choral service executed by the choir was not expected to be perfect. There was, however, sufficient evidence of ability amongst the singers to give promise of considerable proficiency hereafter. Mr. Cheese of Amersham, Bucks, who happened to be on a visit, kindly gave his valuable assistance as organist, and handled the instrument in a masterly style.—The Bishop selected as his text 1 John iii. 24. The collection for the organ fund amounted to £14 10s. 7½d.

MILTON.—The annual festival of the Associated Choirs was held on Thursday week at the Priory Church. The sermon was preached by the Rev. A. Fuller, M.A., head master of the college, and the dinner was held in the concert room at one o'clock. The affair came off rather suddenly, and it would have been better for the committee to have given a little more notice of it, especially as they wished to get a large attendance.

OXFORD.—An exercise for the degree of Mus. Doc., composed by Mr. James C. Marks, Mus. Bac., of Magdalen Hall, was performed in the Sheldonian Theatre a few days since. The exercise is a work of great merit, and was very ably performed. The solos were allotted to members of the New College Choir—Mr. Smith taking the alto parts, Mr. Allman the tenor, and Mr. Hawkshotton the bass. Mr. Hesketh acted as leader of the band, and the talented composer of the exercise who is, as understand, organist at Cork Cathedral, presided at the harmonium and conducted the performance, which was much applauded. The Vice-Chancellor occupied the official chair, and Dr. Corfe and the Senior Proctor were also present. Considering that we are now in the Long Vacation, the attendance in the theatre was very large.

Three Meetings

(By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman.")

Oh the happy meeting from over the sea
When I love my friend, and my friend loves me!
All we stand face to face, and the letter read
There are endless words to be heard and said,
With a glance between, sly, tender, half strange,
As if asking, "Say now, is there aught of change?"
Till we both sit down hand in hand, as we used to be—
Since I love my friend, and my friend loves me.

Oh! the blissful meeting of lovers true,
Against whom Fate has done all that Fate could do,
And their dropped eyes scared—while over them shake,
Dead years of anguish, parting, and pain,
Hope, like a banner gay, gallant, and fair
Unfolded, unfurled, in the sunny air
All the heaven of the future, so free and bright,
Arches above them—God guards the light.

But oh for the starting in some one day,
When the spirit's lips sight, through clay
When the wanderer—by [illegible] pilgrim sign,
Shall never notify this face of mine,
And I long—and long—who [illegible] knows!
[illegible] sent, or yet in vain go
[illegible] you to see, [illegible] I am
God and my lost so they are me.

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

REVIEWS.

The Cloister. Meditation for the pianoforte. By STEPHEN SMITH. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

Mr. Smith here shows himself in a quieter and more tender mood than usual. "The Cloister" gives us proof were needed that the popular writer of drawing-room music can be as gracefully sentimental as pleasantly vivacious. It is not at all difficult.

Orphée aux Enfers. Deuxième Fantaisie sur l'opérette de J. Offenbach, pour piano, par SIDNEY SMITH. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

The lovers of Offenbach's music, that is to say people of high and low degree (score in the play) will gladly welcome this fantasia. It contains several of the more favourite numbers from the opera, arranged with charmed, simplicity and taste.

Sleigh Bells. A Canadian Reminiscence, for the pianoforte. By SYDNEY SMITH. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

A capital piece of its kind: characteristic, lively and pleasing. It deserves to be as successful as any of Mr. Smith's compositions.

A Dream of Enchantment. Nocturne for the pianoforte. By E. L. HUNT. [London: Duff & Stewart.]

A graceful theme, surrounded with showy adornments, likely to be a favourite with those who like a mingling of grace and show.

Vive la Joie. Mazurka caprice pour piano, par EDOUARD SAUPHOREY. [London: Duff & Stewart.]

A charming and well-constructed trifle, above the average of its kind.

Easter Hall. A Sunday Evening Monthly Magazine of Sacred Music. Vol. 1. [London: Metzler & Co.]

This number has for the present month opens with a recitative and air "Joy cometh in the morning" by J. Bullish, which calls for an encomium. A "Meditation for Piano," written by Henry Parker, and called "The Sabbath Eve," follows. It contains a pleasing, if not very original melody. Passing over a contemplative hymn tune by J. W. Elliott, we have only to say of a sacred song by W. F. Taylor that it by no means eclipses the composer's Christy Minstrel ballads. A trio for the number is hardly equal to his predecessors in point of merit; a position from which even an arrangement of the prayer from *Mose*, by Herr L. Engel does not redeem it.

A Sister's Love. Ballad. By CHARLES GOUNOD. [London: Duff & Stewart.]

A pleasant and pleasant trifle from the pen of the accomplished author of *Faust*, which will be popular everywhere. It is adapted either for tenor or soprano voices.

Memories. Song. Words by J. C. HERMAN, Esq.; music by GEORGE SALTERS. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

An easy and graceful ballad—music and words being above the average.

Blessed are they that dwell in Thy House. Full Anthem for Four Voices. Composed by BENJAMIN TOCKER. [London: Novello, Ewer & Co.]

To which an anthem worth notice. In construction both of melody and harmony it shows the hand of a musician. We have nothing for it but hearty commendation.

MR. MARTIMONY's benefit at the Crystal Palace on Wednesday (afternoon and evening) was a most brilliant affair. It began with a concert, conducted by Signor Arditi, in which all the principal singers of Her Majesty's Opera took part, and ended (we don't speak of fireworks, &c.) with a performance of *Le Nozze di Figaro*, with the usual "cut," allowing for omission—the substitution of Madame Trebelli Bettini for Mlle. Nilsson, in the part of Cherubino. Further particulars in our next.

A CONCERT BY BLIND BOYS.—At the first annual speech day of the Worcester College for the blind some of gentlemen a selection of music was performed by the pupils in a style which reflected the highest credit on their instructors, Messrs. Dow and Hughes. We subjoin the programme: several items in which prove that the teachers are men who appreciate the classical style, and that the pupils must be of at least equal intelligence with those who have eyes.—Duet, pianoforte, overture to *Egmont*, Beethoven; solo, pianoforte, "Nightingale Quadrilles," Lanner; solo, pianoforte, *Lieder ohne Worte*, Book 1, No. 1, Mendelssohn; solo, pianoforte, Sonata in E flat, Op. 11, Clementi; solo, pianoforte, Sonata in F, Op. 12, Mozart; part-song, "The Hardy Norseman," Pearsall; concerto pianoforte, "Consolation," in E flat, Dussek. It would be difficult to find in ordinary grammar school, which could provide a similar entertainment.—*The Choir.*

PESTH.—Herr Anton von Adalberg's opera *Szapy*, lately produced with marked success, continues to increase in public favour. The local critics are unanimous in their praise of it.

"DIE MEISTERSINGER VON NÜRNBERG."*

(*Concluded from page 490.*)

The libretto of *Die Meistersinger* is rich in *situations*; the musician was doubtless satisfied with the poet, but the inexorable critic has some very grave objections to make in the name of logic and probability. At what period did that wonderful person live, that inhabitant of Nuremberg, that thoroughbred burgher, who put his daughter up to competition, instead of simply giving her to the man she loved, and whom he himself would have liked for a son-in-law? But, on the other hand, had Pogner behaved thus reasonably, there would have been no *Meistersinger*, and we should, no doubt, have had to wait a long time before knowing how Wagner represented Eva. The second act, which plays entirely in the street where Pogner and Hans Sachs reside, is filled up with scenes of which the utility may be strongly questioned. If it had been relieved of those incumbrances, and if the author could have included in it some of the superfluous matter in the third act, which is far from being deficient in interest, but which lasts nearly two hours, a healthy equilibrium would have been established, and the public would have been spared an amount of physical fatigue which cannot fail to exert some influence upon their impressions.

Wagner's comedy is neither the *merzwudige* of most of our comic operas, nor the absurd farcical stuff which has usurped the name of buffo opera. It is the high class gaiety of Shakespeare and Molière, without the coarse expressions. The scene in which Beckmesser receives stick on marks of the bad reception left by the citizens who have been disturbed in their sleep, excited at the performance, Homeric laughter. But, during all the noise, where can have been the watchman, who appears, half asleep, at the end of the act, when perfect order has been restored, simply to drawl out his monotonous cry? The fourth scene of the second act, between Hans Sachs and Eva, is treated with considerable delicacy, though it is too long. As for Walther when he author has charged with expounding his own ideas upon the renovation of art, he would never think of joking; he is enthusiastic, full of passion, sometimes grave, and never quitting the Lydian Mode.

The musical plan followed by Wagner in his new work differs a little from that pursued in *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, and *Tristan*, but not so much as the title of comic opera would lead us to believe. There is no characteristic phrase announcing each personage; there are some passages with a bold frank rhythm and some perfect cadences, though these latter are, it is true, very rare, but there is everywhere about the same amount of "endless melody" without any palpable form; harmony as little natural as possible, and which frequently defies analysis; periods without any termination; an entanglement of the various parts resembling counterpoint caricatured—and then suddenly in the midst of all this shines a charmingly clear passage or some powerful idea grandly expressed.

In all this we search in vain for an opportunity of exercising that facility of comprehension which according to Wagner himself, ought to be one of the principal conditions of the Beautiful in a dramatic work; as to the quality most nearly related to it, namely simplicity, it is entirely out of the question—the adepts of the new school would laugh in our very face at the idea of such a thing—as it is also unity, removed, as they are of the present day from the pedestal on which Winckelmann placed them. It is upon other bases, more solid without doubt, that the new system of aesthetics is established. It happens, however, that exactly the very passages in which the beautiful bursts forth in Wagner's work are those where escaping from the restraint he has imposed upon himself he condescends to remain within reach of those simple persons who have learnt to feel in the school of Beethoven or Carl Weber; for instance, the finales of the first and third acts of *Lohengrin*, the marriage march, the air of Lohengrin on his departure, many passages in *Tannhäuser* &c. If the avowed object of the innovators is to *democratise* art, will they not attain that object more easily by the above pieces, to which Wagner perhaps attaches only trifling importance, than by the vague echoes of the "melody of the forest?" The master's disciples will certainly reply, like Lassalle, that one must be specially gifted to appreciate beauties of this description—and that they are so gifted. To this there is no answer, without continually turning in a circle.

The prelude to *Die Meistersinger* is more developed than, but very inferior to, that of *Lohengrin*. It is built upon the motive sung by Pogner in the first act, where he declares his intention of giving his daughter to the victor in the tourney: "Ein Meistersinger muss es sein," taken up again by Walther, in the fifth scene of the second act, and on the march which accompanies the entrance of the master-singers. The scene of the meeting in the church and Walther's song in the first act, the scene between Hans Sachs and Eva, the serenade, in which Beckmesser, attributing to his lute, despatches his sighs and amorous blandishments to Eva's maid, disguised in her mistress's garments, and the *finale* to the second act, Walther's dream, which he will repeat subsequently at the public meeting in the second tableau of the third act; the waltz movement towards the beginning of the last *finale* and the entire scene of the song competition, may be cited as the principal pages of the score. The two melodies sung by Walther at each of his ordeals before the master-singers, are charming, and evince far very many errors in taste.

I shall have doubtless to modify my first impression, for it is impossible for any one to decide at once on the bearing of a work by Wagner. From my present views, however hasty as they are, I arrive at the conviction that comic opera, has nothing to gain from being transported in this ground, if its name and character are to be preserved; unless we would end in a hybrid production in which all styles shall be united, as perhaps we may do at no distant period.

At present I will make a few observations on the performance. It was on Sunday, the 21st June, that *Die Meistersinger* so impatiently expected, was given for the first time at the Theatre Royal Munich. The public, very reserved at first, rose gradually to the pitch of enthusiasm. Wagner seated by the side of his royal friend, Louis II., was called forward several times. The performance lasted an hour than five hours, and if Wagner had not avoided those tiring repetitions of the words which stop the action even in our best operas, who can say at what awful hour for German habits, Hans Sachs would have finished his politico-artistic tirade, which was so little expected? The concerted pieces, thanks to this precaution, are comparatively short. It is scarcely necessary to say that there is no spoken dialogue.—The labour of studying the work, long and carefully directed by a great musician, Hans von Bülow, devoted to Wagner body and soul, resulted in a magnificent execution of it. Nachbaur (Walther), Betz (Hans Sachs), Baumann (Pogner), Schlosser (David), Holzel (Beckmesser), Mesdames Mellinger (Eva), and Diez (Madeleine), the chorus, and the orchestra were admirable, and it is no small merit to sing appropriately music so overcharged and so twisted about, where both mind and ear are continually seeking some point of support so as not to be out of tune. Hans von Bülow, erect in the middle of the orchestra, conducted without scarcely casting his eyes upon the score, which was open before him; he knows the enormous volume, *radio infinitesimal* under by heart.

Prodigies have been effected in the way of the *mise-en-scène*. In the second act, the wings were done away with to make room, not for flats or "tormentors," but for real houses of the Middle Ages. The King had given his *protégé* unlimited credit; during several months the receipts of the theatre were allowed to suffer in order that the artists might attend exclusively to the daily and interminable rehearsals of *Die Meistersinger*, of which only *three* performances are to be given; the expense is reckoned at fifty thousand florins. Whatever opinion we may hold of the worth and future of Wagnerian ideas, it is consoling to think that a sovereign should have done so much for Art, which certainly will not repay him pecuniarily.

CHARLES BANNELIER.

* *From Le Ménestrel Gazette Musicale.*

Berlin, 6.—The members of the Singer-verein gave a special performance under the direction of Herr Carl Schäffer, last conductor on the 2nd inst., to celebrate the forty-second anniversary of the institution. Among the pieces included in the programme were the motet a *capella* "Sunt servis," Palestrina; the "Miserere" in D minor, Mozart, and the "Kyrie," "Gloria," "Sanctus," "Benedictus," and "Agnus" from Beethoven's C major mass.

Innsbruck.—A performance of Beethoven's C major mass and Handel's *Samson*, will shortly be given to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the Musikverein.

WAIFS.

From the most recent letter addressed to the *Ménestrel* by its witty and intelligent correspondent, "Du Rein" (July 12), we extract the following:—

"Mon cherchons des impressions plus consolantes.—Une artiste—sincèrement dévouée à son art, sublime, avec un talent je dirais honoré et un succès dont elle peut à bon droit s'enorgueillir—vient de terminer une des tâches les plus pénibles que jamais on l'ait osé entreprendre. Je veux parler de Madame Arabella Goddard et de ces trois matinées entièrement consacrées à Mendelssohn. On sait que le célèbre pianiste professeur pour le génie de ce maître se cache qu'amèrement ancienne tout à bord sur rien que dans ces trois séances, elle a exécuté à elle seule les quarante-huit nouvelles sous *ge ofer* les six *préludes et études*, enfin les deux *sonates* récemment ajoutées aux publications posthumes. Aussi ces *Mendelssohn-recitals* ont-ils été pour les vrais amateurs, l'événement important de la saison. Madame Arabella Goddard dit le *Morning Post*, mont l'ajouter une nouvelle couronne à ses nombreux lauriers dans une carrière signalée à un bout à l'autre par un véritable amour de l'art et un dévouement enthousiaste à ses progrès."

L'Entracte Théâtre says that Mdlle. Nilsson is to be married to a very rich English colonel. Why not a very poor French corporal for the sake of a change?

M. Alphonse Rogers is preparing for the press a new work called *L'Histoire Universelle du Théâtre* which is to be published concurrently in French, English and German.

Hungary has at length consented to be bound by the International Literary and Artistic Treaty between France and Austria, against which the Hungarian pirates had for some time emphatically protested.

The commission of the French Corps Législatif in its report to the budget has proposed that the annual subventions of 100,000 francs for next year enjoyed by the Théâtre Lyrique of Paris, be suppressed. Thus enough to frighten any candidate for the place but recently vacated by M. Carvalho, surely more creditable means of economy might be suggested.

The company of the Théâtre Français is about to make a second artistic peregrination to the departments. The first was in 1863 when, after the Prince Napoleon entertained crowned heads and princes at Eaux.

M. Thiron, the popular actor, is about to leave the Variétés for the Théâtre Français.

Mr. T. M. Mudie has returned to Twickenham meadows, where it is hoped that the familiar surrounding objects may bring back to his imagination some phases of life not long since contemplated, but almost irremediably bandaged away. The doctors have advised Mr. A. S. Sullivan to accompany him.

The *Morning Star* informs us that Mdlle. Adelina Patti is to be married to the Marquis de Caux on the first of next month. From other sources we learn that the wedding is fixed for the 28th inst. But as yet all our efforts to gather no information. Nevertheless it is certain that a French journal *La Comédie* states that Mdlle. Christine Nilsson is to be married to a rich English colonel. Even the converse would be incredible. Mdlle. Nilsson is not going to marry a poor French corporal.

Mr. Jules Benedict has composed a new ballad (words by Mr. W. Gurney) for Miss Edith Wynne, which she will sing during the farewell tour of Madame Sainton-Dolby. A more elegant trifle has rarely appeared since from the pen of its gifted composer.

Mr. John Barnett, composer of *The Mountain Sylph*, has just completed a set of part songs. Anything from his pen will always be welcome to all lovers of true music. We trust these part songs are the harbingers of many other good things.

The choir of St. George's Cathedral, Southwark, is rehearsing Schubert's mass in E flat, under the able direction of Mr. Josiah Pittman. When it is performed may we be there to hear.

HORACE MAYNE'S LAST LAUGH.—No. 1.—"A Mr. Stringfellow has been exhibiting a flying machine at the Crystal Palace. That is his machine, you understand by, but it will move along a wire. The inventor ought to be called Mr. Wire-fellow.—[*A very dreadful notion.*—A. S. S.] No. 2.—"The Shakspearian title for Sir Richard Mayne should be Dog-bary.—[*A July order.*—A. S. S.] No. 3.—"The man who has a mouth for music is an organ-grinder.—[*Good.*—A. S. S.] No. 4.—"Sir a people object to hit. Burnand's parodying Messrs. Reade and Boucicault. It's Holborn drama. Everybody must admit that foul play is fair game.—[*Undeniable.*—A. S. S.]

In a very interesting general article on "the Season" which appeared in the *Express* of July 11, occurs the following passage:—

"Turning from the opera to another form of fashionable musical entertainment, we believe there have never been more concert given in London than this year. This is a fearful and wonderful fact, explain it and rejoice in it who can. There may be some advantage to the common weal in this concentration of nuisance every afternoon, and there is at all events the satisfaction of not being obliged to hear them. Where do the concert-going public come from? Who are they in brilliant in their attire and so bored and sleepy in their looks? Well, there are pupils of the singers with their friends; there are the religious world who draw the line at concerts; there are the people from the country who like a good indigestion at musical celebration once a year and go wherever they can get the most for their ticket. And after all it is difficult to suppose that many of these incessant and bewildering performances of the musical season—we speak of the miscellaneous concerts—can be profitable to any one concerned in them, the giver or the performers—except indirectly in keeping up a connection or making one.

"There is one class of concerts, however, of a very different order, we mean the Recitals of Madame Arabella Goddard and Mr. Charles Halle. These are rare in the gems of the musical season, and equally gratifying to the most refined taste and tuition, and to young people who are studying the instrument worth a hundred lessons from the most expensive master. The number of ladies who may be seen attent on these rare and perfect performances and acting with the score in hand, while Madame Goddard is playing—as very few can play—one of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte* with all the simple grace and delicacy of a lady in her own drawing-room, serve to justify even better than the thousands who crowd to a Handel Festival, the boast that true musical feeling and attainments are spreading in this country. In estimating the just success of a Handel Festival we must take into account the vast scale of the programme, the attractions of the mere itself and the interest which anthem music possesses for the vast religious and respectable public. It is rather to the selector audiences of the Monday Popular Concerts, &c., that we look for evidence of a public who really go to hear good music, and know how to enjoy it.

The *Athenæum* of July 11th in an article on the last Philharmonic Concert, speaks of Herr Lubeck's performance of Mendelssohn's second concerto as subjoined:—"Herr Lubeck's art surely have been practised, if that by not quitting or by indisposition, also he never could have made so many slips in Mendelssohn's D minor concerto; perhaps he may have been distressed by the presence of Royal Hearers. *Vive Apollon! Jesus Athenæ!* they do not contribute to the musical advantage of the subscribers. It says little for our good manners that we can not let the heir-apparent go to a concert without throwing the National Anthem at him, and still less for our self-respect that we must stand upon the benches to catch a glimpse of the back of his head.

A POET'S INDIGNATION.

DEAR PUNCH.—You have been down upon me a good many times, but I know you love justice, and I confidently ask your aid. So I have been reported that I am the author of the words of the song sung (and excellently I hear) by Mr. Cummings at the Crystal Palace on the day the Duke of Edinburgh was there. Now, Mr. *Punch*, it is not true. I had nothing to do with it. I allow, Sir, that the style of the so-called poet is based upon mine, and that the mistake is not unnatural. But when you come to look at the verses that were sung, you will see that I, the Poet Close, could never have written such nonsense. Look here, Sir,—

"Of Nelson, Hood, and Collingwood
Our grandfathers used to sing!
Our fathers had a toast as good
They gave—the Sailor King!
Now mark! A sailor leads the fleet
His courage to evince
He has, in the storm, no fear from the wrath
God bless our Sailor Prince!"

Treads the deck to evince his courage! *Mr. Punch*, would I thus libel my Prince? He treads the deck in an such unmanmilike and idiotic purpose. He treads the deck because it is his duty to do so and at the right time goes below for the same reason. But worse stuff follows—

"Young, brave and gay, as ever the blue
His courage is as high
The pride, the darling of his crew—
God bless our Sailor Prince!"

Wears the blue to evince his courage! One would think that it was a precious colour, and that the wearing of the green in Ireland, the last was out of danger. Isn't I sad that thousands of folk should have to hear such bosh? But there is worse still—

"When o'er the land a flash of pain
Ran through the electric wire
That England's darling son was slain
High rose the people's ire
Now at the news the coward blow
Our fealty deck colour
And blend our prayers, that God who spares,
May save our Sailor Prince!"

What does the so called Poet mean by saying that a flash of pain shot through the electric wire? Did it hurt the wire? And how does the coward blow (which wasn't a blow) colour our fealty? The fact is, Sir, that the barrow-brained bard wanted to rhyme to Prince, and could think of no rhyme

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but exist. I, Sir, could have given her many rhymes, much better as— "Our noble Prince did never wrote but one note when set up with his [illegible] for [illegible] his [illegible] and then compose that lift a Prince."
Sir, as the Lady [illegible] [illegible] this letter of the pretty song of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] I was proud to be Laureate [illegible] and I shall have to address her [illegible] it might do me injury in my business if I were supposed capable of writing such verses as those I have quoted. By giving publication to the facts, you will oblige your obedient servant

To Punch Esq. THE POET CLOSE.

STUTTGARDT.—The members of the Association for Classical Sacred Music recently gave a performance of Handel's *Athalie*.

MUNICH.—The second performance of *Die Meistersinger* was not given till the 19th June, just a week after the first as both Herr Betz and Herr Hölzel were too fatigued to appear again sooner. The composer himself vanished mysteriously immediately after the first performance; a great many reasons are assigned for this sudden flight, which is probably connected in some way with the fact of his bowing from the King's box. It would be entertaining a very incorrect notion of the power and refinement of the court party and feudal nobility to suppose that such an act would be allowed to remain unpunished. Wagner has, however, not gone to Dresden, where he was expected, but returned to Lucerne to do something more to his grand work *Die Nibelungen*.—Herr Wagner's opponents have been accused of being too lavish in their blame, but in the way of praise it would be difficult to surpass Herr Cornelius when he says in the *Süddeutsche Presse*: "The orchestra of the score of *Die Meistersinger* contains a large abundance of unusual combinations of colour; each twitching of the eye-brow, each movement of the hand, whether to threaten or to beckon, is portrayed in an unmistakable manner." We cannot understand how a man can write such rubbish, and can only say to the founder of the School of the Future observe the Battle Psalm: Heaven preserve thee from thy friends.—A new caricature has excited a good deal of attention lately. It represents a splendid private box decorated with princely emblems, in which theatre the box is situated the reader will easily guess. The two occupants of it, the one an aristocratic looking young man, and the other a gi[illegible] individual with a face like a Satyr, [illegible], are fighting for the front place. Underneath is the well known classic line: "Es soll dem König mit dem Sänger gehen" ("The King shall associate with the poet").—A new three-act comic opera *Der Rattenkönig*, by Herr Kuntzenbecker[illegible] has been accepted.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW

OLLIVIER.—"By Little Charms," "O the Sweet Contentment," "The Farmer's Daughter of Berkshire"—songs by Henry Phillips.

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MEMOIR OF THE LATE CHARLES KEAN

Charles John Kean was born on the 18th January 1811. In his veins, as in those of many of our most illustrious Britons, English and Irish blood commingled in equal proportions. His first saw the light at Waterford, a city which may lay claim to high dramatic celebrity, having also given to the stage Dorothea Jordan and Tyrone Power. His mother, whose maiden name was Chambers, came of a respectable Kerry family long settled in Munster. Unforeseen reverses having compelled her to take to the stage as a means of livelihood, she became acquainted with her destined husband, Edmund Kean, while they were both fulfilling a professional engagement in England—he being then under twenty, and she some years older. It was at Stroud, in Gloucestershire, in the summer of 1806, that she entrusted with him the marriage which made her an illustrious mother, but a most unhappy wife. The newly-married couple proceeded shortly afterwards to Ireland, and Barry Cornwall tells us, in his Life of Edmund Kean, that a few days before the birth of her eldest son Howard, she died in infancy. Mrs. Kean played the heroine in a grand romantic melo-drama dazzlingly entitled *The Virgin of the Sun*. Lord Macaulay has been at the pains to prove that Charles Kean was entitled in right of his father to such social prestige as may belong to patrician descent.

"It is perhaps not generally known" (writes the historian) "that many adventurers who, without advantages of fortune or position, made themselves conspicuous by the mere force of ability, inherited the blood of George Savile, Marquis of Halifax. He left a natural son, Henry Carey, whose dramas once drew crowded audiences to the theatres, and some of whose gay and spirited songs still live in the memory of hundreds of thousands. From Henry Carey descended that Edmund Kean who in our own time transformed himself so marvellously into Shylock, Iago, and Othello."

This Henry Carey left a son, George Savile Carey, whose daughter Ann Carey was the reputed mother of the great tragedian. The question of his maternal lineage, however, is one which Edmund Kean appears to have regarded as a matter of very trivial consequence. He supported his mother, and allowed her an annuity; but we are assured that he "sometimes doubted and questioned" her title to noble extraction. It is a fact, which hardly seems as well known as it deserves to be, that Edmund was not the first Kean who figured upon the stage. His uncle, Moses Kean, was a member of the Drury Lane company, and played Glumdalin in 1776, the same year that Mrs. Siddons made her first appearance in London. The year of Charles Kean's birth was rich in some note in English annals, being that in which were won three of the great Peninsular battles—Barossa, Albuera, and Fuentes d'Onoro, and that in which the Prince of Wales became Regent of the United Kingdom. It was a busy, anxious time, full of adventure and excitement; but they tell us that the drama prospered in those bustling days, and that the theatres were nightly crowded, notwithstanding the heavy taxes and the continual drain of a war which seemed to resemble an interminable chancery suit or a never-ending game at chess. Each of the six succeeding years was signalized by some event of extraordinary interest in the dramatic world. Mrs. Siddons retired in 1812, followed by Mrs. Jordan in 1814, and by Jack Bannister in 1815. Against these serious losses were to be set these brilliant gains—Miss O'Neill made a triumphant *début* in 1813. Edmund Kean flashed like a meteor upon the town in 1814; and, two years later, William Charles Macready came out with great *éclat*, at once establishing for himself a position of eminence, which he retained till the close of his professional career. But Edmund Kean outstripped all rivals. He was the cynosure of every eye, "the expectancy and rose" of the fair state of the drama. His first appearance, as Shylock, at Drury Lane, was an unprecedented success, as any recorded in the history of the British stage. He left his humble lodgings for the theatre with a heavy heart, believing as usually, yet doubting whether the public would pardon his faith. But he had literally gone a mere glory, and his fame returned a hero. "Now, Mary," said he to his wife, "you shall ride in your own carriage, and Charles shall go to Eton."

Time speed on, aggrandizing the fame of the new tragedian, and bestowing his path with golden opportunities which, had his prudence been equal to his genius, would infallibly have guided him to fortune. After a sojourn of many years at the preparatory schools of Mr. Styles, at Thames Ditton, and of Rev. E. Polehampton, at Worplesdon, and afterwards at Greenford, near Harrow, Charles entered Eton as an "oppidan" in June 1824, Dr. Gaisford being then provost, and Dr. Keate high master. His tutor was the Rev. J. Chapman, afterwards Bishop of Colombo. During his residence at Eton, Charles made indefatigable progress in his studies and acquired considerable reputation for his skill in a kind now than one of the most important of academic exercises—the manufacture of Latin verses. He also excelled in fencing, an accomplishment which he found highly serviceable in after life, when he was universally admitted to be one of the most skilled swordsmen upon the stage. Cricket, too, was one of his favourite sports, and he was accounted an expert a leader. In equestrian that he was chosen second captain of the "Long Boats," an enviable distinction among Etonians. In the list of his contemporaries and associates at school were the late Duke of Newcastle, the late Marquises of Waterford, Lords Ellington, Sandwich, Selkirk, Bosanquet, Canning, Walpole, Adare, and Alford; Messrs. W. Gladstone, Somerset, Cooper, Holmes, Estlin, Greaves, Wentworth Middleton, Watt, Russell, Alexander, Eton, &c. As the time approached for leaving school the question of what profession he should adopt had of course to be considered. His mother, in whose he was devotedly attached, preferred the Church; his own inclination was strongly in favour of the army. It was soon discovered that neither project could be realized. Edmund Kean was, as an honest phrase, "off the rails." His inveterate habits of dissipation and not only alienated his friends, and exhausted the patience of the public, but broken down his health and dimmed the lustre of his once matchless genius. His funds were all gone, and ruin was staring him in the face. In this unhappy state of things Charles was obliged to strike out for himself a very different path of life from any that had been hitherto proposed for him. He determined to go upon the stage.

The circumstances under which this resolution was taken, and the considerations that urged him to it, are of peculiar interest, and do great honour to his memory. They may be best described in the language of his biographer:—

"Charles, who had for some time suspected the total derangement of his father's affairs, was startled into conviction by a pressing letter from his mother, received during his last half year at Eton, in the early part of 1827, entreating him to come home to her immediately. He obtained permission to absent himself for a few days, and hastened to London. He found her suffering the most intense anxiety, and she implored him not to leave her. It appeared that Mr. Calcraft, a Member of Parliament, and one of the most influential of the Drury Lane committee of that day, had offered to procure for him a cadetship in the East India Company's Service. His father thought the offer too eligible to be declined, and in giving one to that he intended to accept it, ordered his son to make instant preparations for his departure. Mrs. Kean, had been entirely separated from her husband for two or three years; she was reduced in a pitiable state of health, nearly bed-ridden, helpless as an infant, and without a single relative to whom she could look for succour or consolation. Weighing these circumstances well, Charles Kean formed his determination, and sought an interview with his father at the Hummums, Covent Garden, where he resided at that time, to bring matters to a final understanding. Edmund Kean was then pecuniarily situated. He had dissipated his realized capital, and was living from day to day on the uncertain earnings which might cease altogether with increasing infirmities. He still commanded a large salary when able to work, but his power of continuing that supply was little to be depended on. He told his son that there remained no alternative for him but to accept the offer of the cadetship, that he would provide his Indian outfit, and this being done he must depend thenceforth entirely upon his own exertions, and never apply to him for any future support or assistance. Charles replied that he was perfectly contented, and willing to embrace these conditions, provided something like an adequate allowance was secured to his mother. Finding that his father no longer had it in his power to persuade him with any degree of certainty he respectfully but firmly told him that he would not leave England while his mother lived, and declined, with thanks, the kind proposal of Mr. Calcraft. That answer raised the anger of the older Kean to the highest pitch; he gave way to the most intemperate passion, and a painful scene ensued. "What will you do," said he, "when I discard you, and you are thrown entirely on your own resources?" "In that case," replied the son, "I shall be compelled to seek my fortune on the stage (the father turned in derision), and though I may never rise to eminence, or be a great actor, I shall at least obtain a livelihood for my mother and myself—and be obliged to no one." The father stormed, repeating with almost inarticulate fury what he had often said before, that he was resolved to be the first and last tragedian of the name of Kean. The son endured a torrent of vituperation without losing his temper or forgetting the respect which under any circumstances, he felt to be still due to a parent. They parted, and from that hour all intercourse between them was suspended."

This happened in the spring of 1827. In the following July Charles left Eton "for good" and coming up to London found his mother still in poverty and affliction. His father and family out with the authorities at Drury Lane and seceded to Covent Garden, then under the management of Charles Kemble, but, though now again in receipt of a good income, he no longer contributed to the support of his wife. At this juncture Charles had the good fortune to be befriended by Mr. Stephen Price, the well-known American manager, who believing that there was a magic still lurking in the name of Kean, offered him a salary of £10 a week, to be increased to £11 and £13 during the second and third years in case of success. The future course of the young adventurer being now fortunately, his first appearance upon any stage took place upon the boards of "Old Drury" on the opening night of the season, Monday, Oct. 1, 1827. Young Norval, in Home's tragedy

of *Douglas*, was the character selected for the occasion. The play was cast as follows:—

Young Norval (his first appearance on any stage)	Mr Charles Kean.
Lord Randolph	Mr Meek
Glenalvon	Mr Wallack.
Old Norval	Mr Conway
Lady Randolph	Mrs Warde
Anna	Mrs Knight.

The result of this experiment was not encouraging; it was very much the reverse. Charles was well received when first he came out upon the stage; but his performance failed to awaken the slightest enthusiasm in the audience. They barely tolerated him. Some of the best theatrical critics of the day—Mr Talfourd in the number—did not consider his observing of a station and those who delighted in notice him did so with all the unanimous dissent. One of them (her's most enthusiastic) has described the young actor's performance as "just such a one as would have been highly creditable to a school boy acting in conjunction with his companions for the amusement of their parents on a breaking-up day," adding that "in a few days he would probably wish him nothingness." Instead of taking the town by storm, as his father had done, Charles found that he was powerless to awaken even a transient emotion of interest. He left the theatre a sadder, if not a wiser man than he had entered it, and returned to his mother in deep dejection.

Much has been said about the benefit Charles Kean derived from the heritage of an illustrious name. It may well be doubted whether the inheritance did not operate rather to his injury than his advancement. The sons of great men have so often shamed their sires that their failure has in all nations passed into a proverb. The Virgilian maxim "*Sequitque patrem non passibus æquis*" may serve as an illustration. There is a French couplet which gives more pungent expression to the more thought:—

> "Monsieur le grande homme, d'ailleurs si estimable;
> Ont fort peu demande à faire leur ressemblable."

This is felt to be true as a general rule, despite the occurrence of occasional exceptions. So strong is the temptation to institute between a father and a son a comparison injurious to the latter, and so often does experience justify the adverse judgment, that there is good reason to calculate that Charles Kean's parentage, like that of other men similarly situated, did him more harm than good at the commencement of his career. The shadow of a great name made it all the more difficult for him to emerge from obscurity.

The young aspirant for fame lingered at Drury Lane through the season of 1827-28, occasionally appearing as Norval in *Douglas*, Selim in *Barbarossa*, Frederick in *Lovers' Vows*, and Lothario in Monk Lewis's tragedy of *Adelgitha*, but drawing only thin houses, and making no more impression upon the public than Macduff's sword on the intrenchant air. But he knew better than to despair. He took heart and resolved to seek change of scene. In the spring of the following year he went to Dublin, where he experienced an enthusiastic reception in his old character of Norval, a part to which he still clung with fond fidelity, though many years had brought him but little luck. Summoned before the curtain at the close of the play, he was not only vociferously cheered but called upon for a speech! The effect of his oration may be inferred from the exclamations evoked from a wag in the gallery—"That will do, Charley! Go home to your mother!" The rollicking good nature that mingled with this sally of sarcasm was in keeping with the friendly feeling invariably evinced at Dublin towards the Kean family. Edmund Kean was from the first a great favourite in the Irish capital. The passionate fervour of his acting and his glow of romantic zeal, contrasting so strikingly with the classic dignity and stately grandeur of the Kembles, had an irresistible charm for the Irish. A Dublin playgoer epitomized the qualities of the rival tragedians in a pithy epigram—

> "Kemble's an actor on a studied plan,
> Kean is an actor he's the very man."

Instead of going home to his mother, Charles bent his steps in the direction of Glasgow, where he found himself much to his surprise in close proximity to his father, who had come to reside for a few weeks at a cottage he had built in the Island Bute. Through the good offices of a friend a reconciliation was happily effected between the father and the son, and on the 1st October, 1828, they appeared together at the Glasgow Theatre as Brutus and Titus in Howard Payne's tragedy of *Brutus*. One passage in the play worked powerfully on the feelings of the audience. It was that in which Brutus overpowered with emotion falls upon the neck of Titus, exclaiming, in broken accents, "Embrace thy wretched father!" The tragic spontaneous of the phrase and the poignancy of tone and look with which it was uttered touched the spectators to the heart, prompting them to an outburst of passionate sympathy. At Christmas, Charles returned to his old quarters in Drury Lane, but though he had acquired confidence, and was in all respects much improved by his provincial practice, the day had not yet come when either the press or the public were prepared to receive him with cordial favour. But though of little service to his professional prospects, this visit to London was important in his personal history. It was on Monday night, 12-6, that he met for the first time upon the stage his wife, that was to be, Miss Ellen Tree, with whom he acted in the play called *Lovers' Vows*.

(*To be continued.*)

KIRNBERGERIANA.*

It is a strange fact that acknowledged great men should in their every-day intercourse with their fellow-creatures, have exposed the most ludicrous side of their character, and exhibited the most remarkable habits. If we were only to cite the things said to have been done out of absence of mind by celebrated scholars, we might fill an endless list. Musicians, as well as scholars would furnish their fair share. Why should not they?

Johann Philipp Kirnberger, Court-Musician to her Royal Highness the Princess Anna of Prussia, a most exact contrapuntist, the acknowledged musical authority of his time, etc., on the one hand, is, on the other, in his private life and deeds, so highly remarkable for his oddities, that we cannot refrain from including some of them in our collection of curiosities. We, of course, leave completely out of consideration his importance as a theoretician; we care nothing about the almost sovereign autocratic power nearly unintelligible for us at the present day, which he exercised in his own sphere, and which, by the way, we see so fully developed also in Mattheson and Marpurg; also, we begin to do only with the man personally.

A pupil of his, Professor Eberhard, offers a tolerably natural explanation of many of Kirnberger's queer ways. Despite the situation he had formerly held in first-rate Polish families, and despite those he subsequently held with the Margrave Heinrich and the Princess Amalia, Kirnberger was anything but a man of the world. He was totally wanting in gentlemanly bearing. He knew this himself perfectly well for whenever he met a fellow-artist with gentlemanly manners, he was never contented till he had made him feel how superior he, Kirnberger, was in matters connected with art, and as may be supposed, he did not do so in the most delicate fashion. The Professor Eberhard already mentioned endeavours to account for his manners—which frequently gave rise to the most interesting contrasts—by the humble position Kirnberger once occupied; according to the Professor the uncertainty in Kirnberger's way of entering a room, the bashfulness and wooden stiffness of his bearing, were merely the consequence of the habits never to be eradicated, which he had contracted from the members of the lower classes among whom he had spent many years of his life. It is said that there was a kind and feeling soul beneath his rough exterior; we do not think, however, that it was the soul of a noble minded artist.

His brusque behaviour towards other artists was certainly, on the one hand, a consequence of the respect shown him as a theoretician; on the other hand, it met with the full approval of his royal pupil and patroness. The Princess Anna's opinions on art and artists were, the reader must know, more than harsh. We read in a letter she wrote to J. A. P. Schulz, who had begged permission to dedicate to her his choruses to *Athalia*: "I fancy you must have made a blunder, and, instead of your own music, sent me some notes scribbled by your child, for I have not perceived the slightest art in them—May Heaven be pleased to open the eyes of those who possess an finely an imagination as to form a high opinion of them—have—may He bestow their understanding had teach them to see that they are merely botchers and bungler."

She says, too, of Gluck, that he can never be considered skilful in a manner, because he has no knowledge, writes bad and wretched melody, had possessed no power of expression. She designates his *Iphigenia auf Tauris* as "miserable opera." We can easily understand what sort of Kirnberger's character, despite the defects of his breeding and education, might be a favourite with the high dame.

His defects of education are said to have even rendered him incapable of himself writing out his thoughts and works. In a small book published shortly after his death, but which, we may correctly remark, did not emanate either from his celebrated opponent, J. W. Marpurg, or from any of the latter's friends, we are informed that, on account of his incapacity on his part he was always compelled to have recourse to the friend of the moment, if he happened to have one, and that this is the reason that the style varies so much in his writings, being not only different as one work to what it is in another, but being different in one chapter to what it is in another chapter of the very same work. It is certainly an established fact that his work *Die wahren Grundsätze zum Gebrauche der Harmonie* (Berlin and Königsberg 1773) in which

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

the writer uses the first person was written by his pupil, J. A. P. Schulz mentioned above. Schulz himself was aware of the fact, but comes forward to defend his master, whom he greatly respected.

To give the reader some notion of the pitiful reason Kirnberger was obliged to set aside anything that displeased him, or to produce an impression on good musicians, we will end by citing two cases.

A violin concerto used to be frequently played by a first-rate performer in the band of a Polish prince in which Kirnberger fulfilled the duties of pianist. There was one passage in the concerto which for Kirnberger was unsupportable, but it was in vain that he tried to bring the composer to his way of thinking, or to make him alter what he had written. Such being the case, Kirnberger took the Prince's instrument every day up into his room and played the concerto upon the violin, never neglecting to give the poor animal a good thrashing at the passage in question. The dog being never remarked this, and soon began to set up a howl, without being beaten, when the fatal passage was heard. The reader may imagine what a tremendous outburst of laughter there was when at the few following performances, the dog, who was present, broke out, despite all the attempts made to pacify him, into a pitiful howl. Kirnberger, of course, did not fail to refer to this as the most striking corroboration of what he had asserted. It need scarcely be stated that the concerto disappeared for ever from the programme.

But most afforded him greater delight than anything else was to mislead really good musicians by all kinds of affected turns, strange notation, and so on. Thus, for instance, he introduced into a trio for two violins and a violoncello, a minuet in which the bass proceeded strictly with its crotchets, while the violins, on the other hand, progressed towards the end in syncopated notes. These syncopated notes were not, however, written by him in legato crotchets, but as semibreves and minims, the three-four time being thus converted into two-two time, while the violoncello continued playing as in the original three-four time. He succeeded in puzzling many violinists and ruining them (amid wild shouts), till he at length met with the right man who turned the joke against the joker. It was at a private party, and the two then celebrated violin-virtuosos Johann Ludwig Müllen and Johann Peter Salomon with Ignaz Mara, violoncellist of the Royal chapel, were playing a trio together. Kirnberger took advantage of the opportunity to place this said trio of his before them. In order moreover, to catch the celebrated artists in the trap, as he had caught so many others, he undertook himself to play the violoncello part on the piano. But the two virtuosi knew the composer's ways too well not to suspect some trick from his self-satisfied air. They soon rapidly run through their parts, and in due time discovered the unusual big notes in the three-four minuet. It was now diamond cut diamond. After a hasty consultation, they agreed to put Herr Kirnberger who was, as they knew, not very sure as a practical pianist, to his turn to the test. Surely enough, by reversed bowing, false accents, and so on, they succeeded, even in the very first movement, in so completely confusing the composer that he came to a dead standstill, and, rising from his seat, left the room in a rage. To the great amusement of those present the three trio-players then performed without a mistake and in blamless style from beginning to end, the composition aforesaid, including the ominous minuet itself.

REMINISCENCES OF FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY *

It was a bird in a cage who wrote on the 9th August, 1841, from Berlin:—

"You want news concerning the Berlin Conservatory; so do I, but there is none. The matter rests upon a very vague basis, if indeed it rests upon any basis at all and is not merely a castle in the air. The King appears to have a plan for remodelling the Academy of Arts, but that cannot well be done without altering the constitution of the existing one. Nobody, however, can make up his mind to adopt such a step, and I am less inclined than any one else to advise it, because I do not expect much good to music from any Academy, remodelled or not."

At the request of Friedrich Wilhelm IV., Mendelssohn had left Leipzig in July, 1840, to settle in Berlin, and the above lines are the beginning of a letter to his dear friend, David. The art-loving King had summoned the greatest living musician to represent the noble musical art at his "Court of the Muses." In Mendelssohn's correspondence there are some most interesting documents respecting the post of a Director of Music, with a salary of 3000 thalers a year, to an Academy of Arts, to be established in Berlin and to consist of four departments: Architecture, Sculpture, Painting, and Music. A grand Conservatory of Music was to be founded, and a series of secular and sacred concerts to be given.

"The idea of my Berlin, to return to private life, except that I should be a sort of Conservatory schoolmaster, is something to which, after my good, fresh orchestra, I cannot bring myself. I could do it if I had really to live as a private individual. I should then merely compose and lead a quiet existence; but then I should have to put up with the hybrid state of things peculiar to Berlin; great plans and very small results; perfect criticism and mediocre musicians; liberal ideas and Court lackeys in the street; the Museum, the Academy, and the mud! I doubt my stopping here more than a year; but of course I shall do all I can not to let that one year pass without profit for myself and for others."

To the great delight of his mother and sisters, Mendelssohn moved into the well-loved house "which I left with a heavy heart twelve years previously," as he says in his letter. But he did not feel at home in his native town, notwithstanding all the pains people took to render his stay there pleasant, and to honour and fête in every way so celebrated a master. Yet there appeared in the circles of Berlin society some few forms that rejoiced his heart. First and foremost among them came the aged Tieck with his clear eyes; Pauline von Schätzel Decker, with her sweet voice, who was so fond of Mendelssohn's songs, which she sang very beautifully; Meyerbeer, Humboldt, Bunsen, Gerhard, who stopped there some weeks; Professor Wichmann, Bettina and her beautiful daughters, etc. Mendelssohn was most especially gratified by the gracious favour of the King, which was always extended towards him in the most touching manner, and which never varied, but, as a rule, he found the air of the "Metropolis of Intelligence" oppressive. He complains in his letters that, notwithstanding the pleasure of living with his mother and sisters, and notwithstanding all the advantages he enjoyed and all his reminiscences, there was no place in Germany where he felt so little at home as in Berlin.

"The reason is, perhaps," he said in a letter to President Verhenium in Cologne, "that all the causes which formerly rendered it impossible for me to extend my career here, and which consequently drove me thence, exist now as they did then, and will probably exist for all eternity. There is the same minute breaking up of all resources and all persons, the same superficial striving for outward results, the same superabundance of imagination; the same absence of production, and absence of nature; the same unmanly nonsensicalness in progress and development, rendering both it is true, much more certain and less dangerous, but at the same time rendering them of everything meritorious and abiding. I believe that I shall invariably find these qualities in all things here. I undoubtedly shall do so in musical matters. The King would most willingly clean and improve all this, but if his intentions remained unshaken for a series of years; if he could attract persons, except such as cherished the most intentions, and worked indefatigably at them, near then it strikes me, we could not expect results, satisfactory consequences, till after the expiration of this series of years, when they are needed, without the slightest delay. If it is to bear fruit it appears to me that the ground here ought to be replough'd and turned over afresh, at least in my department. Every musician is for himself alone; no two agree with each other. The amateurs are divided and swallowed up in a thousand small circles. In addition to this, all the music you hear is exceedingly mediocre; ten critics alone are sharp, exact, and accomplished. The prospect does not strike me as being very favourable for some years to come, and I cannot begin again from the very foundation, for I want both talent and inclination for such a task. So I am waiting to hear what is required of me. It is probably limited to a series of concerts, which the Academy of Arts is to give next winter, and which I am to conduct."

Such was the case. The intellectual monarch, the warm-hearted protector and patron of all art, found no one possessing the same intentions as himself and willing to employ his strength in carrying them out, and thus all the King's good plans were gradually allowed to drop, and all prospect of any satisfactory practical employment for Mendelssohn grew fainter and fainter every week. In order to escape the oppressive nonsensicalness of the fact, Mendelssohn began by making a few trips to Leipzig where he had listened to, and been concerned in, so much good music. Then, after Leipzig, we see him in London, where, nearly overwhelmed with honours and pleasures, he let a very merry life "read it *Ein Mann*" again and wandered with Klingemann through the fields of an evening to recover himself a little, because people had been rather "over-doing" things with him. He played in Exeter Hall

* By Elise Polko. Authorised of *Mendelssohn Bartholdy*.

before three thousand persons, who could scarcely restrain themselves for enthusiasm; took tea with Queen Victoria, in the magnificent gallery at Buckingham Palace; conducted his *Hebriden* at the concert of the Philharmonic Society; heard Fanny Kemble read Shakspere; chatted with Lady Morgan and Miss Jameson; went into ecstasies with Winterhalter, the celebrated painter of laces and velvets, and with the beautiful and fashionable ladies scattered about the galleries; played with his dear friend Moscheles, with Bennett, and with Dupree at Benedict's; dined at Bunsen's, and at length resolved for once in a way not to have any music for the next few weeks.

He then hurried to Switzerland, meeting on the road, Cécile, his brother and his sister-in-law together; rested in his beloved Interlaken; proceeded to Zurich and returned, by way of Frankfort to his gilt cage in Berlin. It was during this journey that he wrote his friend Hildebrandt one of his charming *billets-doux*, and begged the amiable mistress of the mask to preserve a "great quantity" of the well known celebrated "Essig-Pfirsiche"*—"a certain Felix Mendelssohn will see that they are all eaten."

Matters had one altered in Berlin during his absence, and as Mendelssohn was horror-struck at the idea of continuing to live in this manner and of accepting to a certain degree a sinecure, he made up his mind suddenly and tendered his resignation. He was now offered the post of director of all the music of the Evangelical Church and informed that it was proposed very shortly to form a select choir and a select orchestra for the artist's support of divine service, and more especially for the performance of oratorios, and that all these various departments were to be under his whole and sole control. Mendelssohn declared that he was ready to undertake a task of this kind—but reserved the privilege both of choosing his place of residence and of occupying his time as he liked until the realisation of the grand idea had been commenced. He expressed to Herr Eichhorn, the minister, his desire to request an audience from his Majesty in person. The King accordingly granted him an audience, in which he expressed the most gracious sentiments towards him, and Mendelssohn promised his exalted patron that he would in unison in consonancy with the latter's wishes a series of compositions to be more nearly specified at some subsequent period, and furthermore, that he would be forthcoming as soon as the "giant instrument" on which he was, as it were, to play, was completed.

The great works in question which Mendelssohn composed at the bidding of Friedrich Wilhelm IV. are: the music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, with the exception of the overture; the music to *Athalia*, *Antigone* and *Œdipus Coloneus*, and a series of minor songs.

With regard to his productive activity, the "Appendix" compiled by Julius Rietz to *Mendelssohn's Letters* for the years 1840-42 contains the following works:—1840: "Lobgesang;" "Festgesang für Männerstimmen;" Quartets for Male Voices; Quartet for Mixed Voices. 1841: Music to *Antigone*; various important Compositions for the Piano; Songs for one Voice; three "Lieder ohne Worte," a Song for two Female Voices, a "Lied ohne Worte."

NEUSTRELITZ.—A grand, and excellently attended, concert was given on the 27th ult., by all the vocal associations of the town, for the purpose of erecting a monument to Hans Sachs. Among the pieces included in the programme were Herr Stade's "Rheinlicher Triumphgesang;" two movements from Schubert's B minor Symphony; R. Wagner's overture to *Rienzi*; Mendelssohn's "Trompeten Ouverture;" and Hiller's "Es muss doch Frühling werden."

DRESDEN.—Herr Richard Wagner's terms for the *Meistersinger von Nürnberg* were: 1. For the right of producing the opera 1500 thalers; 2. 7 per cent. on each night's receipts; 3. No cuts; 4. The direction of the rehearsals and performances to be confided to a gentleman from Munich named by the composer. The Management flatly said "No" to the last two conditions, and gave orders that the preparations already commenced for the production of the opera should be at once stopped. On this, Herr R. Wagner lowered his tone, and expressed his willingness to give up the obnoxious conditions, and, on this understanding, the opera will in all probability be produced.—Mdlle. Mallinger from Munich, has appeared as Elsa in *Lohengrin*, and as Norma in Bellini's opera of the same name. She was exceedingly successful, especially in the last character.

* "Plums in vinegar," a German delicacy unknown in England.

THE EARLY YEARS OF GIACOMO MEYERBEER.*

"No one was ever yet born a master," but—"once crooks the tree that good gramble would be." These pithy sayings are exemplified in a composer whose name is one of the most glorious known in the history of dramatic music, and whose reputation, one of the very few that are extended all over the civilized world. But that this great reputation was purchased with bitter struggles and privations—in the school of disappointment and suffering is a fact of which only a small number among those who salute the mature master with cries of "Hosannah!" think; they scarcely believe it indeed, for they are of opinion that freedom from care as regards material circumstances must have ripened the artistic fruit in this case sooner than it would have ripened otherwise. Our truthful narrative will teach the contrary.

Meyerbeer was descended from a rich Jewish family of Berlin, and, as there were signs of his possessing extraordinary musical talent, he enjoyed at an early age the most excellent instruction; in pianoforte playing, he had lessons from the celebrated Lauska, a pupil of Clementi, and, in theory, from Bernhard Anselm Weber, the chapelmaster, a pupil of the learned Abbé Vogler.

More attention was at first paid by Meyerbeer to the piano than to anything else, for at that period the career of a virtuoso struck him as being the most brilliant and most glorious of all ideals to which he could attain, but, at the same time, nothing was neglected for the cultivation of the intellect, and he was kept to the study of the old and modern languages, as well as of all the other subjects in a high scholastic course, so that it was with the full consciousness of what he was doing that he afterwards sacrificed his first ideal and devoted himself to dramatic composition.

Under the guidance of B. A. Weber, he had to exercise himself in all kinds of forms, and the teacher was proud of a pupil, who always anticipated him, comprehending and carrying out fully and entirely his half-explanations. It would be interesting to see some specimens of Meyerbeer's compositions at this epoch; but, with the exception of a few books of words of cantatas for family festivals, everything connected with them appears to have been lost or destroyed. At any rate, we have found nothing of the sort while arranging the papers he left behind him.—In this manner did the time approach when the young artist would require higher theoretical instruction. Such instruction Berlin could not then offer him, and the way in which he obtained it is recorded in the following anecdote, related, with Meyerbeer's consent, by M. Fétis, in the *Revue Contemporaine* of the 15th April, 1859.—Meyerbeer took his teacher a fugue which so transported the latter that he declared it was a masterpiece which he must send his old professor, Vogler, for him to admire, and give his opinion of it. The answer did not come for a tolerably long time, and, when it did arrive, one day in the form of a rather bulky packet, both scholar and teacher could hardly wait till it was opened. The mere opinion itself was perhaps one of the most laconic and strangest ever penned, for the packet contained a long and exhaustive disquisition in three parts, written in Vogler's own hand, on the fugue. In the first part, the rules for the production of such forms were thoroughly explained; in the second, inscribed "The Scholar's Fugue," Meyerbeer's work was analyzed from beginning to end, and no particularly favourable opinion pronounced on it; the third part, lastly entitled "The Master's Fugue," was written by Vogler himself on Meyerbeer's motive. Finally, Vogler analyzed his own work bar by bar, giving a reason for everything he did, and why everything must be so it was and not otherwise.† After Vogler's death, in 1814, this disquisition appeared, under the title, *System für den Fugenbau, als Einleitung zur harmonischen Gesangs Verbindungslehre*, Offenbach, André (8vo. 75 pages, of which 35 are music). The effect of this disquisition was by no means a depressing one on Meyerbeer; on the contrary it excited, and urged him to fresh efforts. Filled with enthusiasm at seeing the doors of high art opened before him, he wrote a fugue according to Vogler's principles, and sent it off immediately, with a letter of thanks to

* From *Giacomo Meyerbeer. Eine Biographie von Hermann Mendel.* (Berlin: L. Heimann).

† Vogler here carries out most admirably the maxim he himself penned: "*Rationem reddere, ratiocinari est omnibus nota, perfecte intelligere*" and corroborates the assertion of his great pupil, C. M. von Weber: "Vogler is the first who not merely forbids and bids, but also proves, and arranges his reasons philosophically."

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the master. In this instance, Meyerbeer had not long to wait for the answer. It arrived and contained the gratifying words, "Art opens for you a great future; come to me at Darmstadt; you shall be treated like one of the family, and quench your thirst for musical knowledge at the source itself." The fire of enthusiasm blazed forth in the bosom of the young art-novice; he beheld himself at the goal of his most daring wishes, a goal he had sought in the obscurity of his earlier efforts, and he could no longer feel happy in beautiful Berlin, though he was an object of homage there, though his respected teacher Lauska did his best to get him on; and though his parents and numerous relations tended and watched over him in the most affectionate manner. Supported in his prayer by B. A. Weber, he at length overcame the many scruples of his family and, in the year 1810, set out for the Abbé Vogler's at Darmstadt. It was his intention to go through Vogler's entire course of instruction, and after having done so, to make an artistic journey to Italy. It is to this that several pages of his diary for 1810, which is still in museum, refer; for unless we assume them to do so, they admit of no explanation.

In the happy times of the Elector Karl Theodor, Mannheim had held a distinguished place among the smaller German courts, for artistic feeling and the culmination of art, and a similar position was, at the period of which we are speaking, occupied by Darmstadt. The Grand Duke himself was more than an amateur; he was a thorough connoisseur of music, who not only attended, score in hand, the rehearsals of any important secular or sacred works, but even frequently grasped the conductor's stick and exerted himself most zealously for the composition to be played with precision and the requisite gradations of light and shade. He had, a short time previously, reorganised the Court Chapel, with Herr Mangold, the concertmaster, at its head; founded a promising Court Theatre; and urged the amateurs in the town to unite and take part in quartets, and performances on a larger scale, named Concert Rehearsals. He had put an end, in 1807, to the wanderings to and fro of the Abbé Vogler, by summoning him to Darmstadt, bestowing on him an annual salary of three thousand florins, with board and lodging at Court, and the dignity of a spiritual privy councillor. He entrusted to him, likewise, the direction of the Court Chapel, and conferred on him the Order of Merit, first class.

The Abbé Vogler was one of the most distinguished and extraordinary musical scholars of that period and consequently an ornament to the little capital. Born at Würtzburg, the 15th June, 1749, he studied in Germany and Italy, and travelled in France, Spain, Africa, Armenia, Germany, Holland, England, Denmark, and Sweden, finding time, despite all his peregrinations, to form pupils like Ritter, Wieter, Knecht, etc.; to compose secular and sacred works of importance; to write books of the most varied purport; and to make weighty discoveries. But he was due and to obtain the greatest fame of the little town of Darmstadt, where he reached the goal of his roaming life. When all his systems, discoveries, masses, operas and fugues have passed away and are forgotten, the world will always remember the name of him to whom it is indebted for the composers of *Der Freischütz* and *Les Huguenots*.

Carl Maria von Weber had been placed under Vogler's tuition in 1809, to perfect himself in the art of counterpoint, though he could already boast of an honourable artistic Past; the same was the case with Joh. Baptist Glänsbacher, who was eight years older and had selected sacred music as his exclusive study. Meyerbeer, who as yet had seen nothing of the world, met the two young men as his fellow scholars, and his object was how to keep up with these two new comrades, who were older and more experienced than himself. A wide field of serious occupation and close application was thus opened to him, and C. M. von Weber has over and over again expressed his astonishment that a rich youth, with no anxiety for the future, should dedicate all the comforts at his command, as he did, not to neglect his studies in the smallest degree. Meyerbeer and Weber contracted for each other the warmest friendship, to which death alone put an end. They ate at the same table, slept in the same room, made trips together to Mannheim and Heidelberg, and told each other their inmost thoughts. Vogler's method of instruction was most admirable, being calculated to improve both body and mind simultaneously. As a rule, they went early to mass, at which Weber officiated, the religious wants of the one being satisfied at the same time as the musical wants of the other. Then came the hour of instruction, in which Vogler generally gave out a theme to the three students, who had to work it out, according to his directions, in their own manner during the day. In the evening, at a kind of conference, the master revised their respective efforts, and called upon them for explanations and arguments, in which each had, in defence of his own idea, to meet the real or pretended opposition of Vogler. In this manner, a one-act opera, entitled *Der Process*, was, among other things, composed, certain pieces being allotted to each pupil. It was to have been sent in by Vogler at the command of the Duke of Nassau, but does not appear now to have been produced. There still exists, dating from this time, a cantata, the combined production of the three students, with which they surprised their beloved teacher on his birthday. If we are not mistaken, the pieces belonging to Meyerbeer in it were the chorus and a trio.* The young Berlin artist had frequently to accompany his master to the cathedral where there were two organs, for the purpose of perfecting himself in the art of extemporising. On such occasions, Vogler gave a motive for a fugue, and developed it in every possible way. Meyerbeer had to do the same. Being thus thoroughly prepared, he could now proceed to the composition of a great serious work. This was the cantata *Gott und die Natur*. The Grand Duke of Hesse, who had the score sent him, was so satisfied with it, that he created the youthful master Court-Composer. At the same period Meyerbeer set to music, in four parts, seven sacred songs by Klopstock, which were published by Peters in Leipsic, after his 130th Psalm, "De Profundis," in a German arrangement, had appeared in 1811 at Stuttgardt. In order, however, to show with advantage what he could do in the dramatic style, also, he procured from A. von Schreiber a three act opera, the libretto, entitled *Jephtha's Tochter*, and began composing the music for it under Vogler's eye.

Meanwhile, he went with his friend C. M. von Weber, at the end of April, 1811, to Berlin, to be present at the brilliant performance of his cantata, *Gott und die Natur*, by the members of the Sing-academie, with male singers and band from the Chapel Royal, under the direction of the chapelmaster B. A. Weber. The return of the young artist resembled a triumphal entry, as eager were his numerous relations and friends to receive him with due honour. Carl Maria, also, meeting with as cordial a reception that he confessed a son could not have and a better. It was one he never forgot.

(To be continued.)

Wiesbaden.—The last concert began with Hérold's overture to *Zampa*. M. Brasse performed pieces by Field, Handel, and Chopin. M. Vieuxtemps played some compositions of his own. Madame Malan-Carvalho sang M. Gounod's "Ave Maria," and Variations on the "Carnival." Herr Wachtel sang the air "Jungfrau Maria," from Herr von Flotow's *Stradella*.

Salzburg.—Herr Otto Bach has entered upon his duties as Cathedral *Capellmeister*. He has been elected chorus-master of the "Liedertafel."—The dancing masters at the Gymnasia have just completed the troublesome task of transferring from the old mixed notation with the various old keys, into our present system some odes of Horace set to music in four parts, in 1519, by the celebrated organist, Paul Hochhaimer, whom on account of his great merit as musician, the Emperor Maximilian dubbed a Knight.

Exactness of Prima Donna in the Olden Time.—The complaints about the exorbitant demands made by *prima donnas* are not new. Thus, great indignation was expressed that Signora Eustard, who belonged to the Italian Opera-house, London, in Handel's time, refused an engagement of 60,000 ducats in Italy, because she made more in the English capital. On one occasion, she expressed a wish for some lacrimose songs, which were nothing very extraordinary, and when a gallant lord presented her a very splendid set, worthy of a queen, she threw it in the fire, because it was not the set she wanted. She refused the hand of an extremely well by and amiable young nobleman, and married a goldsmith's apprentice, with whom she led an exceedingly unhappy life. She died in the almost poverty, after losing voice and beauty, and squandering immense sums of money. "Lightly come, lightly go."

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* Another of his efforts at composition, though anonymous, was an operetta, *Der Fischer und das Mädchen*, produced on the 25th of June, 1810.

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MARRIAGES.

On the 15th inst. at St. Pancras Church by the Rev W. Mercer ALFRED WILLIAM eldest son of EDGAR WEBSTER, Esq. of Chester to MARY second daughter of DONALD W. KING Professor of Music

On the 29 h ult., at Trinity Church, Southwark by the Rev. D. A Moulin, JOHN GRAHAM, of Carlisle, to ALICE, daughter of the late Mr WILLIAM FISH Professor of Music, Norwich.

NOTICE.

The MUSICAL WORLD *will henceforth be published on* FRIDAY *in time for the evening mails Country subscribers will therefore receive their copies on Saturday morning. In consequence of this change, it is urgently requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday otherwise they will be too late for insertion in the current number*

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs.* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244 *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor) Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock* P.M. *on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 22 1868.

ABOUT THE EISTEDDFOD

THE third day of the Eisteddfod—the day when Cambria's sons and daughters meet to see their chief bard installed with ancient form and ceremony—opened with a steady downpour of rain It always does rain on these occasions, and Jupiter Pluvius roused himself from lethargy to observe an old if not so agreeable custom. But the Welsh are too familiar with downpours to care much about them, self hence, the crowd always looked for so "chair day" was duly forthcoming So large was it that the pavilion could not have held many more, and, under the influence of numbers the proceedings went off up to a certain point, with unusual spirit. Of course the bards were quick to feel the change from the languor of previous days, and they poured forth englynion, for the first time during the week, with much apparent self enjoyment. Of their enthusiasm the audience largely partook, self everybody looked upon everybody else with congratulation in his eye.

I am not going seriatim though over the musical contests of the morning sitting because some of them had no interest at all except to those directly concerned. It behoves me to tell however in what style a little girl harpist carried away the prize from every competitor by dint of playing a pathetic melody with such pathos as to touch every heart. That child made me respect the harp She sang upon it as Arabella Goddard sings upon the pianoforte, and Mr John Thomas's decision in her favour, though fully anticipated, was received with thunders of applause. Somebody, I hope, will look well after her future. A competition in singing a familiar ballad elicited no very remarkable solos or talent, nor was a pianoforte contest more successful. In each case ordinary amateurs exhibited themselves in the ordinary amateur fashion This being so the audience ought to have felt thankful that few competitors came forward With the Eisteddfod managers, however, the fewness in question must be a matter for serious consideration. Even they cannot help seeing that when more than one or two musical prizes are absolutely uncontested, and the rest attract but a scanty muster of aspirants, there must be something wrong somewhere. But, though the competitions were uninteresting, excitement rose to high water mark when Talhaiarn announced that a treaty of peace had just been signed between Llew Llwyfo and the Eisteddfod local committee. What the powers in question had quarrelled about this deponent knoweth not, nor doth he care Enough that the "Roaring Lion" in most amiable mood, made his way to the platform and regaled the company with a delectable song about "John Jones and John Bull," to the intense delight of his hearers, who cheered him as though a second rate music hall performance were the *ne plus ultra* of art. Unhappy Eisteddfod committee! Far better had they have fought with the Lion than have taken him to their arms. Thenceforth he roared inopportunely and could not be silenced

The extremes of pleasure self of disappointment were to have been reserved for this particular audience. Lifted up high by the apparition of their favourite Llew they were cast down low by the announcement that not a single competitor was worthy to sit in the bardic chair The news came upon the people like a heavy blow, while the elongated faces of the bards were a sight to see. I was prepared to behold one of the latter rise and pour out an impassioned lament over so cooked a sign of decadence. But the opportunity was lost. Pencerdd Gwalia did not even his harp and wail a lengthened "Ichabod," and even the muse of Talhaiarn was silent. Then, however, arose the *omnis* man—there is at least one such among the bardic community—and emitted an englyn which suffered premature strangulation. No wonder for I am told, it spoke of the coveted chair as so much timber up for sale. Such irreverence from such a quarter might well have made the very stones of the Gorsedd to cry out. After this *fiasco* the sitting quickly came to an end, and the chair was stowed away in an anteroom to await the time when a Welshman can be found worthy to fill it.

There was a very large gathering at the evening concert, and a lengthy selection from *Elijah* obtained a fair hearing Nearly all the principal solos in that work were sung by Miss Edith Wynne, Mr Cummings, and Mr Lewis Thomas. How they were sung by such competent artists needs no telling, but, unfortunately the accompaniment was nearly as bad as it could be, and thus the general result proved far from satisfactory At the close of the selection the Lion's admirers raised the familiar cry, "Llew Llew" and kept it up with so much spirit that Owain Alaw had to step forward and ask if the Roarer was within hail. "He's gone to Liverpool," said a voice in response, whereupon Owain Alaw looked relieved, and the audience kept silence. But the Lion of Llwyfo had not gone to Liverpool, for he soon after appeared, and was greeted with lusty cheers. Once again the calls for "Llew" put an end to everything else till Llew himself once had rebuked his partisans, after which the performance went on quietly

The second part was miscellaneous self largely made up of Welsh music, respecting which I have only to say that it might have possessed more variety A stranger, judging by Eisteddfod performances, would conclude that only half-a-dozen Cambrian airs have come down to us, so exclusively are those half-dozen played and sung Another result is that one gets bored. The "March of the Men of Harlech" may be a very fine tune, but its beauty is no reason why it should be forced upon an audience (as on this occasion) three times in thirty minutes. Among the selections not Welsh were "Sleep, gentle lady" capitally rendered by Miss Wynne, Miss Waite, Mr Cummings, self Mr L. Thomas and Mendelssohn's "Roamer" which an ambitious young Welshman found too much for him. Miss Kate Roberts was to have played a pianoforte solo, but a severe fall on the previous day unfortunately laid her aside.

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A bold departure from precedent (it could hardly have met with the approval of the bards, who had one sitting the less for central glorification), gave a performance of the *Messiah* on the morning of the last day. In some respects the result was highly satisfactory. There was, for example, a very large audience who sat out the oratorio to the end with unabated interest and the highest decorum. Then the performances, so far as the soloists and chorus were concerned, gave satisfaction to an extent which few could have anticipated. The credit thus secured by audience and singers was made all the greater by attendant circumstances, for everybody's patience had a sore trial by reason of interminable speechifying before each part of the oratorio—speechifying enough to wear away even the enthusiasm of Welshmen. Yet the Welshmen present seemed to make nothing of it. As to the performers it appears that they were gathered mainly from local sources, and had never enjoyed the advantage of a rehearsal. Their unanimity when they did meet, was wonderful, and honour is due to them accordingly. It was a pity that for so fair a chorus no ladies accompaniment could be found than such as proceeded from a piano, harmonium, and cornet. True, the pianist (Mr. Percival, of Liverpool), was most admirable, and the harmonium player (Mr. Argent, of Rhyl) did some remarkable things with his reeds. True, also, that the cornettist was judicious enough to play an octave lower when there was any risk of a collapse in the higher regions. But the labours of all three were a poor atonement for the thews of an orchestra, and it behoves the Eisteddfod managers to consider the practicability—if they mean to go on with oratorio—of getting together a small band. Surely among a million of people who represent themselves as musical, there can be found thirty to forty capable players upon instruments. Mr. Hullah conducted, and, at the close, was praised for his conducting almost to the point of adulation. Yet Mr. Hullah ought not to have carried complaisance so far as to allow his subordinates to run away with him. This he did in the "Hallelujah Chorus," the singers rushing on, and Mr. Hullah following like the Ancient Mariner's albatross, till the pace at the end was killing. About the soloists there is no need to say much. Miss Wynne was successful in all her songs, and Mrs. Wynne-Matheson made a fair impression in "He was despised." The delivery of the Passion music by Mr. W. H. Cummings was exceptionally fine, and the sonorous voice as well as dignified style of Mr. Lewis Thomas told well upon the audience. "Rejoice greatly," was to have been sung by Miss Watts, but indisposition compelled that young lady to leave the platform.

The evening concert was nearly as well attended as that of the morning. Its programme, being of a very miscellaneous character, calls for few remarks. I must say, however, that Miss Kate Roberts re-appeared for the first time after her accident, and played two admirable solos in equally admirable style. A short excerpt from the *Seasons*, the "Magic-wave scarf" and "Blow, gentle gales," comprised nearly all the pieces not Welsh. The rest I can afford to pass over, with two exceptions, that is to say the songs given respectively by the "Roaring Lion," and a promising pupil of that distinguished Cambrian. These, be it understood, were not in the scheme, but the Lion's admirers again became obstreperous, and had to be conciliated by some means or other. So Llew and the sucking roarer were brought forward (amid some vigorous hissing I am glad to say), the former singing a Welsh version of "Simon, the Cellarer," and the latter a patter song to the exuberant delight of the back benches. Truly, the Welsh are odd folks! They listen in the morning to an oratorio, and in the evening shout down first-class artists for Llew Llwyro.

I don't know that it is worth while to moralise upon the foregoing, yet there are one or two observations I can hardly refrain from making. In the first place I may ask, what can be the advantage of cliquism in the management of these meetings. If the object be to display Welsh talent, then let Welsh talent be displayed by whomsoever possessed. It is currently believed that as Mr. Brinley Richards Wales has a musician of high rank, yet not a single composition from his pen was in the concert programmes. How and why was this? Next I would suggest that when ladies and gentlemen of eminence in their profession are engaged they should be treated in accordance with civilised notions. The accommodation provided for them at the Ruthin pavilion was decidedly of the "local box" order. An enclosed den, two benches a bucket of water, one tumbler, and a small looking-glass, comprised all that was thought necessary for the comfort of artists at the National Eisteddfod of Wales, A.D. 1868. Whether the artists felt aggrieved or not is not known to themselves, but it is possible that numerous facetious allusions to, and enquiries for, a "brass tap" had material reference to the bucket and tumbler. Will somebody offer a prize next year for "The best evidence of civilisation in the entertainment of strangers"?

THADDEUS ESQ.

THE "MESSIAH" AT RUTHIN

(From the "Sunday Times," Aug. 16.)

Contrary to ordinary practice, the managers resolved upon devoting the last morning sitting to a musical performance. Their doing so was some but an experiment, because the music selected was not Welsh, and by no possibility could the Lion of Llwyro have anything to do with its execution. Hence patriots and pessimists found a common ground whereon to meet and shake their heads at the prospect of failure. To the former the *Messiah* appeared an anti national innovation, and the latter foretold in it a more or less unmitigated fiasco. The result confounded both, for even the common people listened gladly, and the music was rendered—all things considered—in a very creditable manner. It must be confessed, however, that the pessimists did not speak without cause. The *Messiah* may be well known, but its adequate interpretation among the mountains of North Wales seemed too much in reasonable expectation. As regards the chorus, the best choir-singing previously heard gave no hope whatever; while how an orchestra was to be obtained, without an impossible expenditure, was puzzle indeed. But Owain Alaw and his assistants made fair headway against more of their difficulties and turned the flank of others in capital style. They worked industriously at training the native contingents were Ruthin, Denbigh, and Rhyl, finally improving the whole lump with a detachment of fifty voices from Birkenhead. An orchestra being out of the question, they brought down Mr. Percival, of Liverpool—a more excellent accompanist—who, with a Broadwood grand and the assistance of a harmonium (Mr. Argent), and trumpet, contrived to supply its place as well as circumstances admitted. Mr. Hullah was presumed to be a mere conductor, and the solos, entrusted to Miss Edith Wynne—Miss Watts, Mrs. Wynne Matheson, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Lewis Thomas, gave no cause for fear. Of course the general effect upon the ear of a London concert-goer was poor, but the vast majority of those present must have been delighted with what they then heard probably for the first time in their lives. Far be it from us to sneer at this Welsh performance of the sacred oratorio. We would rather praise it, spite of its shortcomings, as a step in the right direction, which deserves to be followed up, and which, moreover, must be followed up if the Eisteddfod is to be educational in matters of art.

How the work was received has already been hinted. A large audience assembled, the pavilion being filled in every part for the first time during the week, and not a trace of weariness or impatience was anywhere visible. This is the more worthy of note because the president of the day—Mr. Cornwallis West, of Ruthin Castle—delivered himself of a long speech, as in duty bound, and others, in duty bound to do no such thing, imitated his example before none was struck. Moreover, the irrepressible vicar of Neath, who never appears so happy as when hearing himself talk, felt called to an oration between the parts, and

also at the close of the performance. This made the sitting a very lengthy one, but the people sat quietly in the end of the "Anom" with a decorum that might profitably be imitated elsewhere. How much they appreciated what was done could easily be seen, while their applause was discriminating as could be wished. We need hardly say that the cry of "Llew" in "Cymraeg" was never once heard, which fact should teach the managers of future Eisteddfodau a lesson. It is only when the programmes are compiled with a view more to secure than instruct or elevate that the people demand the man who amuses them best. Put really good music before them and—as in this instance—nobody will feel inclined to say of the Lion—Let him roar again."

REVIEWS.

Mary, Mary, bereft of thee. (Chatelard's lament on the departure of Mary Queen of Scots, from France.) The words by G. Walter Melville, Esq. The music by Mrs. John Holman Andrews. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

The composer of this song has well caught the spirit of her words. The picture of France without Mary is thrown into admirable relief by the music, while the change of subject, rhythm, and key, upon the words—

"Our darling, pearl and pride,
Our blossom and our bride,"

—is full of appropriate expression. The melody is judiciously accompanied, and, as a whole, the song deserves attention.

On vendra--vous aller? (Gounod.) Transcribed for the pianoforte by Barnett Richards. [London: R. Mills.]

Mr Richards has transcribed Gounod's melody in his usual pleasant and effective style. The piece is easy to play, and will, doubtless, be much in favour.

Air and Vorschlag from Handel's "Suite de Pièces." (Performed by Herr Rubinstein at the Philharmonic Society's Concert, June 8th, 1868.) Edited by J. McMurray, Mus. Bac. Oxon. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

Many of our readers will remember the exhilirtion Herr Rubinstein made of himself and Handel when performing this admirable work. We hail its publication in a separate form, for a reason connected with Herr Rubinstein. The result may be to show the difference between Handel pure and unadulterated and Handel filtered through a virtuoso.

Lebewohl. (Beethoven.) Transcribed by Gannon Frederick West. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

Here we have Mr George Frederick West again essaying his little all to "paint the lily and add a perfume to the violet." The result is—which looked at on the comical side—very nominal indeed. But, alundge Mr George Frederick West is no greater man, it is hard work to view the matter from a funny point.

The Pianist's Library. A collection of pianoforte works from the best masters, Classical and Modern. Nos. 13 and 14. Edited by Barnett Richards. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

In these numbers Mr Richards has done good service by placing within easy reach a selection from Heller's *Aveu Blanche*, and the E flat *Impromptu* of Schubert. He has, moreover, given directions for fingering wherever they seemed necessary, with much judgment. We need not say a word in praise of the compositions. That by Schubert especially is above other praise or blame.

Cassel.—The Royal Opera-house has again opened its doors after the holidays, and all the members of the company have returned to their duties. But some will not remain long as considerable changes will take place on the 1st September. All three tenors leave, and will be succeeded by Herr Zottmayr from Vienna, and Herr Theodor Formes. Mdlle. Stevogt, the operatic *soubrette*, also, ceases to be a member of the company.

Salzburg.—The last concert at the Kursaal began with Spohr's overture to *Faust*. Mdlle Marie Roze sang the air "Ve dit-elle," from *Robert le Diable*; the melody of the Djin from Auber's *Premier Jour de Bonheur*; and took part with M. Monjauze in duets from *Marialle* and *La Traviata*. M. Monjauze alone sang airs from *Martha* and *La Dame Blanche*. Herr Ehrlich from Berlin, performed Beethoven's Pianoforte Concerto in E flat major. Signor Bettelini, also, delighted the audience with his marvellous playing.

Cologne.—M. Offenbach's *Grande Duchesse* has now followed his *Belle Hélène*, and been received with equal favour. Herr Ferdinand Hiller has been created a Doctor of Philosophy of the University of Bonn.

CONCERTS IN VARIOUS PLACES.

Manchester.—The "popular" concert given at Hawthorn Town Hall, on Saturday last by Herr Schott was not so well attended as was expected, seeing that the list of local patrons was large, and the programme very inviting. Perhaps the real reason was the difficulty and danger of travelling at night in the Hawthorn neighbourhood, and a practical illustration of this was afforded to the pedestrian artists on their way home. The audience, such as it was, had good reason to be satisfied with the vocal and instrumental music executed, as it was thoroughly well rendered. A selection of pieces from Wallace's *Maritana* (which Herr Schott has in rehearsal for his first production of opera at *Covent*), was evidently enjoyed. The performers were the Misses Eastlown, Mr Amery, Mr. Donaldson, Mr Madden, and Herr Schott. The last-named gentleman played a brilliant *pièce de concert*, Leo Rapfler, his own composition, which would if published, be very welcome in Victorian concert-rooms. As we have said, Herr Schott's party, on their return, met with an untoward accident, the consequence of carts being allowed in that suburban neighbourhood, to go about at night without lights. There was a collision between a wood cart and the city-bound cab, the cabman was thrown forward, and Herr Schott, jumping out to catch the reins, fell and the cab passed over his legs and body. The unfortunate gentleman was taken home at once, and medical assistance obtained. Luckily no bones were broken, but his body was much bruised, and his nerves sustained a severe shock.—*Melbourne Argus* (June 15, 1868).

Leeds.—The second concert in connection with the present Assizes was given at the Leeds Town Hall on Tuesday week, and, notwithstanding the showery character of the evening, the hall was well occupied with an audience who, if we may judge from their demonstrations of approval, were thoroughly gratified with the programme submitted to them, and the highly artistic manner in which the various pieces were performed. To those who did not the good fortune to be present, we need only say that the vocalists were the old favourites with Leeds concert goers, Miss Helena Walker, who was in excellent voice, and acquitted herself with her accustomed ability; Mr C. Vidoni Harding, who sang with great care and much feeling, and Mr E. de Jin, who performed two solos on the flute, in addition to playing the flute obligato to the cabin song given by Miss Walker. All the artists were encored. It must be highly satisfactory to Dr. Spark, the conductor, who, as usual, played several compositions on the organ, to find that these concerts are so greatly appreciated.

On Tuesday evening Aug. 11 the St George-the-Martyr Choral Society gave their second concert at the school-rooms, under the leadership of Mr Cottam. Great progress towards efficiency in, no doubtedly the result of the new system of training introduced by Mr Cottam, and the choir must be congratulated on possessing the services of so painstaking a tutor, and the conductor on having such apt pupils. Among the most creditable performances of the evening were the "Hallelujah Chorus," and a four part song by Mr Cottam entitled "England—the great, the free."

Miss Elizabeth Philp is now giving a series of concerts in the "far west." Among other places she has visited Falmouth, the *Packet* of which town has brought us the following account of her success:—

"On Wednesday a great musical treat was given to the Falmouth public by Miss Elizabeth Philp, the accomplished vocalist and composer, of London, assisted by Miss Sterling, Madame Alice Mangold (pianist), and Mr. J. S. Mitchell. The programme comprised several favourite specimens of classical and modern music, among the most successful of which was "While all the world is young" (one of the most spirited compositions that have emanated from the pen of the clever *bénéficiaire*) sung by herself, and enthusiastically redemanded by the audience, who were further delighted by Miss Philp's charming rendering of a song, "Beware," a setting of Longfellow's well-known words. "The Irish King's ride," a ballad also by Miss Philp (which we have heard with great favourite in London), was magnificently sung by Miss Sterling, who fairly electrified the audience with the rich full contralto tones that floated from her lips. This gifted young artist was applauded in everything she sang, and twice encored. As well as the above mentioned ballad, she gave Rossini's aria "E ma, oh io oh io chiama," the song "My head is like to rend," by Miss Philp, and joined in the duet "La Zingara," and the trio, "Vieni al mar" and "I Naviganti," with Miss Philp and Mr Mitchell, who, at very short notice, rendered creditable assistance. Anything we could say respecting Madame Alice Mangold's pianoforte playing would faintly interpret the delight experienced by those who had the privilege of hearing her. Anything more sparkling and graceful we cannot imagine, and her performance of a *gavotte* by Bach, elicited a unanimous encore. We learn with pleasure that these favourite artists purpose giving a farewell concert on Monday the 31st of August. The conductor was Mr J. H. Coggan, who contributed greatly by his valuable assistance to the success of the concert.

Lyons.—M. Auber's *Premier Jour de Bonheur* is to be produced on the 15th September.

MUSIC OF INSECTS.

We take the following article from the *American Watchman and Reflector*, because it is both curious and timely. Our readers may verify its assertions—the mosquito "middle do or C" included—for themselves.

"Any arrangement that will cause two hundred and fifty-six impressions on the ear per second, each those at a uniform distance apart, produces that musical note which ought to be given by a key near the middle of a piano key board called middle *do* or middle C. If the impressions are more rapid than that, the sound is higher, if slower then it is lower. The sound may be produced by a stick falling on a board or on a sheet of tin, by scraping comb-teeth under a finger-nail, by the vibration of a stretched string of a piece of metal or of a tube full of air. The quality of the note depends on the character of the individual impressions, its pitch on the rapidity of them. Hence if you hear but a single note you can guess very well whether it is from air in a trumpet or the vibration of a string or of a bell. And if you can ascertain the pitch you can calculate the number of vibrations.

"I hear a fly buzzing and try the keys of a piano till I find one of the same pitch and then I know that the fly is making one hundred and seventy million per second of some kind or other. They are the beats of its wings, of course. If an insect makes fewer strokes than sixteen per second he flies silently. The humming-bird makes more, and so he (alone, perhaps, of all birds) makes a note.

"The note of the mosquito that serenaded you last night, is said to be on middle *do* or C. If so, you know that the serenader musician made two hundred and fifty six beats per second, and in the little time was ing her song or sent imperceptible curve she made or many beats as there are steps between Boston and New York. The brewer bee flies much more leisurely. If you ever imprisoned a bumble-bee in the flower of a pumpkin or squash you have noticed, then, how fear or a desire to escape has quickened his wings, which ordinarily make but eighty him beats per second. The same increase of action is noticed in the fly in the spider's web.

"But the noise of flight is involuntary. Insects do not breathe through their throats neither does any considerable part of their breath pass through any one channel, for the nasal number of stigmata or breath holes is eighteen. So the insect may be incapable of vocal music. A very few of them are furnished with musical instruments, but, perhaps more have apparatus for producing light than sound. The music among the *homoptera* and the jumping orthoptera, that is, the cricket, grasshopper and locust familiar enough.

"I find no indisputable evidence of any others, and of those the males are only favoured with musical organs. An Italian naturalist—he must have been badly stung—says, that the reason why the cicada and grasshoppers are so merry is because their wives are dumb. But among birds, the male is more gifted with song than the female, though among hawks, at least, the female is larger and stronger. A very wide diversity in the main characterises the whole animal world. I do not mean that the emission of sound or even the voluntary production of sound is so limited. The ticking of the death watch by blows given by the jaws against whatever the insect starts on is done by either sex, and probably for the sound. The death's-head moth emits a loud sound by some rapid movement, or do bees after their wings are cut off. Any movement rapidly repeated should produce a note.

"I do not know how the mapping locust, *Locusta cerulipes*, makes its noise when he flies. I suspect that is involuntary and that it is common to the two sexes. Nature has supplied others of this family with two fiddles or pipes, they stand on hind legs and double up one of the hindmost to are or a bow. The shank is furnished with rows of short spines like comb-teeth and by rubbing them back and forth over the edge of the wing cover the elements of a note are obtained. When one leg is tired he uses the other. The sounding-boards to these violins (and in all such instruments—even the human voice—they are very essential) are a couple of cavities in the sides of the abdomen under the first ring and probably also the margins of the wing cover. If locusts have fiddles, the grasshoppers and crickets have tabrets. These are flat discs with ridges. One slides over the other and the musical tones of the note depends on the frequency with which the ridges strike each other. There is, of course, a cavity beneath to give volume to the sound. The tabrets are associated in (or are a part of) the bases of the wing-covers. The katydid, perhaps the loudest of the grasshoppers, can be heard a quarter of a mile. Lastly the male cicadas are furnished with a pair of lateral kettle-drums, sounded by a complicated set of internal muscles. The regulated sounding cavity is seen by raising two large valves beneath the abdomen. They can be heard a mile.

"Why is this musical apparatus given to one sex only? Perhaps in each of the three cases a like amount of mechanism is required for the boring and sewing apparatus of the female and an equal amount of space required for the development of the eggs. So, by requiring music of the male only the sexes are kept more nearly balanced. They are intended to be different—not inferior and superior.

"The chirping of the cricket is pitched the highest, or nearly so, of all that the human ear can hear. In Southern Europe either they or their neighbours the grasshoppers are kept in cages for their music."

The balance of the sexes is an exquisite notion. The writer clearly stands in awe of his female neighbours.

HAYDN AND HANS SACHS *

Some persons may, perhaps, take objection to the fact of Haydn and Hans Sachs being thus placed in juxtaposition, less on account of the long space of time by which they are separated, than on account of the much greater value attached to the muse of Haydn than to that of Hans Sachs. But Hans Sachs was in his day quite as productive and varied as Haydn was in his, and in proof that his poems possess profound and lasting merit, I have one witness worth all the rest put together, I mean Wolfgang Goethe. The muses of Haydn and Hans Sachs are too nearly related in their character for the juxtaposition of the two to afford fair ground for objection.

Above all things, a predominating trait in both is their natural childlike simplicity and absence of pretension, the innocent unaffectedness and truehearted ness, the cordial simplicity and good nature accompanied—as conscious *naïveté* always is—by humour and sprightliness, and sometimes even by sly roguishness, qualities which, when combined, constitute a *naïveté*. This greets us in Haydn's pleasing, incomparably beautiful quartets, just as in his pianoforte compositions now, alas, nearly forgotten, and even in his symphonies and oratorios. This is precisely what makes us so fond of constantly turning back to the charming and friendly old man, what makes us to be so actually finding fresh charms and beauties in his works, what induces us never to be tired of lying on his breast—it is the childlike nature of his genius, the paradise of childlike goodness, which we perceive in the background, and from which we hear his sweet, moving, and peaceful strains issuing forth. Even when he portrays the seriousness and the sufferings of life, even when his genius takes a higher flight, to sing the creations of God, to lament with the Redeemer on the Cross, to magnify the seasons of the year and the works of men, and the power of God in Nature, this friendly, conciliatory tone is always heard like some angel's voice.

Just as he was, he wrote. The noble Mastersinger of Nuremberg did the same. How his poetic muse combined *naïveté*, humour and nature, can be seen nowhere better and in his own style, too, than in Goethe's poem, "Hans Sachs' poetische Sendung" which, as most persons are aware, was written to revive in Germany that recognition of the old poet which he merits. Only a small number of his poems have been preserved, but they are distinguished by the *naïveté* and good nature to which we have alluded, and by striking brilliant wit, while his pictures of his own times and the kind of morals then prevalent, are far from deficient in sharp satire.

This *naïveté* extends also to those works, in which the two men treat of matters of faith, both are distinguished for their productiveness in this sphere. We know what enthusiastic homage Hans Sachs paid to the ideas of the Reformation, and to the Reformer in his *Wittenberger Nachtigall* and how much by his simple and beautiful sacred songs, so full of faith, such as, "Warum betrübst du dich, mein Herz?" and others, he helped to propagate the Reformation and how in his Biblical stories, and his version of the Psalms of David, he sang with the power and confidence of a prophet. But what Joseph Haydn did with his numerous motets, cantatas, and oratorios, is a sense our own time and feeling for the forms of his ideas are those of to-day and anyone who is not moved by the magnificent choruses of the *Creation* and of the *Seasons*, anyone who does not acknowledge the master and the profound creative power of faith has no perception, no appreciation of the depths of art and of faith. "Nicht vor mir vor dort kommt Alles!" he exclaimed, with his eyes lifted towards Ulmach, and streaming with tears, as an old man of 70, he sank down overpowered by the power of this passage, at the performance of the oratorio in question. "*Nicht vor mir, vor dort kommt Alles!*"

* *From Schlesinger's Blätter für Theater, Musik u. Kunst.*

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WAIFS.

The electric organ from Her Majesty's Opera, Drury Lane, is being erected at the Royal Polytechnic Institution above the proscenium in the great theatre. Messrs. Bryceson have to construct a large and powerful organ to suit the requirements of Her Majesty's Opera Haymarket, now being rebuilt after the fire, and which will be re-opened next season.

Mr. Punch defines "toned paper" as "sheets of music."

The music halls have at length roused the ire of the *Bishops*, from which there lately proceeded the following angry bans:—

"To those glaring temples of dissipation our youth are nightly attracted, where they are being gradually trained to drinking habits, where their minds are debased by the low songs and vulgar exhibitions provided for them, and where their morals are undermined and corrupted by contact with loose associates, when their blood is fired and their brains bemuddled with drink. The expenditure incurred in those places of amusement keeps young men poor; causes marriage to be greatly postponed—to the serious of vice, or, if entered into, without the necessary provision for making a comfortable home; while the habits they acquire by going there will too frequently cause them to neglect home and family for their nightly amusements. The temptations of those places have also too frequently caused persons to have recourse to unlawful means for gratifying them, and too often to forfeit place, trust, position, and character. That the young should seek amusement is natural and that the son of toil should at times seek relaxation and enjoyment after the labour of the day, but the great evil is in permitting these amusements in connection with public houses—say to licensed those places in preference to places of recreation unassociated with drink. . . . To license, in connection with them, music, singing, farce, and folly to beguile the young and thoughtless, and to lead them into habits of drunkenness and vice in life's earliest spring, is a disgrace to the magistrates that license them, the Government that sanctions, and the Legislature that permits them.

Well done *Bishops*, and yet again, well done.

One of *Mr. Punch's* friends writes thus of the Marquise de Caux's recent appearance among an operatic audience:—

"It was very natural of her for one pleasure of her honeymoon, to go to the Opera. But may I be allowed dare I venture to say that, grace and elegance apart, in so doing she sweet Patti reminds one very much of one Bob, the waiter at a tavern near unto Drury Lane. Bob, on perhaps you are aware, when he had got a holiday was accustomed to spend it in sitting down to one of the tables at which on other days he attended, and causing himself to be served by his fellow-waiters. In suggesting that parallel am I guilty of a bad comparison? Nay say not so. One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin. *Adorable* Patti has ministered to our enjoyment in a very high degree, but so likewise has Bob in no small measure."

The comparison may not be "base," but Mrs. Gamp would certainly call it "objious."

A notice has been issued by order of the vestry that the church of St. Michael, Cornhill, will be closed for the necessary alterations to the organ and other works, till Sunday the 18th of October next. Bryceson & Co. have already received the organ to their factory for reconstruction on the electric system.

The following extract of a band performance at Tramore, a fashionable watering-place near Waterford, from a journal to that city, we think will amuse our readers as a genuine Irish account, it is certainly racy of the soil:—

"For the first time this season the sweet band of the 55th Regt.—by command of Col. Lacy—performed on the Doneraile Walk on Tuesday, from three to five o'clock, a choice selection of operatic and other classical pieces, in splendid style. The effect was at once grand and sublime, as the concord of sweet sounds arose and rolled away over the dark blue waters of the Atlantic. The attendance, we regret to say, was neither numerous nor select, in consequence of the treat being altogether unexpected, and only known to a few of the *élite*, whose arrival on the Walk,—rearing high their noble heads in feathers and diamonds,—was the signal for renewed exertion to please, on the part of the performers, whose instruments discoursed such eloquent music. 'This human nature of ours, as a wit once remarked, is a very poor affair as the whole,' but it cannot justly be charged with fickleness. We take Dryden to be an authority upon the matter of Jubal's shell.—We all know that the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling, sees things not usually visible to ordinary mortals, and we, therefore, accept without question his assurance, as to the effects of that very primitive instrument. Doubtless the antediluvians thronged round the first musician, eager to hear his strains; and our stereotyped humanity does the same thing now every day in the streets, and on the strand of Tramore whenever it can lay hold of one of Jubal's descendants. Some time ago while strolling along the strand a steady rain was falling upon the local well known Orpheus of the town commonly called 'the Irish Paganini,' whose instrument feebly and with spasms, emitted the jovial chorus—'Here we are again; yet standing there in the shower wet and shivering, for the most part hatless and shoeless, were a group of native cockle vendors and bathing women absorbed in this miserable *fiddle*, with an absorption marvellous to see. We take it that a natural love for music has increased for if Jubal's shell was anything like an frightful an instrument of torture then we will disbelieve Dryden altogether. We have only to add that the sublime and really original solos of our modern Orpheus, with the eccentric and unrivalled accompaniments, comprising concords and discords, *ad libitum* with chords, shifts, thrills, and slide chromatic,—non *omnes*—*non sparsis*, &c., &c., have no parallel in modern exhibitions, and would amply repay a pilgrimage to Tramore from the most distant part of the *Ile verte de la Manche*."

Bass Panorama.—A deep draught of bitter bass.

A critic, speaking of Patti's vocalism, says, "We hang upon every note." This is a proof of the lady's remarkable power of execution.

A Spiritualist has predicted that the millennium will come within twenty years, and before that time men will have to work but two hours a day and there will be a piano in every house.

An instance of throwing one's self about was witnessed a few evenings ago at a party in the case of a young lady who when asked to sing first tossed her head, and then pitched her voice.

The Connecticut "Congregational Association of Churches" recently passed a resolution that no voluntary pieces shall be sung by choirs unless the words shall be intelligible to the congregation.

In room of the fashionable churches the programmes of the music are printed and distributed in the pews. It is suggested that opera glasses will come next. But that forgot the worst calamity that might befall—the ladies might assume a pet parson a sermon!

A Bad Spell.—A young lady who teaches music in an academy in Western New York, sent an order to a publisher recently, in which she had spelt the words very poorly. She apologised by adding a postscript as follows: "You must exkuse this letter as I pla bl now butt spel bl see."

Mr. Campbell, the excellent blind teacher of music at the Perkins Institute of Boston, gives the following as the process by which his blind pupils are taught. He dictates to the whole class a musical sentence—eight or twelve crotchets—to be sung; having secured the key and rythm he tells the sopranos the letter-name and length of every note or rest in every bar consecutively over through the same to the altos, tenors, and basses; then marks the *tempo* and gives the word to sing. They have all carried their parts in their heads, and they sing the new piece in four-part harmony as accurately as good sight-singers would sing from a book!—*Orpheus.*

Who does not love to make a willow whistle, or to see one made? Can you not recall your first lesson in the art—the cutting of the flexible bough, the choosing a smooth part, passing the knife around it, above and below, pounding it judiciously, wringing it earnestly and feeling the hollow cylinder of bark at last slipping on the upper ivory-white, fragrant wood? That little plaything grew with growth of art and civilization, to be the great organ which thunders at Haarlem or in Boston. Respect the willow whistle.—*O. W. Holmes.*

Here is a picture of a fashionable American choir drawn by an American hand:—

"The rook left ten feet behind and ten feet above the worshippers, then the fourteen seats of cane-in the, then the balustrade to hide the preacher, then the preachers themselves, who come tripping to their places with exhaust satisfaction and demonstrative delight, then their salutations and greetings, which in any other part of the church would be considered intolerably irreverent (therefore the choir-loft is not recognised as a part of the church, as the inhabitants a part of the worshippers), then the litter—a disease which is as incurable in choirs as it is inseparable from them; then solemn singing with a background of merry smiles, hilarious nudging and characteristic (not to say characteristic) winks, then a grand reconnoitering of tune books, accompanied by appropriate whispers, during the prayer or the reading of the Holy Bible; then a literary entertainment, or an exchange of pencilled room as all the great passions that interest the human mind—except religion; then the transformation of the choir loft into a sleeping-car of which the chorister is the conductor who wakes up his passengers when it is time to go to praising again."

The Americans are our cousins, and it is not surprising, therefore, that an English eye can discern familiar outlines in this little sketch.

Henry Ward Beecher has been pleading for "simple melodies" after this fashion:—

"It is no wonder that singing has died out from the congregation, when a choir is put up to recite words that nobody can understand, to music that nobody knows, and the people are left to listen to newly composed opera airs which last week were brought over by a fresh *troupe* of foreign singers." And those sweet melodies that stilled propriety has long ago driven from the churches, but which have gone forth among the people, and rung out gloriously in camp meetings, shaking the forest leaves with the sounding chorus of a mighty

people; or which, more gently, have filled rural school-houses and humble lecture rooms and village churches not yet corrupted by the false pretensions of "classical music"—those sweet melodies that no one can hear with his ear and not feel his heart beating within his bosom all the faster for the sound—are become the ridicule and contempt of men who think that God must be praised in the accent of Meyerbeer or Rossini, and not in the sweet and humble melodies of our own land."

Without at all placing our faith to the "sweet and humble melodies" of which Mr Beecher speaks, we fancy that the popular preacher has good reason to complain of what may only be termed by courtesy the "service music" of American churches.

They have in Boston a miniature locomotive with tender, the former about fifteen inches and the latter about eight inches in length, composed of 156 ounces of silver and 3½ ounces of gold. It was a miniature representation in exact symmetrical proportion of an engine of the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore Railroad and in its most minute detail even to the number of rivets, it accurately represents its great prototype. The engineer and fireman are seen at their posts and are literally solid (silver) men. The locomotive stands upon a rosewood box, within which is a music box manufactured in Geneva, and when it commences playing the driving wheels and the eccentric rods and the working parts move in perfect unison to airs from the *Grand Duchess* Faust which are given including "Le mère de mon pays" and "J'aime le militaire." The locomotive (value 4,000 dollars) is to be presented to G. W. Ferry, the master mechanic of the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore Railroad.

Ambroise Thomas has been nominated a Commander of the Legion of Honour.

Mlle. Marie Cruvelli died at Bielefeld in Prussia, on the 26th ult.

L'Art Musical says that "the post, H. F. Chorley" has resigned his place on the *Athenæum*, and has been succeeded by "M. Francis Barnett, a newspaper of talent."

Signor Bottesini is playing at Eaton with extraordinary success.

It is reported that M. Pasdeloup will take the direction of the Théâtre-Lyrique.

With reference to the Gloucester Festival, *La France Musicale* gives as a culminant example of French inability to spell English names. One contemporary speaks of Sims Reeves, Louis Thorner Santley, and Dr Wesley.

Albani has decided not to reappear upon the stage. *Tant pis.*

Mr Maurice Strakosch has engaged the new American singer Miss Minnie Hauck for two years.

Mr Summers's "New Ode" the words of which were written by the Rev. Dr Bromby and hear on the attempted assassination of Prince Alfred in Sydney was performed at the Princess's Theatre on Monday evening for the benefit of the Alfred Memorial Fund.—*Melbourne Paper, May 20rd.*

Mr Millar lately appointed bandmaster of H.M. 14th Regiment, has arrived at Melbourne.

We quote the following from the *Journal of the Society of Arts* August 14th, 1868:—

"LXXVI.—*Elementary Musical Composition* (*Tonic Sol-fa System*). Examiner—G. A. Macfarren, Esq.

"147. The candidate will be required to compose a tune and harmonise it (note against note) for four voices, the initial notes of the melody, the number of measures, the number and character of the cadences, and the changes of key being given.—148. A verse of poetry being given, the candidate will compose for it an air with a bass, properly accentuating the words and generally expressing their sentiment.—149. The candidate will write a short composition for four voices of a given length and to given words.—150. The exercises may be written either in the established or in the Tonic Sol-fa notation, and candidates will be admitted, on whatever system they have studied, provided they pass the previous test, which will be prepared by the examiner, and furnished to each local board, on application to the secretary of the Society of Arts."

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—You ask me whether I can elucidate "a very obscure passage," as Theobald (who had no fancy and will ever remain in obscurity) calls it, extracted from the play entitled *King John*, a work by good William Shakspere, my very dear and constant friend (who had later and never was obscure) and to please you I open my shilling volume (the poor scholar's edition by Dicks of Rentlings or Warne and a more precious one than the most costly in Ellesmere's library *Halved*) and proceed to elucidate:—

QUEEN ELINOR. Whether hadst thou rather—be a Faulconbridge,
And like thy brother, to enjoy the land
Or the reputed son of Cœur de Lion
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside?

BASTARD. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, Sir Robert his, like him;
And if my legs were two such riding-rods,
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd, my face so thin,
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
Lest men should say, "Look, where three-farthings goes!"
And, to his shape, were heir to all this land—
Would I might never stir from off this place,
I'd give it every foot to have this face;
I would not be Sir Rob in any case.

King John, act i., sc. 1, lines 134—137.

There not roses and roses. The flower-pot beam is rose, wherewith to arrester the roses. Edward the Third of England had also a coin which he named a rose noble and its current value was 6s. 8d. wherewith, no doubt the arrester the lawyers. It was a foppish custom of the period in which the good Shakspere lived for men to wear earrings, and some gentlemen who took great pride in their personal appearance would carry attached to their earrings, pendants of golden coins—as the Turkish women do to the present day. When the Bastard refers to sticking a rose to his ear he is talking of an earring decorated with a rose noble. The Bastard, wishing to wound the feelings of his half-brother, mentally shames him for the singular leanness of his countenance, and savagely intimates that any person meeting the lanky-jawed wretch, and seeing the two sons of the rose nobles, and the hatchet "face so thin" between them would, in disgust, instantly exclaim, "Look where three farthings goes!" thus adding injury to insult, not only by rudely commenting upon the man's unpleasant features, but by reducing the value of the golden coin to that of the vilest brass money. It is true that the rose noble was not issued until long after King John was deposed of but Shakspere sometimes permitted inaccuracies rather than sacrifice a witticism.—Yours always,

Tuckahoe Flats. ACCOUNTS MONTHLY ROSE.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.—STEPHEN MASSETT'S LECTURE.—Stephen Massett, "Jeems Pipes," delivered his new descriptive lecture, "Sixty Minutes in Japan and China" to the Mercantile Library Hall, on the 17th ult., to a large, intelligent, and appreciative audience. The lecture was very interesting and was well delivered. The lecturer gave a graphic description of the principal towns in Japan and China, of their inhabitants, their manners and customs, and alluded to the probable result of Mr Bodinguame's mission. During the course of his lecture he related numerous anecdotes in connection with the inhabitants, both natives and foreigners, which served to relieve the monotony of description. He was frequently applauded. After he had completed his lecture, he sang two of his popular songs, "When shall I see my darling again" and "Sunset," which were followed by an original humorous sketch entitled "The Art of Making a Speech," and also imitations of Madame Anna Bishop, Edwin Forrest and Mark Twain's first interview with Artemus Ward—all of which were well rendered and kept his audience in a constant roar of laughter.

DARMSTADT.—The concert given by the Cologne Association of Male Voices on short time since, in the orangery of the Grand Duke, and of the funds for erecting a monument to the Abbé Vogler, brought in a sum of 1800 florins.

MONTREAL.—M. Gounod's *Faust* has been given by the Italian Company. Mdlle. Artôt was much applauded in Margarita.

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MEMOIR OF THE LATE CHARLES KEAN.

(*Continued from page 583.*)

After a concert visit to Dublin, in company with his father, we find Charles in the following autumn fulfilling a brief engagement at the Haymarket, where he made his first "hit" as Sir Edward Mortimer in the drama of *The Iron Chest*. For the first time he felt that he had succeeded. "The papers afforded him positive praise; but he could scarcely believe it real."

In the spring of 1830 he made a flying visit to Amsterdam and the Hague, only to be fleeced by an adventurer named Aubrey who promised him £20 a week for suddenly decamped without giving any of the actors he had lured from England a shilling of their salaries.

Charles had by this time acquired that ease and self-reliance which varied practice and an intimate familiarity with what is known as "stage business" are calculated to acquire. He therefore determined to seek his fortune in America. He appeared at the Park Theatre, New York, as Richard III. in the beginning of September 1830. His reception was friendly in the extreme. He played Hamlet, Romeo, Sir Edward Mortimer and Sir Giles Overreach before crowded audiences. His success, gratifying as it was to himself, was hardly less so to his transatlantic critics, whom it furnished with an additional opportunity for renewing their old boast that New York is the sovereign office for testing the intellectual ore of the Britishers.

Charles spent two years and a half in a tour through the United States. In addressing a Waterford audience at a much later period of his career, when he had acquired a great position, he alluded to himself and his American friends in the following terms:—

"Thrown before the public, by untoward circumstances, at the early age of sixteen and a half, scarcely passed by many difficulties, friendless and untutored, the efforts of my boyhood were witnessed in no mean and spirit crushing a strain, in almost to a severe my energies sub drive me despairingly from the stage. The indulgence usually extended to novices was denied to me. I was not permitted to cherish the hope that time and study could ever enable me to correct the faults of youthful inexperience. The very remembrance I bore to my late father was urged against me as an offence, and condemned as being 'strange and unnatural.' Sick at heart, I left my home and sought the shores of America. To the generous inhabitants of that far land I am indebted for the first ray of success that illuminated my clouded career."

Returning to England in 1833 he was engaged by M. Laporte for Covent Garden Theatre, at a salary of £30. On the 25th March in that year his father and he acted together in the first, and, as it was fated to prove, the last time in London. The play was *Othello*—the Moor as usual by Edmund Kean, Iago by Charles Kean, and Desdemona by Miss Ellen Tree. Barry Cornwall gives a pathetic account of the scene thus named—as sad a one as was ever witnessed upon the stage. Edmund Kean, irretrievably bankrupt in health and spirits, broke down in the middle of the play. On concluding the celebrated "Farewell"—which he uttered with all his former tenderness—his head sank upon his son's shoulder and the tragedian's acting was at an end. Charles assisted by the other actors carried him off the stage into the dressing-room. He rallied and was removed to his house at Richmond in Surrey, where having been previously reconciled to his wife, he died on the 15th May 1833. Some controversy has oddly enough arisen, since the death of Charles Kean, as to the particular theatre which was the scene of his father's last appearance upon the stage, some affirming that it was Drury Lane, others Richmond and others Covent Garden. Mr. Cole, and several witnesses who state that they were present on the occasion, concur in naming Covent Garden.

Sheridan Knowles's play of *The Wife* was brought out about this time at Covent Garden and Charles Kean's performance of Leonardo, of which part he was the original representative, produced a favourable an impression that Mr. Bunn, the manager of Drury Lane, accosted him upon the subject of an engagement, hinting that in all probability he would be able to procure for him £15 a week. "No," replied the young actor, "I will never again set my foot on a London stage until I can command my own terms of £50 a night." "Then Charles Kean," rejoined Mr. Bunn, with a smile, "I fear you may bid a long farewell to London for the days of such salaries are gone for ever." "Time rolled on," writes his biographer, "and at the expiration of five years only, during which he had received £20,000 by acting in the country, he drove to the stage-door of Drury Lane Theatre in his own carriage, with a signed engagement at £50 a night in his pocket, and which engagement for upwards of 40 nights was paid to him by the very man who had predicted its impossibility."

A visit to Dublin, where he was welcomed with the utmost cordiality, and a brief excursion to Hamburg with a well selected English company under the direction of Mr. Barham Livius, Miss Tree being the heroine of the dramatic corps, were the chief events in the autumn of 1833.

The time was now rapidly approaching when, despite the obstacles which had beset the earlier stages of his career, Charles Kean was to occupy that exalted rank in his profession to which his qualities had from the first aspired, and for which his great attributes fully qualified him. A long tour through all the most important theatrical circuits of the United Kingdom increased his income and did immense service to his reputation. An offer of an engagement at Covent Garden reached him while he was acting with great success at Cork. It was a tempting offer, and all the more so for the courteous language in which it was couched by Mr. Macready. But Kean, as he may now be called (his father's death having left him sole owner of the name) was under terms to Mr. Bunn and was therefore compelled to decline the invitation. After an absence of nearly five years he came back to London at the close of 1837 and on the 8th of January in the following year appeared at Drury Lane in the character of Hamlet. The fame of his provincial successes had gone before him, and the anxiety of the London playgoers was intense and universal. Study had brought out his histrionic talents as all their richness and variety of power and precision had given polish and brilliancy to his style. His triumph was complete. The audience, so numerous as to cram the house from the floor to the roof, were enthusiastic beyond all precedent in the expression of their applause and their favourable opinion was corroborated by all the most influential journals of the day. He found himself famous. His success in Hamlet, a part which has always been regarded as the crucial test of a Shakspearian actor, was the turning-point in his career. Now at last the tide had set in his favour and he was fairly before the wind. A few critics, indeed, dissented from the common verdict of approval and continued to do so for many years after; but the general judgment both of the press and of the public was unanimously in his favour. Offers of engagements showered in upon him from all quarters, and the greatest literary celebrities of the age vied in offering him their congratulations. He continued to play at Drury Lane for 43 successive nights, appearing however, in only three different characters—the same characters in which John Philip Kemble made his first appearance at Covent Garden acting them in the same order. From a statement published by Mr. Bunn, in his book entitled *The Stage Before and Behind the Curtain*, it appears that the receipts during Charles Kean's engagement fell little, if at all, short of those real and during a corresponding period by his father. "There was, in fact," says Mr. Bunn, "but slight difference in the attraction of either—a coincidence without a parallel in the history of the stage."

The hostility evinced in a few quarters only served to evoke the devotion of Kean's friends and admirers, who, under the presidency of the Marquis of Clanricarde, gave him a public dinner in the saloon of the theatre on the 20th of March 1838, and presented him with a silver vase of great worth and elaborate beauty. This was the second gift of the kind he had received, his fellow townsmen in Waterford having sent a deputation to London in 1836 to request his acceptance of a piece of plate of considerable value.

From this period forward the story of Charles Kean's professional career was an unbroken series of successes. There was, to be sure, as already noted, a band of critics of the Fadladeen school who still held aloof and would not discuss his merit; but the people were with him heart and soul, and the most distinguished critics had no difficulty in endorsing the popular judgment. After a brief visit to Edinburgh, where he was received with enthusiasm and cleared £1,000 by a single engagement, he returned to Drury Lane, and appeared with success in *Othello*. He then set out upon another tour through the United Kingdom, in which "praise and profit accompanied him as his inseparable travelling companions." His next appearance in London was in the summer of 1839 when he played at the Haymarket under Mr. Webster's *régime*, his remuneration being £50 a night and a benefit. This was a farewell visit preparatory to his departure for America. From New York, where he performed at the National Theatre, then under the management of Mr. James Wallack, he proceeded to Boston, and thence to the Havana, the state of his health requiring a mild climate. In midsummer of 1840 we find him again in London fulfilling another engagement at the Haymarket, at which house he also appeared in the "season" of the two following years, his fame and fortune steadily advancing together. His repertory of characters had of late years greatly extended, for Hamlet, Richard III., Shylock, Romeo, Macbeth and Claude Melnotte were the parts in which he most frequently sought the suffrages of London playgoers. During his third engagement at the Haymarket he performed the "Stranger" for the first time in London. The simultaneous appearance at another house of Mr. Macready as the same character suggested the following epigram:—

> "On these rocks of the stage,
> Macready and Kean,
> We thus may dance without danger—
> Throughout all is strange,
> Though Macready is strange,
> Yet Kean of the two is the 'Stranger.'"

The happiest event in the life of Charles Kean was his marriage on

the 29th of January, 1842, with Miss Ellen Tree, one of the most accomplished actresses on the British stage. They were married at St. Thomas's Church, Dublin, and on the evening of the same day they appeared together at the Theatre Royal, in Poole's comedy of *The Honeymoon*, a happy but purely accidental coincidence. Thenceforward the professional and as domestic careers of these eminent artists ran in the same current. They spent two years in England, appearing in 1843 at the Haymarket, and in 1844 at Drury Lane, where *Richard III.* was produced under Kean's direction in a style of unprecedented splendour. In the following year they embarked together for the United States where they remained for a couple of years. During this tour, which was highly beneficial to their fame, they produced *King John* and *Richard III.* with a beauty of scenery and a richness and accuracy of decoration previously unknown upon the American stage. They also brought out Mr. Lovell's drama of *The Wife's Secret*, a charming play, which on their return to London was performed with great *éclat* at the Haymarket, where it had a run of 38 nights. Towards the close of 1845 Kean was selected, without any solicitation on his part, to conduct the Royal theatricals at Windsor Castle—an arduous and delicate task, which he performed, then and for some years afterwards, with such skill and good taste as to give complete satisfaction to Her Majesty, who honoured him with a private audience, and presented him with a diamond ring. On the 30th of March in the same year, he lost his mother, to whom he had always been fondly attached. She died at Royal Hill, near Horndean in Hampshire, the country residence of her son, on a small estate he had purchased in 1844 and where she found a happy retreat during the closing years of her chequered and eventful existence.

(To be continued.)

MUSIC IN JENA.

Thanks to the Academical Concert Committee, writes a correspondent of the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*, the celebrated Swedish Vocal Quartet, consisting of Herren Köster, Ellboy Lothenson, and Ryberg, who lately sang at Weimar, where they were so successful that they visited Jena, second that have sung there as well, and afforded the greatest satisfaction. In fact, in the concerts they gave on two different evenings, in the Romanal, before very numerous audiences, fully justified the reputation which had preceded them. The fresh, amorous, well trained voices of their nominal the harmonious agreement of the same—for the four members of the quartet have marched together till they have become, artistically speaking, part and parcel of each other—their nicety of execution, attending to the smallest details, the fire and power as well as the softness and charm that they infuse into their singing, constitute a combination of qualities producing a rich, pleasing, and compact whole which cannot fail to exercise a pleasing and elevating effect upon their hearers, and which undoubtedly did exercise such an effect on the occasions in question—for there was no lack of food and enthusiastic applause. Tonight sang "Evening Song" by Kullak; Swedish National Melodies arranged by Ohlson; "Tarve" ("Tears"), by Wilh; a Serenade by Josephson; Swedish National Hymns, arranged by Ohlson and Sidström; "Aftonen" ("Evening"), by Werner; "Evening Song" by Hartel; "Swedish Bridal Song" ("Swedish Song"), by Pacius; "Brautfahrt in Hardanger" ("Bridal Procession in Hardanger") by Kjerulf; "Serenade" by Fryberg; "Min lilla vän bland bergen" ("My little Place in the Mountains") by Sandström; "The Joyous Musician" by Blocius; "Serenade" by Wetterling; and "Gute Nacht" by Schumann. On the evening of their first performance, they gave, over and above the pieces set down in the programme, the original and hearty Thuringian national song, "Ach wie ist es möglich dann" but their rendering was deficient in that earnestness and warmth which this genuine German song requires, though the effect at which they aimed by singing behind the scenes was partially attained. The *ad libitum*, too, employed by them in certain passages, does not suit the spirit of an simple and unaffected a composition.

Worthy of mention is the performance of the band belonging to the second battalion of the Ninety Fourth Regiment (Grand Duke of Saxony) in garrison here. They played at the first concert given by the Swedish singers, several pieces including an *aria* from Herr von Flotow's *Martha*, "Farewell to the wood," "O Thäler weit, o Höhen" by Mendelssohn, and "Alpenlied" by Dietze, all arranged for a military band. Considering the comparatively short time they have been together they acquitted themselves very well and did great credit to their talented conductor, Herr Cumpter.—An interesting concert of sacred music was lately given in the church of St. Michael, under the direction of the Town Cantor, Herr Siegmann. The pieces executed were mostly by old composers.

HAMBURGH.—M. Maset's opera, *La Belle Galathée*, has been produced.

BOHEMIANISM.

The pleasant days of Bohemian hob-hobbery are looked back upon with regret by many a man for whom the once has proved the room of placers. And a not of us can remember a friend of ours, with Bohemian disposition was his special charm, the possessor of "a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs," as Thackeray called it, the plan of which he tells us—

"Long, long through the hours, and the night, and the chime,
Here we talk of old books, and old friends, and old times;
As we sit in a fog, made of rich Latakia,
This chamber is pleasant to you, friend, and me."

Bohemianism may be excused in youth as long as it is not truly exalted, but nothing can be said in favour of a Bohemian old age. For a man past the prime of life to be still indulging in the pleasures of youth to be sowing a perennial crop of wild oats, at an time his existence has been wasted, and that his work in the world has been left undone. The fellow that we can forgive in the young become intolerable in old age. An old Bohemian should be scouted and avoided. "Once we have come to forty years," our sagacious Ben Jonson should be at end. A serious intimation of the Bohemian tendency yields place to decorous manhood is to be found in many a hard-working medical man. Medical students, as a rule, are the most determined supporters of a Bohemian life, and yet we find them settling down to respectable members of an important and responsible profession. Actors, too, are in their youthful days, great believers in the joys of Bohemianism, but when they become prosperous, they abandon the tempestuous delights of Bohemia for the secure and more tranquil pleasures of domestic life. Writers of fiction have greatly exaggerated the Bohemian propensities of artists, and few people know how hard and industriously some of them work.

But our special complaint against the writers who glorify the manner of living is that they are fond of making literary men the typical Bohemians and including a belief in the mind of the public that Bohemianism is the special characteristic of those who follow the profession of letters. As regards a certain class of *litterateurs* unfortunately such a belief would be in accordance with the truth. There are some writers—we had almost said scribblers—who make a boast of Bohemianism, and whose chief glory in that they are without the pale of society.

In most cases, they are men who have risen from the rank of journalism and who seem to think it almost an intrusion when any man with either the birth or education of a gentleman occupies himself with newspaper work. To such an extent has this feeling been carried that there is, we believe, a club in London, with a name indicative of the uncultivated manners of its members, which exists solely to uphold this Bohemian characteristic of our nature. The men born of it are mostly obscure writers, who pitch themselves upon the production of Cockney ditties, and who are some reputed in the matter of impudence. They hold an ignoble conviviality to be the greatest pleasure of life and a burlesque to be the greatest literary effort of which they are capable. They are haunters of the green-room and the stage-door and are proud to rub shoulders with second-rate actors among their number. They have a perfect right, of course, to indulge themselves in any way they please, and to set up any standard of conduct which may seem good to them. But they and others who hold their opinions have disseminated a belief that such an existence is the natural condition of any man who writes, that Bohemianism is the general accompaniment of literary work. And this has contributed, to a great measure, to make the position of a journalist in this country very inferior to that which he would have obtained on the Continent. Of course, the anonymous system gives a man less chance of individual reputation than he would have were articles signed as in France; but it is the reputation of journalists, and slaves, to which we specially allude. And the stigma of Bohemianism which is attached to them, owing to the conduct of certain men among their number, has done more than anything else to make that reputation a somewhat unsavory one. Newspaper-men, we fear, as a rule, hardly possess nervous and light strings to military Mr. Arnold.

There is, however, a fashion in this, as in everything else, and Bohemianism is, we believe, dying out. What Mr. Swinburne calls the "lilies and languors of Virton" are asserting their supremacy over the raptures and roses of Vaux. Respectability, social position, and a balance in your banker's, are beginning to be the objects of legitimate ambition. A shockhead of hair and a neckcloth have no longer constituted the indispensable attributes of a man of genius, and a disregard of the ordinary rules of society receives a larger share than it ever did. It is well that this should be so. Work is the world's inheritance for every man. And those who make "gaiety midnights" the rule, as a Bohemian poet sings, will find that the morning will bring a more lasting repentance for the follies of the night, than such as can be washed away in sherry and seltzer.—*Imperial Review.*

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FAIRIES IN THE ROUGH.

(From the "London Review")

They who are possessed by the foul demon of curiosity—the demon who on a open all the morning drawer Pandora leaves their hole bits of a soul and shattered parchment—may at Christmas-tide witness a singular spectacle outside the stage door of certain of our theatres at a particular time of the forenoon. There is a troop of dingily-clad girls, with complexions not particularly bright, and with hands which would be the better for a little washing, waiting there for admittance. They are the raw material of pantomimists. They are waiting to be turned into the mill which by-and-bye shall turn them out again so that their own mothers may not know them. The contemplative eye anticipates the transformation. Are these wretched-looking creatures milliners out of work gathered together from the humble houses in Clerkenwell and Lambeth and Shoreditch? Of a surety no! There are there pink-blossom, hollyhock, hyacinth, thistledown, rose-bloom, heliotrope, jonquil and gossamer attendants on the fairy freedom Queen of the Good Little People. There are in the same glorious company of pre-genial angels a group of sylvan fays, almost undistinguishable from their sisters, and hanging about their skirts playing rude gambols and annoying passers-by are small boys, who, being passed through our magical mangle, shall come out as a strange array of elfin gardeners, clad in green, with pickaxes, shovels, and barrows, all bewilder in with mysterious mirth. Why should human nature have such an incomprehensible desire to become a Peeping Tom and linger about the "wings" in order to see the strange procession shorn of its ordinary trappings? When the necromancer frees a small out of a poison-pistol or makes a pudding in the nearest gentleman's hat why should little boys be so anxious to "know how it is done?" If one goes into the pit of a theatre now-a-days one listens to a new style of criticism. In olden times the rude multitude was prone to hiss a stagey actor or cry over the pathos of a good one. Now we are all critics of another sort. We hear only "Low Tom that fellow must 'ave paid a sight o' money for that red cloak!" "Arry don't you think it would pay to give the pit sixpence down, and the gallery sixpence cheaper?" "Don't she use paint, mahow?" "Is it a wig, 'Arry or her own hair?" "There's a get-up! 'ow can she afford it out of her salary?" "There's no man in London 'll touch fair round no eyebrows and whiskers." This is the sort of running a fellow can hear in the pit—and, in the stalls, too, translated into more correct, but worse articulated, language. We do not believe in the illusions of the stage now. We have got beyond that. We know how it is all done, and we speculate on the cost of it and how it will affect others. For we always postulate an imaginary public to whom the play is addressed.

The interest, therefore, with which most people regard new pieces and new parts in them, is confined to ascertaining the amount of polish the raw material will receive. We are supposed to know all about the preliminary processes. In imagination we see those wretchedly-clad girls marshalled before the ballet master pointing them as painfully and unbecoming like lambs to his very vigorous talk. We see the mouth whose-faced children taught to stand or sing in the middle of a gigantic silver oyster, threatened with instant dismissal if they sway or stumble. We see the little gardeners being drilled by the stage-manager and by the fairy who is to lead them forward. We see the men who are to do the comic business come on the stage and perform their horse-play in tattered clown instead of gorgeous masks. We hear the Princess Prettyfeet hoarse-shrieked in a warm shawl and wiping her bonnet on an imaginary hat extinguisher mighty in an out pay theatre behind footlights without gas, and to an orchestra that is shocked every few minutes by the leader in order to improve the tune. We are familiar with all the tricks of carpentry and are connoisseurs in gas-work. When at length, Boxing Night shows us the skeleton, galvanized and in motion, we are acquainted with all its hollow anatomy. We study its strides, and calculate how much its tailor cost. We applaud the efforts of stage-effect which pass our comprehension—a new water fall, an ingenious trap-scene, or an occult ghost. There is a story told, probably without the least foundation, of a stage-manager who when the falling of the curtain was followed by a burst of applause from all sides of the house, was at his wits and to know who he or it was the chief performer in the last slight which the audience desired to recall. If a stage-manager is at all successful, he will win our sympathies at once, for we know the difficulties with which he has had to grapple. Who has not undergone the melancholy experience of sitting beside some prematurely old young man who has studied theatrical matters and is competent to pronounce an authoritative judgment? How he sneers at the colour of our darling Princess Prettyfeet, and asks why she did not go to a better maker? How he knows the articles which have been got up fire from Bow Street! He pooh-poohs the Enchanted Valley as a crib from a '61 pantomime! How he sneers at the selection of music, and shows you where the "Wedding March," should have come in! How he knows the slightness of the manager in using last year's marks, with the addition of a coat of paint. But sometimes our middle-aged friend is silent, and then you know something extraordinary must be taking place. Is it the wonderful precision of the ballet? Is it their costume? Or is it the real diamond bracelet which the Princess Prettyfeet wears definitely—a trifle of public gratitude regarded with a sore heart by the curly headed page who is now a Government clerk seated in a distant box, with two or three tiny nephews and nieces around him? Alas! these are no more like to him. He has drunk the milk of paradise" once upon a time but the cup is henceforth empty. He follows his fellows, and becomes a victim of the analytic mood.

MUSIC AT COLOGNE.

(From our Original Correspondent.)

On Friday and Saturday last the King of Prussia honoured Cologne with a Royal visit, and to the entertainments provided to welcome the beloved monarch the music contributed its brilliant share. On Friday evening the directors of our splendid botanical Garden-Flora, having given a great fête to His Majesty, which included a splendid illumination, a supper and a grand dress ball, the *Männergesangverein* under the leadership of Herr Musikdirector Weber sang many choruses with great brilliancy. A festival cantata, expressly composed for the occasion, met with a special success in the part of the King as well as the public. A Tenor Solo with chorus sung by an Amateur Herr Wolf, pupil of Signor Marchesi, produced a great sensation, and at the ball at the Royal guest expressed his high satisfaction in a most flattering manner to the singer. The King being a special patron of the *Männergesangverein* was extremely kind towards the leader as well as the members of it.

The public exam sessions of our Conservatoire took place on Thursday, Friday and Saturday last, giving once more evidence of the excellent of the real national organisation and of its (under Dr. F. Hiller) of the first rate musical establishment. The best pupils of the Professors Rudorff, Salas, Gerusche (pianoforte) were the Herrs Hagemann, Brombe and Eltershausen, Diehnau as well as the Demoiselles Walsh, Mendels and Benning. In the violin classes of Königslow and Sapha were prominent—the Herrs Rosenmann, Alekotte and Borberg. In the singing classes of Hauser and Marchesi, after a many fine scenes and promising talents, the Ladies Wilhens (from London), Burhuers, Kneisl, Zimmermann, Weise Busch and Lewe (an English Lady) were extremely successful. No doubt you will soon very soon the acquaintance of this last named very distinguished new English singer who, as I hear, is going home next month. A very first rate baritone Herr Mihm from Bremen made a decided sensation. Miss Marchesi who is going to leave for Vienna, has been presented with a most beautiful table service of massive silver by her pupils.

Mr. Ullmann has just been here on route for Denmark, where he is going to begin his next tournée in September next. He was extremely delighted with the enthusiastic reception which his protégée (the highly gifted Hungarian) has made under Madame Marchesi's direction, in such a short time, and as this lady is going to Vienna at the end of September next, Mr. Ullmann has decided to leave the future musical war in question under Signor Marchesi's tuition in Cologne.

By the notice published in the last number of the *Musical World* I see that Miss E. Philip, the celebrated accompanied vocalist and composer as well as Miss Sterling (the American Contralto) have been raising great laurels in Edinburgh. Both Ladies are well known in Cologne, the first one having studied the composition under Dr. F. Hiller and singing under Mme. Marchesi here during six months, and the second one having been a pupil of our Conservatoire for nearly a year and one of Mme. Marchesi's pupils.

The prospectus for our next opera season is already published. The first, Schoen Ida and Red the pupils of our Conservatoire are re-engaged, and a third one, a contralto Frl. Kirchner has been added to the troupe. New engaged are Fräulein Ida *soubrette*, Frl. Hamlet (a pupil of Mme. Viardot) as *Colorature Sängerin*, Herr Rüssner first Baritone, Herr Bretschneider Bass, and Herr Gutsmann. The tenor Göttel as well as the Bassos Borkowski, Lehmann and Hofel are re-engaged. As novelties we shall have *Aegnon* and *Hamlet* by A. Thomas, *Die Neuvermählten* by F. Hiller and *Die Gran von Cura* by Mozart. Mme. Marchesi has accepted (out of all her singing classes) the place of professor of the Italian language and vocal literature at our Conservatoire. Vale, in great haste.—Faithfully yours,

SALVATORE SAVERIO BALDAMUS.

Hanover.—Mlle. Artôt has left. She was especially successful in the last opera in which she appeared—*Crispino e la Comare* and *Dalila*. Mlle. Adelina Patti appeared for the first time on the 10th in *Lucia di Lammermoor*.

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THE EARLY YEARS OF GIACOMO MEYERBEER.

(*Continued from page 666.*)

Concerning the performance itself on the 8th May 1811, Weber wrote the following notice, published in the *Abendzeitung* of the period:—"Among the many art production which, for some time past, have delighted or wearied us, Schebe's oratorio, *Gott und die Natur*, with music by Meyerbeer, performed at the concert of the chapelmaster Herr Weber, is in every way so high and distinguished a work that you will be pleased to hear a few details concerning it. It is the production of a very promising composer, uniting in himself great scientific knowledge with a perfect command of every technical musical resource. The plan of the whole is sketched out with rich variety but without transgressing the law of unity. Glowing life, heartfelt sweetness, and, above all, the true power of soaring and fiery genius are unmistakably apparent. The first chorus in C major, and the following fugue, are very wisely kept quite *mezzo voce*, but I was struck by some little mutilations of the text. No. 2, 3 Rec. and Aria, E flat, bass; the quartet exceedingly expressive and truthful. It is followed by the air which is so sweet that I almost felt inclined to say it was a pity it was given to a bass-singer—had not Herr Gern sung it, and persuaded me that sweetness was at home in his lips. In this number the passage, "Du winkt in dem Licht," in which Herder's words Licht, by an astonishing and sustained *Esce.* of the wind instruments. No. 4 Rec. and Aria in B flat, sung by Herr Eunicke, became the favourite piece with the public. It might be said it was a pity that two airs with *ritornelles* should be assigned to two male voices in succession at the very commencement; but the effect of the Flower Chorus, No. 6, rendered by only female voices, affords a marked contrast like some pleasing form of light, and was the second favourite with the public. Very it called forth a sonnet upon the composer (in fact, there are in the Berlin paper several poems upon the author and the composer), the harp accompaniment was unfortunately so weak that it could scarcely be heard. No. 7 Duetto Aria C major, in which there is, for a moment, natural force (in my opinion nearly the most lovely piece of all), and, in the spirit, rendered by Madame Schmalz. That this soprano air should follow the women's chorus, is, I think, a just cause for complaint against the composer. Both proceeding in consequence. They might have changed places with one of the previous male airs, at any rate, with the bass air. No. 8 Chorus of the four Elements. A genuine contrapuntal masterpiece. Air soprano, Fire, alto, Earth, tenor, Water, bass. Each Element first delivers its own song with a characteristic accompaniment; at the end all the four songs with their four accompaniments are combined, making eight motives. Very logically consequent, and especially effective where the entire powerful *ensemble* is repeated *pianissimo* (in F major) and it is only when such feats of harmony are thus flowingly and naturally treated that they prove *effective*, which is seldom the case. No. 9 Bass Recit. No. 10 Chorus "Er war es nur und es wird sein." Free rhetorical development of a chorale-like four-part strain, with occasional solo of the four principal parts in E minor. No. 11 Duet between a Doubter and an Atheist, Tenor and Bass, alternating with a chorus of true preaching confidence and faith. The various cavatinas are portrayed in a remarkably striking manner and the whole is very closely combined the idea of having this serious subject treated only by men among themselves being very fine and philosophical. In G major. Appended to this piece is the chorus in C major "Horst du die Posaune erklingen," where I was much pleased to find that the composer had not committed the platitude of actually introducing trombones. From this point, he grows greater and more sublime up to the end. The text passes to the universal Resurrection, when all that is dead will begin to live again. A soprano solo accompanied only by a reed on the kettle-drum follows *solutions* the anxious stillness of a *Fermata*. Final fugue, motive A flat major with which the composer combines a fiery movement of the violins, and dashes on with immense vigour to the end.—The instrumentation is everywhere well planned, original, new and never wanton. All the melodies, even the most captivating are kept within the boundaries of the serious style, so that we can excite in with Herr Gern, to whom they cried out at rehearsal, that he had sung like an angel. The music really does come from heaven! May Herr M. B. continue to pursue the path of art with the perseverance, the zeal, and the modesty which have hitherto caused him to be so highly esteemed, and we can prophesy a rich harvest for art from one possessing such genius."

Thus far C. M. von Weber. The success of the work was indeed exceedingly great, and calculated to turn the eyes of the art-loving public with pride to their aspiring fellow-townsman, who seemed destined to contribute his share towards raising his native place to honour and consideration.* Once more did Meyerbeer start for Darmstadt, to complete his work—which he had not suspended even in Berlin—on the opera of *Jephtas Tochter*, and to show his old master his first profit in art. But it was now Vogler himself who urged Meyerbeer's neotoring upon the ice of the world, in order to prove that, having been thoroughly trained he could firmly maintain an independent position. Vogler said he had no more to teach him, and that the young student must now learn art unmodifiedly in his intercourse with the world, and as he travels, so as to combine the wisdom of the school with actual practice. A touching and deeply felt farewell followed, but however high were the hopes which Vogler might entertain of the future greatness of his pupil, the very boldest of them were probably far from soaring to the giddy elevation which Meyerbeer afterwards attained, thanks to his knowledge, energy, tenacity, perseverance, and, more than all, to his genius and talent.

Meyerbeer set out for Munich, where his first opera had been accepted, and where it was produced not altogether without success. But the book, which of itself was less calculated for an opera than for an oratorio, was written with so amount of conscientiousness, and an observance of the rules which there is an inclination to neglect rather than to adopt upon the stage. Thus the opera was unable to retain a hold upon the public, despite the extraordinary detached beauties which it contained, and which the critics of the day acknowledged in terms of praise. The young composer did not allow himself to be discouraged. He eagerly accepted a fresh book in two acts—of a comic character, offered him by Herr Wohlbrück of the Theatre Royal, Munich, and entitled *Almansor* (*Hirsch und Gast oder das Schern Erem* (*Almansor Host and Guest, or Joke and Earnest*) and could now feel sure of having a well devised libretto fitted for the stage. He set zealously about his new task, not omitting to appear before the Munich public as a pianist and extempore player in which capacity he obtained enthusiastic applause.

For the purpose of completing his opera, he returned home, and wrote thereon dramatic cantata *Der Götterbesuch* which was performed in 1813 on his beloved mother's birthday in his family circle, but enjoyed no further publicity. It was found among his manuscripts after his decease. He finished *Almansor* at his leisure, and took it with him to Stuttgardt, where it was to be produced at the Theatre Royal.† Without achieving an extraordinary success, it pleased on the whole so much that the manager of the Kärnthnerthor Theatre, Vienna, immediately wanted it, and entered into negotiations with the composer concerning certain changes necessitated by local considerations. Meyerbeer proceeded at once to Vienna, and on the very evening he arrived, had an opportunity of hearing the celebrated J. N. Hummel, the popular chief of pianoforte players. He at once felt within him the impulse to do as much as Hummel and to obtain as a virtuoso, if not as a composer, the laurels he felt he deserved. He compared the principles of the Viennese school with those of the school to which he himself belonged. He perceived where he was deficient, and where his strength lay and resolved to practise without cessation till he could enter the lists against any rival whatever. To effect this he withdrew for nearly ten months from all society and by indefatigable industry and the closest practice acquired everything in which he was wanting, especially a new mode of fingering. After this really fearful exertion, to which none but an artist with an iron will who takes his art seriously would subject himself, Meyerbeer appeared publicly as a

* Some weeks previously on the 17th March, another work of Meyerbeer's, the 99th Psalm (according to Mendelssohn's translation) had been successfully performed at the Singacademie.

† To this period belongs, also, the composition of the Psalm, "Gott ist mein Hirt," for two choruses and two voices, performed on the 12th October 1813, in the Singacademie, Berlin, as well as of a "Stabat Mater" a "Te Deum" and a "Miserere."

virtuoso, with a brilliant success that eclipsed all previous masters, so that the impression produced by his playing, which was in every respect splendid, long remained treasured up in the memory of the public. Owing to the fact that the Congress of Vienna happened to be held at the time, these concerts stood out in peculiarly vivid relief the gentlemen—and ladies of the political world carrying the name of the popular pianist into all countries. Even Moscheles, whom the Congress had attracted to Vienna, where he was known and liked, hesitated appearing, because he feared to stake against the young Prussian, the professional reputation he had only just achieved. He subsequently said that, had Meyerbeer continued to follow the career of a virtuoso, there would have been but few artists in the world capable of measuring themselves with him.

To this period belong many pianoforte and other instrumental compositions of Meyerbeer's, which we have the greater right to term curiosities, because they have not hitherto been published, and are among his manuscripts that, for the moment, cannot be touched. We have often glanced in one or the other of them, and can assure the reader that they do not deserve the oblivion in which they languish. We can name from memory the following pieces as comprised among them:—1. A "Polonaise with Orchestra." 2. "Two Pianoforte Concertos with Orchestra." 3. "March with Variations." 4. A great many books of "Variations." 5. A "Grand Pianoforte Rondo." 6. "Duets for Harp and Clarionet," written probably for the celebrated clarionettist, Bärmann, with whom he frequently played in public at that time, and for whom he wrote, also, 7. A Monodrama, *Les Amours de Thersichide*, for soprano, chorus, and *obbligato* clarionet, a piece repeatedly executed by Mdlle. Hasse and Bärmann.*

Yielding to the pressure exerted on him by the management, he at length produced, on the 20th November, 1814, *Almansor*, but not successfully, so as to augment his reputation, for the opera did not please, or rather a concatenation of unfavourable circumstances did not permit the public to become familiar with it, as it was given only once. The music was too full of fine touches, and too difficult for a representation hurriedly got up. The part of Almansor intended for Herr Ehlers, had to be assumed, without due preparation, by Herr Forti. In consequence of this, the forms of the melody were altered and robbed of their original charm, while entire pieces were transposed. The whole life and soul of the part, in which Ehlers would have been irresistible, suffered greatly in Forti's hands. Mdlle. Buchwieser was unfortunate enough, on the evening of performance, to be indisposed and, on that account, so careless, that, though an acknowledged favourite with the public, she drew down upon herself, for the first time, loudly expressed disapprobation. It is clear that such accidents as these, having out of consideration a thousand minor circumstances are sufficient to ruin a work of art, the existence and prosperity of which hang on such slender threads. A conjunction of similar causes jeopardized the success of *Robert le Diable*.

Meyerbeer was inconsolable at the failure of his work, which even strict musicians esteemed very highly. He would, probably, have renounced dramatic composition entirely, had not Antonio Salieri, the popular composer of *Axur*, guided by the most heartfelt interest in the promising young artist, sought out Meyerbeer, and comforted him with the treasures of his own experience. He advised him to go to Italy and study singing, the human voice, and the difficult art of writing properly for it. Meyerbeer, who had become acquainted with Italian music merely from hearing the operas of Nicolini, Farinelli, Pacini, &c., at Berlin, Munich, and Vienna, and who did not entertain a high opinion of it, could not understand such advice. Trusting however, to Salieri's experience and sagacity, and having previously entertained the notion of visiting Italy, he started, at the beginning of 1815, from Vienna, first proceeding to Paris in order to render himself acquainted with the state of French opera, with which he had busied himself already in the years 1813 and 1814. Among his papers, we now, dating from this epoch, a French score, *The Bachelor of Salamanca* as well as an opera, *Robert et Elise*, in which we discovered various points of resemblance to the subsequent opera of *Robert le Diable*.

(*To be continued.*)

* Inspired by patriotic ardour he dedicated to the great events of that period, the following songs: "Knigel of since Iriem Volkes," words by Gubitz, for four male voices with brass instruments, and "Um Deutsche Vaterland," by C. M. Arndt, for male voices.

MUSICAL DOINGS IN HOLLAND.

The thirty-ninth general meeting of the "Maatschappy tot Bevordering der Tonkunst," or "Association for the Promotion of the Musical Art," was lately held at Amsterdam. Reference has already been made in our columns to this society, and the reader may, perhaps, be interested by the following short sketch, given at the meeting, of its doings during the past year.

The Association consists, at the present time, of thirteen Branch Associations, with a total of 2,082 active members, of whom 115 are musicians of reputation. It has consequently increased by about 150 members in the year. Out of the so called "Artists' Fund," which has now reached the not inconsiderable sum of 61,000 gilders, twelve pensions were paid during the past year, and about 1,200 gilders have been set apart for the same purpose during the present year. The library of the Association consists of some 2,000 musical compositions and works on music, which are at the service of the Branch Associations, for the purposes of study and performance. It contains, with a sufficient number of vocal and orchestral parts for grand performances, 34 oratorios, 14 masses and requiems, 67 great, and 59 smaller sacred vocal works, 34 operas, 40 symphonies, and 91 overtures. The above comprise of course the most important product one of old and living masters. The entire contents of the library are carefully registered in catalogues, of which a number are distributed among the members of each Branch Association at a low price. The accounts published at the last meeting proved the exceedingly prosperous financial condition of the Association. Besides the "Artists' Fund" already mentioned, the "Reserve Fund" possesses a capital of 58,000 gilders, while there is, thirdly, the "Musical Festival Fund" with 28,000 gilders, representing altogether a total capital of 117,000 gilders. This very satisfactory state of things enabled the committee, during the past year, to vote about 1,000 gilders for additions to the library, and about 1,400 gilders towards defraying the expenses of the Musical Festival held at Arnheim in 1867.—How classical a course is followed by the Association is again evidenced by the grand performances of the past year. Among the works produced we find compositions by Bargiel, Beethoven, Max Bruch (2), Niels Gade (4), Grimm (2), Handel (3), Haydn (3), Heinze, Hol (2), Mendelssohn (3), Mozart (3), Schlecht, Schumann, Spohr, and Weber. One fact highly honourable to the Association is that when it performs works by living composers, it forwards, unsolicited when it deems a proper one, or as it is called, dispenses them as honorary prize. Seven composers were remunerated in this way during the past year. Would that the Associations in other countries took this course as a model, and thus contributed their share towards enabling the creative composer to command a material independence resembling at least in a slight degree that which only the virtuoso can at present achieve. During the meeting the prizes were awarded for the various subjects proposed at the previous general meeting. Among them was a prize for a catalogue of the eminent musicians and writers on music, from the earliest times to the beginning of the eighteenth century, who were born in the present kingdom of the Netherlands, or who lived there, together with an account of all that is known respecting their lives and works. A paper written by a German and bearing the motto, "Ars longa, vita brevis," was sent in on this subject, and a sum of 200 gilders was awarded to the author, though he was not considered to have treated his subject as satisfactorily as he might have treated it. Furthermore the meeting placed at the disposal of the committee 800 gilders to be employed during the coming year in promoting 1. Choral song, 2. Folk-song, and especially school song, 3. The education of young artists, and 4. In awarding honorary prizes to living composers. When we add that the "Maatschappy tot Bevordering der Tonkunst" entertains the notion of erecting in Amsterdam, the permanent quarters of the committee of the Association, which extends throughout the entire country, a grand building of their own, for the general meetings and musical festivals, we think we shall satisfactorily show that the Association has again given signs of healthy vitality. In the interest of art, and of intellectual culture generally, we trust that this admirable institution may continue vigorously to flourish!

Prague.—A new opera entitled *Die neue Cassandra*, from the pen of Herr von Flotow, will be produced about the middle of September.

Intérêt de Pétrarque à Olide fils du Roy Florentin de Mecrosme et de La Belle Dame, fils du Roy et Empereur de Constantinople by Jean Maugin, dit le Petit Angevin. A perfect copy of this extremely rare Romance to be sold for Twenty five Guineas.

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BIRTH.

On the 23rd August, at 14 Dawson Place, W., the wife of Ernest Weber, Esq., Mus. Doc. Cantab. and of 152, Westbourne Terrace Hyde Park, of a son.

NOTICE.

The Musical World will henceforth be published on Friday, in time for the evening mails. Country subscribers will therefore receive their copies on Saturday morning. In consequence of this change it is urgently requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday, otherwise they will be too late for insertion in the current number.

To Advertisers.—The Office of the Musical World is at Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received up to Three o'clock p.m. on Thursday, but not later. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 29 1868.

OPERETTA AT PLYMOUTH.

It is a "far cry" from Ruthin to Plymouth, but whether too far or not depends upon the travellers object. Mine was English operetta, an article which somehow or other always needs to be hunted down on the prey soil, and very frequently proves to be worth little when caught. I wonder if the latter fact accounts for the former and if it be true that the Metropolis turns up its numerous noses at English operetta in sheer dispute with the shortcomings thereof. Many people (with whom I don't agree) say so—but, say how the facts remain. The few lyrical English dramas we have seem born to trouble in town. If a rash manager take them by the hand, he inevitably burns his fingers; the public look at them askance, passing by on the other side; and they seem to exist at all only under the interest and tolerance bespoken by amateur performers. On the other hand we find the provinces so regularly traversed by "companies" as they are by bagmen. The country town is always ready to give a more or less warm welcome to operetta, and it was to me the disposal of London at home among friends that I went so far westward.

I found operetta at home in Plymouth in a very distinguished sense, for the people had elevated it to a position of county importance, after this wise:—Among their institutions is one for the relief of juvenile suffering called "The Children's Wards," and it occurred to certain who lie in wait to do good (beholding "society" at hand with all its means and appliances) that an amateur operetta performance would be just the thing to help the children's helpers. The thought was a happy one and it spread till the list of patrons and patronesses included officials civil, military, naval, and municipal, as well as county families in long array—till, in fact, there did not seem to be anybody who was anybody remaining unpledged to the success of the enterprise. Of course, all this enthusiasm was not in the cause of operetta; nevertheless, operetta was flattered by being mixed up with it, and Signor Randegger whose *Rival Beauties* was the chosen work must be regarded as a fortunate man. The result will appear presently; but, meanwhile, let us say a word about the *Rival Beauties* itself.

The plot of Signor Randegger's operetta is clear, pleasing, and ingenious. It can be followed without much mental exertion (always a great advantage), and when followed a little way it becomes interesting enough to attract one on to the end. Some of its characters, too, enlist a good deal of sympathy, or claim a good deal of admiration. To Lady Edith the fortune and to Alice the latter must be accorded, while, *malgré* smuggled brandy Captain Thomas Deloraine commands many good wishes. It is true that Sir Percy Ringwood who would give his hand to one damsel and his heart to another is not a Bayard, nor is the old Miller above taking a mean advantage; but, after all, they only represent humanity under temptation. There is more than a "touch of nature" about them especially as they yield to temptation with readiness, if not alacrity. The dialogue put into the mouths of these personages is rarely wanting in smartness. Here and there it becomes sophistic, and consequently weak, as, for example, when the pretended king's officer says to one of his men, "Be kind enough to admire Sir Percy Ringwood at his ease"—a command more likely to root a full private to the spot in astonishment than to put him in motion. But this, and a few other kindred instances apart, the dialogue brings credit to its author, as do, in an equal degree, the verses for music. The latter are nearly innocent of nonsense, and many of them rise to the dignity of very respectable poetry. Signor Randegger, therefore, was fortunate in the possession of a good book—more fortunate still in being able to make good use of it. Throughout, his music is never commonplace, because, in union with finest and appropriate melody, there is always some charm of treatment which marks the hand of an accomplished musician. I do not lose sight of the fact that the subject and situations are not calculated to put a severe strain upon the composer's powers. They demand only the capacity to write lively and agreeable, varied by agreeable and sentimental music. But in satisfying such a demand it is often made tolerably clear that the end of the tether is reached. Signor Randegger's work, on the contrary, proves that he could go farther with impunity. The proof alluded to is found more in the concerted pieces than in the songs, admirable as are many of the latter. There are some numbers in the *Rival Beauties* which show by their structure, and not less by their dramatic propriety, that the composer might undertake a much more exacting task and still keep within his means.

With regard to the performances (two) the managers did a wise thing at the outset. By securing the composer's aid as conductor, and giving him full liberty of action they secured also a guarantee of whatever efficiency circumstances made possible. Signor Randegger in turn promptly called upon the quintet who had carried through his operetta at Cromwell House with so much success, and leavened the local orchestra with performers like Messrs. Watson, Burnett, Aylward, and Pratten. This done, everybody felt that the tremors incident to an amateur display were out of place, and hence nobody indulged in them, preferring rather to speculate on the coming gains. As a matter of course, there was some local excitement, which the apparition of Mr. Lewis Thomas—in the shop-windows—armed to the teeth as bold Captain Deloraine, by no means tended to allay. This, however, was healthy and tended to fill a well appointed theatre with an audience disposed to be pleased with everything and everybody. It should be said at once that public good nature was but little tried, for the performance in all respects came up to (in some respects rose above) the average provincial standard. The Alice Lyne of Miss Harriet Young for example, was a well defined individuality. Amateur characters are generally tetchy of outline, consequent upon an obvious mixing up of both the amateur and the character after the fashion of a dissolving view. But there was no jumble of Miss Young with the Miller's Daughter; she latter being it all her own way,

and doing her work so cleverly that, but for Sir Percy Ringwood being no great catch, one might have wished her scheme successful. Alice's fine-lady airs, when passing as the visitor from London, were equally admirable; and, in brief, the entire impersonation would have done credit to a professional artist. If Miss Young made less impression as a singer than as an actress, it was no fault of her own. She managed her voice with rare judgment, and had the still rarer good taste never to attempt feats beyond the limits of her natural capacity. The part of Lady Edith Carleton was taken by Miss Mitchell, who, unlike her playmate, made a musical rather than a dramatic impression. I need hardly go into details respecting the voice and style of this well-known and accomplished amateur. Both are familiar—by repute at least—to all who take an interest in such matters, and it will suffice to say that Miss Mitchell sang after a fashion which would put not a few professionals of standing to the blush. The Plymouth people (of whom the new neighbour) were delighted with her efforts, and tumultuously encored every song. They must have done so had they been a stranger for it was a rare treat to hear so rare a voice. Mr W. H. Cummings made a capital representative of Sir Percy Ringwood. Attired for conquest in a uniform which suffered nothing by voyaging across the channel in a smuggler's sloop, he conveyed the notion all through of a young gentleman an excellent terror with himself albeit given now and then to sentimental rhapsody. He made love to the rival beauties with eminent impartiality and when both passion and policy indicated one of the two he abandoned the other with singular cheerfulness. Mr Cummings' singing needs no description and I shall only say that he came acquitted himself better (which is saying much) and certainly never met with an audience who more persistently encored everything he did. The somewhat colourless part of the Miller was appropriately filled by Mr Barrand, to whom fell "A gentle daughter's love," one of the best airs in the work. Mr Barrand will, beyond question, do more justice to it, and his part generally when he is more accustomed to the glare of footlights. The entire performance was much indebted to Mr Lewis Thomas's good judgment as Deloraine the bold Smuggler. There are smugglers and smugglers, and Deloraine might easily be either, for the libretto has judiciously left him to take his colour from the artist's idiosyncrasy. Hence, Mr Thomas might have represented him as the sentimental smuggler or—by a great effort—as the ferocious smuggler. He did neither, but came out strongly as the comic smuggler, loud of voice and of laugh, with a slight tendency to bad puns, and a curious disposition towards an elementary cannon. How much of life he thus imparted to the situations need no more be said than how much of effect his sonorous voice gave to the music. By virtue of both the presence of Deloraine was always welcome.

The conducting of Signor Randegger was admirable, the orchestra proved efficient, and the scenery and stage appointments left nothing to be desired. In all respects, therefore, operetta and a fine time of it in the far western town. How much the Children's Wards benefited I do not know, but nobody worked harder in their behalf than Sir William Mitchell, whose pretty seat at Ivybridge was the temporary home of the performers, and who, otherwise, was the life and soul of the undertaking.

THEODORE EGG.

ORGAN APPOINTMENT.—Mr T. Hughes, pupil of Mr Rawlins, of Dudley, has been appointed organist of St. John's, Kate's Hill.

WORCESTER.—A harvest thanksgiving at which the Bishop of Worcester preached, took place on Sunday in combination with the annual services and collections for church and organ. The performances of the anthems, "Sing a song of praise," and "Blessed be Thou, O Lord God of Israel," reflected much credit on the choir and their organist, Mr R. G. Jackson of Kidderminster.

MONUMENT TO MENDELSSOHN.

THE following announcement has recently been made in the Leipzig periodicals, and we commend it to the notice of our English lovers of Mendelssohn:—

"FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

"Mendelssohn's greatness as a composer is mainly connected with the important work which he accomplished in Leipzig. It was from Leipzig that through his influence a nobler taste in music diffused itself far and near. It was from Leipzig that his works of the most eminent of his contemporaries, after being performed at the Gewandhaus Concerts under his direction, went forth on their career to other towns. It was in Leipzig that many of his own greatest compositions were first performed. A crowd of diligent pupils testify to his success as a teacher as the Conservatoire which he himself founded there, and it was to Leipzig that he always pointed as his second home.

"Mendelssohn's Leipzig life, also—both artistic and social—forms the centre point of the enduring interest which is felt in him by the whole of a grateful musical world—an interest which his followers are bound to perpetuate by some worthy memorial of his work. That this has not been already accomplished is a reproach which has been long acknowledged, and it is with the view of removing this reproach that the following gentlemen have formed themselves into a Committee for the creation of a Mendelssohn Monument in Leipzig on an appropriate scale, to which they invite the assistance of all the friends and admirers of the beloved master. Musical societies are specially invited to aid by performances for the purpose, the proceeds of which can be forwarded to the committee."

COMMITTEE.

Dr LEIPZIG DAVID, *President*	Herr E. ARNOLDTE, *Vice-Pres.*
Herr VON BURGSDORFF	Herr PETSCHKE, *Registrar.*
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Dr OSCAR PAUL, Herr A. PAPE, *Secretaries.*

"Mr. William Owen, Organist, of Dublin."

The above is one item in the melancholy list of victims to the Abergele catastrophe. Mr Owen was the son of Owain Alaw musical director of the late Eisteddfod. He had attended that national gathering and when travelling homewards, met a fate. The dead is beyond our regrets, but to the living we may tender such consolation as sympathy can offer. That consolation will be forthcoming from everyone with a pitiful heart.

BADEN.—Herr Robert von Hornstein gave a concert at which only songs of his own were sung. The vocalist was Herr Lang from Munich.—Madame Viardot-Garcia lately gave a *Matinée* at her house, when the following was the programme:—Fugue Bach (Madame Viardot-Garcia); Songs, Rameau (Herr Lang); Aria from *Fidelio*, Beethoven (Mdlle. Le Joloc); Recitative from *Ariane*, by Monteverde, and Aria from *Alceste*, Handel (Madame Viardot-Garcia); Romance for Viola, Beethoven (Herr Grodzelli); Cavatina from *La Sonnambula*, Bellini (Mdlle. Merjahn); Duet from *Le Nozze di Figaro* (Mdlles. Merjahn and Dunn); Der Doppelgänger, Schubert, and Frühlingsnacht, Schumann (Madame Viardot-Garcia).

THE AUTOGRAPH OF HANDEL'S "MESSIAH"

We take the following from an article, by Mr. Joseph Bennett, in the August number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, which serial, by the way, is making rapid progress towards the front rank of its kind:—

"This *Messiah* is an impressive suggestive volume, giving rise to thoughts hardly more from its number and interest and tantalising from the difficulty of selecting which first to ascertain. Choosing at random, one may begin by speculating as to where, and under what circumstances, Handel got through the work of writing its two hundred and seventy pages in twenty-three days. On these points, perhaps, history says but little. Still more unhappily, no gossiping diarist like Pepys, or admiring friend like Boswell, stands for the official chronicler's neglect. Hence the question has become a bone of contention, and biographers have worried each other over it with the usual unsatisfactory result. I am not going to discuss the claims of Mr. Jennyns's house at Gopsal" as against those of the metropolis, because without additional evidence, no amount of discussion could settle the matter. Let me, however, to a fondness for believing that the *Messiah* was written in the quiet Leicestershire mansion. One likes to think of Handel, after the cruel struggles and bitter disappointments of his London life, spending the golden days of autumn amid the peace and repose of the country, working uninterruptedly at his great task the while with all the enthusiasm so happy a change would excite. Under such circumstances, one can half understand the sustained mental and physical elevation which alone rendered his twenty-three days' labour possible. To imagine that, broken in spirit, and worn in body and mind, he wrote the *Messiah* in his London lodging amid the interruptions and distractions of town, is to accredit him with superhuman power. I prefer to see, in the MS. before me—proof to the contrary being wanting—the result of Handel's *villeggiatura* in that memorable autumn of 1741.

"But wherever the manuscript was written, its subsequent history is plain enough. On his death-bed, Handel seems to have such strong presentiment of future renown, and, under its influence, he determined upon leaving all his manuscripts in charge of the University of Oxford. They had, however, been promised to his favourite pupil Smith, who refused £1000 rather than release the dying composer from his bond. Into Smith's hands they accordingly passed, and next into those of George III., thus becoming an heirloom—not the least precious—of the English Crown. If all accounts be true, the lodging of the collection in Buckingham Palace is unsafe to the MS. as it is discreditable to those in whose charge they are placed. The years ago an enthusiastic biographer, M. Victor Schœlcher, thus wrote:—"Buried in a sort of private office and still kept in its poor original binding, it (the collection) is concealed from all the world; and I may say that if I were the Queen, I should have these precious volumes bound in crimson velvet, mounted with gold, and I should have a beautiful cabinet to hold them which should be surmounted by Rauhillac's fine bust, and supported by four statues of white marble, representing sacred and profane music, moral courage and honesty. This I should place in the throne-room of my palace, proclaiming by this means to every one that it is one of the most invaluable jewels of the English Crown." M. Schœlcher's dream has not yet been even distantly realised. The sort of private office was described the other day as being over a stable, unguarded—and with its invaluable contents liable to a thousand mischances. Is it too much to hope that her Majesty the Queen, who graciously permitted the Sacred Harmonic Society to photolithograph the *Messiah* will yet more graciously place Handel's eighty-seven volumes in the safe custody of our National Museum?

"It is easy to gain some insight into Handel's character from the volume under notice. We may laugh at the ladies and gentlemen who advertise their ability to tell us all about ourselves on receipt of our handwriting; but they have merely pushed a truth far enough to make it ridiculous. This *Messiah* score is a case in proof. It does not want special powers to describe the kind of man who filled its pages, while the impressions conveyed agree in every instance with the statements of those who had the advantage of Handel's personal acquaintance. The changeable mood of the composer, for example, is accurately reflected in his manuscript. At one time he writes calmly and with as near an approach to neatness as he is capable of making. At another he seems to have a rush of ideas with which his pen cannot keep pace, though it flies over the paper at speed and by no means stands upon the order of its going. At another it is plain that he laboured hard, grown fiercely impatient of errors and dashes huge ink strokes through them, as also smears them with his finger after the fashion subsequently adopted by Mr. Samuel Weller. No equable self-contained musician could have produced the *Messiah* manuscript. It is the work of one quick to feel, and by no means scrupulous about manifesting all he felt. Not less evidently was its author a man of careless habits. Accepting the testimony of this volume, it is impossible to suppose Handel worrying himself over a refractory necktie or severe with his tailor because of an imperfect fit. A more untidy manuscript can hardly be imagined. So few pages are free from blots and so few are that one is driven to suppose that the ink, in moments of the reaction, scattered itself about. Moreover, the work is an labyrinth of pen-and-ink marks as a banker's ledger. Mistakes, great or small, are either crossed and recrossed or swallowed up in blackness according to the humour of the moment. Something too of his physical personality can be gathered from the writing. It must have been a heavy hand that penned such coarse, rude characters. No quill could account by itself for notes with heads as huge and tails as diminutive. The *Messiah* score, in point of fact, is just what might have been expected from the burly Saxon. It reflects his physique not less faithfully than the splendour of his genius.

"Interesting as it is to observe all this, and more that custom bade us dwell upon here, the attraction of the volume lies in the fact that it shows us the *Messiah* as that immortal work first sprang from its composer's brain. Conscious of the importance of his sacred oratorio, Handel expended upon it a good deal of loving care, touching and retouching as long as anything seemed different. By help of the *fac-simile* before us, every change thus made can now be noted, as we are admitted into the sanctum of the mighty magician and can learn the process by which his results were produced. But no sooner is the volume opened than we are astounded at the little alteration Handel thought it necessary to make. Bearing in mind the unexampled rapidity with which the work was thrown off, and the fact that Handel had a habit of writing without pre-arranged ideas, the completeness of his original draft would be incredible but for the testimony of the MS. Nor is our astonishment lessened by the knowledge that Handel, as was his custom, used over again some of his old material. After making full allowance on this head, the work still remains a memorable example of perfection from the birth, and more than anything else discovers to be called the Pallas of music."

The remainder of the article is devoted to showing, by help of illustrations in music type, how far the *Messiah* of Handel's first thoughts differed from the *Messiah* of his second. This being so, we need not point out what interest the August number of *Macmillan* has for every admirer of the "sacred oratorio."

M. STRAKOSCH AND HIS CAGE.

(*From "Le Figaro."*)

Seeing the cage empty, M. Strakosch wept.

"My warbler is gone," said he, "what will become of me?"

All at once his eyes fell upon an American paper. He read, in the following terms, that a star had appeared in New York:—

Miss Minnie Hauk is a young lady of seventeen years, and of extraordinary beauty. Her voice exceeds in compass those of the most celebrated singers. Every time that she sings, her triumph is such that the hall is shaken to its foundations. Public enthusiasm approaches to madness, and "La Diva" is almost swept away by the avalanche of flowers and crowns thrown upon the stage."

Three seconds after M. Strakosch sent a telegram to his brother Max in New York, begging him to engage the transatlantic idol at any price—hence, the cage is no longer empty.

An American friend who has heard Miss Minnie Hauk assures us that the Yankee story exaggerates nothing. He has seen her in *Amina* of *Sonnambula* and declares that she eclipses Madame Miolan-Carvalho. Her voice has an irresistible charm, and recalls the vibrations of crystal struck by a pad of velvet (sic).

Miss Minnie Hauk is engaged at Covent Garden for the next season, and London is not so far away but that we may hear in Paris the echo of her marvellous organ.

Bawnmore.—The first meeting of the Choral Society was held on Tuesday at the Town Hall. *Sacred and Haydn's Spring* were rehearsed.

Warren Barwick, Esq.—Of the many visitors to the late Assizes at Abergele, none will be more regretted in Dublin and its neighbourhood than the above gentleman. He was a zealous, but discriminating patron of music, and his dearest delight was to employ his wealth in affording aid to struggling talent. Many a poor professor will feel his loss. With the conspicuous rectitude of his character there were blended a liveliness of disposition and a suitability of manner which secured for him affection as well as admiration. In the wide circle of his friends and acquaintances his sad fate will leave a dreary blank. The lamented gentleman was Judge of the Bankruptcy Court, in which capacity his unvarying courtesy won for him high esteem. Peace to his manes.—R. H.

MUSIC IN VANITY FAIR

(From the "Gentleman's Magazine.")

Besides the public concerts, festivals, and operas, there is other music going on in Vanity Fair which makes no little noise, and which is likewise followed by the world. Its performers indulge in part singing, oratorios and heavy music generally in the winter, and get up Italian songs, ballads, and lighter compositions, in the summer time. Will you go with me to Lady Mortgage's "afternoon music," in Belgravia? It is a crowded assembly—a very crush—some of the guests are sitting on the stairs. Nearly all the fair sex present are in bonnets. One or two have thrown off their dainty head-gear—they are the amateurs whose performances constitute the "afternoon music." The young lady at the pianoforte, talking to the accompanyist, is a high soprano, very particular as to her runs and shakes. She is instructing the maestro, who seems half afraid of her. The stern-looking dame in the doorway, her maternal parent, peers round the room with an air as much as to say "My daughter's going to sing, and if you talk I'll eat you." No fear, my dear madam; your daughter's singing will commande attention. The heat is oppressive; the fans in motion keep up a sort of aeolian accompaniment to the amateur prima donna's vocal gymnastics. Her grand scena comes to an end at last, and the melting audience make themselves warm by applauding. They wait in guilty fear, a flaxen-haired fair-eyed damsel to sing an English song—the idol of London society possessing more true music in her little soul than the Patti of the stage can boast of. Behold the enchantress, as she is taken away from among her friends in the furthest corner of the room. The hostess leads her to the piano, at which, with the most artless simplicity and grace, she sits down, and accompanies herself in a song Sullivan has written for her. It is a treat to listen to such singing. With no apparent effort, the effect is that which only a sympathetic voice and pure artistic feeling can produce. All she does seems facile enough; but compare her performance with that which is coming after, and you will soon acknowledge her superiority over it. Her singing has not touched your heart, which I very much doubt. After she sang comes a fashionable tenorino, with very little voice, but a great deal of affectation to make up for it. He gets warm—sings out of tune, and makes a most extraordinary noise, unlike any other noise you ever heard, when trying to get out a high note. The "encore" makes him hotter and he finishes his *scena* more in love in confusion. Lady Mortgage thanks him for the pleasure he has afforded her friends, and the tenorino believes, after all, he has distinguished himself. Then come some duets or trios, in which one of the singers is sure to blame the other inwardly, if not audibly, for having been a ton too soon or a bar too late. Some one is expected, who has not yet appeared. It is a tenor *di forza*, in the Civil Service, who at length shows himself. Lady Mortgage rushes at him, playfully abuses him, and is determined he shall make amends for his want of punctuality. The tenor is made more of than would have been the case had he been up to time. *Il s'est fait danser* and does not regret it. A Trovatore song from the *Sport Child*, and a duet between him and the amateur Patti, terminate the afternoon music. The hour for the Park has come, and it is *de rigueur* for all true pleasure-seekers to idle away a certain number of hours during the day in that part of Vanity Fair we will leave to care to do so, there being, and to say very solemnly, any music in the Park to listen to.

REVIEWS.

Hanover Square. A Magazine of New Copyright Music. Edited by Literary Figures. No. 11. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

Two pianoforte pieces in this number are "Fleurette-de-Lance," a reverie by Walter Macfarren, and "Le Bouvier," a mazurka by Henri Rothlisberger. The former is easy and pleasing, if not very remarkable. The latter has more than the average merit of its class. Signor Randegger and Mr. E. L. Hime contribute the songs. That by the Italian composer is a setting of words by Francesco dall'Ongaro, translated by Campbell Clarke and entitled "The Butterfly and the Flower." Notwithstanding an awkward clash between the metrical and musical phrases at the outset, the song will be welcomed as an example of graceful and effective writing. Mr. Hime's contribution is a ballad of the conventional type, called "Twenty years ago."

The Pretty Rose Tree. Ballad. Words by Thomas Moore; music by T. Davenport Chatterton. [London: Hutchings & Romer.]

There are some original features in this ballad which take it out of the rank of its kind. Its rhythm, for example, is piquant and unusual. In this respect it has a fair claim upon attention.

The "Good Wife Fairlie" Galop. Composed by Florence de Fortmorum. [Dublin: M. Gunn & Son.]

This was intended as a musical welcome to the Prince of Wales, and if the Royal visitor failed to appreciate it, he clearly added another to the many "wrongs of Ireland." The galop is full of life, and does Miss Florence much credit.

Io la Perdo. Romanza di Tito Mattei. [London: Hutchings & Romer.]

A graceful and spirited composition. Like to sustain the reputation made by "Non a ver." It is written in F major, with a moderate compass of voice and no very exciting accompaniment.

The Blind Boy. Song. The words by F. Cusani; music by E. A. Sydenham. [London: Ashdown & Parry.]

A very good, albeit somewhat ambitious setting of Cibber's well-known verses. It shows a good feel of feeling in conjunction with not a little taste and skill. The song will repay attention.

My Own Dear Home. Ballad. Composed by H. T. Tellefsen. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

A summer ballad, simple, unpretending and pleasing. There is a smack of the antique about the melody, which adds to its charm.

Part Music for Soprano, Alto, Tenor and Bass. Edited by J. and E. Hullah. Sacred Series. Part 6. [London: Longmans, Green, Reader & Dyer.]

It will suffice to give the contents of this number without note or comment. They are—Carl Maria v. "We will rejoice in Thy salvation," Palestrina's motet, "Be not Thou far from me," Callcott's canon "Thou shalt show me the path of life," a motet by Jannaconi, "The voice of joy and health," and another by Dr. Tye, "Monk not God's name." All the above for one shilling.

Marion. Song by Mr. Sims Reeves. Composed by William Hall. [London: Metzler & Co.]

A song with one half of each verse accompanied by the melody in octaves for right hand, and triplicated chords for left, varied in the other half by reversing the arrangement. We can see nothing more deserving than about it.

The Proserpine Waltzes. Composed by Kate Hall, and performed at the Theatre Royal Holborn, in *Foul Play*. [London: Hopwood & Crew.]

A set of waltzes much too fair to be associated with anything "foul." There is plenty of tune in them of the right sort. The title-page is adorned with a very striking though, perhaps, impossible landscape.

Exeter Hall. A Sunday Evening Magazine of Sacred Music. No. 7. [London: Metzler & Co.]

The contents of this number include a very charming little song by Henry Smart, called "The White Dove." It is a children's piece, and gracefully has the talented composer adapted for his youthful constituents. There are also an "Evening Hymn," set to music by G. A. Macfarren, and a song by J. P. Knight, "Creator, when I see Thy night," the latter having little of a true sacred style about it. As usual, the pianoforte and harmonium are supplied with appropriate selections, among those for the latter instrument being the March in *Judas Maccabæus*.

NEW YORK THEATRES.

The question, "What are the American public like?" is one often asked by English and foreign artists, whose ideas of the country and its people are commonly derived from anecdotes and the writings of facetious gentlemen. How muddled and incorrect are their preconceived notions they themselves discover on their arrival in America. A New York audience—not referring to the Bowery louts—is in some respects a very discriminating, generally slow in applause, and undemonstrative of their likes and dislikes, except in particular instances, where the one touch of nature asserts its proverbial predominance over all national distinctions. The education of the people being in no way sectional is the result of privilege, the occupants of the cheaper seats are also as capable as their richer neighbours of forming an opinion on the merits of an actor or a play. In this respect they are like the higher class audiences of London, I mean; but it is noted by Americans themselves that their marks of approval are more limited than is consistent with their appreciation of artistic worth. Applause is the breath of an artist's life, and should not be withheld when honestly deserved from mere laziness or indifference. Every one must have observed that on the first night of a new piece the applause is louder and more frequent than on the succeeding evenings, and many people incorrectly ascribe that to the author's friends. The real explanation of this is found in the fact of there being present a number of people who are themselves intimately connected with the stage—actors, authors, amateurs, and the outer fringe of the profession. These are capable of judging minutely whether an artist has done well or ill with the part, and seldom laziness nor false modesty prevents their testifying their approval when it has been gained. A piece may be too often in, rehearsed from beginning to end, yet the house may ring with applause, caused by the excellence of some actor or actress's reading or the

creation of character in some apparently trivial part. Flexibility under these circumstances invariably comes from those who understand the mysteries and idealism of dramatic art, and are worth untold quantities of the noisy applause that proceeds from a clap-trapped gallery. That characteristic of a New York audience to which exception may be most justly taken, arises from their love of dress. An actress's popularity too often arises from her ability to appear in expensive dresses, while merit is often invisible to their eyes when clothed in garments of a cheap material. This arose in a great measure from the fresh of a celebrated actress, whose exceptional wealth enabled her to appear in almost royal garb, but her retirement from the stage failed to eradicate the evil she had introduced, and the spectacle of a poor girl arrayed in the glories of a standing-alone silk is by no means an uncommon phenomenon. Time will mend this, but no critics have yet made war on an order of things that calls to mind the early days of the drama when Nell Gwyn and her associates were wont to frolic about the stage in the richest dresses they could get, regardless of the prosaic garb of the characters they impersonated. A beggar in satin" is an exaggerated term, used here when speaking of the dresses worn on a particular stage but, like all such sayings, is founded on fact, and has about it a certain smack of truth.—*Broadway.*

MODERN WORDS AND SONGS.

(*From "Punch."*)

Sir,—Many have been the sneers raised by yourself among the rest of your enlightened contemporaries, at the idiotic words advertised on the shutters to the music hall comic songs as parodied and performed at the theatres where burlesque is the chief attraction. Learned and wise correspondents have also shown that our forefathers, with their "Jarvey, Jarvey," "Tiddy, tiddy, tiddy I do," and a very ancient one which I recollect as being the favourite of a pensioned fan by butler "Rickamy caryam mickle morl morl mingo," were not one whit more sensible in their musical mirth than our comic songster of the present day.

But, Sir, what and if I bring the charge against the Immortal Bard! The Swan of Avon? Had Shakspere lived now, enterprising speculator as he undoubtedly was, should we not have seen in the papers some such advertisements as the following:—

ROYAL GLOBE THEATRE.—Immense success.—Unprecedented Off. Exciting Drama of thrilling interest in 3, entitled OTHELLO, or the MOOR OF VENICE, by the Author of "Macbeth," "Hamlet," &c. After which at 8.30, an entirely new and original Burlesque, written by W. Shakspere, Esq., entitled THE COMEDY OF ERRORS, in which are sung the most popular songs of the day written by the same Author.

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Then, when this had been produced, we should have another set of advertisements:—

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With all the due submission, and being perfectly aware that I have not exhausted the subject, I beg leave to suggest that in the matter of words for choruses our ancestors, including the Divine Williams, though they lived before were not so very much in advance of us.—Yours respectfully

LITTLE WARBLER.

An influential committee has been formed to present a testimonial to Mr James J Gaskin the well known teacher of singing, in his exertions in connection with the Burke statue recently erected in Dublin. Mr Gaskin took the initiative in the movement, and mainly secured its successful result.

WAIFS.

M and Madame Gueymard have been separated by judicial decree.

The composer of *Martha* has just married his cousin, Mlle. Rosa de Flotow.

Mlle. Nilsson has been unwell lately, and *Hamlet* has given way to *La Jaive.*

A new dancer, Mlle. Marchetti, is making a great sensation at Florence.

The annual brass band contest at Manchester will take place on September 5th.

Madame la Marquise de Caux has had an enormous success at Baden in *Lucie* and *Don Pasquale*

What conductor should be deputed to perform on the Thames Embankment?—The wind(s).

M Pasdeloup has determined to signalise his direction of the Lyrique, by at once producing Wagner's *Rienzi.*

The Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts begin on October 3rd, and it is understood that early in the season another grand symphony by Schubert will be introduced.

A grand congress of military bands is to take place at Baden, on the 30th inst., under the direction of M. Fr. Schwab. Three hundred and fifty instruments are expected.

M Roger has signed an engagement to appear in a drama by George Sand at the Porte Saint Martin. The debut as an actor of the once popular singer will be awaited with interest.

The facade of the new Opera is about to be crowned by a colossal group representing Apollo between Poetry and Music. The sculptor is M. Aimé Millet; the material bronze gilded.

M. Ullmann is organising a gigantic concert tour through Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Russia, Poland, Belgium, Switzerland, Spain, and France. Among the artists engaged are Carlotta Patti, Vieuxtemps, Jaquard, Joell and Grutzmacher.

The suit instituted by M. Blaze de Bury against the managers of Meyerbeer for the possession of *La Jeunesse de Goetz* (the libretto of which he wrote), was to have been settled at the close of this week. We shall give the result in our next.

The Agricultural Hall will be opened on the 15th September, for a short season of concerts, oratorios, &c. Several novelties will also be introduced. The orchestra will be under the direction of Mr. Benedict and Mr. Charles Godfrey. Several artists of eminence in the musical world have been engaged.

The annual "union" of the German singing societies in London came off the other day. The members met and in procession to Bishopsgate Station, took train to Epping Forest, sang for two hours, and to quote *La Menestrel's* description of the event, "la journée d'est terminée par des divertissements de toute nature."

The following gentlemen received crosses of the Legion of Honour on the occasion of the Emperor's fête day:—M Damaré, a conservatoire professor for thirty five years; M George Hainl, the conductor; M. Eugène Gauthier, and M. Camille Saint Saëns, organist of the Madeleine. In one country, at least, musicians are among those whom royalty delighteth to honour.

A French contemporary informs us that Mr Benedict will give an orchestral and choral concert in Paris some time next winter, the programme to be selected from his own works. MM George Hainl and Vauthrot are spoken of as conductors, the solos to be taken by Alboni, Nilsson, Faure, and Gardoni. "This will be a true musical feast," says our contemporary. Meanwhile, how about Mr Costa's Messiah?

Mr. Brinley Richards is about resuming his pianoforte recitals in the provinces. He begins at Clifton on September 11th and 12th, after which he appears at Weston-super-Mare and Bath. The programmes will be usual on these occasions, a set of one part classical and one part popular music the latter entirely from the pen of Mr Richards himself. There can be no doubt that success awaits the enterprise.

The Orphéonists of Grenoble, having refused to sing the cantata of M. Belmontet, expressly composed for the inauguration of the statue about to be erected at Grenoble in honour of Napoleon I., were asked by the municipal authorities to reconsider their decision. They did so, and again refused by a majority of 48 to 31 on the ground "that agricultural, manual, academical, and musical societies had been repeatedly told from the highest quarters that they had no right to interfere in politics; that they felt bound to defer to such high authority and could, therefore, take no official part in the inauguration of the statue."

The organ to be used at the forthcoming Gloucester Festival is being built by Messrs. Bryceson Brothers, on the "electric" principle. It will have two manuals and pedal 25 stops, and 1,254 pipes. Subsequently it will be erected in Christ Church, Camberwell, the body of the instrument standing in a chamber over the vestry, but the organist sitting with his choir and playing through a cable fifty feet in length.

M. Offenbach has placed in the hands of the directors of the Variétés the music of a new opera, entitled *La Périchole*. The authors are as usual MM. Meilhac and Halévy, while Mdlle. Schneider and M. Dupuis are again to take the principal characters. *Apropos* of M. Offenbach, it may be added that Mr. Bateman's troupe, including Mdlle. Irma Marié, has appeared at Niblo's Garden, in New York,—it is said, with great success.

The Ballad Society, which at first intended to begin its publications in 1869, finds its work so forward that it will now begin in 1868. In December their members may expect Part I. of the Civil War Ballads, from the King's Pamphlets, edited by Dr. Rimbault, and Part I. of the Scottish Ballads, edited by Mr. William Chappell, both with *fac-similes* of the original woodcuts, drawn by Mr. Rudolf Blind, and engraved by Mr. J. H. Rimbault.

Baden-Baden is now attracting a number of musical celebrities; among others, Signor Bottesini, Herr Rubinstein, and Herr Wilhelmj. We read in *Le Ménestrel* that an unpublished concerto for the violoncello, by M. Eckert, capellmeister at Stuttgart, was heard for the first time some time the other day. It was played by Herr Cossmann, and the journal from which we quote expresses the hope that it may replace Romberg's eternal concertos. In truth, the violoncello is badly supplied with solos.

La France Musicale gives a curious list of the refreshments taken by distinguished operatic artists between the acts. According to our contemporary, Madame Sontag affected mutton, Mdme. Doria cold veal (!), Mdme. Desprez warm water, and Mdlle. Cruvelli Bordeaux mixed with champagne, Adelina Patti drinks beer, Mdme. Sass eats beef steaks, Mdme. Cabel devours pears, Mdlle. Trebelli munches apples, Mdlle. Lucca sucks pastilles and bonbons, Michot imbibes black coffee, Troy swallows milk, and Mario smokes cigars.

In the libretto of Wagner's new opera of *Rienzi*, which M. Pasdeloup is preparing for the Théâtre Lyrique, there is a scene in which the factions of the Colonna and the Orsini cry on the one side and on the other "Viva Colonna" and "Viva Orsini." The cancer travelled at the latter cry, and entire it stated on its exclusion. "The libretto," says the *Indépendance Belge*, "must get out of hand (finding he side) saying "Viva l'Empereur" for "Viva Orsini." History perhaps might suffer somewhat, but the public peace will not be endangered.

It is understood that Mr. Mark Lemon, the editor of *Punch*, has yielded to the solicitations of his friends, and the temptation has held out to him for some time past, and that his appearance on the platform will be among the novelties of the coming dramatic season. It is to sustain the character of Falstaff in scenes from Shakspeare's *Henry IV.*, as selected as to form a series of tableaux. The performances are not to take place in any theatre, but will belong to the class of amusements recognised as entertainments, although the scenery and costumes of a stage play will be in part retained.

Our provincial readers will be glad to hear that Signor Bettini, now in Rome, is expected to return in time for Mr. Mapleson's winter tour. The very efficient service rendered by this gentleman during the entire season at Her Majesty's Opera has materially aided him in public estimation. Always to be depended upon, ready to undertake anything in a true artistic spirit, invariably singing correctly and well, and combining untiring industry with abundant resources, Signor Bettini has made himself indispensable to Mr. Mapleson's admirable company. We are glad that his return to England is here his services are justly appreciated, and his merits valued at their true worth.

It seems that the dearth of poets in Wales, evidenced by the unfeathered bardic chair, is no new thing. Looking over an old magazine lately, we came upon the following:—

"Cambria, te nunquam chorus poetrinae portas
Ferens pace tuâ, Cambria, musa petet,
Nam licet numerosa Ap Shonn, Ap Shinkins, Ap-Evans,
Jactes, in terra est nullus Ap Ollin tuâ."

This, being (very freely) interpreted, means:—

"Said Johnny to Taffy a rumour prevails,
There never arose in a poet in Wales,
Ap Shonn and Ap Sinkins in multitudes follow,
But where hear heard of the Cambrian Ap-Ollin?"

Perhaps the Welsh genealogists will look into the matter by next Eisteddfod.

General Charles G. Halpine, the American journalist, better known as Miles O'Reilly, died on Saturday, the 2nd, at the Astor House, New York, after a few hours' illness, of congestion of the brain. The deceased was in his 38th year. During the war he served on the staff of General Hunter, and it was while in that position, says the *New York Times*, that he wrote to one of the New York papers his amusing correspondence signed "Miles O'Reilly, private of the forty-seventh regiment N. Y. V. Infantry, Tenth Army Corps." Miles gave a very ludicrous account of the trouble he had got into by writing some poetry complimentary to Admiral Dahlgren, of how he had been thrown into prison and maltreated in various ways. For some time the correspondence was supposed to be genuine, and much commiseration was expressed for the poetic but unfortunate Miles. The truth, however, came out at last, and from that period to the day of his death General Halpine was better known by the name of Miles O'Reilly than by his own.

A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* says:—"In the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge is Queen Elizabeth's Music book, containing compositions for the pianoforte, or virginal, of her time. The Queen is said to have been a skilful musician. Some pages of the book have been suddenly when turned over, others but seldom looked at. The leaves that are soiled are those on which the simplest tunes are written; the others contain the variations and more intricate passages. Although her Majesty has the reputation of having been an accomplished performer upon the virginal, this music book proves that she was wont to skip the more difficult compositions, and indulge in the less labo ious parts of playing, the tunes only. It is an easy way of acquiring the reputation of a pianist, to get together many of the most difficult pieces of Thalberg, Liszt, and others, and play only the melodies they arrange, avoiding the brilliant passages which are so difficult to master and often so painful to listen to. I rather think Queen Elizabeth did this with the music of the Liszts and Thalbergs of her day, judging from her music-book."

Spa.—MM. Léonard, Seriot, Jourdan, and Arban gave a concert together a few days ago. M. Léonard was especially applauded.

Hector Berlioz and his composition prize.—In the year 1834 the above celebrated French composer wrote for, and introduced some of his most important orchestral compositions to the audiences of the Conservatoire. The lively son of Gaul, an impressionable, was a very different kind of composer to what the worthy Lamoureux and even Pasdeloup have before. He entitled several of his grand *Crescendi* and *Decrescendi* for *Fifty* and a *Piano*, his *Allegro* and his *Adagio*, which he hoped to be orchestrally arranged, fond of "bodily pantomime." He frequently disappeared from the gaze of the public at orchestra, in order to come to a satisfactory understanding with the bass-drummer in the double bass player right at the back of the orchestra. When he had arranged what little difficulty there might have been, he would re-appear and make his way again to the conductor's stand. On one occasion, however (it was in the "Queen Mab" portion of the *Romeo and Juliet* symphony), his excitement reached such a pitch that he completely forgot the length of his arm, and sent a bow flying so violently out of the hand of the leader, Herr David, that it described a most amusing curve, and fell at the feet of a lady in the second tier of boxes.

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The Violin Concerto of Herr Max Bruch—violin, Mr. Joachim; and
A new Symphony in D, composed expressly for these Concerts by Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan.

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"Paradise and the Peri," in an abridged form—Schumann.
The "Tempest" Music—Sullivan.
The Reformation Symphony (Mendelssohn), etc. etc.

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Every effort will be made to render the Afternoon Promenades agreeable to visitors by the exhibition of novelties and objects of interest in Art and Manufacture as they may arise.

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MISS EDITH WYNNE, Mr. GEORGE PERREN, and Mr. LEWIS THOMAS will sing Rawlings's popular Trio, "I NAVIGANTI" ("The Mariners"), during their Tour with Madame Sainton-Dolby, on September 28th, Rugby; 29th, Stourbridge; 30th, Liverpool; October 1st, Wakefield; 2nd, Scarborough; 3rd, Manchester; 5th, Blackburn; 6th, Leeds; 7th, Derby; 8th, Birmingham; 9th, Sheffield; 10th, York; 12th, Hull; 13th, Sunderland; 14th, Stockton-on-Tees; 15th, Warrington; 20th, Preston; 21st, Bolton; 22nd, Cambridge; 24th, Bury St. Edmunds.

MISS CLINTON FYNES requests that all communications respecting Concerts, Pianoforte Lessons, etc., be addressed to her, 11, Harley Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MISS ROSE HERSEE will sing her popular Ballad, "I AM TOO LATE," and Barry's new song, "A KISS FOR YOUR THOUGHT," at the Hall by the Sea, Margate, during the month of September.

MISS BERRY GREENING begs to announce that she may be engaged for Miscellaneous Concerts and Oratorios, in England, Ireland, or Scotland, during the Autumn. Northern Tour in England in December. For terms and opinions of the great artiste, see Messrs. CHAPPELL, 50, New Bond Street, London, W.

MDLLE. LOUISA VAN NOORDEN begs to announce her return from the Continent and that she is now forming Engagements (Oratorio and Concert) in the Provinces, Scotland, and Ireland, for the autumn and winter months. All Engagements or music address, care of Messrs. METZLER & Co., 37, Great Marlborough Street, W., will meet with prompt attention.

MR. WILBYE COOPER begs that all communications respecting Oratorio and Concert Engagements may be addressed—Adelphi Chambers, 1, John Street, W.C.

MR. LEWIS THOMAS will sing "IN SHELTERED VALE," during his Provincial Tour with Madame Sainton-Dolby and party.

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ORATORIO *

Oratorio sprang from the sacred plays, the so-called Mysteries of the Middle Ages. In these works the birth, or the sufferings of the Saviour, or the most weighty events in the life of an Apostle or of a Saint, were represented by persons in appropriate costume. A narrator played the principal part; the personages mentioned by him then appeared and spoke for themselves, or merely indulged in pantomime, some folk's-song or other being sung by certain of the characters, or by all of them together.—The style was by no means materially adapted to the subject, but frequently overstepped the limits of decorum, so that at last the clergy took the matter in hand, for the purpose of offering the public something better worth hearing. Things remained thus till the middle of the sixteenth century. At this period there was formed in the house of Count Bardi di Vernio, at Florence, a society of scholars and artists, who set about reviving the tragedies of the Greeks. Vincenzo Galilei, father of the celebrated astronomer, and Caccini the singer, belonged to the society. Greek tragedy, it is true, was not revived, but the members of the society hit upon the first principal characteristics of an artistic one-part song, accompanied by the theorbo, at into namely the monodyn soul of which recitative was developed.—This was an important step, inasmuch as artistic song had always been previously written in several parts, though the one-part folk's-song had long coexisted with it. Composers had, therefore, got so far as to set an conformity with the rules of art whatever was to be sung by one person. A few years afterwards (in 1658) Filippo de Neri endeavoured by means of songs written in conformity with the rules of art, to infuse life into the meetings of a religious fraternity held in an oratory (oratorium) at Rome. Both before and after the sermon a hymn or a psalm was sung alternately by single persons and by the whole meeting. Palestrina himself furnished compositions for this purpose, but the style of them cannot have differed from his well known general style, because his enthusiastic biographer, Baini, who enumerates all his styles, does not mention a separate oratorio style. These devout meetings received the name of "oratorium" long after they had ceased to be held in the oratory to which reference was made above. In this manner, the name of "oratorio" was applied to a sacred drama set to music by Emilio del Cavalieri, chapelmaster at Florence, in 1590. This drama was the *Rappresentazione di Anima e di Corpo*, written by Manni (though by some ascribed to Laura Guidiccioni of Lucca). It contained spoken dialogue, songs, and dances, and differed little, or not at all, from the opera of the time which had sprung from the same beginning. The recitatives are even more defective, while the choruses are composed in the style of the madrigal.

The development of oratorio went hand in hand with that of opera. Dancing, pantomime and costumes gradually disappeared, however, from oratorio. The choruses, on the other hand, were treated at all the greater length, very many Italians and Germans writing oratorios. Among the former was Scarlatti, and among the latter Heinrich Schütz. Such works were given during Lent, when there was no opera.

Among authors, Rinuccini, and at a subsequent period Zeno and Metastasio, turned their attention to writing words for oratorios as well as for operas. The two last named authors gained great reputation for the more lofty style with which they treated such productions. Opitz has translated some of the latter into German.

It was not however, till during the eighteenth century that oratorio appeared as an artistic work of high importance, and by two different directions, attained its prime. Handel and Sebastian Bach were the musicians who invested it with this importance. Both sprang from the school of German organists, though men of diametrically opposite dispositions. Handel, an accomplished man of the world, and a great travellin, had devoted nearly the whole of his life to the composition of operas; Seb. Bach, unpretending and simple, never went beyond the limits of Germany and composed almost exclusively for the church. Both were however profoundly religious, and staunch champions of Protestantism.

In Handel's life (1684—1759), there are two great artistically-historical facts. The first is that, like the Italian, Palestrina, before, and the Roman Catholic Mozart, after him, he blended in himself the two different schools of the contrapuntal Netherlanders, and of the melody loving Italians; the second is, that he was placed by Providence in such circumstances that he had no concern at all but to abandon the field of opera and turn to oratorio. Even at the opera in Hamburgh (during Keiser's time) and to a still greater extent in Italy, he had come to feel the necessity of writing singably and thankfully for the singers, as well as clearly and intelligibly for the public. Though marvellously well versed in the art of counterpoint, he quickly learned, notwithstanding, to hold himself to a wise moderation in its employment. Richly prepared by experience, he undertook in 1720, the management of the London opera, which, under the name of the Royal Academy, was supported by subscriptions from the King and the aristocracy. Through the intrigues of the castrato, Senesino, and of Sra. Cuzzoni, the vocalist, whom in one of his accesses of impetuosity, he had affronted, he was obliged to give up this position. He endeavoured, it is true, to establish himself in a second of a similar kind, but his pecuniary losses became greater than ever. He retired, therefore from opera entirely and devoted himself to the sphere of oratorio in which his genius was destined first to appear in all its grandeur. *Esther* was written as early as 1720. In the years 1736—40 he produced *Athalia*, *Alexander's Feast*, *Israel in Egypt*, *L'Allegro, Il Penseroso ed Il Moderato*, and *Saul*; in 1741, the *Messiah* (which by the way pleased at first so little, that there was a very bad attendance at the second performance of it in London); in 1742, *Samson*; and between 1745—1751, his other (17) oratorios, of which *Judas Maccabæus*, *Joshua*, and *Jephtha* were the last. With regard to the poetic plan of these works, they may be divided into five different groups: those in which, as in *Athalia*, *Saul*, *Judas Maccabæus*, *Joshua*, *Jephtha*, and above all *Samson*, a Biblical subject is treated in a dramatico-lyrical manner; those, such as *Semele* and *Acis and Galatea* in which a profane subject is handled in a similar way; those, such as *Alexander's Feast*, and *L'Allegro, il Penseroso ed il Moderato* in which a profane subject and, lastly, those, such as the *Messiah*, in which a Biblical subject, is treated after the fashion of the grand cantata, in a style almost exclusively lyrical—though bordering upon the Epic and the Dramatic. With respect to musical composition, they differ from the opera of the time in a few separate traits only. The airs especially, with the exception of a few principally in the *Messiah* and *Samson*, remind the hearer very much of opera. They are for the most part polyphonically planned, and carried out like operatic choruses. They are treated however, in a very measured manner, and Handel, whose great and was success, frequently sacrificed contrapuntal scholarship to effect. He invariably strove to obtain clearness and intelligibility of form, on the one side, and impressiveness of form, on the other. While in his polyphonic choruses he reached an unusual degree of grandeur and sublimity, in his homophonic choruses often treated with the utmost simplicity, he becomes, on several occasions, quite folk like. The chorus in *Judas Maccabæus* "See, the conquering Hero comes," must in those days, have been as effective as, for instance, C. M. von Weber's melodies were a few years since. Mozart is reported to have expressed to van Swieten the following opinion regarding Handel:—"He can possess the secret of great effects as he does. Wherever he chooses, he strikes like the lightning; and, if his airs and solos drag sometimes, after the fashion of that period, you find, at any rate, something in them." Of all his works, which call forth the greatest admiration in a musician, the *Messiah* is so far of peculiar importance, in as much as Handel has chosen for it not only a Biblical but more especially a Christian subject, and, while compiling the book from Holy Writ itself—avoided for his vocal solos every personification expressly defined by name. In consequence of this something mysterious permeates, and imparts a kind of symbolical sanctity to, the whole work.

It must be mentioned, by the way, that, in his scores, Handel did not always write down everything in a completed state; he left gaps, which he generally played the organ himself, he filled up at the performance; and, further, that pieces which pleased in one of his works were sometimes introduced by him into another. Thus, for example, the well known C major Funeral March is found in *Samson* as well as in *Saul*. He even allowed the singers to introduce, at the performance, airs which had nothing at all to do with the work in which they were singing.

* *Oratorio: its Historical Development, its Significance as a musically poetical Work of Art; and the Position it occupies at the Present Day.* A lecture delivered at the *Scientific Association of Berlin* by Hermann Kloser.—Translated from the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

Bach's life (1685-1750) exercised no less an influence upon his style of composition. In the years of his mastership, as Cantor of St. Thomas School Leipsic, it was, even in his sacred compositions, a matter of perfect indifference to him whether he pleased or not. It is well known that he actually did not please many persons, and that he was officially censured for the un-sacred character of his music. Like Beethoven at the time he was re-modelling his *Leonore*, Bach felt that he alone was the standard of authority in his own sphere, and went on playing and writing according to the dictates of his own heart. If we except a very few compositions, the more interesting because few, he wrote almost exclusively for himself and the select. In addition to this, he was, above all things, an organist, who often treated the instruments of an orchestra like so many organ stops, but the human voice like an instrument. To whatever he wrote, he gave himself up heart and soul, and as he was himself a zealous Lutheran his works were characterized by a religious spirit and depth which no musician ever attained after him.

His *Weihnachtscantate* and his *Passion Music* especially the *Passion according to St. Matthew* have obtained a high importance as regards oratorio. By their poetic form the latter compositions are epico-lyric, inasmuch as the Evangelist narrates with the words of Holy Writ are now and then interrupted by strophes from hymn books, or by something written on purpose by authors of that period. Thus, Henrici under the name of Picander, wrote a large portion of the words for the *Passion of St. Matthew*. The style of the music, especially as regards the airs, does not differ much from that of Bach's profane cantatas. It is the style of the Netherlandish school in its highest state of perfection, a style which in its numerous ornaments, its chromatic turns, and its contrapuntal intertwinings, displays as much lightness and grace as antique colouring. His choruses are generally worked out at greater length and breadth than Handel's. Bach often plunges so far into the depths of music that he completely forgets himself in his own creation while Handel as a rule knows to what length a work should extend in order to be effective. This is why Bach is predominantly lyrical. But how dramatic he could be and how well he was capable of writing for effect, when he liked it shows by his *Matthäus-Passion* and especially by the chorus in it "Sind Blitze und Donner in Wolken verschwunden" following with such truly moving effect, the duet, so full of heartfelt regret "So ist mein Jesus nun gefangen."

His B minor Mass does not properly belong to this category, but we must not pass over in silence the fact that it is so full of high musical beauties, and particularly sublime intentions, that the oratorio composer will always find his enthusiasm excited by it. In the passage to the words, "Et expecto Resurrectionem" so rapidly passed over at the performance we see unrolled before us, for instance, a grandiose picture of the universal Resurrection of the Dead not to be equalled in the whole range of musical literature. Sebastian Bach sometimes applied also the title of "oratorio" to his well-known church pieces which took about half an hour to performance, and which he usually called cantatas. His *Christmas Oratorio* consists of a combination of six such cantatas, which he had written for different Sundays and festivals.*

(*To be continued.*)

[INSTRUMENTS.—The model for the bronze statue of Hans Sachs is completed, and promises to be the masterpiece of the sculptor Herr Kramer. The whole amount required for the work is 20,000 thalers, for which subscriptions are being solicited throughout Germany.

SONNEWALD.—The fifth Mecklenburgh Musical Festival was fixed to take place on the 20th, 21st and 22nd inst. At the first concert Handel's *Israel in Egypt* was to be performed, and at the second, the overture to, and detached scenes from, Gluck's *Iphigenia in Tauris*, the Symphony in A major with "Kyrie," "Sanctus," "Benedictus" and "Gloria," from the *Missa Solemnis*, Beethoven. The programme of the third day was not definitively settled in time enough to be given this week. Herr A. Schmitt was to be the conductor, among the soloists were Madame Harriers-Wippern, Herren Joachim, Schild, Krause, and Hill.—During the forthcoming season, *Don Juan* is to be revived at the Grand Ducal Theatre with new dresses and decoration and—with new words into the bargain.

* This employment of the name "oratorio" for such sacred music as the above, obtains in Transylvania even at the present day.

SPOHR IN LONDON

We continue this week Spohr's lively memoranda of his sojourn in London in 1820.

"Since our arrival in London I had often felt the want of some one to act as my interpreter and at last the want grew so pressing that I looked around to find a companion who understood German and English. At length, I recollected an old servant of Salomon's, Johannsing by name, who might possibly be induced to perform this service for me. True, he had already retired as it is the legacy of his old master, had bought a little place in the neighbourhood of London. The old man however was still competent, and I was in hopes that he would accept the place, as he called him to London and made the proposal. When he came to understand that his employer would be a German, and not only a musician but a violin-player, like his old master, he was ready at once, and even left it to me to settle how much I should give him at the end of the season. From that time forward he came every morning to town, explained my wife's instructions about the housekeeping to the landlady of our lodgings and accompanied me wherever I had to go. Owing to the length of time he had been in London he had forgotten a good deal of his German, while his English was anything but classical, and thus he made plenty of mistakes. But he was a good lad and soon showed the greatest attachment to my wife and myself. I now got through the presentation of my letters of recommendation with less difficulty than before, and found time and quiet for composition. The first thing I wrote was a symphony my second, in D minor (Op. 49) which was played for the first time at the Philharmonic Concert of April 10th, 1820. I myself conducting. It was well received, at rehearsal, not only by the band but also by a very numerous audience—but, in the evening it created a real enthusiasm. Part of this I owed to the truly admirable playing of the numerous strings in the orchestra, to whom I had given plenty of opportunity for displaying both their execution and their power of playing together. And in fact, I never again heard the strings go so well in this symphony. Next morning all the papers had notices of the new work which I had composed in London and surpassed each other in the strength of their laudations.

"Equally favourable notices of my playing appeared each time I performed and these spread my reputation over the whole of London so that I soon found plenty of pupils for the violin and ladies who wished to accompany me on the piano. The fee as everyone supplied, was guinea an hour which I took without hesitation for I thought it due to my family thus to turn my good fortune to pecuniary account. This—with the exception of a few hours at home composing or practising—in my life—I passed the whole of the day in this great London and very dismy it was for most of my pupils had neither ability nor industry and only came to me that they might be able to say they had been my pupils.

A few originals, however, I can still recollect who amused me by their peculiarities and relieved the tedium of my labors. One was an old half pay general who presented himself always in uniform and with all his orders on in the most perfect military style. He came to my house contrary to the general rule but, notwithstanding that, remained to play only about three-quarters of an hour the other quarter counting (as was the custom) for his return home. Every morning except Sundays, he came in his old state-coach at twelve exactly, the fiddle case was brought up by one of his servants all bedecked and powdered after a high with a curly good morning he would seat himself straightway at his seat. Then he took out his watch to see whether it was time to begin and laid it down by his side. He brought his music with him—easy duets by Pleyel, in which I played the second violin. I could have made plenty of corrections in his playing but I soon found that it was better left alone, so I contented myself with accommodating my tone to the old gentleman's as much as possible, and then we played duet after duet with the happiest effect. But the moment the three-quarters of an hour was over if it were in the middle of a piece the general stopped took a one-pound note out of his waistcoat pocket with a shilling wrapt up in it and laid it on the table. Then he took up his watch and departed as silently as he came in.

"Another character was an old lady whom I accompanied at the piano. She was an enthusiastic admirer of Beethoven, to which I made no objection but, then she had the crotchet that she would play nothing whatever but the music of her favourite. She possessed all his pianoforte music as well as his orchestral music arranged for piano. Her room was decorated with all the portraits of Beethoven that she had been able to collect, and as these varied extremely from one another it was very amusing to hear from me which was most like. She also possessed some relics of him which English travellers had brought her from Vienna, amongst other things a button from his dressing-gown—and a bit of music-paper with some scratches and blots from his pen. When she discovered that I had been intimate

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mate with him. I rose perceptibly in her estimation, and she had as many questions to ask, that for several days we hardly played at all. She spoke French pretty fluently, with a word or two of broken German. Her playing was by no means bad, and it gave me a good deal of pleasure to play the violin sonatas with her. But when she came to the trios, and insisted on playing them without violoncello, and then the pianoforte concertos in which every part of the accompaniment was absent except the first violin, which I played, I came to the conclusion that her enthusiasm for Beethoven was quite full-toned, and her insight into the supremacy of his compositions vanished entirely.

With a third character I made acquaintance as follows. One morning a servant in livery brought me a note which Johanning translated in the following fashion:—"Mr Spohr is invited at four o'clock precisely to the house of the undersigned to find himself." And did not know the signature, and could not gather from the servant where it was that I was invited, I replied in terms as laconic as the invitation.

I was engaged at the time named, and cannot come. Next morning the servant appeared again with a second and much more courteous epistle:—"Mr Spohr is requested to give the writer the honour of his company, and to name the time convenient to himself." At the same time he told me that he had instructions to bring his master's carriage for me, and when I discovered from him that the writer of the letter was a well-known physician, who was constantly to be seen at concerts, and interested himself specially in violin music, I hesitated no longer about going to him, but named to the man the time convenient to me. At that hour I was accordingly taken there in the Doctor's carriage. At the door I was met by a pleasant elderly white haired gentleman, but we soon discovered the unfortunate truth that neither of us could understand the other, since he could speak neither German nor French. We stood for a moment opposite one another in difficulty, until at length he took me by the arm, and led me into a large room, on the walls of which were hanging a multitude of violins. Others had been taken out of their cases, and were spread upon the table. The Doctor handed me a bow, and pointed to the instruments. I saw at once that I was expected to give my judgment on the quality of the violins, and therefore began forthwith to try them, and to range them in order of merit. This was no small task, since they were so many, and the old gentleman brought them all to me in turn, without forgetting a single one. At length, after about an hour, I had chosen the six best, and was trying them over and over to discover the very best, when I observed that the Doctor looked with peculiar tenderness at one of them, and that his face beamed whenever I tried it. I therefore did the good old man the pleasure to choose this instrument as the champion of the whole. He was thoroughly delighted at this, and bringing out a viola d'amore, began—notwithstanding the instrument is long out of use—to extemporise upon it. I listened with pleasure, for the instrument was quite new to me, and the Doctor played by no means badly. Thus my visit came to an end in our mutual satisfaction, and I had already taken my hat to my good-bye, when the old gentleman, with a smile and a low bow, handed me a five-pound note. Not knowing at first what the meaning was, I looked at him and his money in astonishment, but suddenly occurring to me that it was a fee for my trial of the violins, I shook my head, laughing, laid the note on the table, pressed the Doctor's hand, and hastened down stairs. He followed me to the street, assisted me into the carriage, and said a few words to the coachman, evidently in some excitement. The coachman was so struck with his master's words, that he immediately repeated them to Johanning, who had come on the box to open the carriage door. What he had said was:—"You're driving a German who is a thorough gentleman, and I admire you to take him safe home." When I gave my benefit concert a few months later the Doctor took a ticket, and paid a ten-pound note for it.

Dresden.—Madame Birde-Ney has definitely left the stage. She will in future sing only sacred music. It is her intention, also, to give lessons.

Milan.—*Dinorah* has been produced at the Carcano, the part of the hero on being sustained by Sra. Camilla de Massen. The other principal artists were Signor Moretti (Corentino), Signor Moriani (Hoel), and Sra. Bonoldi-Lucca (Caprajo). The orchestra and chorus went well, the scenery, dresses, and decorations were good.—At the Santa Radegonda, *La Grande Duchesse* did not prove the hit that was expected. In Signor Hermann is not more successful with the other operas by Offenbach which he has announced, he will not make much by his engagement of the Bouffes Parisiens.—A new grand romantic ballet has been produced with great success at the Teatro Ciniselli. It is entitled *Gretchen*, and is by Signor Danesi, a young coreografo of much promise. The theatre is crowded nightly.—The municipal authorities have determined that the new French pitch shall henceforth be adopted at the Scala.

"THE GREAT BARITONE"

All the fashion of Darmstadt flew to secure box tickets, all the Court ladies got new dresses, or their old best ones turned for the occasion; and it was rumoured that the Grand Duchess would wear her diamonds. There never was such a ferment of preparation in Court and town. Herr Swindlenbach was planning a monster *fête* for the Great Baritone and the third anniversary of his own wedding, when, on the day preceding that on which the Signor was expected, there came a letter from his private secretary, announcing that the Great Baritone was indisposed, and had been advised by his physician not to appear or sing in public for some time. I thought the poor manager would have fallen to the ground when he read it. We were alone in the little room he called his cabinet—and "Fritz," said he, with a face as pale as ashes, "this is a trick to get more money; these Italians are never satisfied; but I'll give him anything to come. If we are disappointed now the Court, the Grand Duke, and even myself will positively go mad. But he must come—he shall come! I will make him such an offer as no man in his senses could refuse. But this business is between ourselves, Fritz, my friend, I have splendid designs for you. I mean to elevate you to a position you never dreamed of. Prove yourself worthy of it by keeping my secret."

I promised the deepest silence and kept it, too, though in a very slight hope of the position. Herr Swindlenbach immediately wrote a letter which he said, would move a heart of adamant, offering seven hundred thalers if the Signor would only appear and sing one night in *Il Geto del Palermo*. He also laid private wages to the secretary and the physician, by offering each a hundred thalers for his good offices, and these well-directed efforts had the desired effect. The Herr who had so courageously announced to his public that Signor Belorandini would sing on the opening night of the new opera, though unavoidable circumstances prevented him reaching Darmstadt as soon as he proposed, received by the very next post a letter stating that the Great Baritone was on his journey, travelling by easy stages, and would certainly sing, though he might arrive late.

The latter clause Herr Swindlenbach kept to himself, lest it might cause suspicion in the Court and doubt in the popular mind. Thanks to this precaution all Darmstadt was alive on the appointed day with the expectation of seeing the Great Baritone. The Italian hotel at which apartments had been engaged for him, was besieged from the earliest of our German morning by eager crowds, with bands of musicians among them, determined to see the first of the famous Signor and give him a thrilling welcome. The chief of the diligence office was equally besieged—for nobody knew how the Great Baritone might please to come. I believe they searched seven travelling parties in the contrary, that day, some of which proved to be the right one; yet the manager kept up his own and the public confidence. The latter seemed to increase as the evening drew on, the principal streets were illuminated—all the winter gardens and conservatories were stripped for bouquets and triumphal arches, people poured in from all the neighbouring towns and villages, outside the opera-house the crowd was immense, under it unmistakable. The Court came in full state, the Grand Duchess did wear her diamonds; but still there was no Signor. Herr Swindlenbach proved himself to be the best actor in the house that night; he went about as smiling, everything with a more than his usual precision, talked and gave orders with a composed countenance and an easy manner, while the worst of his anxieties might have pitied. The poor man's anxiety as he kept the play back under one pretext and another, and kept me running between the opera house and the Italian hotel.

An hour had passed and the crowded house was growing impatient; even the Court was showing signs of dissatisfaction, and Hubscrum Highcrew was seen to knit his brows. It was not possible to keep the play back any longer, but the Great Baritone did not come till the second act. There was yet hope he might arrive in time, all the company were engaged to stretch their performance as long as they could. I don't know what the manager promised them for the service, but he sent me off once more to the hotel. My answer was still the same—Signor Belorandini had not arrived, no any message from him. I had found it impossible to penetrate through the crowd and make a circuit to reach a narrow back land—on which a private door close to the Herr's suite opened. He was waiting for me there, and "O Fritz," cried the unlucky manager wringing his hands, "the management furnished it! Its Italian villain due I come, the populace will pull down the house and the Grand Duke will never forgive me. They are coming to the end of the first act in spite of all I have said to them; there's that wretch, Hanterfel, galloping through his solo like a man at full speed. If a fire would occur—if the upper house would come down,—if anything would come in the villain's place to make a diversion!"

As the manager uttered that malcontent wish, I heard the private door which was only on the latch open, and a tall man wrapped up in a dark cloak stepped into the room.

Signor Belorandini, he said, with a slight bow letting the cloak

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drop, and showing as well he was in grand costume for his part—was I he time?

"You are, thank Providence, you are!" cried the manager, looking ready to fall down and worship him. The Signor waved his hand in a grand manner, as if he wanted no further parley, but to go on with his business. The manager led the way to the green-room, saying to me in German as he passed—"Run to your box, Fritz; let them know the Signor has come, but in a matter-of-course manner, mind." The thing was just so we arranged.

In two minutes more the house was aware of the arrival of the great Baritone, and on its feet in boxes, pit, and gallery, to receive him with due honour. The applause seemed sufficient to rend the roof when he appeared on the stage, looking as like the portraits we had seen of him as one could look in the costume of a prince of the seventeenth century. The crowd outside had caught the intelligence and cheered him too, will-a-wisp-wise. The Signor bowed somewhat haughtily first to the Grand-Duke's box, then to the entire house. The assembly subsided into their seats, and you could have heard a pin drop when he commenced his part. His voice was indeed a splendid baritone, and he sang powerfully. It seemed to me at the time that I had never heard anything like it, and its effect on the house was all that the most sanguine manager could have expected. There was nothing but thunders of applause, waving of handkerchiefs, showering of bouquets, with more than the usual allowance of hysterical cries, and ladies fainting in all directions, throughout his performance.

At last the opera came to a close, the house encored the Great Baritone over and over again, and the manager wanted to get up a tableau of himself and the Signor surrounded with laurels, but no Signor re-appeared, and after shouting in vain for some time, they were informed by Herr Swindlenbach, with a countenance he tried hard to compose, that the unrivalled singer was so fatigued by his rapid journey and his exertions on the stage, as to be obliged to return to his hotel. He sent for me two minutes after. "Fritz," said he when I had got into the cabinet and closed the door, "tell the company to go home; I'll have no supper here to-night; that fellow the Baritone has put me out completely. After I had spent the whole evening preparing for my tableau, what do you think he did the moment his part was done? — he asked for the seven hundred thalers. I had them here in my desk—that was a comfort—and counted them out at once. He laid me down a receipt—ready written—swept the money into his pocket, said 'good night,' as if he had been speaking to yourself, Fritz, and darted out by the private door."

The company went home in high dudgeon with the manager and the Signor. The Court went home in no better humour. The crowd rushed to the Italian hotel, shouted and serenaded for two hours under its windows, when the landlord made his appearance, and solemnly assured them that Signor Belorandier was not there, and never had been. It was minutes before the people could be got to believe his assertion, but at length they were convinced of its truth, and scattered away to their houses, unable to imagine how the Great Baritone had contrived to come and go privately. This was the subject of universal talk and wonder in Darmstadt next day. I had Herr Swindlenbach was expressing his surprise to me, in his cabinet, where he had come to settle the accounts, and I to clear up, for there was to be an opera that evening, when the clerk of the box office came to say that a courier was there inquiring for him. "Send the courier here," said Herr Swindlenbach, taking on one of his grand airs. "Fritz, you will stay just as my man in-waiting; it is some message from the Italian rascal, to extract money, and I want you to be witness." He had scarcely spoken, when a courier with crape on his arm entered the room, made a grand bow, and handed him a letter in deep mourning. The manager opened it, read it, and I thought I would have fallen from his chair as he gasped out, "Dead! Signor Belorandini! dead by a stroke of apoplexy yesterday evening at seven o'clock in Strasburg! I'm never safe! then, who was it that sang here at night and sang his part in the opera?"

"I know not, Herr," said the courier, looking as if he thought the manager was out of his mind, "but the statement in that letter is perfectly true, you see it comes from the Signor's private secretary, and I was myself present during the last week."

The manager tried to collect himself, explained what had happened on the preceding night, and questioned the courier more minutely. The latter appeared to entertain strong doubts of his sanity, till my testimony as well as that of the conductor of the orchestra, who chanced to come in at the moment, and all the employés about the opera-house came need him that there was no mistake in the case. But all the additional information he could give was that the Signor had been pushing on to Darmstadt, though scarcely fit for travelling, but, on his arrival at Strasburg, three days before, his illness increased so much, that his physician advised him to send an excuse. That, however, he deferred from hour to hour, anxious about his lucrative engagement, and getting rather hazy in mind till seven o'clock in the evening of the day fixed for his appearance, when, rising from dinner, he was suddenly struck with apoplexy and died in a few minutes. The poor Signor had not led an exemplary life, and was covetous and grasping beyond all men of Italian singers. As the courier proceeded with his details, their sudden appearance and disappearance recurred to all our minds, and the general conclusion told by every frightened face was, that a spectre had sung in the opera-house, and carried off seven hundred thalers.

The effect upon our manager was terrible. He had been with him alone in his cabinet, and uttered that graceless wish just before his appearance, and it was the gift for some time that the poor man would lose his reason. His four polar stars were not less terrified when they came to hear of the spectre particularly Madame Screc, all to whom in her part of the beloved and banished Princess, he had given an farewell embrace, the recollection of which threw her into a brain fever at least equal to the one she had threatened when contending for that coveted character. Her unsuccessful rival, Madame Rotterdi, was said to have never ceased thanks so fervently in all her life as for the failure of her three attempts at hysterics by which she missed the fearful honour. The story spread through town and Court. In the former loss fell upon all opera frequenters. All the serious Lutherans consulted it a special judgment on Herr Swindlenbach, his company, and his supporters; all the Germans commented on it in public and private, and rather increased the general fright by their uncertainty whether it was the departed Signor or the Evil One himself who was permitted to officiate in the opera-house and carry off its sinful gains. How far the Court was affected, I cannot say, but the Grand-Duke happened to fall sick about the same time that the Grand-Duchess Dowager, on her way to pay him a state visit after her second breakfast, at which brandy was said to prevail over coffee, fell down stairs and broke her Serene Highness's right leg. Thereupon she sent for her private chaplain, the Grand-Duke met for his, so did the Grand-Duchess, and the whole Court became serious. The doors of the opera-house were closed by Government order, not to be open again except for oratorios. The manager and his company, as soon as they were able, took to the study of sacred music, and the bass and tenor reverted to their ancient name of Spitz.

My occupation as a prompter was henceforth gone in Darmstadt. The fright and its consequences lasted out that Grand Duke's reign; but it was not a long one, and his successor changed all that, although Italian music never got the ascendancy in Court or town—yet the tale of the spectre-singer runs as among the theatrical legions of Germany to this day. For myself I believe it. Who could disbelieve a story so well founded, and with so many corroborations? I am not sure it did not frighten me as much as the rest. Remember I got the first sight of the apparition. At any rate I looked for no prompter's work, but betook myself to various other employments, from waiting in coffee houses to door-keeping in lecture rooms. I lived but I never was a lucky man; were upon one occasion, fifteen years after the time of my story, when I got a full explanation of the Darmstadt spectre.

I had come as far south as Paris with a German firm of mineral water makers, who were also to make their fortunes, and of course none. But the speculation did not succeed; the firm were not to be found that morning; their creditors took possession of the premises, and I went in search of another situation in the great strange city with very little of its language to help me. I had walked about all day and found nothing; it was getting late in the afternoon and I was deadly hungry, when on the Boulevard des Italiens, a restaurant rather too handsome for my means, tempted me to turn in. It was the quiet hour at such places, when the day's custom is over and that of the evening and not begun. A solitary man was reading a new paper at one of the tables; its evidently belonged to the establishment and to him I addressed my inquiry in German language. He looked up and spoke, and his face made the blood leap to my heart. I had seen it fifteen years before, for it was that of the Signor who came in grand costume through the private door I had left on the latch at the opera-house at Darmstadt. The man looked at me in surprise as well he might, from the face I saw in the opposite mirror, and then said, in tolerable German, "What is the matter, friend?" I sat down, with a cold sweat breaking on my brow, and then stared out, "Were you ever in Darmstadt?"

"Were you ever there?" he said, with a smile. "Yes," said I, gathering courage. "I was prompter at the opera-house some fifteen years ago." "Indeed," he said. "Is the manager, Herr Swindlenbach, alive yet?" "He was, the last time I heard of him, and that was not long ago."

"Well, my friend, I see you recollect me, and your face is that of an honest fellow. Come into my private room, you shall have what manages you like without payment, for I am master here, and I want you to do me a service." He led the way, and I followed, much amazed, but not long in gloomy, and when the door of his sanctuary was shut upon us, my new and old acquaintance began.

I owe Herr Swiadlenbach a debt of seven hundred thalers, which has long pressed on my conscience, and I will owe you a debt of gratitude, with substantial acknowledgments, if you can get him to receive his money on respectable conditions. You see I am from the Rue Blanche where people speak both French and German, and have the accents of both tongues. I saw a good deal of Herr Swiadlenbach, and part of it was in the position of valet to the famous baritone Signor Belocandini. He had a temper of his own, and uncommon things says, but was a great artist, and not a bad master. He fought his singing for the love of it, among the life—he could not to practise—so on he told me most of his troubles, and what he didn't tell me I found out. We should have lived and died together, but for an envious secretary, who made him believe he had wanted his hair all—that we had a tremendous quarrel about it, when we got as far as St. Asbury, on his journey to Darmstadt, and I left his service. He would pay me his wages till the law made him—but the next day it was plain the poor soul could not go on. I knew there were seven hundred thalers waiting for him at Darmstadt, and I said to myself—Frederick you may as well have that money. I'm hot at Germans have never seen the Signor and might know one singer from another. In short I started by the first diligence, with one of his old costumes, made my way to the opera-house, with the help of a friend I had in Darmstadt, sang my part, was thunders of applause, pocketed the money, and got safe back to French ground, where I heard of the death of my poor master and bought a mourning pin, which I wear for his sake every Sunday. Then I went on to Paris where the seven hundred that enabled me to set up this restaurant. I have prospered in it—in fact I have grown rich, and I want to return Herr Swiadlenbach his money with respectable interest, on condition that he gives an explanation of my little adventure to the public. It might be called cheating, and I am about to marry a German lady of good connections. Can you respect in the business?

I knew that seven hundred thalers would be a fortune to my old manager in almost any condition, but we of music never having paid him as well as the profane, and at once undertook the mission. The master of the restaurant paid my expenses back to Darmstadt. There I found the opera management reduced to the leadership of a church choir, and having all the importance to the tale of the opera house spectre which he told of friendly friends. I had no trouble in bringing him to terms, though I must say my employer murdered one handsomely, but when I introduced the condition of silence, the old man drew himself up with something of his ancient grandeur, and said—Certainly, Fritz, the thing will never pass my lips. I have given up the world, if it is true, but I will not give it the opportunity of saying that I did not know a French valet from a Great Baritone."

Zurich.—A spacious new "Tonhalle" has just been opened.

Genoa.—Rossini's *Otello*, with Sig. Borghi-Mamo as Desdemona, has been not favourably received at the Teatro Paganini.

Stuttgart.—After having been closed for two months, the Theatre-Royal re-opened on the 1st inst., with Herr R. Wagner's *Tannhäuser*.

Carlsruhe.—A new three-act opera entitled, *Die Braut von Ataia* was produced on the birthday of the Grand Duke. The composer is Herr Ludwig Liebe.

Dresden.—Herr R. Wagner's *Meistersinger von Nürnberg* will be produced next season. The composer has consented to the cuts proposed by the management; consequently the rehearsals will commence very shortly.

Naples.—Signor Florimo, the keeper of the archives at the Conservatory has presented that institution with his valuable collection of written portraits of celebrated composers. Among them are those of Sarti, Handel, Pergolese, Jommelli, Gluck, J. Haydn, Sacchini, Cimarosa, Mozart, Bellini, &c.

Rome.—The last concert of the season in the Kursaal was for the benefit of the Poor. The principal artists were Mlles. Nilsson, Donhamps, Mlle. Laura Capoul, Signor Bettini and Arbani. With the exception of Beethoven's *Fidelio* overture and a Gavotte for Piano by Bach, the program contained nothing especially worth recording. The great attraction was Mlle. Nilsson. The concert was well attended, and the receipts were highly satisfactory.—A very successful performance of *Lohengrin* has been given under the direction of Herr C. Eckert. Mlle. Mallinger was Elsa, Herr Nachbaur Lohengrin, Herr Betz, Telramund, and Herr Fricke, King Henrich.

Hosenau.—During the Italian operatic season of some two months, the following amounts will have been paid in salaries:—to Mlle. Adelina Patti 5000 francs for ten performances, and every night they sing to M. Nantier 1,500 francs, Berger 1,000 francs, Agnesi 1,000 francs, and Madame Grossi 800 francs. The manager of the Kursaal certainly be accused of negligence in providing for the amusement of his patrons.—On the 23rd ult. *Semiramide* was produced. Mdme. Adelina Patti, who played the principal part, sang three new cadenzas written expressly for her by the composer.

AGRICULTURAL HALL CONCERTS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—To avoid any misconception I shall feel obliged by your stating that I have accepted an engagement from the present lessee of the Agricultural Hall (Mr. Charles Godfrey) to conduct the classical concerts and oratorios to be performed, but that I am in no way connected with the management.

JULES BENEDICT.

3, Manchester Square, Sept. 17.

A QUESTION FOR CANDIDATES.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—The approaching general Election will be one of the most important which the present generation has witnessed. Hitherto so many musicians are now on the register who never before had the distinguished honour of a voice in the management of their country.

Without desiring to go into the question as to which party shall be in the ascendant—Liberal or Conservative—I would suggest that every musician elector should attend the meetings of the would-be M.P.'s, and boldly put the following question:—

"If in the event of your being elected to represent the Parliamentary borough of ——, will you be prepared to either bring in a Bill or give your hearty support to one which may be brought in, to substantially support the Royal Academy of Music so as to place it upon a footing with similar Academies on the Continent, instead of leaving it to become a reproach and a disgrace to this wealthy country?"

Regardless as to their opinions upon the Irish Church or any other question, let a definite answer be obtained and thus decide whether the Academy is always to remain as now.

Let all *English* musicians become patriotic for once, and vote only for those who are willing to supply the means of preventing any more importations of mediocre foreign talent to rob them of their bread.

"*To be, or not to be.*"

Now is the time for native talent to assert its rights, and if English musicians do not avail themselves of this opportunity another year or so will witness every Theatre and every orchestra in England (as now in London to a great extent) presided over by, and filled with foreigners.—I am, Sir, yours obediently,

September 19th, 1868. AN ANGLO-SAXON.

[Let all musical Anglo-Saxons digest the above.—ED. *M. W.*]

Sholto Silver on a Fashionable Topic.

Sir,—Mlle. Nilsson's success in London as Margherita has not been without its effect in Paris. M. Gounod is once more re-arranging his most celebrated work—this time for the Grand Opéra, where Mlle. Nilsson is engaged. The rules of this establishment require that every opera produced thereat shall include a ballet, and it is understood that M. Gounod is now adding to his score the music of a divertissement founded on the scene of the *Walpurgis Night*. It will be remembered that M. Gounod's *Faust* was originally composed for the Théâtre Lyrique. When it was about to be produced in London, M. Gounod added more recitatives, in place of spoken dialogue, for the Italian version and wrote a second air for the contralto, the youthful sentimental Siebel. The new *Faust* idea of the French Opera will be M. Gounod's *Faust* in its second transformation, and in this its third, and probably its final shape, it will no doubt be presented to us next season in London. The worst of it is that the success which doubtless awaits Mlle. Nilsson in what to the Parisians will be a new impersonation may have the effect of making her more than ever satisfied with an engagement which we cannot look upon as a fortunate one either for Mlle. Nilsson or for ourselves. In the first place it keeps this charming artist too long away from England. Then it restricts her to a very limited repertory. She has now been studying and singing the part of Ophelia in M. Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet* for about a year (see the last number of her engagement at Her Majesty's Opera, during which period she was heard and applauded as Donna Elvira, as Lucia, as Violetta, as Martha, and as Cherubino) that is to say in operas by Mozart, by Donizetti, by Verdi and by Flotow. Finally the fact cannot be denied whatever interpretation may be given to it that very few great vocalists—few, that is to say, who have attained a European reputation—have sung for any length of time at the French Academie. The one school for singing is the Italian and the school for singers the Italian Opera.

SHOLTO SILVER.

[Is Mr. Silver unaware that the *Walpurgis Night* is already in M. Gounod's *Faust*? that it was originally given at the Théâtre Lyrique? that it was omitted by Mr. Mapleson and Mr. Gye? and that Mlle. Nilsson has lately been singing or is about immediately to sing, at Baden Baden?—A. S. S.]

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L'Histoire de Palmerin d'Olive fils du Roy Florendos de Macedoine et la Belle Grecque, fille de Rosalice, Empereur de Constantinople, by Jean Maugin et le Petit Jehan. A perfect copy of this exceedingly rare Romance to be sold for Twenty-five Guineas.

Enquire of Duncan Davison & Co., 244 Regent Street, W.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Enquirer.—Herr Formes is now in Dublin with Mr. Maplesonn's operatic company, and sang the part of Figaro, in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, on Wednesday last.

BIRTHS.

On the 14th inst., the wife of W. H. Cummings, Esq., of a son.
On the 14th inst., the wife of A. J. Pasmore, Esq., of a daughter.

DEATHS.

On the 10th inst., at Colmar, M. François Antoine Adam Stockhausen (father of M. Julius Stockhausen), aged 75.
On the 14th inst., the wife of Maurice Connell, Esq., of Edinburgh.

NOTICE.

The Musical World *will henceforth be published on* Friday, *in time for the evening mails. Country subscribers will therefore receive their copies on Saturday morning. In consequence of this change, it is urgently requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday, otherwise they will be too late for insertion in the current number.*

To Advertisers.—*The Office of the* Musical World *is at Messrs.* Duncan Davison & Co.'s, 244 *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock* P.M. *on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1868.

CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERTS.

"THE thirteenth series of these concerts will commence on Saturday, 3rd of October."

Here is a Fact of import, to be kept tight hold of while from without import slip past. There are many of the latter, more of them bulky, and taking up much room in the world. Yet are they bubbles, but our Fact is a solid thing and can be cut into. Cut we into it.

What do we find on cutting into our fact? Much that is pleasant and of a comfortable nature; so much, in truth, that we could let other things "slide" if *dead* pressed. It gives us promise of twenty-six concerts of Real music. Mark the adjective (with its capital letter), for the adjective is a capital word. There are so few things Real you know. Even in art the sham is rampant. Promising tongues without performing hands, concerts which are not concerts, and music which is not music, make great fuss and noise—like all hollow things—and many going people are deceived thereby. But the non-concert goers, who carry about with them testing *aqua-fortis*, have long since found out the genuine article. They know that twenty-six Saturday concerts mean as many art exhibitions very near the perfectness of perfection. They know that at their head will be an Enthusiast and a Plodder—not two, but one. Rare combination! Your enthusiast often cannot plod. He would take Icarian flights, and disdain to look into the quality of wax. So your enthusiast not seldom comes to grief. On the other hand, your plodder is rarely more than a plodder. A very Dryasdust is he, the sight of whom provokes laughter, and a seeking after refreshment. But the "twenty-six" will be directed by a Man who tempers enthusiasm with the spirit of detail—a sort of dual Man having, like the "living creatures" of Ezekiel, a varied aspect. On one side thoughtful, patient, blue-pencilled; on the other, wildly gesticulating in the throes of frenzies. Hence, there will be Music on twenty-six coming Saturdays, at the Crystal Palace—pantomimic Music where passion is wanted, but always Music suggestive of laborious blue pencillings.

What more do we find in our fact? This more: that the capacious Net of Fisherman Grove has been let down in many waters, and has caught many goodly fish. A net of nets is that Net. Magic meshes has it, with the instinct of tentacula. The impact of small fry moves them not and small fry slip through and away. Enclosing huge blubber-bags, they open of themselves, and the blubber-bags rejoin their ilk. But once grasping a prize, the meshes hold on like a sea-devil. A far-reaching net as well as a discriminating, it spreads into all waters, and silently lies in wait wherever fish worth catching do swim.—a most cosmopolitan net. Fisherman Grove has been hard at work of late, providing for the twenty-six Palace banquets, and has given Chef Manns enough to do. Let us look at his catch.—

"*The Woman of Samaria* by Dr. Sterndale Bennett."

In truth a brave beginning. "Justice to England" is a good motto on English ground, but so oft-neglected. Yet in England not altogether in a state of obfuscation anent music. We begin to see that there is a Dulcinea of our own worth cracking crowns for. Let us crack crowns in her name, if need arise.

"The Vintager's Chorus (first time of performance) and, 'Ave Maria' from *Loreley*—Mendelssohn."

By all means this "sweet sorrow." With the song of the grape-gatherers, and the hymn of worship will mingle the dirge of him whose fingers stiffened as they wrote and left the Rhine-maiden's story half told. Yet to hear is to kiss the lock of a dead friend's hair.

"Symphony in C, No. 6, MS.—Schubert. (From the Vienna treasures, never before performed entire.)"

The leaden feet of Justice arose upon at last, and the Man of Vienna will get his own. The poor schoolmaster's ass who, whilom, made a meal of apples, having nothing better, has turned under laurels and his bank is a shrine. 'Tis fitting; for he was a Man who had work to do and did it. Not in the sunshine wrought he, but under clouds, and amid darkness Cimmerian. Marvellous that he wrought so well, more marvellous that he wrought at all. "Cast thy bread upon the waters," said another Man, "and thou shalt find it after many days." Schubert's faith was this faith, and with him the "many days" are over and gone. For their speedy ending thanks, first of all, to the Crystal Palace.

"Two duets for Clarionet and Corno di bassetto—Mendelssohn."

Graceful offerings to good-natured, slow-coach Barmann by his faithful friend and quiz. One we heard last season in St. James's Hall—it might have been the postscript to a lady's letter, there was so much in so little. By all means let us hear the other and we hear the one.

"March, *Meistersinger*—Wagner."

"'Endless music' without any palpable form; harmony as little natural as possible, and which frequently defies analysis; periods without any termination, or entanglement of the various points resembling counterpoint caricatured—and then suddenly in the midst of all this chaos, a charmingly clear passage or so, or a powerful idea grandly expressed"—behold the criticism of a continental critic on the *Meistersinger*. One grain to a bushel of chaff comforteth not the thresher of corn.

"*Ode to St. Cecilia*—Handel."

Good. Let the lion roar.

"*Tu es Petrus*, for chorus and full orchestra—Mendelssohn (First time of performance.)"

The more "first times," when Mendelssohn is concerned, the

better. *Tu es Petrus* will be as welcome as though the rock were a great oak in a weary land.

"The music of the *Conspirators*—an operetta by Schubert; the *Song of Miriam*, with other vocal works by the same master."

Yet, again the Man of Vienna, who, however speaketh best unvocally,—speaketh like a passionate thundering Jove, or like a gentle child as his mood may be, always from heart to heart. But when he uttereth words he is intelligible, and not as some utterers of words, the signifier of nothing.

"The Song of the Bell—Romberg."

Not precisely of *captandum vulgus*, yet approximating thereunto. Romberg was feebleness, and has no place with strong men. Exit Romberg, hastingly.

"The *Mount of Olives*, and the music to the ballet of *Prometheus*—Beethoven."

Good: we hear the glorious "Hallelujah" not too often. But what a conjunction! the Master dealing with the Tragedy of tragedies, and next with stage dances. But the Master could turn his hand, as witness the catalogue of his works—"Op. 111. Sonata for piano in C minor. Op. 112. Twelve easy and agreeable bagatelles."

"*Adagio* and *Scherzo* for Orchestra—Rubinstein."

Let us hope these will satisfy the exigencies. M. Rubinstein owes the ungracious some amends for liberties taken, and M. Rubinstein has some resources wherewith to pay.

"Symphony in E flat, No. 3; and Overture to *Hermann and Dorothea*—Schumann."

We love not confused speech, neither the striving at gigantic utterances by one not gigantic. Nevertheless, Schumann may uplift his voice with the voices of Romberg and Rubinstein.

"The Violin Concerto of Herr Max Bruch.—Violin, Mr Joachim."

Hail the grand artist, even when he comes with the Violin Concerto of Herr Max Bruch.

"A New Symphony in D, composed expressly for these concerts, by Mr Arthur Sullivan."

By our faith a neatly-rounded catalogue. Beginning with the English musician of the Present, it ends with—let us hope—the English musician of the Future. Thus the Nest of Fishermen Green is patriotic not less than cosmopolitan.

What more do we find in our fact of import? More than space availeth to tell:—Arabella Goddard—Clara Schumann—Charles Hallé—organ solos—a novelty at every concert—a faultless band—and 300 voices—behold an instalment.

Will then, anybody having ears to hear, neglect to make due note that "The thirteenth series of the Saturday Concerts commences on Saturday, 3rd of October!"

[Translations, by M. E. von G., from the *Gesammelte Schriften* of Robert Schumann.—*Continued.*]

Note Sans.—Dr Silent is glad to announce that he has induced the admirable translator, whose charming versions of the genial criticism of our darling Robert were so welcome to the readers of the *Musical World* in 1867, to resume his contributions—with which announcation Dr Silent, out of breath with so long a sentence, begs hastily to retreat into his native element.

THREE GREAT PIANOFORTE PLAYERS.

1. MOSCHELES.

(*Concert on the 9th October 1838.*)

DIFFICULT as it is to say anything new about a virtuoso whose fame has been so long established as that of Moscheles, yet the fact that in his latest compositions he has taken a tension which cannot fail to affect his playing, induces me to attempt some remarks. In his E flat Concerto and E flat Sonata he was brimming over with youthful spirit; in the G minor Concerto and the Studies, he entered upon a more thoughtful and artistic discipline, and now he is exploring darker and more mysterious paths, apparently careless whether he continues to please the masses or not. His fifth Concerto shows a leaning to the romantic school, and in the last one, that tendency is fully developed and established, with no longer any wavering between old and new. The romantic vein which runs through this Concerto is not, however, as we see it in Berlioz, Chopin, and others—far in advance of the spirit of the day; on the contrary, the course is retrograde—it is rather the romantic spirit of antiquity, which acts with such force in Bach, Handel, and Gluck—whose works hold a similar place in music to that style in the Gothic architecture. In this respect the compositions of Moscheles resemble those of Mendelssohn, who, however, happily is still writing in all the vigour of youth. Few, probably, would trust themselves to give a decided judgment on all that they heard on the evening of Mr Moscheles' concert. The applause could hardly be characterised as bacchanalian; in fact the audience were very quiet, as if anxious rather to show their interest by the deepest attention. They did, however, fire up into enthusiasm after the Duo, which Moscheles and Mendelssohn played not only like two artists, but two friends; one might well have compared them to a pair of eagles, each in turn soaring aloft or wheeling low, and each boldly encircling the other in his flight. This composition is dedicated to the memory of Handel, and I consider it one of Moscheles' most successful and original works. About the Overture to Schiller's *Maid of Orleans* opinions differed, even among the connoisseurs; for my part, I silently begged pardon of Moscheles for having judged of it by the pianoforte arrangement, which certainly sounds very poor in contrast to the splendid orchestra. I shall speak of it more at length another time; to-day I will only say that I could trace the shepherd girl throughout—from the day when she dons her armour, till, amidst waving banners, her beautiful form is laid in the ground. The Overture has a touch of real tragedy in it.

Moscheles also played the first movement of a new "pathetic" Concerto and the whole of a "fantastic" one—both of which might fairly be called Duets for Pianoforte and Orchestra, so independent is the part taken by the former. These two works, besides deviating entirely from the form of his earlier ones, are remarkable enough to make me impatient to play them myself and confirm the deep impression which, with the exception of one or two less interesting parts, they produced on me throughout. As to the excellence of Moscheles' playing, the elasticity of his touch, the sound healthy tone, the steadiness and thought in the higher range of expression—no one who has heard him can for a moment doubt. The exaggeration and sympathy with the most modern and fantastic style, which coloured his playing as a young man, he has now renounced; and the loss is more than made up for by the mental power and force of character of the full-grown man. In the improvisation with which he finished the evening there were some fine points.

We still remember, with much pleasure, the treat provided for us a few days before the concert, by the union of three great artists, and a youth who promises to become one, in the performance of Bach's D minor Concerto for three pianos. The three were Clara Wieck, Moscheles, and Mendelssohn; the fourth was Mr Louis Bakemann, from Bremen. Mendelssohn played the orchestral accompaniment on a fourth piano, and the result was truly splendid!

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2. MADAME PLEYEL.

(*At Leipsic, in 1838.*)

The programme of Madame Pleyel's concert gave one a most favourable idea of her artistic tendencies. It is but a short time

since we heard the G minor Concerto of Mendelssohn played by the composer himself, and it was interesting to compare his reading with that of the vivacious Frenchwoman. She took the last movement even more quickly than he; but in other points Mendelssohn could hardly have failed to be satisfied with her thoroughly musical interpretation, except perhaps in one or two parts where the melody might have been played more simply and earnestly, with less sentiment. Other pianoforte players seldom venture to play an entire concerto in public, but Madame Pleyel gave us two; the second being Weber's *Concertstück*, which on this particular occasion was doubly interesting, because fragments of his predecessor's composition seem to have haunted the fancy of the younger composer in a truly bewitching manner whilst writing his own, though indeed in tenderness, delicacy, and finish, Weber's Concerto bears but poor comparison with Mendelssohn's. Madame Pleyel performed it admirably, with the same warmth which she seems to throw into every kind of music, and thus awoke among her audience that genuine and hearty sympathy which can only be evoked by the combination of really fine playing with really fine music. I wish I could say as much of the piece with which this enjoyable evening was brought to a close; but as this the ability of the composer was far behind that of the performer, it was a composition of her own, on themes by Weber in which even the melodies introduced might have been arranged and worked with more taste. And yet it was just this piece which was so furiously applauded that she was obliged to repeat it. The playing of this highly interesting lady will please everyone; besides which, her love for all that is noblest in her art will help to make that art more generally known.

At her second concert, Madame Pleyel's powers seemed to rise with the enthusiasm they created, and *vice versa*. She had made an excellent selection: Beethoven's C minor Concerto and Hummel's Oberon. At the subscription concert yesterday we had Kalkbrenner's E minor Concerto, and the *Concertstück* repeated. Kalkbrenner was for some time her master, which explains her choice of his Concerto; she played it stiff much in the same way as one repeats to oneself a piece of poetry that one learnt when a child; but all trace of the scholar was gone—lost in the finish of the great artist. The Beethoven Concerto brought out another side of her nature; she played it both well and correctly, in a thoroughly German spirit, bringing the music before one like a picture, whilst the Hummel Fantasia seemed to descend from some airy spirit world. Weber's *Concertstück* created rapturous applause, bouquets were showered upon the artist, and the public were in ecstasies—none was even heard to say that there was "more poetry in this woman than in ten Thalbergs put together!" and the excitement not lasting a long while. Her slender graceful figure, and childish manner of curtseying, as if she did not deserve such applause, and still more the deeper things which she unfolded in her music, will not easily be forgotten, and we wish her all the happiness which she has been the means of giving to so many.

S. THALBERG

(Concert for the Musicians' Fund, February 8th, 1861.)

In his flight across Germany, this great artist folded his wings here for a short time, and from them have dropped, as from those of the angel in Rückert's poem, rubies and precious stones, which at his special desire have fallen into the hands of those who really wanted them. To say anything new about one who has already had so much praise lavished upon him, is difficult. But there is one thing which every earnest artist will be glad to hear, namely, that he has made progress since he last delighted us with his art; indeed in the two years' interval since his former visit he has increased his powers to an astonishing degree, and, impossible as it may seem, has gained in freedom, grace, and force. His playing appeared to make the same impression on all, to impart to every one that happy complacency which perhaps he himself derives from it. True artistic power is something more than mere execution and adroitness; it is also a reflection of the man himself, and it is easy to see from Thalberg's playing that he belongs to fortune's favourites, those whom she has endowed with wealth and brilliance. Thus he began, of course, thus he has continued it ever since, and thus he will finish it, happy himself and shedding happiness wherever he goes. The whole of yesterday evening, everything that he played was a proof of this. The audience seemed to be there not to criticise, but simply to enjoy, and to be as sure of enjoyment as the artist of his art. The compositions were all new, a serenade and minuet from *Don Juan*, a fantasia on Italian airs, a grand study, and a caprice on airs from the *Sonnambula*, all most effective paraphrases of the original melodies, which though surrounded by a whole fabric of scales and arpeggios look out pleasantly upon one everywhere. Most artistic was the treatment of the airs from *Don Juan*, and the whole performance was surprisingly fine. As a composition the most important thing seemed to me to be the Study, based on a charming theme somewhat of the character of an Italian national melody; the last variation with *tremolo* triplets will not easily be forgotten, certainly no one after Thalberg will hope to play it with such magic perfection. All honour to him for that evening, for he secured for himself such as a man and as an artist, the applause and esteem of every one present.

M. E. VON G.

ITALIAN OPERA IN DUBLIN

After a long silence, for want of a subject that would interest the readers of the *Musical World*, I must inform you that the annual treat in Dublin, or, in other words, our limited opera season commenced on Monday, the 16th inst., with the full strength of the artists of Her Majesty's Opera. *Il Trovatore* was the first performance, and the fact of Signor Mongini—whose fame as an artist of considerable ability reached us through the columns of your valuable journal—was to take the part of Manrico, tended in a great measure to fill the house for the sporting people of Dublin are of opinion that *Il Trovatore* is "worn threadbare."

The operas produced since the opening night were as follows:—*Der Freischütz*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Rigoletto*, *Faust*, *Norma*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Don Giovanni*, &c.

It would be useless for me to enter into a criticism on the merits of the operas, or of the artists who form Mr. Stapleton's company; suffice it to say Mdlle. Tietjens is uninteresting and delightful as ever, both in vocal and histrionic powers she sustains in all their grandeur and beauty. Madame Trebelli-Bettini's matchless contralto voice is always ravishing to hear, and I might venture to say without an equal among the contralto singers of our time. That most useful and versatile of artists, Mdlle. Sinico, was, as usual, up to the mark in everything she undertook. Mdlle. Bauméister has made rapid improvements since the last time I had the pleasure of hearing her; and Mdlle. Sandrini plays the parts allotted to her in a pleasing and graceful manner. Signor Mongini is the happy possessor of a really noble and highly cultivated voice full of sweetness and power, and has established a well-deserved reputation both as an actor and singer. Signor Carlo Selletti essayed the part of Edgardo in *Lucia* and the Duke in *Rigoletto*, with little credit to himself. His voice is powerful, but rather limited in sweetness or cultivation, and his acting is by no means up to the mark. Of Mr. Santley I need only say he still holds his position as one of the first baritones of the day. Among the bass we have Signor Foli, Casaboni and Lorenzi.

The minor characters of the different operas were well represented, and the chorus and orchestra, with few exceptions, quite perfect, under the skilful direction of that most painstaking of conductors, Signor Arditi.

The spirit displayed by Mr. Harris in bringing to Dublin so numerous a company of distinguished artists has met with its just reward from the Dublin public, who crowd the house to overflowing every night.

A morning concert is announced for Friday at the Exhibition Palace, in which the entire company will take part.

PIER PERCEZ.

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PROVINCIAL.

Madame Lucca has been singing in the provinces with success. Among several notices in the provincial journals, we have selected the following from the *Kilbride and Liddesdale Advertiser*, apropos of the first concert of the New Club:—

"The reputation which Madame Lucca enjoys necessarily gave rise to great expectations, which, after a careful and critical hearing, were more than realized. The first piece was a grand recitative and aria, sung in Italian, from the opera of *Puritani*, in which she displayed all the florid execution of which the human voice can be capable; whilst 'Auld Robin Gray,' 'The Last Rose of Summer,' etc., were rendered with a pathos and simplicity truly charming. It is to be regretted that a greater number did not take advantage of the opportunity of hearing one who is certainly the best artist we have had the pleasure of hearing in Langholm."

Dublin.—In the course of a glowing description of *Il Trovatore*, as performed by Mr. Mapleson's troupe, the *Daily Express* observes:—

"The opera was excellently rendered, we think it rarely went as well in our recollection. The Miserere scene did not fail of its wonted effect, and was, of course, re-demanded. The band was very efficient. It is unnecessary to say that the conductor was everything that could possibly be desired; indeed, to our taste—and we think we are tolerably competent to pronounce an opinion—Signor Arditi ranks first among the first of conductors. He is never off his guard, he is always quick as lightning to perceive even the smallest fault, and just as prompt in resource to remedy it. In truth, we are always rejoiced to see the baton in the hand of Signor Arditi for thus is guaranteed as perfect a performance as it is possible to attain. We have previously alluded to the good violin tone in the band; we shall merely add that Mr Levey, as premier violin, led admirably, like a *bon enfant* as he is."

Bournemouth.—Hurlo is looking up in this fashionable town. Last week was particularly lively. The Tyrolese Singers sang twice in the Pavilion; the London Glee and Madrigal Union, under the direction of Mr Land, gave two concerts with great success, assisted by Mr. Sidney Smith, who played some solos on a new and splendid pianoforte, built especially for the occasion by Messrs. E. Potts & Co. Miss Louisa Pyne gave her farewell concert in the Dome Assembly Room, which we are glad to say, was well filled on the occasion. Mr Aptommas gave a harp recital in the New Concert Hall, West Street; Mr B. Thorne announces a pianoforte recital in the same locale, assisted by Herr L. Ries, Miss Ida Thorne, and Signor Bandeggia; series of Promenade concerts, under the direction of Mr. Archer, are also announced; the Brighton Choral Association have held their first meeting in the Pavilion, and Messrs Lyon and Hall announce the farewell readings of Mr. Charles Dickens.

Cardiff.—Music is had its fitting place at the *Bute* festivities. A concert given by the Trustees of the Estate is said to have "surpassed any entertainment of the kind ever given in Cardiff." We abridge some particulars from the local *Guardian*:—

"The opening *morceau* was Auber's overture to *Fra Diavolo*, rendered with a orderly precision. Mr George Perren gave Wallace's 'Let me like a Soldier fall,' with power and effect. Mr and Madame Patey in Bell's duet, 'Our Shepherd Pipe,' were very satisfactory, and Mr Spencer, one of the Grenadier's band, followed with a clarinet solo, which was rewarded with loud applause. Madame Patey, in an air from *Orfeo*, was exceedingly well received, and her husband rendered 'O rather than the Cherry' with expression. A quadrille on Welsh melodies, by the full band, concluded the first part of the programme, which was further graced by Balfe's sparkling song, 'Should he upbraid,' rendered by that universal favourite, Miss Edmonds. This was in truth the gem of the performance; and the delight which she inspired, as she thrilled the notes and thrilled the audience, was one of the things which it is impossible to convey in words. The overture to *Zampa* was splendidly given at the commencement of the second part, followed by 'The Troubadour' a trio, delivered by Miss Edmonds and Mr and Madame Patey. Mr Perren's power and sweetness were very manifest in 'Where other Lips!' and Miss Edmonds' charm of voice was never more shown than in Loe's delightful ballad, 'Come hail with me.' Mr and Madame Patey respectively sang Wallace's 'The Ringer' and 'Forget me not' in a thoroughly satisfactory way, and Mr George Perren ended the vocal portion of the concert with his own charming composition, 'When first the Bells,' which is always a favourite."

Edinburgh.—The first "Saturday Evening Concert" of the season took place last week, under the presidency of the Lord Provost. Miss Hilles and Mr Montem Smith were the principal singers, respecting whom the *Courant* observes:—

"Miss Hilles sang with all the graceful execution of which she is a mistress, and we particularly admired her rendering of the recitative and aria from *Martha*, 'How dreary' and 'Some that are brighted,' which were loudly encored. A tasteful duet by Glover, 'On the hill,' was beautifully sung by Miss Hilles and Miss Hargreaves. Mr Montem Smith's rendering of Mendelssohn's recitative and aria, 'Ye people,' and 'If with all your hearts,' was fervent and expressive; and his singing of the glorious old song, 'Oh! say not woman's love is bought,' well merited the applause with which it was received. An irresistible encore followed his singing of a song by M. Faye, 'Never mind the rest,' to which Mr Smith responded by another powerfully expressed ditty, 'Twas just as well,' very humorously sung."

Llandudno.—An Eisteddfod, on a small scale, took place on Monday week, and was largely attended. One of the most remarkable exhibitions in connexion therewith was the speech of the chairman, who, in the course of a general glorification of Wales and the Welsh, said he had attended the Handel Festival, "but after returning and hearing Welsh choirs—after hearing the choirs, I may say, of Carmel, and of Jerusalem, and of Horeb, and of Nazareth—do you think I felt disposed to hospise or even to moderate their performances? By no means. What I had heard in London only tended to raise my views, as far as I was able to judge (for I don't arrogate to myself any great knowledge of music, but as far as I could judge), the music in London only tended to raise my ideas of Welsh music, and to confirm me in the opinion that as in the Italian so in the Welsh constitution there was a great deal of the musical element." We should like to shake hands with that chairman; at the same time, however, we should not like to hear the choirs "of Carmel, and of Jerusalem, and of Horeb, and of Nazareth" because of being spoilt for the choirs at Sydenham. The proceedings closed with a grand concert in which Miss Edith Wynne, Mr W. H. Cummings, Mr Lewis Thomas, and Signor Rastegger took part. Each of these artists was vigorously applauded after singing some of their more familiar and popular pieces.

Bath.—Mr. Brinley Richards' recitals at the Assembly Rooms last week were entirely successful. Of the classical selections he was called upon to repeat a solo by Chopin, and as regards his own works he might have construed the applause bestowed on each as an encore. But Mr Richards wisely refrained from overtaxing his strength. The local journal pronounces a Fantasia on Welsh Airs and an "Octave Study" to have been the most popular pieces.

Harrogate.—Mr Julian Adams gave his annual concert in the Spa Rooms last week, and treated his patrons to one of his latest compositions or adaptations for orchestra, under the title of the "Music of all Nations." The Russian National Anthem and an Italian *Tarantella* were admirably scored, and greatly admired. Mr Julian Adams did not forget the "classical" portion of his audience, but favoured them with a capital performance of one of Beethoven's sonatas for piano and violin, Mr Ries playing the latter instrument. The audience was large, and after the concert enjoyed a stroll in the beautiful grounds, which were illuminated for the occasion.

Torquay.—We take the subjoined eulogium from the local *Observer*:—

"We rejoice to welcome the London Glee and Madrigal Union among us again, with the old charm—the charm of absolute precision, grace and taste—undiminished. Their voices move together like chords on an instrument, under the hands of a skilful player. Yet there is nothing cold or mechanical about their performance. It has the same simplicity and apparent spontaneousness which are the fruits of consummate art, together with the life, spirit, and variety of light and shade which belong to natural feeling, but which only consummate art can fully express. Many a reader might take a useful lesson in phrasing, accent, and pronunciation, from these accomplished singers, who never sacrifice sense to sound. There is a repose in the pleasure with which we listen, due in part to our unanimous certainty that there will be no hitch in the execution, but in part due to the character of the music—good old English music, intelligible and delightful to all. Amateurs and lovers of pure vocal harmony owe a debt of gratitude to the director, Mr Land, for organizing and keeping together so talented a party."

Verily the local Observer has expressed itself with "precision, grace, and taste."

Bayreuth.—The second Vocal Festival of the Franconian Leagues was given here a short time since. Fifty Associations from Fürth, Erlangen, Baireuth, Schweinfurt, Würzburg &c., took part in it. There was a great deal of speech making, a great deal of eating, a great deal of drinking, a great deal of toast proposing, and a great deal of singing. Among the songs there were a few good ones and very many bad.

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MARIE KREBS AS VOCALIST

I think the *Musical World* will be agreeably surprised to hear that the gifted child we all remember so well two years ago in London—has developed into a singer who will, if I am not greatly mistaken, shortly be welcomed on the dramatic boards. She gave me delightful glimpses of several roles about a fortnight ago in Dresden—for instance Agathe (*Freischütz*) Lucia Lucrezia (*Il Trovatore*), Marguerite (*Faust*) Pamina (*Zauberflöte*), Zerline (*Don Juan*) and Linda. I should say that Gounod's Marguerite, Goethe's Gretchen *par excellence* was peculiarly suited to her, for the pallid child has developed into the pale interesting girl, but fine face is capable of that varied expression so seldom seen in blondes and so essential as a dramatic singer who appears more mask without it. Her voice is a high soprano, full flexible, and equal in all its ringing changes. I suspect we have here the Gretchen we have hitherto only dreamed of.

We need not fear that the studies of Marie Krebs the vocalist, may have been hurtful to Marie Krebs the pianist. The following programme, which she was kind enough to delight me with, soon dissipated any misgivings I might have had on that head. Her unfailing memory and eminent musical dexterity, with ripened judgment and feeling have now produced one of the most remarkable performers of our era. I could enlarge both on her reading and rendering of each of the following composers' intentions, but refrain from doing so, in the hope that your readers may have an opportunity of once more judging for themselves next season.

The following is the programme, which she threw me off with all the former nonchalance of the child and the present decisive of the woman:—

Barcarole No. 4	Rubinstein
Etude infernale	Rubinstein
Vogel als Prophet	Rubinstein
Novellette No. 6	Schumann.
Präludium e Fuga aus dem wohltemperirten Clavier	J. S. Bach.
Fähnlein. Schubert	F. Liszt.
Etude. Op. 25 No. 4	F. Chopin.
" " No. 4	F. Chopin.
Rondo aus Sonate	Weber.

E.

[The *Musical World* is "agreably surprised" at "E's" communication and hopes that Marie may be the Marguerite.—ED. *M. W.*]

MAYBRICK.—Herr Betz from the Royal Opera-house, Berlin has been playing a highly successful starring engagement. He was especially successful as Nelusco in *L'Africaine*.

THE TWO BACHS.—Reinhard relates the following anecdote of Christian Bach the "London Bach" as he was called, who, as is well known indulged in rather fast habits and composed very hastily.—As a friend was reproaching him one day about the way he went on, and referred to his steady-going brother C. Ph. E. Bach, as an example. "Ah," observed Christian "my brother lives to compose, and I compose to live."

"SINGING ATOMS STOCKS."—Such is the strange title under which Sanarelli has recorded an interesting electrical phenomenon which he observed at a height of 2,300 feet on a granite mountain in the canton of the Grisons. In the midst of a shower of sleet, during which the cold became gradually greater, he felt a violent pricking pain in various parts of his body, and, at the same time the Alpine stocks emitted a humming sound very similar to the "singing" of water just before it boils. The celebrated physicist left convinced by a number of experiments he subsequently made that electricity was the cause of this strange phenomenon which lasted for nearly an hour.

NOT A BAD NOMINEE.—The celebrated composer Jomelli was proposed by his friends to Cardinal Alessandro Albani as chapelmaster of St. Peter's. As, however, he had devoted but little attention to the Palestrina style as it is called, he dreaded the inevitable examination he should have to undergo in it and hastened to the famous Father Martini of Bologna under whom by great industry and application in no time picked up the knowledge he wanted. He now returned to Rome and signified his readiness to submit to the examination, but on one condition, namely that after passing his own examination, he should be allowed to examine his examiners. This request, which does not appear so very unreasonable, had such an effect upon the learned examiners, that, the next day they forwarded him his appointment without a word about any examination at all.

WAIFS.

Signor Tamberlick has arrived in Paris.

Mdlle. Lucca has terminated her Leipsic engagement.

Le Premier Jour is again on the Opera-Comique stage.

Miss Bateman will shortly commence another provincial tour.

The first Gewandhaus concert for the season takes place October 8th.

Mr. John Goss has just completed a Burial Service, of which report speaks very highly.

M. Flotow's new comic opera, *Les Deux Compositeurs*, will shortly be produced at Prague.

Mr. Arthur Sullivan is working at his new Symphony in D, among the Swiss mountains.

Mrs. Scott-Siddons commences a series of readings at Steinway Hall, New York, on the 9th of November.

The *Athenæum* says that the process of destroying the Colosseum in Regent's Park will be shortly begun.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Mayhew are passing their honeymoon at Ilfracombe and Ilfracombe is a passing pleasant place.

The Italiens will open October 1st with *Lucia*, for which Madame Adelina Patti and Signor Fraschini are announced.

Signor Alberto Randegger is busily writing a cantata. The libretto (an excellent libretto) is the work of Madame Rudersdorff.

From January 1st to July 31st, this year, 518 new works were given in Paris. Of these 144 took place in March and 128 in April.

Bryceson and Co. have erected a temporary organ in the Agricultural Hall, to be used in the series of grand concerts and oratorios this season.

Mr. Vernon Rigby was advertised to sing "Why do the nations," on Wednesday. Mr. J. G. Patey was not advertised to sing "Then shall dash thine."

The indefatigable Mr. George Grove has hooked another unheard symphony by Schubert. The MS. may shortly be expected to arrive in England.

Is it true that, at the Gloucester Festival the ophicleide part was played an octave lower on a contra-fagotto? Were, then, Mr. Pinsey or Mr. Hughes inaccessible?

It is proposed to erect a monument to honour of Guido Aretino, who eight hundred years ago, invented musical notation. The movement can hardly be called premature.

Mr. Barker the patentee of the electro pneumatic system, is now building another large electric organ of forty sounding stops for the new church St. Francois Xavier Paris.

The Italian Government has withdrawn its subvention of 300,000 francs from La Scala. The box proprietors are mightily indignant, and have made "energetic representations."

Madame Sainton-Dolby commences a farewell tour in the provinces on Monday. The first concert takes place at Rugby. Mr. Lewis Thomas is engaged for the entire series.

A gentleman in New York is said to have a contract signed by Miss Louisa Pyne, which binds her to visit America this year and give operatic entertainments in the principal cities.

The Schwerin Musical Festival took place this week under the direction of Herr Joseph Joachim. *Israel in Egypt*—selections from *Iphigenie en Aulide*—Beethoven's 7th Symphony and portions of the Mass in C were performed.

Hector Hallé, writing of *Lohengrin* in the *Opinion Nationale*, observes: "Is *Lohengrin* possible in Paris? I doubt it. Though displaying beauties of the first order, it is an incomplete work in which execution lags behind conception. It is the work of a critic, not of an artist."

Mr. Max Maretzek has engaged two companies, one Italian and the other German, and with this force proposes to visit the West and East. He opens at Chicago on the 28th of September and proceeds thence to St. Louis, Cincinnati, Louisville, Baltimore, Philadelphia and Boston. He will return to New York in February. The members of his Italian troupe are Madame Agatha Stater, Signora Rosa Cellini (first appearance in America), Mdlle. Louise Durand (ditto), Miss McCulloch, Signor Brignoli, Signor Rossoni, Signor Orlandini and Signor Antonucci. The members of the German company are Madame Anna de La Grange, Madame H. Better, Fräulein Jenny Appel (first appearance in America), Herr Hirbelmann, Herr Michael Ochsen (first appearance), Herr Wilhelm Koraum and Herr Joseph Hermann. Mr. Maretzek takes with him an excellent orchestra and chorus.

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Mr Bateman is in Montreal with a *troupe* including Mdlle. Tostee, MM. Decres, Ledue, Lagrifoul, Duchesne, and Rasellon; Mdlles. Lanbold, Rose, Fontanges, Cadie, and Lamalle; thirty four choristers, a full orchestra, and a number of assistants. They are to remain at the Theatre Royal, Montreal one week and thence go to Ottawa, Toronto and Hamilton. They are afterwards to perform at the Crosby Opera-house, Chicago; at Milwaukee; at the Olympic Theatre, St Louis; and at the National Theatre, Cincinnati.

Mr Oberthür's overture, *Rübezahl* has again been given at the concerts at the Art Exhibition, Leeds. It was also performed last month at St. Petersburgh where the programme included the *Scherzo* from Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream*; M. Litolff's overture *Robespierre*; Schumann's *Dreams of Childhood*, arranged for stringed instruments; Weber's overture, *Preciosa*, and the "Pilgrim's Chorus" with the romance, "The Evening Star" (well known by Liszt's arrangement of it for the piano, under the title of "L'Etoile du Soir"), from Herr Wagner's *Tannhäuser*.

A correspondent of the *Manchester Weekly Times* says, that on reading the account of the Haydock Festival where banners, candles, eggs, tomatoes, cocoa-nuts, &c. are made to be aids to religion by people who call themselves "High Church" it brought the following anecdote to his remembrance, the truth of which he can vouch for.—A few months ago a lady went to Leeds with her nurse and child; the nurse was sent to one of the churches on a Sunday evening; when she returned her mistress asked her how she liked the service. The young woman replied:—"It was beautiful! I have not had such a treat since I went to hear *Faust*."

MENDELSSOHN'S "LIEDER OHNE WORTE."

In reviewing the latest book of "Songs without Words" a writer in *Watson's Art Journal* makes some very sensible remarks. We subjoin the first portion of his notice:—

"This is the Eighth Book of "Songs without Words," from the pen of the illustrious composer Mendelssohn. It is a posthumous work, and has created some discussion as to the rank it should hold among his published compositions. The duty of selecting for publication the manuscript works which were left at his death was entrusted to four competent musicians, so that youthful and fragmentary works that Mendelssohn himself would have withheld, might not be given to the public. They have been very cautious in the fulfilment of the charge entrusted to them, but that has not protected them from blame, nor from accusations of incompetency. Nowcritics or not, but the works which have appeared under their sanction are unworthy of the ripe fame of Mendelssohn; that he never intended them should meet the public eye; and some writers and players who should know better threw much doubt upon their authenticity. We are not surprised that cavillers are found to depreciate the work of conscientious labour. The lion is dead and the jackalls—a hard early written jackasses—howl about his remains. There are some here who profess to hold the genius of Mendelssohn lightly and affect a slighting tone whenever they mention his name. They aver that Germany has outgrown the Mendelssohn malady; that the Teutonic stomach has grown strong and proud and requires a heartier food, so that Liszt's rhapsodies, Wagner's vagaries, or Rubinstein's undigested fantasticals. If they speak truly, then has the German stomach grown strong at the expense of its brains. Wherever earnest but reasonable admiration of the masters we have mentioned we see grand things for them; we recognise progress in much that they have done; but the calm height which the genius of Mendelssohn has reached is unattainable by at least two of them, if they pursue the path which they have hitherto followed.

"The Eighth Book of the *Lieder ohne Worte*, was introduced to the public last year by Madame Arabella Goddard, one of the finest pianists of the age. She has few equals as an interpreter of the works of the great classic writers, and in this case she pursued a decided unusual course—she played the whole book through and achieved a brilliant and gratifying success. We published at the time several notices of her performance, all of which spoke enthusiastically of her exquisite rendering of the several numbers, and of the profound demonstrative delight of her audiences who proved their delight by frequent encores. So unqualified was her first success, that she has constantly performed them ever since. In this country Mr Richard Hoffman so far has been their only exponent, and of his superlatively fine interpretation and its enthusiastic reception we spoke at the time.

"Thus anyone who should deal with the Eighth Book after having read it through in sheer nonsense, uttered possibly for effect or otherwise, betrays the most lamentable ignorance. Every measure has the stamp of Mendelssohn. In form, modulation, sentiment, and treatment, their source is unmistakable. They are as purely idiosyncratic as is the First Book."

CASSEL.—The operatic season was inaugurated by Dr Louis Spohr's *Jessonda*.

BRESLAU.—*L'Africaine* and *Die Königin Walter von Weiden*, played alternately are drawing large houses.

LEIPZIG.—Madame Lucca has been giving a most successful series of six performances. She opened as Gretchen in M. Gounod's *Faust*.

MUNICH.—Pugelmann's opera, *La Serva Padrona* has just been translated into German by Herr Peter Cornelius, teacher at the School of Music, and re-scored by Herr Franz Müller to suit the modern taste. Thus modified it is to be produced before the end of the present year.

FRANKFURT-ON-THE-MAINE.—The members of the St Cæcilia Association will give a grand festival performance in the month of October to celebrate a fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the Association. J. S. Bach's Mass in B minor will be performed on the occasion.—A number of professional and non-professional admirers of Herr Carl Hill gave him a farewell dinner previously to his leaving this city to enter on his engagement at the Theatre Schwerin.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

Rogers, Ross, Craig, & Co.—"The Harmonious Blacksmith," for flute and piano, by Hallandaine. "Valse Caprice," for flute and piano by Fitzwilliams.
Ashdown & Co.—"An Old Christmas Carol," for 3 voices by Elizabeth Mounsey.
Rossiter Cocks & Co.—"The Gallant Tars of England" and "The Soldiers of our Land."—songs, by J. L. Hatton.

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Herr von Mosel, who took great trouble about the performance of the opera in Vienna.

I enclose the catalogue which you require of Herr Marschner's compositions. We possess but few young composers who, to such lively fancy, warm feeling, fiery expression and harmonic fulness, unite novelty of ideas, and I shall never refuse to state openly this opinion of mine regarding his talent. The mode of doing so, my dear friend, which you propose, I must decidedly decline to adopt. What an amount of presumption it would show on my part. It is not consonant with my feelings to play the patron, though I am most ready to advise, help, and lend my hand to anyone. Any publisher may venture on Herr Marschner; everybody must have a beginning, and the number of successful composers is growing smaller and smaller.

I have received the *Olympia* and a letter from Herr Spontini and will shortly answer him at length. He has anticipated many of my own ideas, and appears indeed well informed as to the state of our opera here.—Bernhard Romberg, who just called on me, was exceedingly pleased with what you have written in *Der Freischütz*. I only trust it may bring forth fruit; my co-operation shall not be wanting. I have delivered the packet for Herr Arnold. So much for to-day. My Vienna correspondence takes up much of my time. After the first three performances of *Der Freischütz*, I received a request from Barbaja, the new lessee of the Kärnthnerthor and Wieder Theatre, to write a new opera for Vienna, and the negotiations are now going on.—Enough for to-day. Heaven preserve you in health.—Ever yours

Dresden, the 25th Nov., 1821. C. M. v. Weber.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—I was surprised, on my return to town, to hear that a report had been circulated in several papers that I had been appointed musical critic to the *Athenæum*. Finding, in consequence, that many persons are under the impression that such is really the case, I shall be greatly obliged to you if you will allow me, through the medium of your journal, to contradict this report, which is entirely without foundation.—I am Sir, yours, obediently, Jane Francis Barnett.

Eton Villa, St. Paul's Road, Oct. 22, 1868.

Weimar.—Herren Stein and Lassen were lately appointed Hof-Kapellmeister. This title has not been conferred on anyone since the Abbé Liszt's retirement.

Naples.—On the 5th inst. Salvatore Taglioni, the Nestor of Italian dancers, breathed his last. He produced a great number of ballets, some of which were extremely successful in Italy. From him are descended the celebrated dancers of the same name so well known throughout Europe.

Florence.—*Le Nozze di Figaro* has been produced at the Teatro Nuovo, and—will it be believed?—proved a failure! So much for the Italian taste of the present day. In justice however to the Florentine public, it must be stated that this *chef d'œuvre* of the great master was most shamefully interpreted both by singers and orchestra.

Moscow.—The Italian operatic season commenced brilliantly with Rossini's *Otello*, in which Mlle. Artot especially distinguished herself. The second opera produced was *La Figlia del Reggimento*. The succeeding operas were to be *Mosè*, Rossini; *Un Ballo in Maschera*, Verdi; *Les Huguenots*, Meyerbeer; *Don Juan*, and *Figaro*, Mozart; and *Il Duca di Nevers*, Auber. M. Dupont, from Brussels, is the conductor.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.

SATURDAY CONCERTS AND AFTERNOON PROMENADES.

1868-9.

THE THIRTEENTH SERIES of these CONCERTS will commence THIS DAY, OCTOBER 3rd.

CONDUCTOR — MR. MANN.

There will be Twenty-six Concerts in all—twelve before and fourteen after Christmas—the Thirteenth Concert being on January 16th, and the last of the Series on the 17th of April. The Concerts will commence each day at Three o'clock. The Subscription for Transferable Reserved Stalls for the Twenty-six Concerts is fixed as before, at Two Guineas each Stall.

The number and proportions of the Band will remain as they were last season, and the strength of the Chorus will be maintained at three hundred voices.

The major part of the programmes will consist, as before, of the well-known orchestral and choral works of the acknowledged and favourite masters. At the same time, the introduction of novelties, which has been one of the distinguishing features of these Concerts, will not be neglected. Each miscellaneous programme will contain one work new to the Crystal Palace audience—the composition of a living writer or of a departed master which, from some cause or other, is not yet known to the public.

Besides the use to support of the vocal Works, the Organ recital at the close of last Season by Mr. J. W. Walker will afford an opportunity for occasionally introducing solos on that instrument by the most distinguished players of the day.

Amongst the novelties which it is proposed to bring forward the following may be mentioned:—

"The Woman of Samaria," by Dr. Sterndale Bennett.
The Vintagers' Chorus (first time of performance) and Ave Maria, from "Loreley"—Mendelssohn.
Symphony in D, No. 8, MS.—Schubert. (Form the Vienna treasure, never before performed entire.)
Two Duets for Clarinet and Corno di bassetto—Mendelssohn.
March, *Meistersinger*—Wagner.
Ode to St. Cecilia—Handel.
Te Deum, for Chorus and full Orchestra—Mendelssohn. (First time of performance.)
The Music of "The Conspirators" (*Die Verschworenen*)—an Opereta by Schubert; The Song of Miriam (*Miriams Siegesgesang*); with other vocal works by the same master.
The Song of the Bell—Romberg.
The Musical Glass; and the Music to the Ballet of "Prometheus"—Beethoven.
Adagio and Scherzo for Orchestra—Rubinstein.
Symphony in E flat, No. 3; and Overture to "Hermann and Dorothea"—Schumann.
The Violin Concerto of Herr Max Bruch—viz. in G, Mr. Joachim; and
A new Symphony in E, composed expressly for these Concerts by Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan.

Amongst a large number of more known compositions, it is fourteen be repeat the following:—

The Choral Symphony, and the "Egmont" Music—Beethoven.
"Paradise and the Peri" in an abridged form—Schumann.
The "Tempest" Music—Sullivan.
The Reformation Symphony (Mendelssohn), etc. etc.

Madame Arabella Goddard, Madame Schumann, Mr. Charles Hallé, Mr. Joachim, and other great Solo Performers, will from time to time appear; and the most eminent Singers obtainable will be engaged for the Vocal Department of the Concerts.

Every effort will be made to render the Afternoon Promenades agreeable to visitors by the exhibition of novelties and objects of interest in Art and Manufacture as they may arise.

By Order,

CRYSTAL PALACE, September 1st, 1868. G. GROVE, Secretary.

CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERTS and AFTERNOON PROMENADES recommence THIS DAY, October 3rd. Conductor, Mr. MANN.

Twenty-six Concerts between the above date and 17th April. The subscription for Serial Stalls (exclusive of Admission to Palace) Two Guineas. Plan, stalls, and prospectuses at Palace Ticket-office.

Programme for To-Day (Saturday), includes Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony; Overture, "Oberon" (Weber); Part Overture (Volkmann), first time in England; Arabella Goddard and Arnold Palmieri brilliant (Chopin), first time in London, &c. Vocalists:—Miss Sterndale and Mr. Vernon Rigby. Pianofortes, Herr Pauer. Admission, Half-a-Crown; Guinea Season Tickets, Free.

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ROYAL PAVILION BRIGHTON,

WEDNESDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 7th,

To commence at Three.

MR. R. POTTS begs to announce that he has made arrangements with

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD

FOR

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REMOVAL.

MADAME EMMELINE COLE begs to announce her REMOVAL to 32, ALBANY STREET, Regent's Park.

REMOVAL.

MADAME FLORENCE LANCIA begs to announce that she has REMOVED to No. 42, PORTSDOWN GARDENS, Maida Hill, W.

PIANOFORTE TUNERS.

MESSRS. HIME & SON have a VACANCY for TWO FIRST-CLASS TUNERS.—41, Church Street, Liverpool.

PIANIST and VIOLINIST WANTED for about Three Months. To find their own Rooms and perform at the Bolton Fine-Arts and Industrial Exhibition, in aid of Attendance from Noon one to Nine p.m. The Exhibition is expected to open in October, and close about the end of January. Address, with Terms and References, to the Manager, Methodist Institute, Bowling Street, Bolton, Lancashire.

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MISS EDWARDS begs to announce her return to Town.—130, Sloane Street, Eaton Square, S.W.

MISS CLINTON FYNES requests that all communications respecting Concerts, Pianoforte Lessons, etc., be addressed to her, 27, Harley Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MISS BERRY GREENING begs to announce that she may be engaged for Irish Ballad Concerts and Oratorios in England, Ireland, or Scotland during the Autumn. Northern Tour in England in December. For terms and opinions of the press, address, care Messrs. CHAPPELL, 50, New Bond Street, London, W.

MISS BESSIE EMMETT (Soprano) All communi[illegible]

MRS FYMS requests that all communi[illegible]

MISS BERRY-GREENING begs to announce that she may be engaged [illegible] Concert [illegible] Northern Tour in England in December [illegible] Letters, address, care Mr. Mori, Cavendish, 84, New Bond Street, London, W.

MISS ROBERTINE HENDERSON begs to announce her return to Town. She will sing November 1st, Chichester; 4th, Islington; 7th, Wolverhampton; 10th, City; December 3rd, Islington; 14th, Kidderminster; 21st, Bristol; January 21st, Hackney; February 22nd, St. John's Wood; March 15th, Marlborough; 19th, Newbury. [illegible] Institution.—31, Newman Street, W.

MISS ROBERTINE HENDERSON will sing "ROCK ME TO SLEEP." Bury [illegible] Wednesday Nov. 4th, Chichester, to Mrs. John Sandbrook Pianoforte and Vocal Recital.

MISS LIZZIE LEAVER will play TWO SOLOS on the PIANOFORTE, at Mr. [illegible]'s Concert, at Bay Street Rooms, Mycenae Road, Dalston, on Monday Next, October 26th, and likewise to Mydelton Hall, Islington, on the 4th of November.

MRS. JOHN MACFARREN will play JULES BRISSAC's new, brilliant "VALSE DE BRAVOURE" in her Pianoforte and Vocal Recital at Wandsworth on Saturday Next, Nov. 7th.—Programmes of Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MADAME RUDERSDORFF, MR. VERNON RIGBY and Mr. LAULER, at the BANQUETING ROOMS "I MAYIGANY" ("The Harbour"), at Brighton, November 6th.

MDLLE. LOUISA VAN NOORDEN will sing in the "MESSIAH," "JUDAS MACCABÆUS," Soprano Solo, "HEAR MY PRAYER" at Burslem, Macfarren's "MAY DAY" at Glasgow, South Shields, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Aberdeen, etc., during the present month. Applications for Concert and Oratorio) may be addressed care of her brother, Mr. [illegible] Van Noorden, 27, Bedford Square.

JULES BRISSAC'S New Brilliant "VALSE DE BRAVOURE," will be played by Mrs. JOHN MACFARREN at a concert on Wednesday Nov. 4th, in her Pianoforte and Vocal Recital.—Programmes of Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MR. LEWIS THOMAS will sing "IN SMELTERED VALE," during his Provincial Tour with Madame Sainton-Dolby and party.

MR. BRANDON will sing Herr Kloss's popular song, "THE VALIANT KNIGHT" at Assembly Rooms, Bath, October 30th; and Exchange, Wolverhampton, November 6th.

MR. J. CHURCHILL ARLIDGE (Flautist), begs to inform his Friends and the Public that he has returned from the Continent, and is open for Engagements in Town or Country.—Communications to be addressed to Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street.

MR. WILBYE COOPER begs that all communications respecting Oratorio and Concert Engagements may be addressed—Adelphi Chambers, 1, John Street, W.C.

HERR REICHARDT begs to announce his Return to Town.—Address, Thurloe Cottage, Thurloe Square, S.W.

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(No. 16.)

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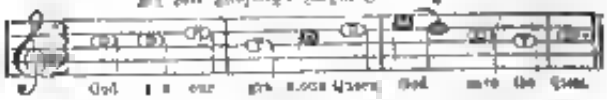

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Mr Mapleson commenced his habitual "short autumn series of performances" on Saturday night of this year—which Mr Gye being accommodating, Drury Lane otherwise engaged and the new Her Majesty's Theatre in embryo, he has leased for the purpose. The opera was *Lucrezia Borgia*, the house was literally crammed, and the Prince and Princess of Wales, with a distinguished company occupied the Royal box. The arrangements of the "auditorium" were such as we have been accustomed to in the autumn and winter seasons, when an English operatic company used to occupy the place of the Italian.

It will not be expected of us to enter into details about an familiar as opera as that of Donizetti—with Mdlle. Tietjens, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Signor Mongini and Mr Santley (German, French, Italian, and English) in the parts of Lucrezia Maffeo Orsini, Gennaro, and Alphonso—parts which they have so often and honourably sustained before London audiences. It is agreeable, nevertheless, to be able to state that the performance with little exception was strikingly good from beginning to end. Signor Arditi was loudly welcomed on taking his place in the orchestra, and each of the favourite singers to whom the chief characters were intrusted was honoured with a special and hearty recognition. In all the great situations of the opera—the unmasking of Lucrezia by the young nobles (*finale* to the so-called prologue), the trio when Alphonso forces him to give the poisoned cup to Gennaro, the duet in which the persuades her unhappy son to swallow the antidote to the poison she has herself unwillingly administered and last, not least, the famous "Madi m'odi," when after revealing to Gennaro the hateful secret that he is himself "un Borgia" she supplicates him on her knees, Mdlle. Tietjens was so impressive as on any occasion we can remember. Madame Trebelli, as amateurs of the Opera are aware, is the best Maffeo Orsini since the days of Alboni, and since that incomparable singer of the genuine Italian school on one else has given the famous drinking song "Il segreto per esser felice" so brilliantly and with so much life-like animation. The splendid tenor voice of Signor Mongini was heard with more than ordinary effect in the interpolated air from *Don Sebastiano*, which, being Donizetti's own, at once disarms objection; but in addition to this, he exhibited in the other parts of the opera a reserve to which he has not hitherto invariably accustomed us. Husbanding his power for the passages of most importance they for this reason alone, were all the more telling when they came. For instance, nothing could be more satisfactory than Signor Mongini's delivery of his part in the trio already named, the simple melody standing out clearly, without overpowering the more dramatic and broken phrases allotted to the other two voices. This trio, indeed, as sung by Mdlle. Tietjens, Signor Mongini, and Mr Santley (whose Duke Alphonso, both in a musical and histrionic sense, approaches nearer and nearer to the desired perfection), was the feature of the evening. The small part of Gubetta was well sustained by Signor Foli. The chorus was efficient, the orchestra excellent, and the entire performance afforded good augury of what is to come. The National Anthem followed the opera.

On Monday night the always popular *Sonnambula* was the opera, and Miss Minnie Hauck, who has had about a year's probation in America, assumed the very arduous part of the heroine. Such an undertaking by a mere girl—for we understand and can readily believe that she has not yet accomplished her 18th year—showed, perhaps, a larger amount of courage than of judgment, and this more especially in so vast a theatre as Covent Garden. But that certain passages in Miss Hauck's Amina were less successful than others and that the whole wanted the completeness of execution which only ripe experience can insure, must in no way be understood to signify that her performance was not one of very remarkable promise. We have, indeed, if the hesitation in singing our belief that the young lady is in possession of most of the gifts which by assiduous cultivation may eventually be turned to brilliant account. She has a pure soprano voice, light and flexible, sweet and penetrating, even throughout its range, and produced in the most legitimate manner. In subdued passages her tones are charming, while the soundness of her training and the excellence of her method are declared by the fact that her intonation is invariably perfect. Her phrasing, too, admirably and if not yet a complete mirror of what the Italians term "agilità," which perhaps can with tolerable fidelity be translated as fluency in the delivery of florid passages, she more than atones for this by minor qualities no less important and valuable. Miss Hauck, in short, is young, and her much to acquire; but her youth, accompanied as it is by a grace of mien natural and prepossessing, may be reckoned as an attraction in itself. It was difficult not to be strongly interested in her from the very moment she appeared, not to wish her success, after the first phrases of Amina's address to her companions, and not to feel convinced at the end of the cavatina that rich promise had been revealed in this one performance. The favourable impression created by "Come per me sereno" and its sequel was more than confirmed by the simple and touching duet in which Amina and Elvino after the jealous fears of the latter have been set aside, take leave of each other for the night, with an oft and tenderly ejaculated "Addio." The whole of this was exquisite, the acting being as easy and natural as the singing was beyond reproach. The "recall" was unanimous and the success indisputable. In the Bed-room scene Miss Hauck was afforded an ancient opportunity of displaying her already very evidently perfect command of the most difficult test among tests for singers. All the sleep action was admirably given, and the gradual dying off of the tones, when with a muttered apostrophe to her beloved Elvino, Amina sinks unconsciously upon the bed while the thoughtful Rodolpho beats a quiet retreat was accomplished to a wish. In the scene that follows, where Amina, unconscious of wrong, vainly endeavours to persuade her jealous lover of her innocence, Miss Hauck exhibited genuine feeling; and what with the impassioned singing of Signor Mongini, who was probably never heard to more advantage than on Monday night, the sensation produced was unanimously favourable, the well-known *morceau d'ensemble* was encored and another loud and general "recall" followed the descent of the curtain. The last act was by far the most trying for the youthful *débutante*, and it is upon this that she must bestow long and persevering exertion before she can hope to be accepted as the Amina which nature has gifted her with the chief requisites to become and which we have no doubt whatever that at no distant date she will become. In the pathetic address to the faded flowers ("Ah! non credea mirarti sì presto assorte") we had once again a beautiful example of mere song singing accompanied by cadenzas and embellishments both new and effective, but the formidable sequel, "Ah non giunge," was scarcely on a par with the rest of Miss Hauck's performance. For the adequate delivery of this—whether due, to a foreigner distressing high pitch of our orchestra or the cause that upon the climax of her evening's exertion depended her more or less qualified success, or whatever else may have been the cause—her powers seemed hardly equal. To make a comparative failure, however, in "Ah non giunge," after having satisfied and in fact delighted everybody in the preceding parts of the opera, is by no means an unpardonable sin; and with the fact before us that Miss Hauck did not achieve all that might have been expected of her in this, which is always expected to be the culminating point in a representation of the *Sonnambula*, we are not the less convinced that the young American lady is destined to become an ornament to a profession in which it is easy enough to attain a merely respectable position, but extremely difficult to win the highest honours. Young talent of a genuine order is now-a-days so rare that to refuse a hearty welcome to the apparition of a dramatic singer of such undeniable promise as Miss Minnie Hauck would be equivalent to showing an indifference to art progress. As an actress, though as young Miss Hauck surprised the audience. One might have thought she had trod the stage for years so easy, natural, and self-possessed was she in all she did.

We have said that Signor Mongini never sang better than on Monday night, and it only remains to add that Mr Santley being indisposed a very excellent substitute was found for him in Signor Tagliafico, whose Count Rodolpho has often been recognised as a capital performance. The Lisa was Mdlle. Baumeister.

On Thursday Miss Hauck again played Amina, and with increased success. The opera announced for this evening is the *Huguenots*.

A Curious Fact.—Until the year 1806, the command of all the trumpeters and kettle-drummers in the Holy Roman German Empire was vested in the Electors of Saxony. It was exactly a century in the year 1730 since the Emperor Ferdinand granted peculiar privileges to "a noble, chivalrous and artistic company of military trumpeters and kettle-drummers." On the 10th November 1730 the trumpeters and kettle-drummers agreed to hold a solemn jubilee in Vienna. They flocked from all parts of Germany and got up, in honour of their patron, St. Gabriel, a grand procession, at which they carried the Imperial banner and the "*Pfalzfahne*" or private flag of Saxony. The jubilee concluded with a musical service in the church, followed of course, by a heavy drinking bout in the tavern.

Bronze and Brown the Curtain.—The French *feuilletonist*, Jules Janin, divided the world domain of art into two great portions, before the curtain and behind it. The former contains those who enjoy, the latter those who supply the enjoyment. How admirable is everything he exclaims, so long as we are before the curtain! Art decks herself out for us, like a bride! She smiles, is all amiability and gentleness. She appears brilliant, happy and respected. Behind the curtain, everything seems quite different. There all art is unsatisfactory. There we behold the poet, as he is puzzling his brains, seeking rhymes, and counting syllables; we see the musicians stamping on the ground, because inspiration will not respond to his call, the painter fetching poor lost creatures from out the streets, that he may strip them and obtain forms for his goddesses and madonnas; and, finally, we behold the beautiful actress, after astonishing everyone, take off her paint, and lay her soul, her passion, on the toilet table with her false hair.

MINNIE HAUCK.

Our contemporaries seem unanimously favourable to this young and interesting *débutante*, for whom we have again to thank Cousin Jonathan, who has already sent us so much for which to be thankful. The thoughtful critic of the *Daily News* says, among other things:—

"This young lady, pupil of Mr. Maurice Strakosch, comes from America, which has already sent us several *prima donnas*, and has proved in other respects that musical culture has rapidly advanced there within the last quarter of a century. Miss Hauck's voice is a high soprano, clear, brilliant and sympathetic in quality. She has a good presence; and her self-possession, under the ordeal of a first appearance before a strange audience, evinced a considerable degree of stage experience. Only a slight nervousness was apparent in the commencement of her opening recitative, 'Caro compagno,' which speedily wore off; and her delivery of 'Come per me sereno' as of the *allegro*, Sovra il sen, was distinguished by so much easiness of execution and truth of intonation as to raise a very favourable impression of the *débutante* who was rewarded with great applause. Her share in the duet with Elvino, 'Son geloso,' was given with much grace and the fall of the curtain was followed by a recall of both singers. In the bed-room duet Miss Hauck gave a good representation of the sleep-walking girl; and in the final scene, her dreamy abstraction in acting and singing evinced much dramatic perception. The 'Ah non credea mirarti' was delivered with elegiac feeling. Her reception was throughout favourable, and she was recalled at the end of each act and at the close of the opera."

The *Morning Star* is even more eulogistic, as a few extracts from its Tuesday's article will suffice to show:—

"Mr. Mapleson has made another most promising discovery. His new *prima donna* is a good one. Miss Minnie Hauck made her *début* on Monday night as Amina, and received almost from the moment of her entrance such a succession as can hardly fail to place her on the roll of those whom the operatic public delight to honour. Though a *débutante* on the boards of our opera, and very young, Miss Hauck is comparatively a trained and facile artist, and we must probably give to her Transatlantic experience, which has evidently been thorough, a self-possession and mastery which placed failure out of the question after Caro compagno had been uttered in a fresh and almost girlish voice. The audience were not long in discerning the presence of a most accomplished singer, and at the sustained high note in the first cantatrice there was a general murmur of satisfaction. Come per me sereno deepened the impression. Indeed, its sustentation, sweetness, and purity not less than its felicity of execution, justified the vigorous attempt to secure an encore. Throughout the first act the new Amina was invariably effective and winning, and the final love duet was distinguished by fresh expression and elasticity. The young cantatrice was warmly recalled. In the second act the more trying portion of Amina's lyric career begins, but the young artist advanced steadily and powerfully with the interest of the opera. Her sleep-walking scene was statuesque and expressive; her forlorn depression on awakening in Amina's unfortunate state was sincere and artistic; and her rendering of the exacting passages which bring the act to a passionate close was generally telling and effective. Another recall rewarded her. In the last act the opening air was given with a delicacy peculiarly appropriate to it, and the whole of the *Sonnambula* music was delivered with perfect and touching earnestness, with proper mysterious repose, and with faultless musical accuracy. Miss Hauck's future appearances will be watched for with much anxiety; but it may at once be recorded that she is a most finished singer and competent actress in the gentle and pathetic role. Her voice is one of great compass and great elasticity of tone, capable of answering with renewed power and beauty nearly all the demands that can be made upon it in the course of an arduous role."

The *Morning Post* says:—

"Bellini's *Sonnambula* as performed on Monday night in the Royal Italian Opera-house, Covent Garden, drew together an audience eager to hear the first notes of the voice of the new soprano, Miss Minnie Hauck. Expectation which has been raised to a high degree by favourable reports of her voice and singing was fully met, and the very hearty reception which was accorded to her must be highly satisfactory not only to herself, but also to the enterprising manager to whom the credit is due of discovering and making known this new and most welcome addition to the lyric stage. Miss Minnie Hauck possesses a voice of much compass and great flexibility. The quality is pure and sweet. The introductory music previous to the appearance of the bright particular star was regarded as uninteresting, but upon that same star being apparent interest was awakened and every critical sense was alive. The first phrase, Caro compagno, sung by Amina, seemed at first to be disappointing, but Miss Minnie Hauck only showed herself to be a true artiste in being dull at first, her singing of the later phrases in the opera telling most forcibly that she had a meaning in being thus dull. Similarly she sang carefully and in every one of her scenes with Elvino her voice and execution were almost perfect. We are really greatly obliged to Mr. Mapleson not only for giving us a short season of opera at this time of the year but for his spirited manner of carrying out his venture by introducing such a charming prima donna as Miss Hauck promises to be. Her first appearance was on great success on my heart could wish, and we shall be curiously anxious to hear her again in other works. Is it not possible that at some not very distant time we may hear her as Rosina, in *Il Barbiere*? It is a part which her voice and special genius for acting seems peculiarly to fit her for."

From an admirably written and well-thought out article in the *Daily Telegraph* we extract the following:—

"Young as the lady is said to be, she looks even younger; so that when she first tripped on the stage in her smart bridal dress, with her bright frank face and laughing eyes, she completely realised the generally-accepted ideal of the Swiss heroine. And the flowing theme of the opening aria, 'Come per me sereno'—as fascinating a melody as any in the most melodious of all operas—served to exhibit a pure soprano voice of singularly fresh and sympathetic quality. Neither very powerful nor very rich, the singer's tones are so bright and transparently clear that they carry with remarkable distinctness. And the lightness of the voice gives Miss Hauck extraordinary facility. In the *cabaletta* of her *scena*—a worthy pendant to the slow movement—the young vocalist did not venture higher than D flat, and our orchestral pitch being so excessive she did well not to indulge in those vocal fireworks which of late have been so much in vogue. But, to judge from the quality of her voice it is capable, we imagine, of much higher flights. Miss Hauck's mezzo voce has a peculiar charm, and it is a most hopeful sign that her singing has no trace of the hateful *vibrato*, which is the prevailing vice of singers of the present day. Naturally suffering from extreme nervousness at first, the *débutante* gained courage as she went on, and sang with much true and gentle expression in the duet, 'Prendi l'anel ti dono,' which brings the first act to a dainty conclusion. Recalled after both the first and second acts, she made her deepest mark in the third—in the long recitative namely, wherein the somnambulist broods in sleep over the thoughts that have disturbed her waking brain. There was genuine feeling in every phrase, and the concluding cadenza was invested by the singer with a remarkable degree of unobtrusive expression. It is a great recommendation to Miss Hauck that she has nothing to unlearn. Her shortcomings are those of youth and inexperience only; her merits are those which should increase with years. There is more of promise in her than in any singer who has lately come before the public. Her future, in fact, is entirely in her own hands."

The *Standard*, *Herald* and *Advertiser* have also short articles, uniformly favourable, while the *Times* devotes to Miss Hauck's *début* an article full of the warmest encouragement, treating it as an event not only of infinite promise but of actual importance.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

These entertainments are being carried on in a manner to which the musical public has now for some years been agreeably accustomed. So long as the directors of the Crystal Palace persist in the liberal course which has enabled them to enrich their concerts from time to time with new treasures, like the previously unknown symphonies and other scarcely less interesting compositions of Schubert, the "Reformation Symphony" of Mendelssohn, &c., so long as a spirit of fair inquiry is shown in the careful production of works like the overtures and symphonies of Schumann, so long as the telling of those by living non-posers who might otherwise get no chance of being heard and judged in this country, and last, not least, so long as Mr. Manns adheres to the laudable custom of making a symphony by one of the great masters the leading feature of each of his programmes, so long will the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts, in the magnificent concert-room which the Crystal Palace directors have built for themselves, be a focus of legitimate attraction to all who care for music that is really music. There are possibly the number of such amateurs increases the latter in art, and it may be in the hope of elevating the taste of the general public. That Mr. Manns's orchestra plays better than any other concert orchestra in England is by this time a fact beyond question, and—allowing for the advantages the continual presence of the nucleus of it, that is to say of the Crystal Palace orchestra proper, which may be heard practising eye phonies, overtures, &c., every day of the week, indefatigably given him—the credit is really his.

Since a long about these concerts we have heard much that is old and good, will enough that is new, if not uniformly good. We have heard for example, the *Eroica*, perhaps, without excepting even the colossal "No. 9," the nightiest of Beethoven's symphonies; we have had the two movements from Schubert's projected symphony in E minor (a Crystal Palace discovery) which the oftener they are given the more deep becomes the regret that a work so rich in promise should have been left unfinished; we have had the fine overture which Mendelssohn wrote of *Ruy Blas*, for Victor Hugo's play of *Ruy Blas*, and the more delicate and finely knit overture with which (in 1833) displeased with an overture upon the same story by Conradin Kreutzer he composed for the "Fair Melusine" and we have had Beethoven's incomparable *Coriolan*—better fitted for the play of Shakspere than for the *Trauerspiel* of H. J. von Collin. These were among the old things that are good. Among the new things must be reckoned the music

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the premonition of the "Mastersingers" from Herr Wagner's "comic" opera, recently brought out at Munich; a concert-air ("The Sailor's Bride") by Herr Johannes Hagen, son-pupil of an unknown called *John the Baptist*, which created anything rather than a lively impression when introduced by Mr. Hullah some eighteen years ago, at which time once at St. Martin's Hall; one of the *morceaux* from *Der König Manfred*, an opera composed by Herr Reinecke, actual director of the Gewandhaus Concerts at Leipsic; a new part-song ("Echoes") by Mr. Arthur Sullivan, and yet another fragment from Mendelssohn's *Loreley*, which was combined with the music already known (including the exquisite "Ave Maria!") from that unhappily incomplete opera. Mr. Sullivan's part-song, which is pleasing and unaffected, might have been better executed. The "Vintagers' chorus" from *Loreley* (instinct with genuine melody and characteristic life), was unanimously called for again; and the results would have been even happier had it been possible to divide the singers into two departments on either side the orchestra, so as to realize the full and original effect designed by the composer. It is interesting, by the way, to know that there exists from Mendelssohn's intended opera still another piece (a march and chorus) all but complete for a speedy hearing of which we may safely look to those who direct musical matters at the Crystal Palace. The pieces we have enumerated were all included in the programmes of the second and third concerts; and from them we may single out, as in every way remarkable, the performances of Beethoven's *Eroica*, the two movements from Schubert's unfinished symphony, and the overture to *Coriolan*. The *Meeresstille* of Mendelssohn (perhaps the most difficult of all overtures to play with the requisite finish) we have heard still better given by the Crystal Palace orchestra. There was also singing, more or less attractive, by Mdlle. Ecquisit, who did her utmost for Eros Hagen's scena, Madame Rudersdorff who, though indulgence was asked for her on account of indisposition, gave great effect to the trying solos in *Loreley*, Messrs. Vernon Rigby and Nelson Varley—besides very admirable performance of Ernst's *fantasia* on themes from Rossini's *Otello*, by our young and gifted English violinist, Mr. Carrodus.

The programme of the fourth concert, which, in spite of the unpropitious weather, drew a large audience on Saturday, was as follows:—

1. Overture (*Le Nozze di Figaro*)	—	Mozart.
2. Symphony No. 4, in E flat, Op. 97	—	Schumann.
3. Aria, "In disem heiligen Hallen"	—	Mozart.
4. Aria (*Robert le Diable*)	—	Meyerbeer.
5. Romance, "Nulla ta to bell' Angelo"	—	Benedict.
6. Variations from Quartet in C	—	Haydn.
7. Lied "Die beiden Grenadiere"	—	Schumann.
8. Valse "Nulla ostina" (*Romeo and Juliet*)	—	Gounod.
9. Ballad, "The Rose Tree"	—	Franz Abt.
10. Overture (*Masaniello*)	—	Auber.

Though in all probability Mozart never heard his very genial and animated overture played so fine, it is no less probable that he never heard it played so well. Every delicate nuance—as the French express it more pointedly than we can—was attained to a wish; and the crescendos, that here and there venture so much piquancy upon certain passages, were managed to perfection. Indeed, if the Crystal Palace orchestra does anything in particular better than any other orchestra with which we are acquainted, it is the crescendo, or gradual increase from soft to loud, and the *diminuendo*, or gradual decrease from loud to soft. Of these peculiarities of execution, however, and more especially of the last, the overture of Mozart (which was enthusiastically encored, and, perforce, repeated) presents few examples when compared with the symphony of Schumann, which, as Mr. Manns claims it to be delivered, seems in a great degree made up of them. This extraordinary work, and extraordinary in its in many ways, was now heard for the first time at the Crystal Palace, though by no means for the first time in England. It appears to us, in some respects, the best, and, in others, the least, admirable of the four symphonies which the amiable composer gave to the art. The first movement ("*Lebhaft*"—or, as the Italians say, "*Vivace*") is, perhaps, on the whole, finer of beautiful, yet only half-expressed ideas than any movement from his pen; the second ("*Sehr mässig*"), which (in a sense) last, was meant by Schumann to assume a popular character—in spite of certain traits wherein the wish to do more than under the circumstances could be desirable becomes evident—as truly straightforward and clearly made out as such a movement ought to be; the slow movement in A flat (*vivace* in time, and the "*Feierlich*" or religious *fête* music, inspired, as Schumann himself informs, "by the grand ceremonial of the installation of the Archbishop as Cardinal in the Cathedral of Cologne, coming directly after are much less to our taste, whatever they do, the last especially, that raising to be Beethoven without the power to be anything like Beethoven, which is so frequent a characteristic of Schumann in his orchestral writings. In the *finale* we see an very little more than an employ a bounty simile, "much heat and little fruit." Nevertheless, criticism set aside, all those who are minded to hear and judge impartially for themselves, are beholden to Mr. Manns for bringing forward this symphony by a master the opinions about whose deserts seem likely to differ perpetually, and for so truly an able and impressive a performance of it. To conclude—it was listened to with decorous attention from beginning to end, each movement finding its admirers and evoking applause more or less hearty, the second, which stands in the place of Scherzo and which we remember being encored at Signor Arditi's concerts in the late Her Majesty's Theatre, bearing away the palm. The Symphony in E flat is one of the maturest examples of the amiable composer's genius, should be heard again; and the sooner the better. The variations from Haydn's quartet, built upon the Theme of the "Austrian Hymn," which tradition gives also to Haydn, was performed by all the string instruments of the orchestra. Although this and other movements from Haydn's quartets have been played after the same fashion at the famous Conservatoire concerts in Paris, we cannot think that the precedent is a good one or one which it is advisable to accept and follow out at the Crystal Palace. Haydn never intended anything of the sort. Moreover he wrote symphonies enough for the orchestra—not more than about a fourth of which have been heard more, by time, and to them it would be far better to have recourse. Besides, to be minutely critical there are no double-basses in Haydn's quartets; and the addition of double-basses, the pitch of which is an octave lower than the violoncellos, appears to us an unwarrantable liberty. Apart from these considerations, the execution was marvellously precise and finished, serving at any rate to show that all the fiddles, big and little, in Mr. Manns's orchestra, are right good fiddles, capable of playing "solo" if required. The variations were loudly encored and repeated from the beginning. Had Mr. Manns any special reason for putting Mozart immediately before and Haydn almost immediately after Schumann? It was hardly fair to Schumann.

The singers at this concert were Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Herr Angyalli, from the Court Theatre at Hanover—his first appearance. Madame Sherrington has never sung more brilliantly or with greater success, than in the first aria of Isabelle, from *Robert le Diable*, which she gave in Italian. Mr. Vernon Rigby imparted real expression to Mr. Benedict's graceful and melodious romance, and Herr Angyalli in the well known air of the high priest, Sarastro, from *Die Zauberflöte*, displayed a fine bass voice, with a sonorous lower "E" that any singer might envy. In the quaint song of Schumann, upon Heinrich Heine's "Two Grenadiers," with its odd burden of the "Marseillaise," Herr Angyalli obtained an encore. The concert ended brilliantly with a capital performance of Auber's always welcome overture to *Masaniello*.

At the 5th concert, to-day, we are promised, among other things, Haydn's *Surprise* symphony, with the overture to *Der Freischütz*, and (first time) Ferdinand Hiller's Concert-overture in A, together with a violin solo by Herr Sternberg, and singing by Madame Sternberg and Madame Osborne Williams. Meanwhile an entirely unknown Symphony by Schubert (No. 6, in C major) is in preparation, as an ante-Christmas *bonne bouche*.

"IF A BARGAIN IS NOT A BARGAIN, WHAT IS A BARGAIN?"

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

Sir,—If Mr. Seni Breeves, or "any other man," announces that he will appear in such a place on a certain evening, and sing three songs—"Sally come up," "The Clock," and "My pretty Jane," I feel so delighted that I at once make up my mind to dishurse the 7s. 6d. which he says he is charged for admission, and go to hear him. Well, I hear him sing that he sings for a fresh I paid—which he bargained to give me for my 7s. 6d.—but I am so charmed with his vocalism and humour so forgetful of the bargain which I made with Mr. Seni Breeves, that I could (with others who fall in the same boat) see him singing six songs instead of three, as was agreed upon in the original contract. I am so carried away by the exquisite rendering of the three songs by Mr. Seni Breeves, that I fail to perceive the injustice of my demand; but on returning to the unfurnished address, a thought strikes me. Suppose I should call upon my customers, and one of them should say—"Oh, Mr. Greeves (I travel for a firm who deal in second hand tombstones), we are so very well pleased with the last supply of church-yard furniture which you sent us, that we must request you to forward us another supply of the same, *at once*, and *for nothing* (of course), or we shall be compelled to close our account with your house."

Now I do not mean for a moment to compare the singing of Mr. Seni Breeves with a bagman's order for second hand tombstones; but verbum sap. Mr. Seni Breeves agrees for a price to sing a certain number of songs; his audience refuse to consider the five shillings and sixpence worth of music with which he supplies them as worth the half crown they have paid, and endeavour to insist upon his giving them 5s. worth instead. On his refusing to rob his wares at half the price they are worth, he is denounced by his customers as shabby, capricious, proud, and so on. As a business man, I feel to appreciate the justice of such a decision, but still it is one which is often arrived at by some close minded audiences.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

London Hotel, Dundee, Oct. 19, 1868. ALFRED PRIMROSE.

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MUSIC IN VIENNA

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

The principal musical event lately—that is to say—the musical event which has created the greatest commotion—was the festival given on the 10th, 11th, and 12th inst. by the members of the Männergesangverein to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the existence of the Society. The most memorable detail of the festival was the ceremony of solemnly laying the first stone of the Schubert Monument in the Stadtpark. This was done at mid-day, on the 12th inst. There was plenty of singing and a great many speeches for more freedom of speech has been allowed in Austria, the worthy Viennese seize every opportunity of enjoying their new privilege. The rest of the proceedings at the Festival included an immense amount of singing, and a vast amount of eating and drinking. The Common Council of Vienna have presented the Society with the gold Salvator Medal. This is the third medal the Society now possesses, as it had already received one from the Emperor of Austria, and one from the Emperor Napoleon. On the 9th inst. the members of the Society gave its founder, Dr. August Schmidt, a brilliant serenade. Dr. Schmidt must feel very proud on witnessing the proud position now held by the body which owes its existence to his perseverance and determination. He must also see a marked change in the condition of things political. The Society gave its first public performance on the 28th January, 1844, in the room of the Golden Cross, "auf der Wieden." At seven o'clock in the morning the majority of the members slunk singly or at most, in couples, through a back door into the house. At the front entrance there were stationed two mysterious individuals, who scrutinized closely every person entering the building, especially if he were not a member but a visitor. These individuals were police-agents, who, at that period thought the State endangered when some thirty young men had the audacity to sing a few choruses to their friends and companions. How different are things now, as regards this once suspected institution. What pleasure it has afforded the inhabitants of this capital and how many times has it nobly come forward to afford material assistance, when a great public calamity has occurred! In all Vienna, there is no more popular Society than the Männergesangverein.

It is, I believe, pretty certain that the new Opera-house will open somewhere about next April. There was a report that the opera chosen to inaugurate it would be Herr R. Wagner's *Meistersinger von Nürnberg*, but such I have very good reason for asserting, is not the fact. An opera by Mozart will be the first ever represented in the new house, though I cannot say which opera it will be. Meanwhile things are going on pretty well at the old house. Dr. Dingelstedt, the manager, who succeeded Sig. Salvi, holds the reins of management with a firm hand. This is a fortunate fact, for when he went away a little while ago, to spend a short time at the sea-side, the absence of a determined will at the head of affairs was at once unmistakably and disagreeably apparent. For instance, *L'Africaine* was announced but Mdlle. Ehnn sent down word that she was not well, and could not possibly appear that evening as Selika. Hereupon the part was sent to Mdlle. Gindele who received it without any remark, and the stage manager rubbed his hands with delight, supposing that he had got over his difficulty. But he was reckoning without his host, or rather without Mdlle. Gindele. That young lady on turning the matter over in her mind thought, no doubt that she had as much right to be indisposed as Mdlle. Ehnn, and at once despatched a messenger to the unhappy stage-manager stating that a change had supervened in her state of health, and that she could absolutely return the part. What was to be done? The stage-manager was at his wit's ends, when it suddenly struck him that Mdlle. Ehnn seeing that the bill was not changed, a circumstance implying that some one else was ready to take her place, might, perhaps, feel strong enough to struggle through the character. On his sending to enquire after her, she sent back word that she thought she could manage to appear that evening. And she did appear and, what is more, went through the opera in the most brilliant manner. On another occasion it was Herr Walther who fell ill, owing to some indisposition which caused him to declare that he would sing only on the express command of Prince Hohenlohe, the Lord Chamberlain in Chief. Fresh despair on the part of the stage manager who begged and prayed the ailing artist to alter his resolve. Being human, Herr Walther at last yielded to the entreaties of the wretched official, and promised to see what he could do. During the overture, he stood behind the scenes, coughing in such a manner as to move a heart of stone. The curtain went up, and Herr Walther went on, as Vasco in *L'Africaine*. Strange to say he never sang better. The reader may imagine what embarrassment is occasioned by such capricious conduct, and how necessary it is to have a gentleman of determined mind, like Dr. Dingelstedt, at the head of the establishment.

We have had a long array of singers from other parts of Germany, but not one of them made such an impression as Herr Southeim lately the Royal Opera-house, Stuttgardt. He first appeared last July, when he sang in a number of operas, including *La Favorita*, *La Juive*, *La Muette*, *L'Africaine* and *Fidelio* with such success that, at the request of the management, he prolonged his visit a week. He afterwards paid us a second visit, when he pleased quite as much as, if indeed, not more than before. In fact, he has become such a favourite that, according to report, an agreement has been entered into, by which he will sing six months in Stuttgardt, and six months in Vienna every year. He is undoubtedly a fine singer, and it is to be hoped that the above report is true, for there are not too many good artists in the company at present, though De Dingelstedt is indefatigable in his endeavours to procure such, either permanently, or long series of performances. He did his best, for instance, to secure Mdlle. Nilsson, but the negotiations fell to the ground on account of the high terms demanded by the fair Swede, namely, fifty thousand francs for six performances. This was considered too much, and consequently the Viennese will not hear the gifted lady in their beloved capital, at least not for the present. It is fair to presume that Herr Niemann is more moderate in his terms, for he is announced for the months of December, January, and February. When he comes, he will have the opportunity of convincing himself that if he has a rival in Herr Wachtel, even at Berlin, he need not fear one in Herr Wachtel, long here. The young man made his *début* as Lionel in *Martha*, but it was very soon painfully apparent that his ambition far exceeded his powers. Study may do something for him in time, but it is not probable that he will ever attain a high position in his profession.

The members of the band of the Imperial Opera-house have announced a series of eight Philharmonic Concerts under the direction of Herr Dessoff for the 8th and 22nd November, the 6th and 20th December, the 17th and 31st January, and the 14th and 28th February. Among the more important compositions will be the fourth, sixth, and eighth Symphonies, the *Leonore* Overture and the Triple Concerto, Beethoven. *Queen Mab*, Berlioz, Interlude from *Medea*, Cherubini. New B minor Symphony, Esser. Overture to *Sakuntala*, Goldmark, Orford Symphony, Haydn. Préludes, Liszt. Third Symphony, *Harold*, and *Rey Blas* Overture, Mendelssohn, Symphony in C, Mozart. Symphony in B flat, and Pianoforte Concerto, Schumann. Symphony in C, Schubert, and symphony in D minor, Volkmann.—There will be two, and perhaps, three different Quartet Soirées this year, namely that under Herr Hellmesberger that under Herr Laub, and—as before remarked, *perhaps*—that of the so-called Florentine Quartet. This is good news for the lovers of really high class music. Herr Hellmesberger's associates are Herren Popper, Dachsch, and Brodsky. Those of Herr Laub, Herren Ehrenfeyer, Hilbert and Röem. The latter will begin next month, when Herr Laub will have special leave granted him from the Moscow Conservatory, where he is one of the professors. Madame Clara Schumann, also, will give a series of concerts in November.

There is every prospect that the long projected Haydn Monument will shortly be a reality, and not exist only on paper. A committee, with considerable funds, has been formed in the Mariahilf district—in which the old master spent the last days of his existence—for the purpose of raising this tardy tribute of respect to one of Germany's greatest composers. Speaking of monuments reminds me of an outrage which seems hardly credible. Some sacrilegious wretches have violated Mozart's monument in the Marxer Churchyard by wrenching out of the pedestal the bronze medallion of the master and the inscription "Gewidmet von der Stadt Wien" ("An Offering from the city of Vienna") in the same metal, and carrying them off, together with one of the candelabra.

"THE FALL OF MAGDALA"

A remarkable application of a fact in history lessons, or likely formed an attraction at the Agricultural Hall. But neither the idea nor the manner of its development is novel. Ke-waza described the battle of Pragin and Jullien planned a hypothetical conflict in his first Army Quadrille. From Koswara a piece written for strumming by the grandsires of this generation sprung the *Fall of Magdala*, engaging almost too enough to have taken ten veritable fortresses. But M. Jullien originated the peculiar treatment of the subject and its division into five sections, which forms the sole resemblance between the piece and an ordinary quadrille. Why the *Fall of Magdala* should have five parts, except that it is termed a quadrille—and why it should be termed a quadrille, except that it has five parts, are questions which perhaps, the authors were asked M. Jullien not being alive to answer and on our side having the remotest notion.

The "programme of incidents" is diffuse, and the connection of incidents and music exceedingly vague throughout. Thus the first figure purports to show the "formation of the assaulting army," the story of Abyssinia's "Insolence," a "lament for the captives," "sounds of sympathy" and "sounds of alarm," "a call to arms," England's heroes rising to assert her dignity, the march of the army, a review and an embarkation. Of this tale we cannot readily detect English one from the other, a difficulty which seems to have occurred to the authors, and caused them to indicate the more prominent events by capital letters. From the rallying point thus [illegible] to possible to set afresh in that fit "preparations for departure," get mixed with the "adieu to the shrine of Asia," and next again with the "hurrah for the dangers of Africa," we can go on to the "[illegible] of the army of India to meet the gallant conquerors" (in capitals), and wait there in a [illegible] chin. The scene of Part 2 is laid in Abyssinia and shows among other things, the "revels of the African savages in the wild fastness of their native land." This is done in orthodox fashion by much syncopated drumming, cymbal clashing and tom-tom beating as an accompaniment to a series of consecutive fifths. There is also variation for flutes and clarinets, to meeting which the programme makes only the following mysterious announcement. "The music descriptive of the accompaniments will vary in the several performances." Part 3 depicts the "landing of Queen's men." Here again the listener gets befogged. Tram's Shah of Beloochee was [illegible] intelligible (though why it should be echoed from a distant refreshment-room is a puzzle) but the preparations for marching and the "grand army in motion" with elephants, camels, and [illegible] hard at work are simply confusion. From this we emerge at a capital battered "advance of the cavalry," the signal for which is given by Mr. Levy who plays solo at every possible opportunity. Part 4 is devoted to the "grand march of the army" and would be intelligible enough but for an assurance that the music is "deep pipes of the march of the infantry up the steep passes, through the gloomy defiles, and across the vast plains of a fertile country." This complication the thing sadly. At length we reach Part 5 and the usual fall of Magdala. Our sympathies are wasted for the captives by hearing Mr. Levy play "Home, sweet Home," and we exclaim in the "sudden unusual glad tidings" (we should exclaim more if we can exactly when it came), and at the "[illegible] of the different regiments." First marches down a staircase and across the hall a rifle band (Irish). In like manner come the "Campbells," announcing that last on their pipes, these are followed by the "British Grenadiers" and the whole combine on the [illegible] for a "grand assault" in which the "martial sons of India" are well represented by an one gaily black faced drummer. Of course the assault is victorious, and twenty Union Jacks, born aloft by the "Naval Brigade," wave over the dismantled fortress of England's Ethiopian foe." Such is the latest development of applied music.

P. M. G.

THE RIGHTS OF ENGLISH MUSICIANS.

To the Editor of the "Musical World"

Sir,—My worthy coadjutor who styles himself "An Anglo-Saxon," having scented a vigorous pen about the "Rights of English Musicians," I venture to offer a few more remarks to substantiate his views, and prove to the courteous Editor of this widely circulated journal (who last week expressed his judicious and impartial opinion) that Englishmen have more reason to court than to shun comparison with foreign artists. To render this assertion clear and undeniable, I beg to offer a synopsis of the career of one of our favourite West-end theatres in its palmy days, when Mr. Charles Kean latinised a fortnight upon his particular realisations of Shakspere.

That accomplished actor was one of the few managers who laid the real importance of good and appropriate music, and was therefore, a liberal paymaster. During his long career at the Princess's Theatre the music and the band were excellent. Mr. J. L. Hatton (then the musical director) by himself in full wonderfully aided the success of Mr. Kean's matchless productions. When that theatre was transferred to Mr. Augustus Harris, the conductorship of the orchestra was worthily represented by Mr. W. H. Montgomery, and at another musical change placed the Prince in Thee regards the control of Mr. Viking, we found the musical department equally well as talented by Mr. Charles Hill, a most characteristic musician, aided the effect of the drama produced under the direction of Mr. Viking and Mr. Boucicault. Surely an foreigner who has succeeded in obtaining the directorship of an English theatrical orchestra can have sufficient assurance to imagine himself as competent as either of the above-named conductors? With pride in my countrymen I unhesitatingly affirm that English musicians who have been thoroughly trained to public orchestral duties need fear no competition with foreigners, except in price and tale, unfortunately, is a question wherein managers must exercise their own judgment.

In the cause of the Royal Academy of Music, which every true-hearted English musician ought to espouse, I am proud of my co-operation with "an Anglo-Saxon" who infuses so much spirit and shrewdness into his remarks. Upon this theme which also collates our warm sympathy, I would upon future occasion, rather enlarge than become tedious now and encroach upon the space required by more frequent correspondents.—I have the honour to remain, Mr. Editor, your obliged servant and

A Lover of Harmony and Home.

CRITICS AND THEIR CRITICS.

To the Editor of the "Sunday Times"

Sir,—The admirable article under the above heading in your issue of the 11th inst. will do good. As one of the oldest of London editors and musical critics, I feel much gratified at the tone and temper of the writer of the article to question who has called attention to what was becoming really more than a nuisance, but what is a scandal and injury to art. It is really too bad that our low-class (and consequently obscure) musical publications, as a rule, private spleen and malevolence should make it a system of attacking personally the writers who, in musical matters are charged by leading daily and weekly journals to a [illegible] and critique art and artists. The modus operandi of the ill-conditioned critic who criticizes his contemporaries is, first to create a false impression of a journalist, secondly to satisfy personal and interested motives and thirdly to insinuate positive corruption. When the writers of slander are not used as a result is constituted in such but a more favourite method is "giving a hint" to a critic to take advantage of a trivial error or of a lapse, and to turn them aside tale to account as a vehicle to ascribe ignorance. It is of course well known that the reporters at musical festivals have to write so often than to get off their copy between a morning and an evening performance, and that the opportunity of correcting proofs is not afforded. Once all the most distinguished of London critics—on the words "musical pilgrims" printed "musical pirates" and a figure has reprinted more to make (until) than within the present century. These mistakes were obvious to reading the article of the ill-writer in question, but the low-class and ill-conditioned journalist does not hesitate to make capital out of the typographical blunders. Another of the critics at the Gloucester festival fared still worse for not consent with turning against him a [illegible] of "Spohrid characters in the more [illegible] "Spohrid [illegible]," the writer was accused of intoxication and corruption. Then the publication in which this libel was printed warrant to [illegible] and made to feel that even in criticising critics, gross and scandalous libels could not be permitted, even if it tended [illegible] popular commentary. The *Sunday Times* deserves the thanks of the musical circles in calling attention to what was growing evil. If writers are to preserve their independence they must not be subjected to personal attacks because they fearlessly give their opinions on composers and executants. It must not be forgotten that just as opinion after all decides questions of art. It is utterly impossible for all the Press put together to sustain a bad work or an indifferent artist, and in the attempt to sustain either to resort to the practice of wheeling the plaintiff's attorney will not have the slightest effect in making the world believe in protection or authority. Critic baiting and badgering may be good sport to the individual but it will not help his pet or mistaken, so the case may be.—I remain, sir, yours obediently,

Ex-Editor.

Paris.—The Hungarian pianoforte virtuoso, Franz Jachmann, who has been travelling since 1861 through Siberia, India and Japan, gave a concert here on the 20th May last. It was the first concert ever given in the capital by an European. The audience included the diplomatic corps, rich Chinese Mandarins, Russians, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, Spaniards, Americans, and the representatives of seven more nationalities.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
ST. JAMES'S HALL.

ELEVENTH SEASON, 1868-9

DIRECTOR—MR. E. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

The Director begs to announce that the

ELEVENTH SEASON OF THE MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS

WILL COMMENCE ON

MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 16th,

And that the Performances will take place as follows:—

MONDAY,	November	23	1868.	MONDAY	JANUARY	25	1869.
MONDAY	"	30	"	MONDAY	FEBRUARY	1	"
MONDAY	"	30	"	MONDAY	"	8	"
MONDAY,	DECEMBER	7	"	MONDAY	"	11	"
MONDAY	"	14	"	MONDAY	"	22	"
MONDAY	JANUARY	4,	1869.	MONDAY,	MARCH	1	"
MONDAY	"	11	"	MONDAY	"	8	"
MONDAY	"	18	"	MONDAY	"	15	"

SEVEN MORNING PERFORMANCES will be given on SATURDAYS, JANUARY 23, 30; FEBRUARY 6, 13, 20, 27; MARCH 6 [1869].

For the accommodation of those who may desire to occupy the same seats every performance, the Director will continue to issue subscription tickets at £2 [transferable], entitling holders to special arm stalls, as rated by themselves for the whole series of twenty-three concerts—viz., sixteen Monday evenings and seven Saturday mornings.

Subscription to the Sole Stalls for the Seven Morning Concerts, £1 10s.

Herr Pauer will be the Pianist on Monday Evenings, November 16th and 23rd. M. Sainton and Herr Strauss are engaged as Principal Violins for the Opening Concerts until Christmas.

Signor Piatti will hold the post of Principal Violoncello from the First Concert till the End of the Season; Herr L. Ries Senior, Violin; and Mr. Henry Hargrove, Tenor of Viola.

Madame Arabella Goddard and Mr. Charles Hallé will both appear during January and February.

Madame Schumann is engaged for a limited number of concerts in February and March.

Herr Joachim will make his first appearance on Monday, January 4th, and remain until the close of the season in Lent.

Mr. Benedict will occupy the post of Conductor as heretofore on all occasions.

Subscribers' names received by Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse & Co., 48, Cheapside; and 11 Austin's No. 23 Piccadilly.

Le Pistoire de Palmerin d'Olive fils de Roy Florendos de Macedoine et de La Belle Grand Fille de Rosiclin, Empereur de Constantinople, by Jean Maugin, dit le Petit Jagmin. A perfect copy of this extremely rare Romance to be sold for Thirty-five Guineas.

Enquire of Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

NOTICE.

The Musical World *will henceforth be published on* Friday, *in time for the evening mails. Country subscribers will therefore receive their copies on Saturday morning. In consequence of this change it is urgently requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday, otherwise they will be too late for insertion in the current number.*

To Advertisers.—*The Office of the* Musical World *is at Messrs.* Duncan Davison & Co.'s, 244 *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received at late as Three o'clock* P.M. *on Thursday, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

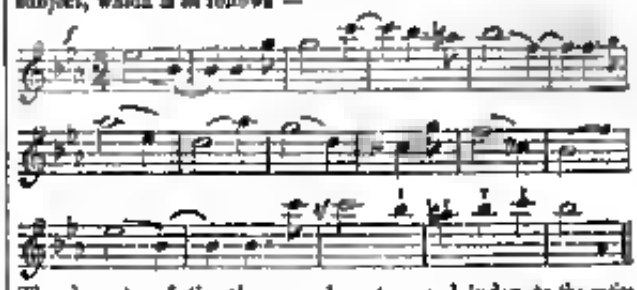
LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1868.

SCHUMANN'S THIRD SYMPHONY.

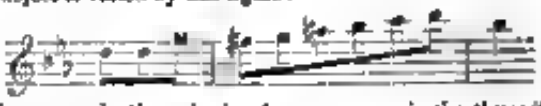
It is unnecessary to explain why we give special attention to the great feature of last Saturday's Crystal Palace programme. The importance of the work, its novelty, and the contested position of its composer, are reasons which suggest themselves.

The story of Schumann's E flat Symphony is brief. First inspired—according to the composer—by a sight of Cologne Cathedral, and partly shaped by a religious ceremonial it was written in 1850 and produced at Düsseldorf in February of the following year. Who gave it the name of "Rhenish," and why, are equally doubtful. Schumann claimed for some of the movements a national character, and the Rhine is a national river, flowing, moreover, beneath the walls of the Köln-suggesting cathedral. These are the only facts which at all account for the title. The Symphony was first presented to an English audience by Signor Arditi in 1865. The following year witnessed its performance at a concert of the defunct Musical Society of London, and on Saturday at the Crystal Palace it was given for the third time. Such is the uneventful history of a work that deserves to be better known.

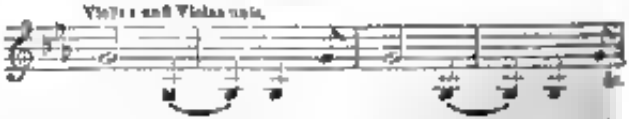
The opening movement (*Vivace*) dashes at once into its first subject, which is as follows:—



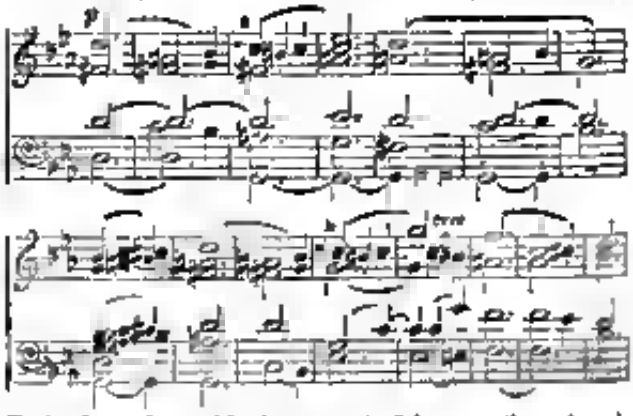
The character of this theme makes it a good index to the entire movement, about which curiosity is at once aroused. It is impossible not to feel that the composer has something original to say and means to say it in an original fashion. At the outset, then, we are put upon good terms with him. A brief development of the subject is varied by this figure:—



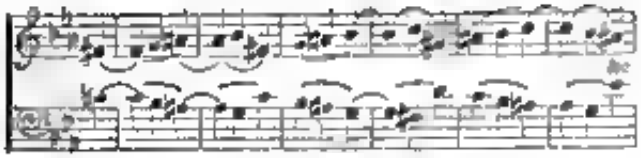
and by one evidently springing from a passage in the theme itself, which will easily be recognized:—



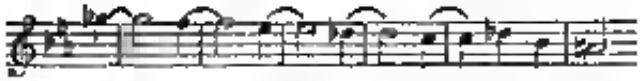
With these materials the composer works till he brings in a melodious second subject allotted in the first instance, to the reeds. How charming a contrast is here obtained will require no showing.



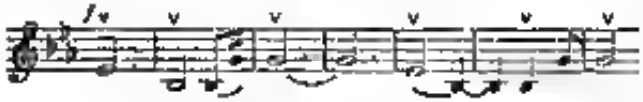
Evidently in love with the contrast, Schumann then abruptly passes to a slightly varied form (in B flat) of his first theme; after which he returns (less abruptly) to the second. Without seriously attempting to develop either, he next leads to a full close in the just named key, and passes, by means of the unison figure given above to the second part. This opens with two *fff* outbursts on G major and C major respectively, which herald an elaboration of the second theme. The following sequence (on a pedal D) soon arrests attention:—



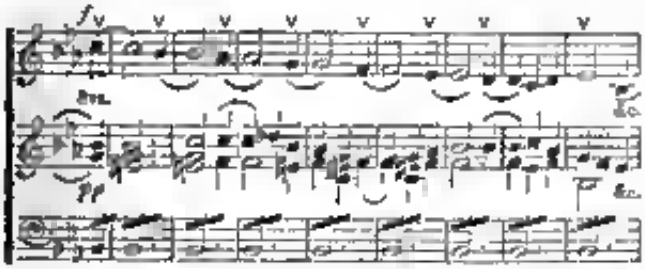
as does this also—a derivative, by-the-bye, from theme the first:—



The latter will be found playing an important part eventually. Now, however, the former is some largely used, doing specially good service by leading up *crescendo* to a climax in A flat minor, where trombones, bassoons, and bass strings announce the *reprise* of the first theme. This enters *tutti* upon an enharmonic change to B major, and is treated after a fashion as interesting as it is masterly. Waiving quotation, we go on to where the passage just given—heard through many previous bars—assumes its greatest importance. Let us remark first, however, that the Symphony presents no more interesting point, nor one more original and effective. A *pp* 6-4 chord on B flat is sustained by flutes, oboes, and strings, while the horns and trombones—joined after four bars by bassoons—have the suggestion of the opening phrase:—



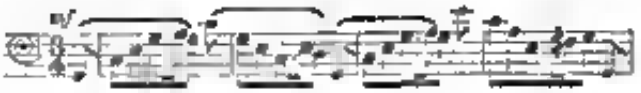
The same instruments then introduce the sequence alluded to above, with an accompaniment of flutes, oboes, and strings, still *pp*, but as here indicated:—



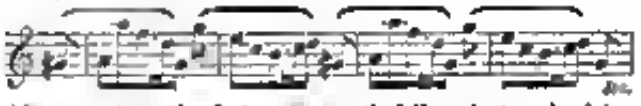
This is really the climax of the movement, and the composer repeats, in various keys, the suggestion above quoted preparatory to resuming his first theme in the tonic, and travelling once more over ground now made familiar. Thence to the vigorous *coda* there is little calling for remark.

It is not too much to say that in this movement Schumann appears at his best. Elsewhere he often conveys the idea—we put the case mildly—of one whose thoughts exceed his power of expression. Here, on the contrary, while retaining all his individuality, and giving utterance to uncommon ideas, he is never even vague. Moreover there is about the music what on the turf would be called "staying power." It never flags, but from the first bar to the last assures us the composer is working within his means. Without doubt wherever the *Vivace* is heard, the claims of Schumann to be a master of music in its highest form will have the advantage of powerful advocacy.

If Schumann clearly intended the *Scherzo* to have a popular character, and not less evidently did he achieve his purpose with marked success. The two subjects, though necessarily a contrast, might well have been *Volkslieder*, such is their simplicity and quaint expressiveness. The first is in two sections, whereof one is given out by violas, cellos, and bassoons (to a simple accompaniment) as follows:—

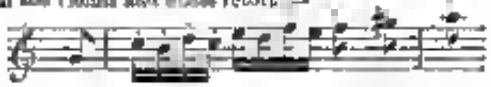


This is repeated, with the addition of second violins and clarinets, before the second section is announced by first violins, flutes, and oboes, as thus:—

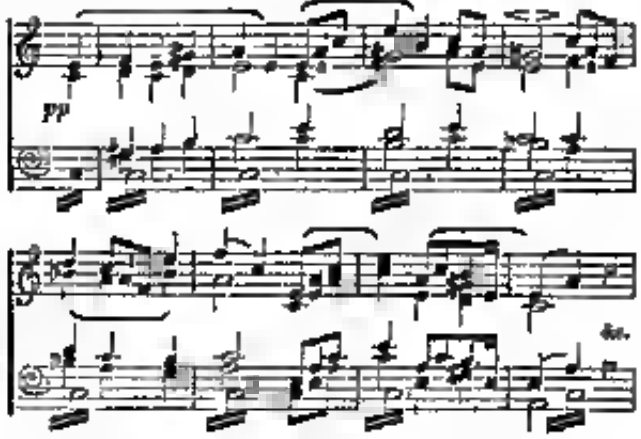


After repeating the first section with full orchestra—in doing which a most happy use of the *sforzando* is made—the composer becomes humorous, and his pages ripple all over with pleasant laughter. First the violoncellos and bassoons make their little joke:—

to which the violins and oboes retort:—



and one after another the various instruments join in the mirthful gossip till those which first started the *Lied*, helped by the hitherto silent trombones, roar out its first strain once more, after a fashion not unknown at specially festive gatherings. But now the wind, brass, and wood become suddenly serious, indulging in the following plaintive strain:—



All through this, however, as through the second part of the same theme, the violins and violas do not forget the little joke of the bassoons and cells:—

which they keep whispering to each other till once more the jovial first strain bursts forth. Finding this congenial, they join in it heartily. Out of the materials here indicated Schumann has constructed a movement of the pleasantest character, one, moreover, which partakes in no small degree of the graceful, easy elegance, as well as the refined humour, of his friend and superior, Mendelssohn.

(To be continued.)

We regret to hear that Rossini is suffering from a chest complaint, and also from fistula. Dr. Nélaton has been specially engaged to attend the illustrious sufferer who, if we may credit the latest bulletin, is sufficiently recovered to leave Passy for his winter quarters in the Rue Chaussée d'Antin.

Odd Thoughts

When Hodges heard that the Bishops and Deans of Gloucester, Hereford, and Worcester had resolved upon the performance of church music only at the Three Choir Festivals, he remarked—"Charity without sounding brass and tinkling cymbal is nothing worth." The churchwardens should not go to sleep during lessons; nevertheless he may be a prophet.

The Italian Government are preparing a bill to prohibit the exportation of boys for organ-grinding purposes. Alas! poor "land of song!" thus to throw away the last rag of her musical supremacy. No great operas—no great singers, and now no little organ-grinders—nothing but sterility. *Sic transit.*

The Portsmouth folk gave a dinner to Lord Napier of Magdala the other day, at which the toast-master of the evening caused roars of laughter by calling out in a loud voice "My lords, ladies, and gentlemen, pray, silence for a row." The "row" turned out to be a trio by a party of glee singers. Sir Caper O'Corky, who was present, tipped the man half-a-crown, and protests him to be a wag of the first water.

Apropos of squaring the circle, a correspondent, who signs "Mens Musicus," tells us that the French Academy of Sciences is in possession of a considerable bequeathal, as reward for any dense agitator who may hit upon the precise quadrature of the circle. As well might one try to achieve the number or "square" a sharp lawyer. "Mens Musicus" says that (according to Human Mayhem and Shirley Brooks) Beethoven had nigh done all three for the scheme of his "No. 9." Has "Mens Musicus" read the *Amphitheatrum, &c.* of Lucilio Vanini (or Julius Cæsar Vanini)? If not, he should be called Mauve Amete. The facts are simply these—and the reason why runs may read. Only but now it was suggested by Thiers (urged on by Auber) that the republication of the decision come to by the Academy as far back as 1775, of never some devoting attention to solutions of the duplication of cube, trisection of angle, perpetual motion by a machine, and quadrature of circle should be tendered on. Thiers (and Auber) justified this course, as regards the latter, by remarking that many persons, ignorant of mathematics, and labouring under the impression that sums were to be handed over in case of solving that problem, devoted time to it, neglecting business and the interests of their families and occasionally losing reason by such a vain pursuit. And among these persons we, with a certain amount of satisfaction, place "Mens Musicus."

We expect dark sayings from a *Sphinx*, but there is no precedent for bad logic. The *Sphinx* of Manchester is bemazed. It said "Beethoven refused to write a libretto which was not perfectly pure and for this reason we have only one opera from his pen. But it is difficult to believe that we have suffered any loss, when we remember that that one opera is *Fidelio*." Whereupon we said, "Will somebody expound to us how *Fidelio* proves that we have lost nothing by having only one opera of Beethoven's." Thereupon the *Sphinx* rate us, "If the *Musical World* overheard us say to a young lady 'It is difficult to believe that all the angels are in heaven as long as you are on earth,' it would immediately ask, 'How does the existence of Miss Slash prove that all the angels are not in heaven?' Will somebody expound the parallelism? The *Sphinx* is to us as puzzling as was Jack Bunsby's oracular utterances to Solomon Gills. But, doubtless, its Captain Cuttle is somewhere. Let him come forward.

Frankfort-on-the-Maine.—The musical season is in full swing. The Museum Concerts have begun, and so have the Quartet Soirées of Herr Hermann. At the first Museum Concert, the programme comprised Symphony in C major by Schubert; Concerto Overture in A major by Jul. Rietz; Concerto in G minor Mendelssohn and Scherzo in B minor Chopin (both played by Mad. Clara Schumann) and some vocal pieces (air from *The Creation*—together with songs by Mendelssohn and Schumann) sung by Madlle. Orgeni. At the theatre Auber's *Fra Diavolo* has been most successfully produced.—A grand instrumental and vocal concert will be given in November by the Band for the benefit of their Benevolent Fund. Herr Franz Lachner will conduct the last new "Suite." Herr and Mad. Joachim also, will lend their valuable assistance.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

On Saturday the Quire Choir gave a concert in St. James's Hall, which was largely attended. This choir is formed from the employés of Messrs. Burns's wholesale bookbinding establishment in Hatton Garden. It numbers a 120 voices, and is conducted by Mr Burns, jun. The part-singing on this occasion was most creditable, the voices are fresh and well balanced, and little is wanting in regard to precision. Mendelssohn's part-songs, "The open sea," "Farewell to the Forest," and the same composer's 43rd Psalm, "Judge me, O God," were received with much favour as were also Handel's chorus, "Then, round about the starry Throne" and Farrant's anthem, "Lord, for Thy tender mercies," whilst some German *Volkslieder* and Medley's "My bounie Lass" evoked immense applause. A few professionals were engaged. Miss Emily Chapman gave the "Spirit of Spring" and Mr Sims Reeves sang Miss Amy Coyne's charming "Farewell, for ever fare thee well" (from her set of six songs) very creditably. Miss Coyne played a "Rhythmische studie" and "Gavotte" by Hillm, with much taste and effect. Mr Frank Elmore was encored in John Barnett's "Normandy Maid" and Reichardt's "Thou art so near," and Mr Lazarus was similarly honoured in two new solos by Salieri and Lee otte respectively. Mr Lazarus was admirably accompanied by Mrs Burns, sister of the director. Mr Burns, who must be congratulated on the success of his concert, conducted very carefully.

Wolverhampton Institution.—A performance of the *Antigone*, long looked forward to, was given on Tuesday last, with the same complete success, by the Wolverhampton Choral Union, a society which has for some time past stood first in the rank of provincial choral associations. There was a large and even the spacious hall being completely filled both upstairs and down. The version of the tragedy given was that in blank verse, by the late Mr W. Bartholomew, and the parts were recited by well qualified elocutionists, Mr Gadsby, the conductor of the society, taking that of Creon. Miss Alice Austin representing Antigone; Mrs. Harrison, Ismene; Mr W. J. Rayner, Haemon; and Mr W. Weller, who filled another Sentinel. The unimportant part of the Queen Eurydice was omitted; but in all other respects the performance was complete. Mr Gadsby in a few preparatory remarks, sketched the history of the Greek tragic drama, and gave the arguments of *Œdipus Tyrannus*, *Œdipus Coloneus* and the *Antigone*. The rendering of the choruses was excellent, and in only one case was there the slightest room for fault-finding. This occurred in the chorus, "Amazement at the power of Olympus" when a portion of the chorus got slightly astray. An encore was awarded to the polished singing of the quartet, "O, Eros! all conquering power," by Messrs. Lord, Evison, Musgrave, and Hubbard. Mr F. H. Cousins presided at the pianoforte and his brother Mr Sidney Cousins, at the harmonicon.

Bermondsey.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—A concert was given on the 21st inst. in aid of the funds for the British Schools. A pretty selection was given in which Mrs Helman Andrews and her two young daughters rendered valuable help. The concert commenced with a pianoforte solo well played by Mr Hunt, followed by Bishop's round, "Yes 'tis the Indian Drum," charmingly rendered by Miss Andrews and her daughters. One of the latter sang with remarkable facility of execution "Tell me, my Heart," which the audience would willingly have heard again. Mr Gauze's song was well received, as also were Mr Whitelo's efforts. The lovely duet "Summer Hours" (encored), again displayed the pure style and clear enunciation of the Misses Edith and Gertrude Andrews. A pleasant recitation by Mr Jones followed. Mrs Hunt gave Schira's exquisite "Sognai" extremely well, receiving an encore. The second part comprised among other things a beautiful song, "Mary—bereft of thee" (Chistlar's "Laurel on Mary of Scots leaving France") composed by Mrs. Helman Andrews, and sung by her with the clear and perfect enunciation of a genuine artist. Mrs. Hunt generally pleased the audience in Weber's duet "O fairy wand." This was followed by Osborne's song, "When at my Window?" Miss Gertrude Andrews, which being loudly re-demanded, she gave "Spirit of good" with charming taste and feeling. Two excellent recitations by Mr W. H. Jones, varied the entertainment.

The *Creation* was given at the Agricultural Hall, on the 23rd inst., with Mdlle. Liebhart, Mrs. Sidney Smith, Mr Nelson Varley, and Mr Orlando Christian as principals. Owing to some misunderstanding the performance began late, but the audience were easily appeased as soon as they heard the very impressive "Description of Chaos." All the solos were well delivered.

Bremen.—The operatic season under the new management bids fair to be very satisfactory, and the company is exceedingly good. *Faust*, *Dinorah*, *Tannhäuser*, *Hans Heiling* and *Le Prophète*, are among the operas announced for the approaching "*Frühmarktswoche*," the Carnival of this ancient old Hanse-Town.

PROVINCIAL.

The *Liverpool Daily Post* publishes a long article upon the "Pianoforte Recital" given by Madame Arabella Goddard, on Saturday afternoon (October 24th) in the small concert room, St. George's Hall, Liverpool. "Of all the musical celebrities who come amongst us from time to time" (says our contemporary) "not one is more cordially welcomed or listened to with more gratification than Arabella Goddard. She favoured the audience, on this occasion, with an excellent selection of compositions, including some pieces not often heard in the provinces, and the recital was agreeably diversified with songs by Miss Annie Edmonds." The programme, including Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 79, a Study by Chopin, S. Heller's "Tempo," two of Mendelssohn's posthumous *Etudes* separated by a *Lied ohne Worte* from Book 7, Schubert's *Fantasie-Sonata* in C, and Thalberg's "Home, sweet Home," has already been cited more than once. We, therefore, merely reprint the critical remarks of the Liverpool Journal:—

"The music-loving portion of our townspeople are so well acquainted with Madame Goddard's merits as a pianist, that comment thereon is utterly unnecessary. We shall, therefore, merely repeat what we have stated substantially again and again—that her playing is a manifestation of unparalleled manipulative skill and exquisite taste. The accuracy and clearness with which she executes the most difficult and intricate passages, and the ease and beauty with which she produces the various gradations of tone, are truly marvellous. These qualifications, united to her inimitable phrasing, and intelligent, conscientious interpretation of the ideas embodied in the works she selects for performance stamp her as one of the most gifted artists of the day. The recital of Saturday left no room for criticism for it was perfection, and every section of it a treat. Each piece received ample justice at the hands of the talented performer, and each was followed by the most genuine, unmeaning marks of unqualified approval and admiration, Madame Goddard being several times re-called.

"Miss Edmonds sings with remarkable freshness and purity and in a simple, unaffected style, calculated to leave a very favourable impression upon her auditory. The manner in which she rendered Haydn's greatly flowing melody, 'My mother bids me bind my hair,' and Arne's quaint, but delicious old ballad, 'When daisies pied,' is especially noteworthy. The audience evinced by long-continued applause, their hearty appreciation of her efforts, and many expressed a hope that they might have an opportunity of hearing her again ere long.

"We may add that Madame Goddard performed upon a concert grand pianoforte by Messrs. Broadwood and Sons, a superb instrument furnished by Messrs. Kline and Son, of Church Street."

The *Yorkshire Gazette* of Oct. 17 has the subjoined remarks upon the "Pianoforte Recital" given by Madame Goddard at York on the Wednesday previous, of which a local correspondent forwarded a brief account to us last week:—

"Madame Arabella Goddard visited this city for the first time professionally on Wednesday night, and gave a pianoforte performance in the Festival Concert-room. The music selected for recital was Mozart's Sonata in E flat, No. 6. A selection from Mendelssohn's last book of *Lieder ohne Worte* (Eighth Book—Posthumous); *Invitation à la Valse*, Weber; Grand Sonata (*Pastoral*) in F, Op. 28, Beethoven, and Thalberg's *Mosè* in *Egitto*. This selected constituted a rich programme of classical music, and we have no doubt that all who heard it would merely thank the compiler of the printed programme, for the interesting letter-press description of the several items. We never heard Madame Goddard to better advantage. Always artistic in style and exquisite in manipulation, the lady on this occasion seemed to give an interpretation of the music more effective even than usual, and the audience evidently appreciated the performance with an interest akin to what is often manifested by a literary audience when listening to an able or eloquent lecturer. This interest was maintained throughout the concert, and Madame Goddard's example will, we have no doubt, be of vast service to students of the pianoforte who only occasionally hear perfect examples. Apart, then, from the passing gratification of hearing such performances, by habitual attendance at concerts, a permanent advantage would be gained by the pupils of all teachers. It is said that, to be perfect in the manipulation of the pianoforte, the player must (apart from musical taste and knowledge) be possessed of a peculiar and exquisite sense of touch in order to produce every gradation of tone. This sensibility Madame Goddard appears to possess in an extraordinary degree. Under her fingers the instrument is vigorous and inspiriting as if sings with pouting delicacy and feeling, as displayed in the *andante* movement in Mozart's sonata or in Mendelssohn's exquisite *Lieder*. In the latter music, Mendelssohn's, who has no better interpreter than Madame Goddard. An contrasted with his greater works, Mendelssohn's songs appear to be the unusual outpings of his leisure moments, casual ideas or inspirations too good to be lost, and hence wrought into their present shape; all simple in character, but only to be performed by those who possess a cultivated taste. Every song breathes a different but marked sentiment, requiring no words to make it understood. Beethoven's 'Pastoral Sonata' would, we imagine, be considered the most classic achievement of the evening. Its performance was marked by great care and the several movements were received with sincere applause. Weber's *Invitation à la Valse* and Thalberg's *Mosè* were perfect in every sense, and brought down hearty applause, the first receiving a determined encore, in response to which Madame Goddard, as usual, gave the 'Harmonious Blacksmith,' in the playing of which she is said to excel all other pianists.

"The concert was varied by the really charming singing of Miss Annie Edmonds. Her voice (soprano) is of the sweetest character, exquisite in tone and perfect in compass, and it is used with all the grace of an accomplished and highly-educated singer. The lady was her own accompanist, and most judiciously she gave this adjunct. The songs she sang were the 'Shepherd Song,' Mendelssohn; 'Swedish Winter Song,' Mendelssohn; 'Should he upbraid,' Bishop; and 'Where Bautier goes,' Dr. Arne. We venture to say that Miss Edmonds' singing of this selection would create a desire in many of the young ladies of the audience to attempt the same songs, and a very laudable desire too. Would it not be captivating in any of the fair ladies present to be able to sing, as did Miss Edmonds—

> "Hath the sweet spring hath the sweet spring
> And thus sings he, cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo!
> O! pleasing sound! O! pleasing sound!
> While Echo answers all around."

Newcastle.—This town has reason to rejoice in the possession of Mr W. Rea, who not only plays the town organ like a master but conducts concerts like a man of enterprise and taste. On the 22nd inst. Mr Rea introduced to his friends and neighbours no less an artist than Mr Sims Reeves, who was accompanied by Madame Patey-Whytock, Miss Rashe, and Mr Patey. Of Mr Reeves and his performance the *Daily Journal* remarks:—

"The great tenor was in magnificent voice, and was announced to sing two compositions with which his name will ever be identified—Deeper and deeper still, and 'Tom Bowling.' In the first-bedded Mr Reeves was superb, and Handel's glorious recitative and aria were sung as, perhaps, never before. Mr Reeves was compelled to re-appear in answer to a very noisy ovation, 'Tom Bowling' elicited even more decided marks of approbation, and being recalled, Mr Reeves favoured his hearers by giving 'My Pretty Jane' as he alone can sing it. Indeed, the effort was, in some respects, his most successful one, and he retired amidst a perfect storm of applause. Mr Reeves' wonderful powers appear to be in their very prime. Never before has he sung in this town with the same amount of artistic finish and refinement. Received always of a vocal organ astonishing for its compass, power, and brilliancy, he has never on any previous occasion proved more completely how his natural gifts are under control. The exquisite finish and delicacy with which all the noble fragments were executed, the refined taste he exhibited, and the enormous amount of pathos and expression thrown into the magnificent recitative of Handel and the simple ballad of Dibdin must have astounded his greatest admirers."

The other artists appear to have given great satisfaction.—Mr Reeves and party also appeared at the next concert of the series, which was so well attended that a crowd in the gallery sought relief from pressure by climbing into the ventilator. Of our great tenor's singing on this occasion the journal before quoted remarks:—

"On the appearance of Mr Sims Reeves, enthusiastic applause peated forth from every part of the hall. The air selected was 'Adelaide.' It is probable that the song never had such an expositor as Mr Sims Reeves, for besides the great resources of voice and art which he bestows, he invests it with a subtle tenderness singularly in harmony with Beethoven's delicious music. Of course there was an enthusiastic encore from the audience, but Mr Reeves contented himself with bowing his acknowledgment of the honour. Mr Reeves second song was 'The Requital,' which he sang with a pathos and delicacy quite indescribable, and such a sense of enthusiasm was witnessed at its close as has, perhaps, never before been seen in the New Town Hall. The audience rose and gave round upon round of cheering, and the great tenor then came forward and acceded to the encore by declaiming 'The M'Gregor's Gathering,' with all the force and spirit of a battle song.

Mr Carrodus appeared at the same concert and played with his usual brilliancy and success.

An old correspondent has sent us the following scrap of musical news from Birmingham:—

"The Festival Choral Society's concert on the 22nd inst. was a great success, and had one important point—the attendance—for the large hall was literally crammed with an audience as enthusiastic as numerous, the great attraction being certain stars from Mr Mapleson's company en route from Liverpool to London. Mdlle. Tietjens, Mdlle. Rappresentatore, Mr Santley, Signors Foli and Mongini, were the fascinators in question—the last named

gentleman making his first appearance in these dark parts. If I say that the artists named sang in a manner in every way worthy their reputation, I shall convey quite as much information as is necessary, the programme having been of the staple miscellaneous character and devoid of novelty. In justice, however, to the stranger, I should add that the famous Italian tenore robusto produced a great effect with his vigorous chest notes, and will doubtless meet with a good reception should he come here again. Those who are admirers of the forcible style must have been delighted, for, in addition to Signor Mongini, fine opportunities were afforded to the bassos, two of the most energetic duets in existence, 'Sento la tromba' and 'The Lord is a man of war,' being not only set down, but sung in the second part, with all the power that Mr. Santley and Signor Foli could throw into them. Mozart's *Fantasia* in F minor, brought into prominence the ability of a rising young organist, Mr C. S. Hoyt, a native of Birmingham, and pupil of the Leipsic Conservatoire. An accompanist, Signor Bevignani displayed like taste and discretion, but I cannot say as much for the Choral Society, whose singing did not by any means come up to the usual high standard.—BUFFOON ON EXCHANGE."

CARMARTHEN.—Mr. Manley's opera *troupe* gave their last entertainment, on Tuesday night, at the Assembly Rooms, when *Faust* was performed. Mr Manley (Faust), Miss Jessie Mills (Margueritta), Mr Glover (Mephistopheles), and Mr Duethorne (Valentine), performed their parts successfully, but the audience was small. The entertainment concluded with the farce of *The Waterman*.

SWANSEA.—In the *Carmarthen Journal* of the 23rd inst., we read :—

"On Tuesday Mr John Thomas (Pencerdd Gwalia) gave a concert at Y Dderwen Fawr, near Swansea. There was a large attendance, comprising the *élite* of the town and neighbourhood. Mr Thomas was assisted on the occasion by several lady amateurs, viz., Mrs. Lucy, Miss Chambers, Miss Jackson and Miss Kate Rinkin. Of Mr Thomas's performance it would be superfluous to speak. It was as charming and brilliant as ever, and well calculated to sustain the high reputation he has attained as a composer and as a master of our national instrument. He was loudly applauded, and the liberal patronage extended to him on this occasion was a pleasing proof of the high estimation in which his musical abilities are held in his native county."

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. John Macfarren, assisted by Miss Bessie Emmett, of London, gave the first of three pianoforte and vocal recitals in the Theatre of the Literary and Philosophical Society, Westgate Street, on the 20th inst. There was a large audience. Miss Robertina Henderson had originally been engaged as the vocalist, but indisposition prevented that lady's appearance and the services of Miss Bessie Emmett—a most admirable substitute—were therefore secured. The rich programme which was selected from the works of estimable composers, was interspersed with remarks by Mrs J. Macfarren on the character and purport of the music written by Mr G. A. Macfarren. Miss Emmett was in excellent voice, and sang with fine feeling and pathos the beautiful song, "Rock me to Sleep, Mother." Mrs. Macfarren played with exquisite finish the several pieces allotted to her on the programme, and it is needless to say that both the and her able assistant were much applauded.

MADAME PAREPA IN SAN FRANCISCO

A local paper speaks thus of Madame Parepa's performance in *Martha* at the Metropolitan Theatre :—

"Flotow's charming opera of *Martha* was given last evening to a full and fashionable house, and with a sustained excellence not surpassed, if equalled, by any performance of the season. It was put on the stage with more than usual care and attention to detail. The scene of the Fair at Richmond with the harlequin shows, Punch and Judy, feats of mountebankism, etc., formed a unique and pleasant feature of the entertainment, and was keenly relished and warmly applauded. The orchestration was admirable, the chorus was under the best of discipline, and the cast of parts could hardly have been improved. Madame Parepa Rosa was our Lucretia as Martha, giving evidence of the possession of comic talent of a high order, acting with characteristic spirit, and singing the music of the part with a freshness, freedom and power that excited the audience to the highest pitch of delight and wonder. Her rendering of the 'Last Rose of Summer' was a marvellous effort of vocalisation, and elicited such an importunate encore that she responded by giving the English words. This was the great triumph of the evening. Madame Tietz acted the part of Nancy with much sprightliness, and sang it with rather more than her accustomed vim and power. Signors Ferranti, Sarti, Testa, and Rancyrel were excellent in their respective parts. The opera will be repeated to-night, when we are sure the theatre will be filled."

The same paper gives the following account of Madame Parepa's *Lucrezia* :—

"A very large but rather cold audience witnessed *Lucrezia Borgia* last night. The performance had some features of marked excellence, but lacked evenness and thorough adaptability in the cast. Madame Parepa-Rosa looked superbly in the title *rôle*, and sang the gems of the part in her usual brilliant, powerful, and unaffected manner. Indeed, it is one of the merits of this great artist that she never fails an audience, and is often able, by her single exertions, to redeem a faulty performance. Her execution of the difficult 'Si vedi il prima a sogliere' was one of her finest successes, and stirred an unusually apathetic house to some degree of enthusiasm. The effect of her singing in the duet with Gennaro and the trio with Alfonso and Gennaro, was injured by the insufficiency of the tenor. The orchestra was steady and effective under the leadership of Carl Rosa.

WAYFS.

M. Sainton has resigned his place as professor of the violin in the Royal Academy of Music.

A new symphony by Herr Volckmann has recently been performed in Berlin.

Madame Parepa-Rosa started from San Francisco for New York overland, on the 15th inst.

EXPRESSION AS A SAYN.—The Jug jug of the nightingale is the Canon of the music halls.—*Fun*.

The Agricultural Hall concerts are now under new management, with Mr F. Kingsbury as conductor.

The Brussels "Concerts Populaires de Musique Classique" are announced to recommence early next month.

The Spanish Government—going a-head in all things—has abolished the censorship in literary and dramatic productions.

His Royal Highness The Duke of Edinburgh has accepted the dedication of Mr Hatton's new song, "The Gallant Tars of England."

The recent choice of an alto singer in the Eton College choir was not confirmed. Mr Booth of Birmingham has since obtained the appointment.

The New York *Weekly Review* states that Miss Kellogg was to appear on the 19th inst. at the Academy of Music in "the mad arts of Gounod's *Faust*." Will our contemporary explain?

La Presse Musicale says that some of the *Meistersinger* music recently performed under M. Pasdeloup's direction "au grand dans la vague." It also pronounces the march to be inferior to that in *Tannhäuser*.

Messrs. Bote and Bock of Berlin have entered an action against Messrs. Schott of Mayence to restrain the publication of a pot-pourri on the tunes from *Le Prophète* [illegible] the German copyright of which opera belongs to the Berlin house.

M. Pasdeloup's second popular concert had the following for a programme:—*Stromate*, Meyerbeer; fragment from the *Walkmuhle* Symphony, Rheinberger; Symphony in G minor, Mozart; Meditation from the *Maîtres Chanteurs*, Wagner; fragments from Septuor, Beethoven.

The *Continental Review*, an American journal published in Paris, has the following paragraph :—

"M. de Flotow attended Tuesday last, at the representation of *Martha*, the favourite work of the maestro and the public. He warmly applauded the divine interpreter Madame Patti, and the favour from this source must have been very flattering to the artist."

Mr. Goldberg, after visiting his native town, Vienna, went to Verona, to spend the summer season at the summer residence of his sister, Madame Goldberg-Marini. There he was struck by the voice of a peasant girl, whom he heard singing in the fields. Having given her lessons, and being convinced that she had the season of become a singer, he sent her to Bologna, where she is recommencing her musical instructions at the Conservatoire, under Signor Zanboni. Mr Goldberg is now in Paris, and will return to London for the season in the spring.

The *California Alta* says :—Maguire's Opera-house in its palmiest days never contained a greater throng than on last evening. Madame Cappa invited an audience to remain and witness a marriage ceremony which would be performed by herself, she being, as teacher in a religious organization, clothed, legally and legitimately, with the right to carry out the rite. A young couple advanced from behind the scenes, and at this novel hymeneal altar they were united by a female. The ceremony was brief but impressive. "Do solemnly swear, Abigail, in the presence," &c., "to take," &c.—our readers know the formula better than we (to bachelors) can give it. At the conclusion the parties retired beyond the scenes, the groom not forgetting to drop a liberal amount of coin in the purse of the fair functionary who had made himself and his so happy.

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A concert was given in Exeter (minor) Hall on Monday, by the choir of St. Michael's Church, Burleigh Street, Strand in aid of the fund for restoring and modernizing the church organ so as to render it equal to the requirements of the Sunday morning choral services. Mr E Craig conducted the concert, and the following artists lent their valuable assistance:—Miss Poole, Miss Maria Lanford, Miss Kate Bartlett, and Mr Wilbye Cooper vocalists; Miss Emily Thomson, pianoforte; Mr J Balsir Chatterton, harp; Mr H D Hill, clarionet; and Mr J. Turle Lee, organist and accompanist. There was a large and fashionable audience.

MUSIC.

The birth and early growth of music—if an art can be said to have a birth and growth which probably sprang up and died and sprang up and died again in several times and places, is wrapped in a mist which we not scarcely ever hope to see dispelled, and which makes any trustworthy gleams of light, which research can throw on the matter doubly welcome.

Whoever wishes to know what sort of music entertained the ears merely of Babylon when hand of harping and piping made the Philharmonics of ancient Nineveh what manner of "effortirita" resounded over the plains of Dura from Nebuchadnezzar's orchestra of "cornet, flute, harp sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer and all kinds of music," may consult Mr Carl Engel's *Music of the Most Ancient Nations*. The collars of our British Museum and the galleries of the Louvre contain, as we must of us know, marvellous collections of stone records showing how the people of those ancient capitals disported themselves, how they managed their worshipping and their fighting, their festivities and their pageants. These records Mr Engel has diligently studied and has reproduced in engravings such part of them as concerns the history of his art. In thus adding an introductory chapter to that history he has filled, in partly filled, what had been necessarily, for lack of material, left a blank in the works of previous explorers. Of Hebrew and Egyptian music we already know something, but of the art as it existed in the midst of the lordly civilization now only represented by those stone slabs and the mounds of Nineveh and Koujunjik we had no information till Mr Layard and M. Botta dug it up for us from under a three thousand years covering of Tigris mud. We now know, it may be said, of that music almost as much as can be known from an acquaintance with the instruments used. From a consideration of the mechanism employed we can infer the general characteristics of the sounds produced. And as to the mechanism of the art we meets testimony is tolerably complete. It has the merit too—a merit not to be lightly regarded amid the general dubiousness which characterizes most archæological inquiries—of being as far as it goes, trustworthy. The old sculptors evidently give us nothing but bare fact. Their carvings are manifestly transcripts from life as accurately as they could render it. They show no traces of the soaring idealism which inspired Rouillac to represent Handel contemplating a Greek lyre. The sculptures of our own century, which not concentrate its power on the fine raison of a beautiful dress in a nail in a chair—see Signor Magni's "Reading Girl"—are not more realistic than these. We must make allowance, however, in interpreting them for ignorance of an instruction in technical details. Mr Engel is wisely careful to guard his inferences on such points as the number of strings in an "aner" or of fingerholes in a flute. Your artist in stone would not necessarily know in Nineveh any more than in London, the details appertaining to another craft. We remember to have seen in a grand picture of St. Cecilia at her organ by one of our greatest (Fra Raphaelito) painters the fingers of the saint placed upon a set of keys which would have moulded a chord to make the very devil's shudder.

The point where all known record of this almost pre-historic music fails is in the absence of any value of a notation. How these ancient people wrote their music down, whether they wrote it down at all, we know not. What, therefore, they played and sang we can only guess from the nature of their instruments. These Mr Engel describes with great care. The commonest of the Assyrian instruments seems to have been the "aner," a sort of small subsidiary harp with from six to ten strings, twanged with a plectrum. Then they had the harp (in the form still prevalent in the East, that is, without a front pillar), a lyre, closely resembling the "kinnor" in popular instrument of Eastern Africa, the dulcimer in elementary form of the piano, and the "tabouri," an guitar with nine strings, played with a plectrum. Besides these of the stringed genus, they had varieties of the wind family (double-pipes and trumpets); and of the percussion order (drums, tambourines, and cymbals). A little pipe, three inches in length, of baked clay, picked up in the ruins of Babylon and now in the museum of the Asiatic Society is, Mr Engel thinks, the oldest musical instrument in the world. It is very like the little pipe with which a blind Piedmontese peasant, Pico, astonished the London public a few years back.

Of instruments of the viol species, that is of the scraping of strings with a bow, our Nineveh friends appear to have known nothing. The best specimen of an "orchestra" found by Mr Engel includes seven harps, one dulcimer, two double pipes, and a drum, with a chorus of women and children. This occurs in a triumphal procession, and implies, it will be seen, a general effect as far as possible removed from the type of barbarous noise, sweetness and delicacy being evidently the characteristic results of such a combination.

On the great question—harmony or no harmony?—which crops up in all discussions on the archæology of music, Mr Engel not gives us nothing more conclusive than indirect inferences from the character of the instruments. Most people, however, will think the inference irresistible as to the equivalent in certainty. Human nature may be slow at the development of ideas, but it would be hard to imagine beings intelligent enough to enjoy musical sounds and yet so stupid as not to attempt their combination, especially when among instruments (such as harps and guitars) in which it is impossible to help from time to time striking several notes together. It is probable, however, that the Assyrian harmony was mostly of a very simple kind, alternating very much between the chords of the tonic and the "six four," the latter not necessarily following from the presumed use of the *pentatonic scale*.

The "pentatonic scale" is one of the most curious phenomena in the history of music, and the subject of one of the most interesting chapters in Mr Engel's book. He very ingeniously attempts to arrive at a notion of Assyrian music by observing what is the music of the present day among people who use instruments equivalent to the Assyrian. Various Indian Chiefs, and other Asiatic races have instruments which are a counterpart of the representations on the Nineveh slabs, and among these people "pentatonic" appears to be the rule. If we are asked what are "pentatonic?" the hardiest answer is—the sort of music commonly recognized as "Scotch." Any one (to use the common illustration) who strums at random on the black keys of a pianoforte, plays on a scale in which the ordinary 4th and 7th are wanting. This *pentatonic scale* is without semitone intervals, and gives the skipping character of melody so familiar to us in Scotch tunes, and so less clearly recognizable—so the testimony of both musical and unsophisticated witnesses assures us, in the music of India, China, Peru, and the wild tribes in North America. Of this last fact Mr Engel gives ample proof. How it has come to pass that a large part of mankind prefers, and means, to make its music out of a set of sounds which to another large part of mankind seems obviously imperfect, is a problem of which we have never heard an adequate explanation. That the Assyrian music was generally "pentatonic" is inferred generally from the analogy of instruments continued, and this inference is confirmed by the circumstance that the usual number of strings on their harps appear to have been five, ten, twenty, the multiples of ten. One might imagine that such a scale could not long continue, or would not, at any rate, be exclusively used among a people who possessed a musical notation, for it will be observed that any change of key would employ in one pentatonic scale the sounds omitted in another. For instance a player modulating from the pentatonic scale on C (C D E G A) to the similar scale on G (G A B D E) employs in the latter scale the B which was wanting in the former. Similarly an instrument tuned in D would supply an F sharp, and thus all the sounds requisite to make the *hepatatonic* scale in G would be forthcoming, and would certainly be used as such a scale if a notation was at hand to record their relative positions. Or are we to suppose that the five note scale is after all the most natural set of notes, and that the seven-note scale was developed therefrom?

There are many other points of interest in Mr Engel's book which we have not space to touch upon. We have confined our remarks to its Assyrian chapters because these have most that is new in them. He deals also with the music of the Egyptians and Hebrews. In conclusion we have to thank him for the research and care which has brought so much that is interesting into a most promising subject.

E. B. L.

* A dulcimer may still be occasionally met with in our streets, but no old wandering performer, whose tea writing has not to several parts of England, said he did not know an old time artist. His instrument was remarkable for the ingenious way in which a bridge was so placed as to support each string at a point one third of its length from its end, thus dividing it into two parts sounding octaves. Or is this a regular feature of dulcimer construction? Mr Engel's account silends to it.

† The black notes happening to be the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 5th, and 6th of the key of F sharp major.

Hanover.—M Ullmann's company gave a concert on their road back from the North to Paris. It was great success.

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Lo scapato. Sung by Mr Sawyer		3	0

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The Musical World.

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VOL. 46—No 47. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1868. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA HOUSE, COVENT GARDEN

LAST WEEK BUT ONE

Mdlle. Ilma de Murska

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), Novembre 21st (first time), Meyerbeer's Romantic Opera,

"DINORAH"

Corsolino, Signor Bettini; Hoel, Mr. Santley; Don Coppel, Mdlle. Rose Hersee; Mdlle. Bauermeister; Sir Cornelio, Mdlle. Sinico; Mr. Lyall; Un Mietitore, Mr. Lyall; Un Cacciatore, Signor Tagliafico; Due Capraie, Mdlle. Sandrina; and Dinorah, Mdlle. Ilma de Murska.

Conductor | Signor Arditi.

POSITIVELY THE LAST WEEK

Last Night but Three.—Mdlle. Tietjens, Mdlle. Ilma de Murska, Mdlle. Sinico.

NOTICE.—In consequence of the great demand for places on Thursday evening last "IL FLAUTO MAGICO" will be repeated on SUNDAY NEXT.

MONDAY EVENING NEXT, November 23rd, Mozart's opera, "IL FLAUTO MAGICO" Papageno, Signor Bettini; Papageno, Mr. Santley; Sarastro, Signor Foli; Monostatos, Mr. Lyall; Due Dame di Notte, Signor Bettini, Signor Coppi; Due Sacerdoti, Signor Tagliafico, Signor Agresti; Oratore Degli Iniziati, Signor Casaboni; Tre Genii, Mdlle. Rose Hersee, Mdlle. Sandrina, Mdlle. Giacomina; Tre Guardiani delle Regina, Mdlle. Scalchi, Mdlle. Bauermeister, Mdlle. Urlaine; Papagena, Mdlle. Sinico; Regina della Notte, Mdlle. Ilma de Murska; Pamina, Mdlle. Tietjens. Conductor Signor Arditi.

Last Night but Two.—Mdlle. Tietjens, Mdlle. Minnie Hauck, Mdlle. Sinico.

TUESDAY NEXT, November 24th, Mozart's Opera "LE NOZZE DI FIGARO." Il Conte di Almaviva, Mr. Santley; Figaro, Signor Fornasari; Il Conte Basilio, Signor Foli; Don Curzio, Mr. Lyall; Don Cortlo, Signor Agresti; Antonio, Signor Zoboli; Cherubino, Mdlle. Minnie Hauck (her first appearance in that character); Susanna, Mdlle. Sinico; Marcellina, Mdlle. Bauermeister; and La Contessa, Mdlle. Tietjens. Conductor, Signor Arditi.

Mdlle. Tietjens, Mdlle. Ilma de Murska, Mdlle. Sinico.

LAST MORNING PERFORMANCE (commencing at Two o'clock precisely) WEDNESDAY NEXT, November 25th, Mozart's Opera, "IL FLAUTO MAGICO." (See below).

Mdlle. Ilma de Murska.—Last Night but One.

Last Night of Dinorah.

THURSDAY NEXT, November 26th, Meyerbeer's romantic opera "DINORAH." Dinorah, Mdlle. Ilma de Murska. (See above.)

Doors Open at Half past Seven; Commence at Eight o'clock.

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MDLLE. TIETJENS will appear as PAMINA in "IL FLAUTO MAGICO" on Sunday Evening and on Wednesday Morning next and as La Contessa, in "Le Nozze di Figaro," on Tuesday Evening next.—ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA-HOUSE, COVENT GARDEN.

MDLLE. ILMA DE MURSKA will perform the character of DINORAH for the first time THIS EVENING, and will appear as Regina della Notte, on Monday Evening and on Wednesday Morning next.—ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA-HOUSE, COVENT GARDEN.

MDLLE. MINNIE HAUCK will appear for the first time on Tuesday next, as CHERUBINO, in "LE NOZZE DI FIGARO."—ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA HOUSE, COVENT GARDEN.

LAST MORNING PERFORMANCE.—WEDNESDAY, November 25th (on which occasion will be presented Mozart's opera, "IL FLAUTO MAGICO." Mdlle. Tietjens, Ilma de Murska, Sinico, Scalchi, Rose Hersee, Sandrina, Giacomina, Bauermeister, Urlaine, Minnie Hauck, Bettini, Santley, Foli, Lyall, Zoboli, Coppi, Tagliafico, Agresti, Casaboni. Conductor, Signor Arditi. Doors open at Half-past One, Commence at Two o'clock precisely.—ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA-HOUSE, COVENT GARDEN.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY.—SATURDAY

CONCERT and AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE.

Miss Edith Wynne and Mr. Byron (first appearance). Solo Pianoforte, Miss Gertrude Gaul (first appearance), Conductor, Mr. Manns. Programme includes a new MS. Symphony in C major (Schubert); Overture "William Tell" (Rossini), and Leonora No. 1 (Beethoven); Scene from MS. Opera, "The Sapphire Necklace" (Sullivan), etc.

Admission Half-a-Crown; Guinea Season Tickets free; Reserved Seats, Half-a-Crown.

PROVINCIAL TOUR OF HERR FORMES.

THE following Artists will commence a PROVINCIAL TOUR on MONDAY, December 14th:—Madame Pasmore Cole, Madame Laura Baxter, Miss Elizabeth and Miss Fanny. Pianist and Conductor, Mr. C. J. Sabott. For Terms and dates, address Mr. C. J. Sabott, Thurlow Cottage, Thurlow Square, London, S.W.

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REMOVAL.

MISS KATHLEEN RYAN begs to announce her REMOVAL to 21, TAVISTOCK ROAD, WESTBOURNE PARK.

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MDLLE. ROSE HERSEE requests that all communications may be addressed to her new Residence,

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MR. CHARLES STANTON requests that all communications may be addressed to him at 1, MONACHAN WALK, LEAMINGTON.

THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA.—Professor W. STERNDALE BENNETT's Sacred Cantata will be performed at the Oxford Choral Society's Winter Hall, conducted by Mr. G. W. Martin, on Dec. 2nd, and at Oxford on Dec. 16th. All publications to be made to the Publishers, LAMBORN COCK, & Co., 63 and 65, New Bond Street, W.

PROVINCIAL TOUR AND FAREWELL APPEARANCES OF HERR FORMES.

THE following Artists will commence a PROVINCIAL TOUR on MONDAY, December 14th:—Madame EMMELINE COLE, Madame LAURA BARTON, Miss MACCARTHY and Miss FORMES. Pianist and Conductor, Mr. C. J. HARRITT. For terms and dates, address Mr. C. J. HARRITT, Thurloe Cottage, Thurloe Square, London, S.W.

MRS. JOHN MACFARREN, in consequence of its great success, will play BRAHAM'S new brilliant "VALSE DE BRAVOURE" at all her Pianoforte and Vocal Recitals during the present month.—Programmes of which may be obtained of DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MISS BESSIE EMMETT will sing the renowned song by BENEDICT, "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," in Mrs. John Macfarren's approaching Pianoforte and Vocal Recitals at Kensington, Islington, Isleworth, &c.

MISS BESSIE EMMETT (Soprano). All communications respecting engagements with Mr. Pepyll, Miss BESSIE EMMETT to be addressed to Mr. J. THOMAS CLARKE, 12, Ashley Square, S.W.

MADAME EMMELINE COLE will sing THIS DAY at Mr. Charles Hallé's Recital at Cheltenham; 11th, at the Royal Glee and Madrigal Union, Windsor; 14th, Choral Union, Aberdeen; 21st, "Acis and Galatea," Aberdeen; 23rd, Dundee; 24th, St. Andrews; and December 2nd, Cromlix. All communications to be addressed to 32, Albany Street, Regent's Park, N.W.

MISS ANNA JEWELL will sing at Bradford on Monday Next, the 9th, Arditi's "LAURITA," Mozart's "DEH VIEKI," "AULD ROBIN GRAY" and "BRIAR BREAK" (composed by E. Jewell); also at Brixton on the 12th and at Clothworkers' Hall on the 13th inst., 38, Cork Street, Burlington Gardens.

MISS LUCY FRANKLEIN will sing at St. James's Hall November 11, Exeter Hall 20th, Victoria Hall 30th, Croydon December 1st, Reigate 2nd, Guildford 3rd, Reading 4th, Leamington 11th (morning), Oxford 8th (evening), and continue the tour to the end of the month. Address—6, Berners Street, W.

MISS CLINTON FYNES requests that all communications respecting Concerts, Pianoforte Lessons, etc., be addressed to her, 27, Harley Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MDLLE LOUISA VAN NOORDEN will sing in the "MESSIAH," "JUDAS MACCABÆUS," Soprano Solo, "HEAR MY PRAYER" of MENDELSSOHN, MACFARREN'S "MAY DAY"—at Glasgow, Stirling, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Aberdeen, etc. during the present month. Engagements en route (Concert and Oratorio) may be addressed care of her brother, Mr. P. E. Van Noorden, 21, Bedford Square.

MR. LEWIS THOMAS will sing "IN SHELTERED VALE," during his Provincial Tour with Madame Sainton-Dolby and party.

MR. J. CHURCHILL ARLIDGE (Flautist) begs to inform his Friends and the Public that he has returned from the Continent, and is open for Engagements in Town or Country.—Communications to be addressed to Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street.

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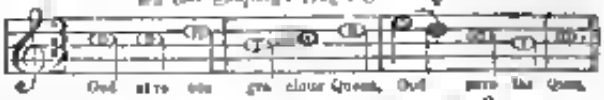

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SCHUMANN'S THIRD (FOURTH) SYMPHONY.

A comparatively unknown work by Robert Schumann was performed at the Crystal Palace on Saturday week. The result has been to revive the composer's much-disputed claims to a place among the great masters of his art. It must be conceded that the vitality of those claims is a strong argument in their favour. We cannot be quit of Robert Schumann if we would. That troubled ghost altogether declines to be "laid," and over and anon comes pleading for the justice without which rest is impossible. It is not always so with aspirants for highest honours. Either their qualifications are absurdly inadequate and get disposed of at once, or show a seeming perfection due to gilding and tinsel, which handling soon wears off. But Robert Schumann began "knocking at the door of the Temple of Fame" years ago, and he is knocking now with his tenuments, if anything, within the best so far the sunshine they have undergone. Not a few people believed in him then; at the present the "advanced thinkers" of the musical world are prepared to swear by him as by a demigod. The man is, therefore, becoming a power with which it behoves us to deal seriously.

It is interesting to note the hitherto very different fates of Robert Schumann and Franz Schubert, especially as we cannot help observing how much they have been affected by circumstances entirely apart from themselves. In Germany Schumann has actually held his own against Mendelssohn, not unsuccessfully contending for equality with the last of the giants. On the other hand Schubert's noblest works have remained hidden away in bureau shards unheeded and almost forgotten. But mark the difference here. The Schumann propaganda, a mission so powerful and enterprising as any founder of a faith could wish, after long years of toil have made but little way and its chief mission the Robert Irving of music—an utterer of "unknown tongues." But Schubert, known yesterday as the writer of a few successful songs, had only to show himself in the highest forms of his art to fascinate a nation. Never was so rapid a rise from obscurity to a throne in the affections of this music-loving people. How are we to account for the two contrasts here presented, but especially for the latter which interests us most? The difference between the German and English audiences of Schumann and Schubert may be explained by a difference in national character, but for a clue to the position the two composers hold among ourselves we must look into their respective works. Our answer is not likely to be fruitless. Schubert's greatest compositions may not be models of form; there may be about them the redundancies inseparable from a mind comparatively untrained; but, on the other hand, they show a wealth of creative power the perfect naturalness of one who utters his own thoughts without stopping to think how and a childlike grace with which even a child can sympathize. These things touch the heart of the multitude who, knowing nothing of technical criticism, wonder whatever can stir their feelings, without caring whether or not it satisfies technical rules. Schumann's music, as a whole, enjoys no such advantage. It rarely stirs the feelings, but must often appeals for intellectual admiration. From it we get the notion of an artificial thing set up to be examined and approved according to the degree in which the workman has shown his skill. If Schubert be an orator who makes us forget his defects as Mirabeau made the Convention blind to his ugly face, Schumann is a rhetorician listening to whom we note only the constructions of his sentences and the propriety of his gestures. In this we may rather in prejudice, will be found the clue to the latter composer's position. The masses have hardly as yet been able to comprehend Schumann, and his music challenging the ordeal of criticism above all things is passing through the severest tests to which criticism can apply it. It does not follow from this that the master will not eventually be received into favour. Touch an Englishman's heart, as Schubert did, and he is a friend at once. Appeal to his intellect with anything even suspected of being newfangled, and a long and patient siege will be required before that obstinate citadel submits. Then let the ghost so persistently clamoring admission to the temple of English fame knock on and let those who would willingly force the door do their best. The barrier may give way to the end. Should we regret the result? By no means. Music is an elastic art, and can accommodate itself to any individuality. If it be brought to us stamped with the impress of his mind who brings it and not palely reflecting the mind of some other man—we ought to give it a welcome. Schumann's music is emphatically his own and as averaging the ideas of a more than ordinary man, ideas which are largely moulding those of the people to whom we owe Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, it ought to be seriously studied in a spirit open to whatever convictions that study may lead.

The symphony lately played at the Crystal Palace, let us say at the outset of our remarks upon it, will do more for its composer's fame than any other single work known to the English public. What are the opinions entertained of it by one of Schumann's most consistent admirers the following remarks taken from the Crystal Palace programme will show:—

"This symphony, though numbered the third, is really the last of Schumann's four. It was composed between the 2nd November and 9th December 1850, and therefore very shortly after its author had entered on his office as Director of the Music at Dusseldorf, of which he first discharged the public functions on the 24th of the preceding October. The symphony is known in Germany as 'the Rhenish' (die Rheinische) because Schumann was in the habit of saying that the first impulse towards its composition had been produced in his mind by the sight of the cathedral at Cologne, and strengthened by the grand ceremonial of the installation there of the archbishop as cardinal, which he witnessed while engaged in the composition. The expression which this ceremony made on his mind he has recorded in the fourth movement, an introduction to the *Finale* which in the MS. score is entitled 'Im Charakter der Begleitung einer kirchlichen Ceremonie'—to accompany a religious ceremonial—and having the key of its opening the movement can hardly fail to impress every one who hears it (or rather who makes acquaintance with it, and will endeavour to understand it) as a very stately and dignified composition, with a strong mediæval and Catholic tone, and embodying with remarkable effect the impressions made upon great ceremonials on a thoughtful witness. The other movements Schumann used to say were intended to have a popular or national (volksthümlich) cast, and this is very perceptible in the second (answering to the usual *Scherzo* or minuet), and in the last. The second movement is of a festive or festal cast. The air which forms its chief subject is identical in its first few notes with the Vintagers' chorus from *Loreley*—and it is possible (though this is a mere conjecture) that they may both be founded on some song of the vine districts of the Rhine. Alternating with this is a subject entirely different in form, and very humorous in expression, and the whole movement has an unmistakable realistic character as if descriptive of some popular festivity. It may be mentioned as peculiar that while in Schumann's other symphonies he has two Trios to the *Scherzo*—a practice doubtless deriving its authority from the repetition of the trio by Beethoven in his fourth and seventh symphonies—in the present case he omits the trio entirely.—The third or slow movement may be described as a song without words.—The strength of the symphony lies in its first and fourth portions. The former is a fine in persons piece of record of which any composer might be proud—and the latter will, as already remarked, always make a deep impression on any open to the mystical influences of the great ceremonials which it is intended to represent. The symphony in E flat was first performed at Düsseldorf on the 6th February 1851. In England it has been played at one of Signor Arditi's concerts, on the 4th December 1865, and by the Musical Society of London on June 12 1866."

With some of the foregoing opinions we agree. For example, we have not the smallest doubt as to the "strength" of the first movement. While so full of individuality that the authorship of every bar is indisputable there is about it a sustained elevation, a clearness of treatment, and a breadth of effect by no means generally and readily obvious in Schumann's works. So again the second movement is an admirable example of its kind. The composer's intentions with regard to it would have been clear without verbal explanations, and as popular music of a festive cast it is signally successful. We will even go so far as to say that the movement is not unworthy of Mendelssohn, though belonging to a class of music in which Mendelssohn was specially happy. It has much of the charming simplicity, many graces and quiet humour we are accustomed to associate with the latter composer. The third movement (*Andante*) we cannot like so well. Its themes are far from novel, their treatment is not happy, and, in brief, the whole fails to interest. Nor can we feel enthusiastic about the succeeding *Religioso*, notwithstanding the earnest pleading and actual example of the writer above quoted. To us the movement seems in great part obscure, conveying few definite impressions, and only exciting to wonder at what it all may mean. Even when we regard it simply as "pure" music our love for it is scarcely greater. The frequent breaking in of a trivial figure upon the solemnity of the main theme is thus resented as an unwarrantable intrusion displeasing the worst taste. The *Finale*, though simpler in character as a treatment than the first *Allegro*, yet falls below it in point of merit. Its bustling animation is, however in strong contrast to the *Religioso*, and appropriately closes a work which contains such jovial music as the *Scherzo*. A wish has been expressed that this most interesting example of Schumann's genius may shortly be performed again. We echo the wish, adding an opinion that the work might to have a permanent place in the *repertoire* of our orchestral concerts for its own sake and ought to be attentively heard, for the sake of the remarkable man who gave it to the world.

THEODORE ROE.

EXPERIMENT.—At the last concert given by the Dumi Chapel the following were among the pieces played: "Wallenstein" Rheinberger, prelude to *Die Meistersinger* R. Wagner, Concerto in F minor Chopin, Overture to *Robespierre*, Litolff, etc.

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Odd Thoughts

Speaking of *Lucrezia Borgia* at Covent Garden, *La Presse Musicale* says:—"Les interprètes de la musique de Donizetti étaient Mlles. Tietjens, Mongini and M. Santley (une Allemande, un Français, un Italien)." Here is another case for those who advocate the rights of English musicians. When a Briton rises to eminence, foreigners strip him of his real nationality and give a spurious thing in exchange.

We have to record an accident to Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan, which he says might have proved fatal had it been of a more serious character. In getting out of his cab, at the stage door of Covent Garden Theatre, he slipped, and severely sprained his ankle. But, fortunately Signor Tagliafico was at hand and rendered prompt assistance. Mr. Sullivan has been in bed for several days, but under the skilful treatment of Sir Henry Thompson and Mr. Forter, who are in constant attendance upon him, he is now rapidly recovering and, we believe, furiously progressing with his Symphony in D. Mr. Sullivan is very much annoyed at the want of consideration shown by Mr. Barry Sullivan in spraining his uncle at the same time and thus diverting public sympathy from its legitimate channel.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS

The programme of Saturday's concert was most interesting:—

Overture, *Der Freischütz*	Weber
Concert Aria, "Infelice" (Mdlle. Sternberg)	Mendelssohn.
Adagio and Allegro for Violin (violin, M. Sternberg)	Spohr.
Aria, "Che farò," *Orfeo* (Madame G. Williams)	Gluck.
Symphony in D, "The Surprise"	Haydn.
Aria, "Une de mes enfants," *La pré aux clercs* (Mdlle. Sternberg, violin obbligato M. Sternberg)	Herold
Song, "Rock me to sleep" (Madame G. Williams)	Benedict.
Concert Overture (No. 2) in A	F. Hiller

Weber's overture sometimes called "Queen of operatic preludes," was heard twice. The encore was inevitable; first, because the work is immensely popular, and next, because it was played with remarkable effect. Nothing could be better than the horns in the opening movement, while the delicacy and, when required, the brilliant dash of the violins were astonishing even to those who know well of what the band is capable. Spohr's *Adagio* and *Allegro* make together a favourite selection with violinists. But often played as the movements are, they do not often give as much satisfaction as on this occasion. M. Sternberg's execution of the *Adagio* was conclusive proof that he is a genuine artist, and although somewhat disconcerted in the *Allegro* by the breaking of a string, he showed himself not less positively to be possessed of executive ability beyond common. M. Sternberg was frequently applauded, and recalled at the close of his task.

Haydn's delightful "Surprise Symphony" must have been welcome to everybody, especially as it appeared then for the first time, and excited a reasonable hope that other like works of the pleasant old master will not be permanently neglected. The "Surprise," as we need hardly inform the reader, is one of a set of twelve symphonies, written for the concerts given in Hanover Square Rooms by Salomon, the violinist. It will be remembered that Haydn was engaged to conduct the performances at which these were produced, and that he came to London for the purpose in the years 1791, '92, and '94. He nobly acted up to his agreement in all respects, but especially in the composition of his symphonies. The Salomon set have nothing about them of the "made to order" air, and are free from the suspicion of perfunctoriness. Always fluent, graceful, and pleasing, as well as exquisitely finished, they often rise to a height rarely exceeded in the master's loftiest flights. Salomon must have been greatly pleased, and not less Joseph Haydn, as witness this little and we hope authentic dialogue:—"Sir," said the manager, "I think you will never surpass the symphonies." "Sir," returned the composer, "I cannot mean to try." He kept his word. Most popular of the twelve is the one played last Saturday, mainly because of its *Andante*, the theme of which has been strummed countless times on every piano in the land. It matters not a whit that the "Surprise" is no surprise now, that everybody knows exactly when the *fortissimo* chord will be rapped out by the entire orchestra. The thing is one of those jokes which enjoy perennial freshness, and, though heard for the ten thousandth time, are laughed at from a sense of duty. So on this occasion there was not a face the venerable bit of humour did not light up with a smile. But the *Andante* is more than the setting of the joke. It is—need we say—one of the most engaging things in music, reflecting the composer's genius with as much vividness as truth. Worthy of the *Andante* are the bustling *Vivace*, the quaintly graceful *Menuet*, and the melodious yet vigorous *Finale*. In brief, the symphony is a gem, and the more we can have of such drawings from "the well of music undefiled" the better.

Herr Hiller's overture is of such a character that to judge it after only one hearing would be hazardous. One hearing, however, suffices to show that it has many points of great merit—above all that, it is scored with masterly boldness—and to excite a wish for better acquaintance. The overture deserves further attention.

The vocal pieces were, on the whole, very well sung by Mdlle. Sternberg and Madame Osborne Williams, the latter being because after Gluck's favourite *aria*.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA AT DRESDEN

(*From our youthful Correspondent.*)

Dear Sir—You will be astonished to receive again a letter from me, but there has much happened that I wished to communicate to you. At first let me inform you that for celebrating the visit of the Prince Frederic William of Prussia with his wife Princess Victoria, there was, under many festivities, also a concert *en famille* at Court for introducing the first artists of Dresden to the high guests. I will put down the programme for you:—

Quartet, two violins, viola, and violoncello, Herr Lauterbach, Hillwerk, Oldrop and Strehl—Beethoven. Bolero (Regret Bellini) Mad. Kahn-Preuse (soprano)—Verdi. Barcarole No. 6, Etude auf Barcaro Noten. Marie Krebs—Kalkbrenner. "Adelaide Frühlingslied," Herr Joseph Schild (tenor)—Mendelssohn. Adagio (serenade)—Haydn; Fantasie, Herr Lauterbach—Bach.

The whole Royal family and the high guests spoke very amiably with all and paid all compliments.

Before a few days we had the first representation of a new opera, *Der Haideschacht* the first great work of a very talentful young composer, Herr Franz von Holstein. The music is very melodious, and has charming airs. The personages were:—

Stirson	Herr Mitterwurzer
Helge (his sister)	Frau Krebs-Michalesi
Valborg (Stirson's children)	Frau Otto Alvsleben
Bjorn (Stirson's children)	Fräulein Baldamus
Ellis (Valborg's lover)	Herr Schild
Olaf	Herr Scaria

In short, I will tell you now the *histoire*. Twenty years ago Helge's lover, Froboen, was faithless, and married another. Her brother Stirson, hated him for that, and by Olaf's work, who hated them both, the two met the accidental at the Haideschacht. It occurs a quarrel both Froboen and Stirson fell into the Haideschacht, the first remaining dead. Stirson was saved by Olaf and Olaf made Stirson believe he had killed Froboen with his knife, but that he would keep his secret for a lot of money which he received and went away with. The other day Hero was found at the same spot a little orphan boy. Froboen's son extraordinary like his father which Stirson educated at his house and afterwards sent away, because Helge took him for his father, her faithless lover. You must know that Helge became quite mad because her lover left her and does not know how many years passed since then. This is related now the opera begins.

Ellis (Froboen's son very betrothed with Bjorn loving Valborg and beloved by her) returns after several years absence, wants very much to wed Valborg, but that does not happen, because the father is against it. Olaf is also returned after many many years of absence, wanting again money from Stirson for keeping his secret. By an unhappy chance Helge meets with Ellis, takes him again for her lover and just as he pushes him away Stirson arrives, and now refuses to give his daughter Valborg for wife to Ellis. By despair over that Ellis follows Olaf who wants to ruin Ellis and Bjorn for revenge at Stirson who did not give him as much as he wanted, and throws Olaf, Ellis and Bjorn second to the Haideschacht, who by misfortune (reckon) all fall down, but in falling Ellis still saves Bjorn. The whole village comes now together, saves and finds Bjorn alias Olaf quite dashed to pieces and the corpse of Froboen, which by the wooden quality of the Haideschacht is quite well preserved and which they taken first for Ellis. Helge comes to the spot, recognizes her faithless lover and dies besides the corpse. Stirson sees that the corpse is short, and has by that the proof that he did not kill him. During that Ellis was found, a little hurt, but alive and at last was his father and Stirson gives the permission to the wedding of Ellis and Valborg, what closes the opera. All the singers performed their parts splendidly and had a great musical success. The composer was several recalled with the performers. Yesterday there was already the second performance of the opera, which is to be followed by many more.

Now I will inclose an advertisement of a concert which has to take place the 21st of November. Before that there will be a few concerts in the provincial towns of Saxony and if you will allow I will tell you about them. Now excuse that I retained you so long with my letter and accept the very best compliments of family —— and yours sincerely M. K.

[The programme has been mislaid, but will doubtless be recovered in time. Why does Miss Maria Krebs waste her fine talent on such rubbish as the *Etude auf falschen Noten*?—A.S.S.]

JEAN BAPTISTE VOLUMIER.*

Jean Baptiste Volumier is said to have been by birth a Belgian, whose real name was Wrulmyer. This patronymic would tend to support the above assumption as to his nationality, and prove the other, namely, that he was a Spaniard, to be erroneous. Nor would it be inconsistent with his having been brought up in France, though no proofs of the fact have ever been adduced. It may, also, be true that he went to Berlin during the reign of the great Elector Friedrich Wilhelm; he was not, however, a member of the Electoral Chapel before the 2nd November, 1692—that is to say, four years subsequent to the death of that prince. He distinguished himself as an excellent musician that he obtained the title of *Maître de Concert de la Musique*, and, from the year 1705, was appointed director and *informator*, or teacher, of the dancing lessons in the Royal and Noble Academy. When in 1706 the Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm (afterwards Friedrich Wilhelm I.) espoused the Princess Sophie Dorothea of Brunswick, Volumier was commissioned to compose an opera, *Der Sieg der Schönheit über die Helden* (*The Victory of Beauty over the Heroes*). But only a few airs, the interludes, and the dances, are his; the rest of the music was composed by Reinhard Stricker, then chamber musician, and Gottfried Finger, who had only been summoned to Berlin that same year. The opera was produced in December, 1706.

From the year 1709 we find Volumier in Dresden. The union of the Royal crown of Poland with the Electoral hat of Saxony cost money, a great deal of money, and what was not absorbed up by luxury was swallowed up by the war (the Northern War, which had been going on there 1700) so that there appears to have occasionally been a great want of the most necessary of all worldly evils. On account of the change of religion the decree of King Friedrich August I. had to be issued concerning musical matters since it was henceforth requisite to maintain a Roman Catholic as well as a Protestant chapel, and the "chamber music" (Royal Polish Chapel) was placed upon an exceedingly good footing. It was considered requisite also, to have a private French dramatic company, and Angelo Constantini (Mézétin), with the artists he had engaged, returned from France just at the commencement of the war. He did so certainly at a most inopportune time, but it appeared at a time still more inopportune that he had defrauded his sovereign of a trifle amounting to some 25,000 francs; for this he was severely punished. The actors and operatic artists (thirty two persons) had to be dismissed no later than 1705, as their arrears, for salaries and keep, then amounted to 62,268 thalers, 6 silver groschens. But an agreement was come to, between them and the Chamber, by which they received a sum of 30,147 thalers in discharge of all claims. The members of the chapel were no better off; they never, or seldom, received their salaries, and, at Easter 1707, they were all discharged. The arrears due to them up to that date were 47,734 thalers 12 silver groschens, and though the poor fellows gave up a fourth their claims were not completely satisfied till 1715. (The above figures are taken from the works of Furstenau, who obtained them from archives and deeds; they may, therefore, be relied on.)

The peace of Altranstadt, 1706, restored some repose to the country; the King was again frequently at Dresden, and more could now be done for the theatre and the opera. The chapel was re-organized (1707), and so, after the battle of Pultawa (1709), the ever restless foe was completely overthrown, splendour and luxury revived, and became greater than ever. In the year 1709 as much as 10,700 thalers could be assigned to the Chapel alone, and, in the same year, Volumier received a special order, dated Dresden, 28th June, 1709, summoning him to that capital, and appointing him Concert Master in the said Chapel with an annual salary of 1200 thalers. No one then imagined, it is true, that the Dresden opera was soon to enter upon an epoch which must be designated as the most brilliant in its annals. From 1717 to 1719 it possessed an Italian operatic company under the direction of Antonio Lotti. To describe what this company was we need only mention such names as Santa Stella, Tod Durastanti, Senesino, and Berselli. Handel, who was himself at Dresden in 1719, gained over most of these artists, as he helped him to achieve his triumphs in London. Even the subsequent operatic company, in which Hasse and Faustina shone as the most precious gems, is not to be compared with it, for in the second instance everything turned upon an individual, whereas in the former the great attraction was the combined performance of a whole galaxy of stars of the first water.

This Italian company had been formed through the exertions of the Crown Prince during his stay in Italy, and the fact of its being engaged had caused not a few misgivings at Dresden, on account of the heavy sums which would be required. The Crown Prince however, overcame all these misgivings, and the company was engaged. Extravagantly high salaries to singers, such salaries as even people now-a-days to shake their heads, were not by any means a novelty; they existed in former times as well as at present. Lotti with his wife (Sra. Stella) received 10,500 thalers, Senesino, 7000 thalers; the three, like most of their colleagues, having board, lodging, light, and other things free; the two sopranos, Senesino (really Francesco Bernardi) and Matteo Berselli, had even a carriage at their disposal. That with all these special privileges the Italians were not particularly modest, but played a very obstinate part at Dresden is something that may easily be supposed, and the German musicians had assuredly a great deal to put up with from them.

The more does it redound, therefore, to the credit of Volumier that he not only held his ground against them, but even assumed a prominent position, notwithstanding that Francesco Veracini, one of the most celebrated violinists of his day, came to Dresden in 1717 and, what is more, remained there till 1722. Another violinist too, Johann Georg Pisendel, who had been received by Volumier's instrumentality into the Chapel in 1711, but was generally travelling about in attendance upon the Crown Prince, and who had enjoyed Vivaldi's lessons in Italy, returned as a distinguished virtuoso in 1717. Both Veracini and Pisendel represented however, the serious and profounder style of Italian instrumental music which had been developed from out artistic Italian song, while Volumier owed his success to the light and elegant French violin style that had sprung from the dance and the folk's song. At that period, the two kinds of instrumental music were distinct from each other, it was reserved for German artists to blend them. But it was precisely the pleasing character of the French style which conferred so extraordinary an attraction, and rendered Volumier exceedingly popular in Dresden.

But the arrogance of the Italian artists must soon have become insupportable. Whether they were tempted by the brilliant prospects opened up to most of them in England by Handel or whether they no longer felt comfortable at Dresden, the mutual bickerings broke out frequently in 1719 into disgraceful scenes, which reached their climax during the rehearsals of the new opera, *Flavio Crispo*, by the chapelmaster Heinichen, Lotti's substitute. Senesino behaved in an unwarrantable fashion towards the German musicians. Singing his part, all torn at the latter's feet. He said, too, that Volumier could not accompany him properly in his airs, and insulted him publicly at rehearsal, by stating that Handel was the only man capable of doing so. The King, however, would not put up with this arrogance any longer and discharged the entire Italian company.

In consequence of the humiliations, however, which he had suffered at the hands of the overbearing Italians, Volumier obtained, in answer to a petition he sent in, a decree, which said that "he was duly to fulfil all his duties as Concert Master and enjoy all the prerogatives attached thereto according to the general custom of German courts." We are by no means justified by such a "clumsy virtuoso trick," as the worthy Quanz designated it, in coming to the hasty conclusion that there was not much in Volumier's musical knowledge. On the contrary, Volumier composed in Dresden, as elsewhere, a great deal of ballet music, and the great Lotti considered him worthy of writing the divertissements usual at that time for his operas *Teuone, ovvero gli Odi delusi del Sangue* and *Trofeo* 1718, 1719. Except during a few journeys, Volumier remained at Dresden, respected and liked at Court and by the people, till his death, which took place on the 7th October 1728.

W. Lackowitz.

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

Munich.—During the course of the winter Herr K. Wagner's *Tristan and Isolde* is to be revived with Mdlle. Seidhofer as Isolde and Herr Buchmann as Tristan.—Herr J. Gung'l having returned from his very successful trip to Geneva, lately gave a well attended concert.

AUBER'S FIRST WORK.

Auber is descended from a highly honourable family. His father, who was passionately fond of art, devoted his fortune, his time and his attention to forming a vast and valuable collection of the battles and great deeds of the reign of the first Napoleon, designed by the first masters and enriched by the graver of the first artists.

From his youth upwards, Auber manifested an observant spirit. He studied the world with as much ardour as he studied music, and noted down, so to say, everything that produced a lively impression on him. The fiery glance which flashed from his eyes formed a strange contrast with his apparent calm and silent lips.

In 1813, the management of the Theatre Feydeau, received from Boutilly and Dupaty authors then popular, the book of a comic opera, which would not involve much expense in the getting up, and which, by its gaiety, was in keeping with the Carnival. It was entitled *Le Sergent Malgaire*. It was in one act, and presented a faithful picture of the tricks played by some dragoon officers, to enliven their stay in a small town. This trifle pleased the artists. Gavaudan, in the character of a witty, dashing colonel, thought he could give the reins to his very varied and original talent. Madame Gavaudan was delighted at the idea of appearing as a young lady of fashion, who, in the costume of a saucy clever little groom, succeeds in joining with his regiment, her husband, whom she adores, and convincing herself of his fidelity.

The authors stated that Auber was the composer they had chosen to set the book to music. Their choice seemed at first to be distasteful to the management, the members of which always preferred composers with established reputations to those who were unknown. But this difficulty vanished, thanks to some powerful patrons. Auber instantly set about his task, and was soon able to let the artists hear the vocal pieces he had composed. They all appeared satisfied, and the day was fixed when, according to the rule of the theatre, the score was to be performed by a quartet, to make certain that it was worth being regularly copied out.

Auber appeared before the redoubtable Areopagus, all the members of which were not at first favourable to him. Luckily, he found defenders and impartial judges in Méhul and Cherubini, members of the musical committee. They said that the score of *Le Sergent Malgaire* was, it is true, no more than a trial balloon, but that the said balloon contained gas which only required to expand. They gave their verdict in favour therefore, of the young composer's admission to the stage of the Opéra-Comique. The score was parcelled out among the copyists, and, a few days afterwards, the rehearsals commenced.

But a new obstacle was nearly re-plunging the young musician into the obscurity in which his enemies wished to keep him. A then popular composer had just had copied out the parts of a three-act opera, on which he founded hopes of a great success. He asserted that no other new work ought to be represented before his. But his work necessitated long study and heavy expenditure on the part of the management. Auber's, for which no outlay was required, and which was rehearsed with a quartet, had already been learnt by the artists, who took the most lively interest in the young beginner. They soon came to an agreement to defend his rights.

The rehearsals were continued, and each one seemed to promise a success, not a striking and tremendous success, but a success quite sufficient to attain the object in view, namely, to produce a trifle which should please the public during the Carnival.

At length the day of performance (27th February 1813) arrived—a day so important to the composer, who, despite the obstacles which he had had to surmount, had displayed a calm resolution announcing an energetic character. The trial balloon rose in the air without the slightest accident; it is true, that Gavaudan and his charming wife were in the car, and directed its course. In a word, the work achieved all the success that a mere nothing could achieve. The gaiety of the story—and the melodious nature of the music gained the suffrages of the public, and young Auber gathered his first sprig of laurel to be followed by so many fine, of which his wreath is now composed.

Grétry, who was present at the performance, congratulated the youthful composer in the warmest terms. Then, comparing the dramatic art to the art of war, he quoted the following passage from Juvenal, the lamentment of which seemed to strike his companion:—

"Le casque en tête, il n'est plus temps de rendre."

Auber's expressive glance seemed, at that moment, even more brilliant than usual. It was easy to read in his features that Juvenal's fine motto was henceforth his.

"Under your auspices," he said to Grétry, "I enter into a solemn engagement to devote myself unreservedly to dramatic composition."

"Do not forget," replied the illustrious master, "that the surest means of acquiring a name in it, is to give yourself up, above all things, to the truth of your song. Let your rivals, sacrificing to the taste of the day, place the statue in the orchestra; do you set it upon the stage, that is to say, in the mouths of your actors."

Firmly convinced of this truth, Auber never failed to remain faithful to it in the various works which soon followed his first essay. When death had snatched away Méhul and Boieldieu, the real supports of the French lyric stage were Auber and Hérold, a rival worthy of him, and whom the French school lost in the flower of his age. Auber is the most fertile, the most original, and the most brilliant of French composers. The natural and ravishing strains he has given us in *Le Maçon*, *Fenna*, *La Fiancée*, *La Muette de Portici*, *Fra Diavolo*, *Le Domino Noir*, etc., glow with eternal youth. While turning to account the resources of harmony, Auber has displayed in these strains that natural truth and that melodic inspiration of which the charm never decays.

An Old Melomaniac.

COSTA'S "ELI" AT STUTTGARDT.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

Stuttgardt, *Monday*.

Leaving London at 7.25 last Saturday morning, after a rough passage across the Channel, Paris was reached at six to the evening, time enough being left for a potage, turbot *à la* Hollandaise, Poulet rôti et à l'ronage, with half a bottle of well-iced Bloom at the Restaurant de la Gare de l'Est, opposite the Strasburg Station. Dine there on the first opportunity; by all means ask to see the young child of Madame Sisseffen, who sits at the Comptoir, and make the acquaintance of the Angora cat, which has a fond intention for turbot. Left by the train of 8.35 p.m. for Stuttgardt, via Strasburg. It was a very fine and mild night; the passengers in carriage 2t3 might have slept, but that they were awakened at Epernay three hours from Paris, by a passenger calling out of the window, "Is this Vienna?" This being repeated at Châlons, Bar le Duc, Nancy, &c., with stentorian lungs, by the benighted traveller, drove sleep from everybody's eyes. When the jockey (or such he was) got to Kehl, he was gravely assured that he had come on the wrong line for Vienna, that he ought to have gone by the Lyons and Mediterranean line for Vienna. He was about to return to Paris, when some one relieved his mind. He was last seen at Stuttgardt, calling out of window, "How far is it from Vienna?"

At one o'clock on Tuesday, at Stuttgardt, your special was wanted at the station to be, at two, at Marquhardt's Hotel, for a banquet to be given there to Costa, Herr Kapellmeister Mert being the host. There were present the Royal Intendant of Theatres and Concerts, Baron von Gall, Professor Gautter, one of the chief critics, of the *Leipzig Musical Gazette*, the Prelate-Pastor Dr. Grüneisen, Herr Kästlin, the President of the Sacred Classic Concert Association, Herr Winternetz, the pianist and composer accompanist at the Royal Opera-house, Herr Singer, the violinist, Herr Gotterman, one of the greatest violoncellists of the age, Signor La Calsi, and C. L. Grüneisen (of London), &c. At the dinner the champagne flung was lost and furious. Herr Mert gave the welcome, with artistic fraternity, to Costa, who acknowledged, in his turn, the amiability of the Royal Intendant. Mr. Grüneisen blamed the return of Herr Mert to London on the ground of respectability. Art in its general and widest application, without distinction of country, was enthusiastically advocated, the hospitality of the Kingdom shown to artists by Old England warmly acknowledged, and success to *Eli* the great wish. After the banquet came the soirée at Dr. Grüneisen's house. There was had music—Mendelssohn's C minor Trio, splendidly played by Winternetz, Singer and Gotterman, pianoforte solos from the exquisite touch of Winternetz, a modest and unassuming artist, but

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with immense talent, and a fine specimen of singing from Herr Kestlin, an amateur with a noble bass voice and a most expressive style. And after the thirty hours' journey, the banquet, and the *soirée*, to bed, only awaking once by hearing a cry of "Vienna," but finding myself all right at Stuttgardt.

Yesterday Mr. Costa had a private audience of the King of Wurtemberg, who is an accomplished amateur. The *maestro* was most graciously and kindly received by the Swabian Sovereign, who is well acquainted with art in general. The Royal Family and Court will be in full force this evening.

The rehearsal last night enables your correspondent to send some lines in anticipation of the performance. This dispatch must be closed at 11 a.m. Now, if I wrote to-morrow morning, it would only reach you late on Thursday night, assuming that there is no stoppage in the post, which at this period of the year is uncertain to pray accept a first notice from the general rehearsal, which was, however, well attended. First, as to the locality. The "Königsbau" (king's building) was erected by the late King William, on the same site where formerly stood the "Redoutensaal" an old edifice used for concerts, balls and theatrical performances. The "Königsbau" of which Oberbaurath Leins was the architect, was begun in 1856 and finished in 1859. It was opened by the late Monarch with a splendid concert, to which 3,000 persons were invited. The hall is surrounded by a balcony on three sides, supported by Corinthian columns. The Subscription Concerts given every year beginning in October are for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the artists attached to the Royal Theatre. The King is the patron, and the director-in-chief is the Royal Intendant, Baron von Gall. The two conductors of the opera, Herr Abert (composer of the "Cole-chan Symphony" and of *Astorga*, a three-act opera) and Herr Dopple, have to conduct alternately every second concert. All the singers of the opera-house are paid to sing at the concerts when required. It was the late Landgraf who, thirty years since, founded the charitable institution. The ordinary programmes are like those of the Paris Conservatoire, the Leipsic Gewandhaus, and the Cologne Gurzenich concerts; that is to say, there is one symphony, one overture, and a concerto, with three or four vocal pieces. During the series, oratorios or cantatas are given.

As to the Königsbau it unquestionably was of the handsomest concert-rooms in Europe, but there are the usual differences of opinion as to its acoustical attributes. Some think the hall too long and narrow, others object to the arrangement for the orchestra. The last ground of objection is undeniable. The orchestral platform is almost a flat surface. It is deficient in elevation, and there ought to be a steeper incline. The alcove which terminates the hall on the orchestral side would be finished off in aspect if there was an organ. Costa's sharp eye detected the inconvenience of the platform, and he at once quite changed the positions of players and singers, by adopting his vocal plan of having his strings well in front, the wood in the centre, and the brass and percussion in the rear, with the harmonium as a substitute for the organ. His forces, compared with those of Birmingham and Exeter Hall, were ridiculously small—ten first violins, ten seconds, five tenors, five violoncelli, and five double basses, with a chorus of about 150 singers, do not sound large, but the executants are all thoroughly trained artists. It would be difficult to find a band composed of such first-class players, and of a chorus so thoroughly in earnest, possessing excellent voices. The conductor was at home at once with his phalanx; the beat of his baton secured an admirable *ensemble*. There is not the slightest danger in predicting a decided success for the night's performance; professors and amateurs are unanimous in praise of *Eli*. The organ prelude awakened attention at once, and the orchestral movement, the *Allegretto fugato* in D minor (the theme of which is found in the chorale, "How Mighty," conveyed the impression that the work of a master of orchestration was being heard. The opening chorus in D, with its *staccato* effects and its fine climax, the Hebrew service in the Temple, and the first fugue in the key of D flat, went extremely well. The parts were thus distributed:—Hannah, Fräulein Kletteur; Samuel, Frau Filinger; Elkanah, Herr A. Jäger; Saph, Herr Braun; Hophni and Phinehas (sons of Eli), Herr Hotz and Herr Fromade; the Man of God, Herr Bertram; and Eli, Herr Schlitky. Now, all these singers were up to the mark artistically, careful and conscientious, zealous and energetic; their voices as regards quality must be taken cum grano, that is, the timbre is essentially German—more or less rough. Herr Schlitky has quite as good an organ as Herr Formes, the original Eli, and is gifted eminently with both style and sentiment. His airs were most expressively given, especially the final one. Herr A. Jäger was very painstaking, but his voice is of the ordinary type. Herr Braun sang the war song capitally, throwing out the high notes on the word "war" effectively, although not affecting the recollection of Sims Reeves on those stirring notes. Fräulein Kletteur is like Mdme. Rudersdorff in style, with a better voice, but not so artistical. Mdme. Filinger sang beautifully. She sings a soprano evidently, but on this occasion undertook the contralto part, and right well did she sing—she has much feeling. The trio, "Thou shalt have the Son," and the unaccompanied quartet, "We bless you," went well. The two airs of Samuel and the chorus of angels, and the war march, created quite a sensation amongst the select auditory. The fugues were attacked with surprising vigour and precision. Altogether the rehearsal was a foreshadowing of a grand triumph to-night, for the talk of the town is *Eli* and Costa has jumped into a celebrity in Stuttgart at once. It is already decided to repeat the oratorio before the season is over, and he has also been requested to send his score of *Naaman*, which is to be also produced. *Eli* is to be published with the German words of Dr. Grüneisen and Miss Ida Grüneisen, who have done the translation admirably. Here are two specimens—the chorale in C minor and the war song of Saph.

CHORALE IN C MINOR, "HOW MIGHTY IS THE NAME."

Wie ist Dein Name kund
O Herr in aller Welt!
Wo Himmelsmann und Sterlingemund
Von Dir erschallt.
Ich staune bei der Nacht
Ab Deiner Wunder Zier
Und wenn die Sonne erwacht
Was ist der Mensch vor Dir?
Erzaus ist der Herr!

WAR SONG OF SAPH—SOLO AND CHORUS IN D

Philister Philister! hört Drommeten dimettern
Haltet Schild und Pfeil bereit!
Rost und Wagen lasset wettern,
Zeuset Israel hin zum Streit.
Krieg, Krieg, Krieg den Kindern Israel!

Collecting opinions of the initiated, it resulted in the general conclusion that *Eli* is replete with melodious imagery, excellently voiced and the orchestration clear and masterly. The artifices of art were pronounced to have been well used in the fugues, which are not frittered away by diminution, and not lengthened by augmentation. Enough that the chosen critics in the hall—the purists of Stuttgardt, were satisfied that the composer had not been bound hand and foot by scholastic trammels. As for the little discussion as to the fugues being subjected, inverted, answered and amplified, that matter has been ventilated in England quite enough. Stuttgardt confirms the verdict of Birmingham and London as to *Eli* being a noble, dignified, and beautiful work. Nothing was mentioned in my hearing about the fine drawn distinctions between opera and oratorio. Those themes are confined to the cathedral organists of England.

Leaving the critical controversies which such a musical epic as the oratorio must always give rise to, it is impossible not to feel a sentiment of exultation at the thoroughly cordial acceptation and appreciation of an English work in Germany. For, putting aside the consideration of the place of birth of a composer, the musician who establishes himself in a country from his youth becomes not only acclimatized and naturalized, but he is part and parcel of the nation. We have the right to claim Handel—for all his mightiest inspirations were conceived on our soil. Costa is essentially identified with England, and if is as a British composition the Germans have regard his oratorio.

(*For Wednesday's performance of "Eli" see p. 766.*)

GENOA.—The Teatro Carlo Felice opened for the season with *La Regina di Golconda*. The principal female part was satisfactorily sustained by Sra. Chiarina Fasoni, a former pupil of the Milan Conservatory. The second opera produced was *Il Barbiere di Pesaro*.—M. Gounod's *Faust* inaugurated the season at the Teatro Andrea Doria, re-decorated with great taste, by the new management.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
ST. JAMES'S HALL.

ELEVENTH SEASON, 1868-9

DIRECTOR—MR. J. ARTHUR CHEPPELL.

The Director begs to announce that the

ELEVENTH SEASON OF THE MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS

WILL COMMENCE ON

MONDAY EVENING NOVEMBER 16th,

and that the Performances will take place as follows:—

MONDAY	NOVEMBER	16,	1868.	MONDAY	JANUARY	25,	1869.
MONDAY	"	23	"	MONDAY	FEBRUARY	1	"
MONDAY	"	30	"	MONDAY	"	8	"
MONDAY	DECEMBER	7	"	MONDAY	"	15	"
MONDAY	"	14	"	MONDAY	"	22	"
MONDAY	JANUARY	4,	1869.	MONDAY	MARCH	1	"
MONDAY	"	11	"	MONDAY	"	8	"
MONDAY	"	18	"	MONDAY	"	15	"

SEVEN MORNING PERFORMANCES will be given on SATURDAYS, JANUARY 23, 30; FEBRUARY 6, 13, 20, 27; MARCH 6, 1869.

For the accommodation of those who may desire to occupy the same seats at every performance, the Director of Ballots is to have subscription tickets at £1 (transferable), entitling holders to special seats (still selected by themselves) for the whole series of twenty-three concerts—viz. thirteen Monday evenings and seven Saturday mornings.

Subscription Tickets are also issued for the Sixteen Evening Concerts, at £2 10s.; and for the Seven Morning Concerts, at £1 10s.

Herr Pauer will be the Pianist on Monday Evenings, November 16th and 23rd. M. Sainton and Herr Straus are engaged as Principal Violins for the Opening Concerts before Christmas.

Signor Piatti will fill the post of Principal Violoncello from the First Concert till the End of the Season. Herr L. Ries, that of Second Violin, and Mr. Henry Blagrove, that of Viola.

Madame Arabella Goddard and Mr. Charles Hallé will both appear during January and February.

Madame Schumann is engaged for a limited number of concerts in February and March.

Herr Joachim will make his first appearance on Monday, January 4th, and remain till the close of the season at Easter.

Mr. Benedict will occupy his post of Conductor as heretofore on all occasions.

Subscribers' names received by Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; and 24 Hanover Sq., Piccadilly.

PROGRAMME OF FIRST CONCERT,
MONDAY EVENING NOVEMBER 16TH, 1868.

PART I.

QUARTET, in B major, Op. 44, No. 1—for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. HARROW, L. RIES, HENRY BLAGROVE, and PIATTI ... *Mendelssohn.*
SONG, "I know my love"—MISS EDITH WYNNE ... *Benedict.*
SONATA, in A major, for Violoncello, with Pianoforte Accompaniment—SIGNOR PIATTI ... *Boccherini.*
SONATA, in E flat, Op. 7, for Pianoforte alone—HERR PAUER ... *Beethoven.*

PART II.

QUINTET, in E major, for Clarionet, two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. RAMPONI, LAURENT, L. RIES, HENRY BLAGROVE, and PIATTI ... *Mozart.*
SONG, "The mighty deep head"—MISS EDITH WYNNE ... *Schubert.*
SONATA, in B flat, for Pianoforte and Violin—MM. PAUER and SAINTON ... *Dussek.*

CONDUCTOR ... MR. BENEDICT

To commence at Eight o'clock.

DEATHS.

On the 11th ult., at Harrington Street, Hampstead Road, Mr. J. J. CALLEN, aged 55.

On the 24th ult., at Bath, Mr. GEORGE WARNE, formerly organist of the Temple Church, aged 71.

On the 29th ult., the wife of ELIAS ROBERTS, Esq., Professor of the Harp.

On the 31st ult., Miss CHRISTIANA M. MOORE, youngest daughter of the late N. Moore, Esq.

NOTICE.

The MUSICAL WORLD *will henceforth be published on* FRIDAY, *in time for the evening mails. Country subscribers will therefore receive their copies on Saturday morning. In consequence of this change, it is urgently requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday, otherwise they will be too late for insertion in the current number.*

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs.* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244 *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock* P.M. *on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

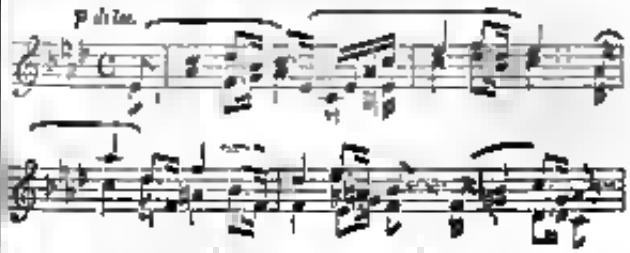
The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1868.

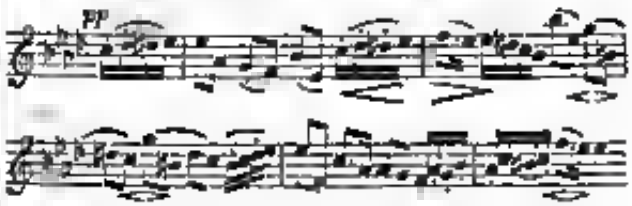
SCHUMANN'S THIRD SYMPHONY.

(*Concluded from page 74*.)

THE third movement (*Andante*) is both brief and unpretending. Its construction, however, may lay claim to originality. At the outset, for example, three five-bar subjects follow each other in close order. The first—a two-part theme, given to clarionets and bassoons, and unobtrusively accompanied—is as follows:—

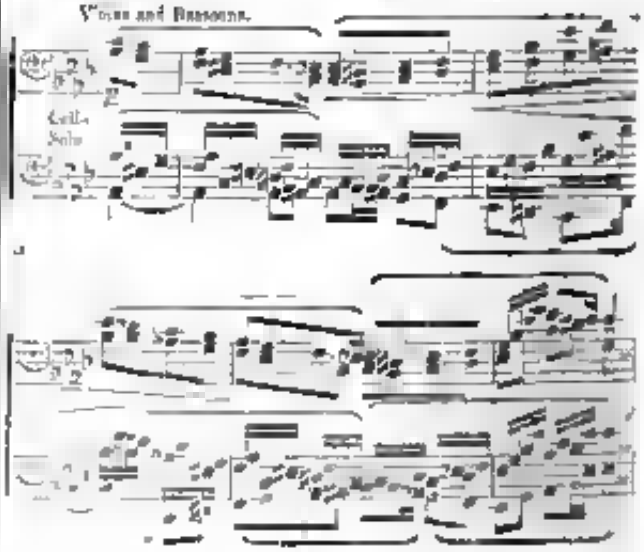


The second subject is taken up by the strings, as thus:—



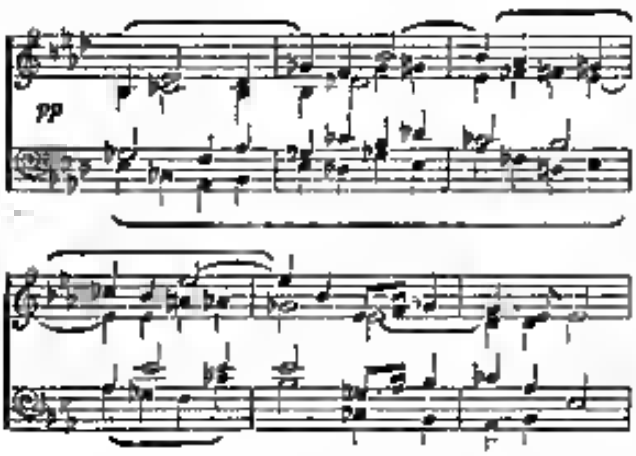
Without any pause whatever, the strings then go on to the third of these five-bar themes. Although suggested by the second, it is practically an independent thing:—

The clarionets and bassoons next recommence the first subject, which makes way after two bars for the new idea:



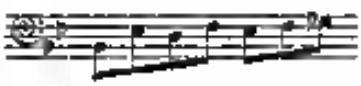
Out of these materials the entire movement is made. In dealing with these Schumann seems to have avoided all attempts at elaboration or development, equally with any show of constructive form. Hence the rest of the movement consists simply of detached portions of the several themes strung together without apparent design. In this lies the weakness of music having, nevertheless, points of undeniable interest, such as for example, the closing bars, which almost make us forget previous shortcomings.

The fourth movement is a *Religioso*, with which Schumann was inspired by witnessing a magnificent ceremonial in the Cathedral of Cologne. It is scored for a full orchestra (including four horns and three trombones), and bears every mark of very great care in writing. The opening is both characteristic and impressive, though, on the latter respect, marred by *pizzicato* notes for the violins, which Schumann's tendency to crowd his scores with details led him to insert. The theme with its harmony—allotted to horns, trombones, bassoons, and bass strings—is as follows:—



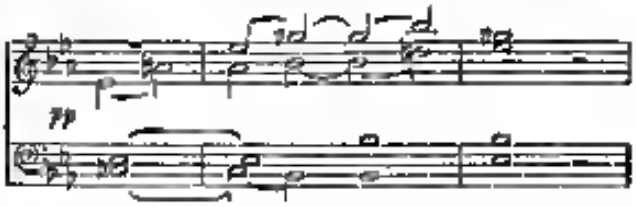
Schumann then proceeds to treat the subject of this passage in imitation, but not before he introduces a phrase which afterwards takes a conspicuous place. The phrase in question:—

is clearly invested by the composer with some special meaning, since we can hardly suppose that in any other case he would have allowed it so often to disturb the impressive solemnity of his main theme. Unfortunately the idea connected with it is unknown and hence its frequent repetition is regarded as an intrusion upon the listener, and as defacing an otherwise excellent piece of work. The imitative treatment we have referred to must be obvious to the musical reader without quotation, and we, therefore, pass on to where a change from common to three-two time occurs. Heralded and accompanied by the inevitable



—a series of well-written, if somewhat dry, imitative passages is given in the new time. Once more the *tempo* changes, and, to a four two measure, the solemn theme is repeated, its rich harmony being now aided by *tremolo* passages for second violins (divided), violas, and violoncellos. At its close an episode occurs, all the more striking because the mind is utterly unprepared for it. Passing from the tonic key (E flat minor) the wind instruments give out this phrase in B major:—

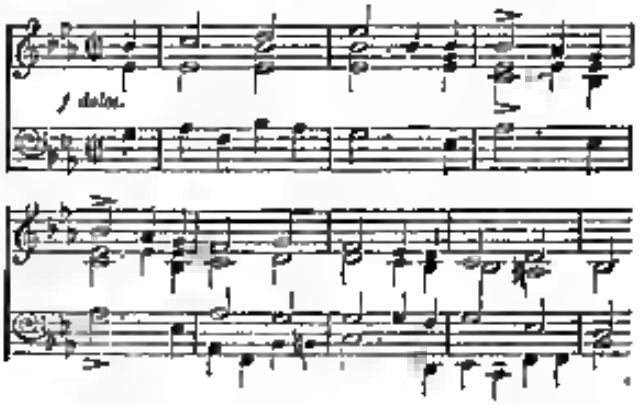
To it the strings respond, *pianissimo*:—



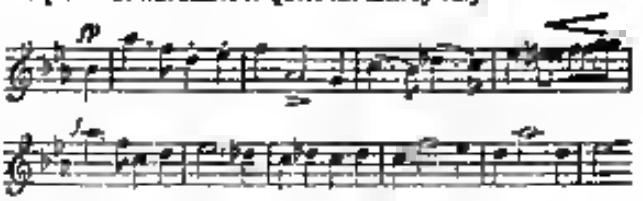
The wind passage is then repeated, after which a *piano* modulation to the dominant introduces a few bars of the theme (for clarionets, bassoon, and violas), and finally leads to a brief coda of five bars.

We have pointed out wind seems a serious drawback to the *Religioso*; but, apart from that, the movement is one requiring considerable familiarity before a definite opinion of it can be given. The impressions made by gorgeous ecclesiastical rites upon Schumann's mind would necessarily be profound, and his attempt to convey them, through the medium of music, can only be understood after patient study.

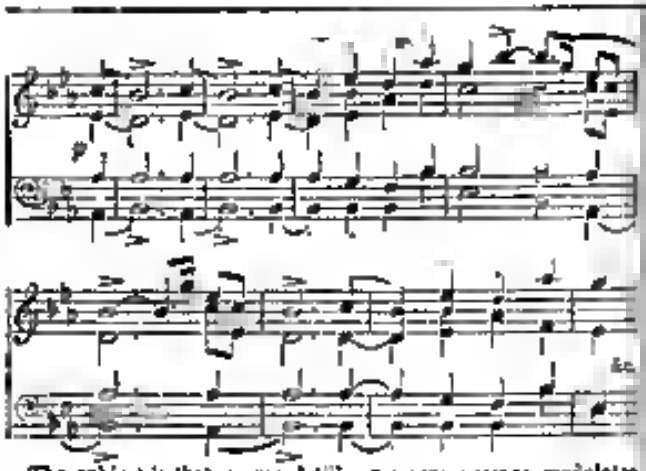
In the final movement (*Allegro*) Schumann reverts to his popular style, and the result is some remarkably clear and intelligible music. Surely even so foolish a wayfaring man can comprehend all there is in a subject like this:—



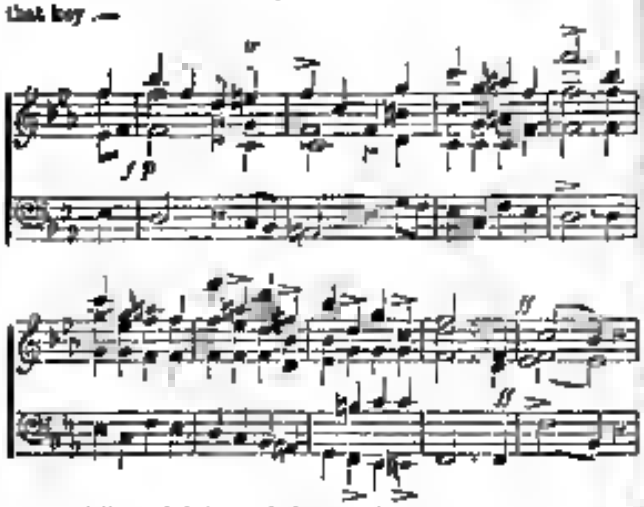
After repeating this, *tutti*, the second section (of ten bars instead of eight) is played by the full orchestra, trombones and horns excepted. It will suffice to quote the melody only:—



So far the movement is distinguished by the vigorous phraseology Schumann evidently intended for it; but now comes an episode, which whenever it appears, is like a beautiful and graceful lady taking part in some rustic merrymaking. The strings, with a slight accompaniment of wood wind, have the following:—

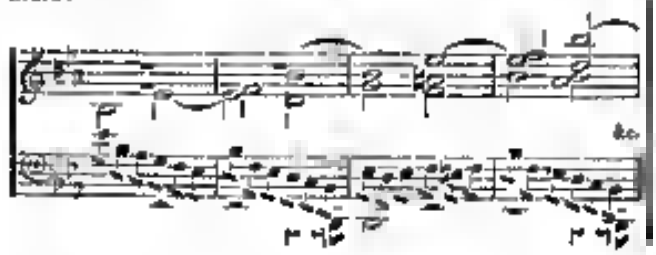


The subject is that resumed till a vigorous passage modulates into the dominant of B flat, and introduces the second theme in that key.—



A gracefully varied form of the episode above quoted is followed by a climax, from the height of which we drop to an old acquaintance.—

introduced by second violins alone. Schumann next proceeds to work this figure in conjunction with his second subject, doing so with an ingenuity that in some measure atones for the absence of anything in other respects particularly striking. A second climax that leads to a *reprise* of the first theme and to a travelling once more over ground already familiar. At the close of this repetition the trombones (*Corrisonen*) are heard for the first time in the movement, heralding what we consider to be its finest portion. After a succession of massive chords for full orchestra, terminating with a 6-4 on the dominant, the theme of the *Reliquie* is unexpectedly heard.—



Thus, in turn, leads to a vigorous introduction to the coda, which, at an accelerated *tempo*, and with brilliant effect, closes the movement and the work.

The reader must form his own conclusions as to the work we have outlined. He will have no difficulty in finding out that, in our estimation, it is full of interest and value.

Mr. Immanuel Liebich has written to us to disclaim the authorship of an article which recently appeared in a country paper and which he says has been "widely circulated" and attributed to him. No reference has been made in this paper to the article, nor do we feel disposed to further the objects of its author (or authors) through the medium of such publicity as we have it in our power to give. Moreover, Mr. Liebich before writing should have borne in mind the proverb, "*Qui s'excuse s'accuse*." Why he addressed himself to the *Musical World* we are wholly at a loss to explain. He had doubtless, reasons of weight, but as we are not the keepers of his conscience, we decline to grant his letter, which might, with greater propriety, and probably with more success, have been sent to the paper in which the article he is so anxious to repudiate originally appeared.

Since our last issue the state of Rossini's health has excited the gravest apprehensions. At one time even the medicine gave up all hopes of the master's recovery, but Dr. Nelaton's favourable bulletin on Wednesday morning brought about a welcome revulsion of feeling. It appears that Dr. Nelaton that considered his illustrious patient strong enough to undergo an operation which, if successful, will materially change the aspect of the case. We are happy to learn from a private telegram despatched on Thursday evening that the sufferer's state continues satisfactory.

Robbery at the "Musical World" Office.—The letter-box of Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, was broken open on Thursday morning and all the letters by the morning mails were purloined and carried off by a thief. Correspondents who have received no replies to their communications and letters are kindly requested to write and communicate forthwith with Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Norma was performed on Monday, and *Don Giovanni* on Tuesday, when Miss Minnie Hauck made her first appearance as Zerlina. Mdlle. Ilma de Murska was to have made her *rentrée* as Lucia on Thursday, but illness prevented, and the management fell back upon the always safe *Trovatore* (which has already been once performed). More about all this next week.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

On the 30th ult., Dr. Bennett Gilbert gave a "lecture-entertainment," called *The Sea-songs of England* at the Literary Institute, Lower Norwood. The lecturer was assisted by Mrs. William Harrison, Mr. Stanley Maye and Mr. Leonard Walker, each of whom was loudly applauded after singing some of our best known and most popular naval melodies. The various pieces were interspersed with anecdotes and sketches of a most amusing nature.

Miss Emma Garreyne gave a ballad concert recently at the Birkbeck Institution which was well attended. In addition to Miss Berry Greening, who sang several favourite pieces, there appeared one of her pupils, Miss Edith Hingeley, a young contralto of whom we may hear more eventually. The instrumental music was contributed by Miss Agnes Greening, whose playing of the "Sonata Pathétique" and a Fantasia on airs from the *Huguenots* met with high favour. Herr Lehmeyer was accompanist.

Breslau.—The first concert of the Orchestral Union was specially attractive from the fact that Herr Joachim took part in it. The orchestra, under the conductorship of Herr Damrosch, performed the overtures to *Alceste* and *Faust*, and Beethoven's First Symphony. Herr Joachim played his own Hungarian Concerto, and the *Adagio* from Spohr's Ninth Concerto. He was applauded to the echo both as composer and executionist.

Stuttgart.—A new musical and dramatic journal, entitled *Der Freischütz*, has been published here.

PROVINCIAL.

A correspondent writes from Carlisle a glowing account of a pianoforte recital given in that town by Madame Arabella Goddard on Wednesday October 28, which (as the programme was one of those with which she has delighted so many provincial audiences recently) it is unnecessary to print in extenso. We have, in fact, the old story. Mozart's sonata "was heard throughout with intense and genial satisfaction;" the *Presto* in C major from Mendelssohn's "Book 5," created the usual enthusiasm; the *Invitation* of Weber was encored, and the "Harmonious Blacksmith," substituted for the "Pastoral Sonata" (at the end of which the performer was unanimously recalled), was the "roast beef" (*plat de resistance*) "of the musical banquet," and Thalberg's *Home* elicited another immense encore, which was answered by the familiar "Home sweet Home," by the same master. Miss Annie Edmonds gave songs by Schubert, Benedict, and Gounod, the second of which ("Rock me to sleep") was encored and repeated.

From a local paper we learn that, on Thursday, October 29th, also, the same recital was given by Madame Goddard at Sunderland and with equally brilliant success. Encores on this occasion were awarded to the *Presto* of Mendelssohn and the *Invitation à la Valse*, and in both instances accepted. The "Pastoral Sonata" and Thalberg's "Home, sweet Home," both were recalls for the accomplished pianist. Miss Edmonds gave two songs by Mendelssohn (the first, the "Shepherd's Song" being encored), a canzonet by Haydn and a ballad by Dr. Arne.

From Kendal, a correspondent writes a detailed account of a recital held there by Madame Arabella Goddard in the Town Hall, on Monday evening, October 26th, at which the programme was literally the same as that of Sunderland. The irrepressible *Presto* in C of Mendelssohn, and the *Invitation* of Weber were both encored, the first played again, and for the last the "Harmonious Blacksmith," substituted. After the "Pastoral Sonata" and "Home sweet Home" Madame Goddard was loudly called back. Miss Edmonds was encored in "When daisies pied" (Arne). Our correspondent adds that never at Kendal in his remembrance, was a performance of chamber music listened to with such marked attention, or applauded with such hearty good-will. He is also in raptures with the "magnificent" concert grand of Messrs. Broadwood and Sons.

At Lancaster Madame Goddard gave a recital on Tuesday evening Oct. 27th, having been engaged for that purpose by the local musical society. The programme was the same as at Kendal, and precisely the same encores and recalls were awarded as at Kendal, both to pianist and singer. "The room was crowded to the walls." We regret that want of space precludes us from inserting the letter of our correspondent ("T. G."), from whom, nevertheless, we shall always be pleased to hear when anything in the musical (especially good musical) way is going on at Lancaster.

At Berwick-upon-Tweed, in the Corn Exchange, Monday evening, Nov. 2nd the same recital, same programme, same encores and recalls, and same success. Here, the beautiful sonata of Mozart, and the lovely *Adagio* from Mendelssohn's *Lieder* (the one from Mrs. Klingemann's album) seemed to please even more than anything else. "The performance of this *Adagio*, by Miss Goddard"—says our correspondent—"was so perfect as the music itself."

Plymouth.—The Amateur Vocal Association, started here last February, has issued its prospectus for the coming season. The managers propose giving two grand concerts (one in November the other in February) of the first of which Mr. J. F. Barnett's cantata *The Ancient Mariner* will be performed. They also contemplate organizing a complete orchestra of amateur instrumentalists. Mr. Arthur Cottman is the honorary conductor.

Worcester.—The Choral Society of this city is in a bad way, judging from a recent article in the local journal—out of which we take the following:—

"Worcester, which has hitherto had the reputation of being a musical city, will not maintain that reputation unless measures be taken to restore the prestige which is on the wane. At present all we have in the shape of a society for the development of musical talent is the association the name of which heads this article, and even this society is in difficulties, and makes an earnest appeal for assistance. There is a large number of members, many of them in a good position, and the concerts have been well attended. But for all this the Worcester Choral Society is not a success, and Mr. Rayson has just put forth an appeal for fresh subscribers. It is proposed to give two good concerts during the coming season provided the subscriptions shall, by the first of November, amount to £130. It will be matter for regret if the estimate allow the society to languish, and perhaps expire for lack of such a trifling amount divided amongst several thousand persons.

On Monday a miscellaneous concert was given at St. Clement's school-room, by the choir, assisted by some friends, in aid of a fund for purchasing an organ which Mr. Nicholson is building. Three young ladies from Clifton House played a pianoforte trio, "I Montecchi e Capuleti" (Bellini), and some glees, madrigals, and songs made up the programme. Mr. H. Gunnary conducted, Miss Page was the pianist, and there was a large audience.

Harvington.—Mr. T. Beaman, who has resigned his post as organist, to which Mr. J. Glover, of Stourport, has been appointed, gave the choir a farewell supper on Friday week, at the White Hart Inn. The rector presided. The choir boys presented Mr. Beaman with a gold pencil-case, and the rector with a silver butter-dish.

Birmingham.—Mr. Harrison gave a ballad concert in the Town Hall, on Thursday week at which Mr. Sims Reeves was the chief attraction. From an every way admirable notice in the *Daily Post* we take the following:—

"If any of those musical worm-wood and croakers who are striving to persuade themselves that the powers and popularity of the great English tenor are already on the wane, were present in the Town Hall on Thursday evening, and witnessed the prodigious effect of Mr. Sims Reeves's several performances on that occasion, they must have been effectually disabused of their delusion. Never was our English Orpheus more enthusiastically received here, and never was the magic power of his voice more triumphantly established. Had his object been the rescue of a hundred Eurydices, his tuneful eloquence must have prevailed; but as he only advocated the cause of a single Harrison, it is not surprising that success even so extolled his appeal. To characterize in detail his various efforts, would be but to repeat ourselves, for neither in matter nor manner happily did they exhibit much novelty, and Mr. Reeves's old excellences of voice and style are sufficiently familiar to all concert-goers. Speaking generally, we may say that his successes on Thursday evening were due less to vocal power and more to exquisite and finish of execution, than in the past, though it would be difficult to determine whether diminished voice or increased art had most share in the effect. In some degree, doubtless, the characteristics of Mr. Reeves's singing on this occasion were governed by the music assigned him, which was of a class, it may be noted, demanding rather expression and refinement than lung power and finishing comparatively few opportunities for those displays of brilliant vocalization which are chiefly effective with the multitude. Blumenthal's delicate and poetical song, 'The Requital,' a worthy pendant to 'The Message,' might be cited as typical of the entire selection in respect, at all events, of its demands upon the performer and the enthusiastic approval which rewarded its performance was, therefore, a prophetic verdict upon the singer's subsequent efforts. In acceding to the encore of this first performance Mr. Sims Reeves substituted the grand recitative and air from Handel's *Jephtha*, 'Deeper and deeper still,' in which all the finest qualities of his singing were displayed to even greater advantage than in Blumenthal's song. His main effort was in the charming duet from *Esther* in which he was joined by Madame Sherrington, but the chaste and selected merits of this selection, however admirably sung, were not of an order to provoke any great popular enthusiasm, and it was reserved for Mr. Reeves at last, with the new song written for him by Mr. Arthur Sullivan, to win the real encore. In the delight so elicited by this performance we fully shared. The encore which greeted Mr. Sims Reeves's performance of the song was probably instinct in itself like the previous one, a different performance, but the singer, construing the request literally, contented himself with repeating it. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington sang the several pieces assigned her with even more than her wonted brilliancy, especially delighting her hearers in the 'Shadow Song' from *Dinorah*, which, of course, encored. Miss Banks's correct and careful vocalization exhibited more than ordinary sweetness and power, singing Balfe's 'Tell me my heart,' and Gounod's 'Echo Song' with great skill and effect. Madame Patey (Mrs. Whytock)'s charming contralto voice and sympathetic style were displayed in a song by Gounod, 'Forget me not,' which was so deservedly encored, as also in Mazzarella's coquettish air, 'Send me a lover St. Valentine.' Mr. Patey joined her in Balfe's pretty pastoral duet, 'Our

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Shepherd Pipe, and sang on his own account, 'The Heart bowed down,' and Wallace's 'Bell Ringer.' Mr Cooper, the pianist and accompanist, acquitted himself very creditably of the solos assigned him."

Norwich.—The Festival Choral Society gave a concert on the 16th ult. which is thus spoken of by the *Norfolk Chronicle*:—

"The selection served to display the efficiency of the choir, but there was, perhaps, too great a preponderance of classical music to suit the tastes of the admirers of 'music-hall ballads.' Considerable disappointment was felt at the announcement, by a printed announcement to the effect that Mr Wilbye Cooper was ill. Fortunately, his place was filled by Mr H. J. Minns who sang the tenor *aria* in *Jerusalem*, and Berger's 'Geraldine,' for which he received deserved applause. The other solos were taken by Madame Talbot-Chown and Mr Farquharson, who made further advances in the good opinion of the Norwich audience. The *terzetto* from *Elijah* was sung by Madame Lincoln, Grounes, and Butler of the Cathedral choir, the clearness of articulation, purenesse of tone, and general finish that mark the singing of all Dr Buck's pupils, being never more prominently displayed. Mesdames Livock and Grounes also sang Boyce's 'Let us range the fields,' with equal effect. The choruses went admirably well. M. Ostry, besides leading the instrumental pieces (the vocal sum being conducted, as usual, by Mr J. F. Hill) played De Beriot's solo. We never heard him with greater pleasure. Mr Hancourt was at the organ. There were about 1,200 persons present."

Newcastle-upon-Tyne.—A correspondent writes:—

"Mrs John Macfarren gave three pianoforte and vocal recitals last week on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, and met with the same success on the occasion of her visit in Newcastle in February last. Each evening the lecture hall of the Literary and Philosophical Society was thronged by an audience of from seven to eight hundred persons, who were no less enthusiastic in their appreciation of works by the great composers for the pianoforte, Bach, Scarlatti, Mozart, Weber, Beethoven, Mendelssohn &c. than in their relish of pieces designed chiefly to display the dexterity of the executant, Prudent's *Etude*, Le Résnil *du Fées*," Henselt's *Etude*, "Si oiseau j'étais," Walter Macfarren's third *Tarantelle*, Wallace's fantasia, "La Cracoviance," Brinsar's "Fantasia on Welsh Melodies," Brinsar's new "Valse de Bravoure," &c. &c.

Miss Susan Emmett — who undertook at very short notice to supply the place of Miss Robertine Mendizza — appears to have made a great success at the three pianoforte recitals lately given in this town by Mrs. John Macfarren. Out of fifteen songs she was encored in seven, and so liberally applauded after the remaining eight, that the chairman's formal announce of a wish on the part of the audience to see her again was more complimentary than necessary. The local press unanimously echoed the public verdict on Miss Emmett's performance.

Leipsic.—Professor Richter, the new Cantor at St Thomas's School, played himself into office last Sunday by performing three movements of a *Missa solemnis* composed expressly for the occasion.—In the absence of Herr Reinecke, who had gone to take part in the Königsberg Musical Festival, the second Gewandhaus Concert took place under the direction of Herr David. The orchestral pieces were Mendelssohn's *Hebrides Overture* and Schumann's Symphony in B flat major. Herr Saint Saëns—whose Violin Concerto produced no very great sensation at the preceding concert—played a Pianoforte Concerto of his own composition, a *Barcarolle* by Chopin, and *Fantasia* Op. 80 by Beethoven. In answer to an encore recall he gave an original arrangement of a *Bourrée* by Bach. Mdlle Ritter from Munich sang a recitative and air from *Tutia* and an air from Meyer's *Mirame*.

Brussels.—Several artists have appeared lately at the Théâtre de la Monnaie with a view to being engaged in the operatic company, but the public has been in a particularly severe and critical humour and has rejected them all.—The first Popular Concert of Classical Music this season was announced for Sunday, the 8th inst. The programme was to include Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, Gade's Scotch Overture, and four compositions new for this capital, namely, the *Andante* of Mendelssohn's First Quartett, the Variations for Grand Orchestra, just composed by Herr Taubert to celebrate the 25th anniversary of the Symphonie Soirée given by the Chapel Royal, Berlin, Chopin's Marche Funèbre, transcribed for orchestra by Prosper Pascali, and the overture to Herr R. Wagner's new opera, *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*.

Dresden.—Concert of Herr Ludwig Strauss. Violin Concerto, Bruch; Cavatina from *Euryanthe*, Weber (Mdlle Hanisch); Concerto in G minor Mendelssohn (Herr Blasemann); Violin Concerto, Beethoven, and Songs by Rode and Auber.

REVIEWS.

Part Music for S. A. T. B. Edited by John Hullah. Sacred Series, No 12. [Longmans, Green, Reader & Dyer.]

This number brings the second volume of the series to a close. It contains a motet by Palestrina adapted by the editor; Orlando Gibbon's anthem, "O Lord, increase my faith;" the same composer's Sanctus in G; a Psalm Notes by Gottfried Homilius; Dr Child's anthem, "O Lord, grant the King a long life;" and the editor's version of "God save the Queen."

The Hindoo Maid. Song. Poetry by J. E. Carpenter. Music by F. Nicholas Crouch. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

Means better than "poetry"—but the musician treats the poet badly in cutting him up thus:—

"Float in bright, fleet as bright, bright and golden wing."

Who the Hindoo maid is, and who wants her to leave "these low'ly," nobody knows.

Oh! down the deep bright river. Song. Written by E. S. Montgomery. Music by J. L. Hatton. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

Not remarkably original in any respect—nevertheless a very pleasing and well-written song.

The Nest Bird's Call. Caprice for the pianoforte by Immanuel Liborio. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

Mr Liborio is, we believe, chiefly known as the composer of "The Musical Box." The piece before us is worthy of "The Musical Box" and of Mr Liebich.

Twilight Thoughts. Song. By Elizabeth Philp. [London: R. W. Olliver.]

A unpretending song set up to the composer's usual standard. The rhythm is by no means happy, as witness this line:—

"The | day slips | off her robe of | light."

And this:—

"With an new | sense of harmo | ny."

O for the bright green meadows. Song. Written by E. S. Montgomery. Music by William Boyd, Worcester College, Oxford. [London: R. W. Olliver.]

Evidently the work of an amateur but written with no amateurish modesty. We have met with songs less worthy of notice.

Bellezza nel dormire. Serenata. Di Luigi Bonfigli. [London: R. W. Olliver.]

A pleasing song written with genuine Italian fluency and grace. It deserves attention.

Venezia. Barcarola. Di E. Mazzocchi. [London: Oliver & Co.]

Our remarks upon Signor Bordese's song apply equally to that of Signor Mazzocchi. Both are very favourable examples of their respective classes.

COSTA'S "ELI" AT STUTTGARDT

(*Continued from page 761.*)

Stuttgardt, *Wednesday.*

The performance last night was a decided success. It was the largest receipt ever known, the hall was filled to overflow and had a most brilliant appearance, everybody being in evening dress, not excepting chorus and band. The King and Queen of Wurtemberg took their places in the magnificent Royal box to the right of the orchestra just as the organ prelude to the overture closed, and remained until the chorus *finale*, "Blessed be the Lord." The regulations against encores and applause at oratorios are rigid here, but, despite of rule and routine, the approbation was frequently expressed during the work, and at the end of the first and second parts came the special ovations. The Grand Chamberlain, at the close of the first section, approached the Conductor, and expressed the feelings of the auditory, that it was a great and deserved success. The King stood prominently forward at the close of the first part to applaud heartily. As for the subsequent embraces and felicitations of the artists, it was a sight for an Englishman to see. The president of the Sacred Music Union, the two local conductors, professors of all arts and sciences, were earnest in their expressions of admiration. Now, this reception of an English oratorio, I trust, will be appreciated by our native talent as an evidence that temporarily of kindly feeling in artistic matters has, at all events, been announced in Germany.

The performance was really very fine in the *ensemble*, and shows what effects can be produced even with limited numbers, as com-

parad with the masses enrolled in London for oratorio execution. The band was admirable, the chorusists beyond all praise, the sopranos wonderfully brilliant, the contraltos sympathetic, the tenors not so strong on the basses which were really superb. In fact, it is impossible to exaggerate the earnest feeling shown by every one to do justice to *Eli*. The principals, compared with our English casts, were unequal. Herr Schütky was superior to any singer of the part I have heard—barring Santley. The two tenors combined here were far inferior to our Sims Reeves. The minor male parts were not equal to our Britishers. The chief soprano, Mdlle. Klettner was much more sympathetic than Mdme. Csillettaz less demonstrative than Mdme. Enderlaff, and much below Clara Novello. Mdme. Ellinger is second alone to Viardot in dramatic sensibility, but has not the melliflous organ of Mdme. Sainton-Dolby. But what is to be specially admired in these German artists is their thoroughly artistic feeling and great intelligence; they can declaim well as well as sing accurately. As regards the numbers which seemed to impress the most, alone were much the same productions been on an England, but the fugues found special favour, owing, perhaps, to the sharper attack of the points, and the decided and clear accent of the chorusists. The lovely canons choruses, "The Lord is good" the Revel Chorus, the Philistine Chorus, the two Chorales, the Choral March, and the Chorus of Angels were palpably appreciated. The trio "Thou shalt love the Lord" (Mdlle. Klettner, Madame Ellinger and Herr A. Jäeger), the unaccompanied quartet, "We bless you" (Madames Klettner and Ellinger, Herren Jäeger and Schütky), made quite a sensation. I thought the King wanted to encore the quartet, for he leant forward to catch the eye of the Conductor who did not perceive the Royal sign, or if he did, perhaps did not heed it, as Costa, like Sims Reeves, is an anti-encorist. In fact, had he been inclined the other way he might easily have taken advantage of the open applause at times, to repeat the piece, but he studiously abstained from even recognising the tokens of approbation. The same remark will apply to the chief singers, who, however applauded, refrained from any attempts to repeat what they had been singing. I am free to confess the hearing of *Eli* been last night has made rather a convert of myself, as I regarded applause and encores as vital for the interest of a work, whether opera or oratorio. Here the closeness of the performance, its continuity without break added much to its interest. The time pressed and the despatch must be closed. *Eli* will be repeated on Palm Sunday. *Naaman* is to be produced.

WAIFS

M. Ricci's new opera-bouffe will be ready early in January.

Herr Rubinstein is expected to visit Paris during the winter.

Dr Spark resumed his organ recitals in the Leeds Town Hall on Tuesday last.

Mdlle. Muravieff the Russian *danseuse* died the other day at the age of twenty-seven.

M. Paudeloup opened the Lyrique on Saturday last. The opera was *Le Val d'Andorre*.

Miss Emily Spilm sang last week at Sheffield and Rotherham, and, judging from local reports, was highly successful.

Madame Alice Mangold left London on Thursday for Nice, in which town and neighbourhood she intends giving soirées.

Miss Maria Stocken the young and rising soprano, has been singing at the concerts at the Agricultural Hall during the week.

A new symphony by Herr Max Bruch was produced at the Third Gewandhaus Concert. The critics were nearly unanimous in its praise.

Mdlle. Morenal late of the Royal Italian Opera, but now singing at the Madrid Opera-house, is well spoken of by the critics of the Spanish capital.

The municipality of Arezzo have voted 50,000 livres towards the proposed monument to Guido d'Arezzo, the discoverer of musical notation.

The Warsaw Jews have opened a theatre of their own wherein all the performers are males, and all the works performed based on Old Testament subjects.

It being reported that Mdme. Patti had asked to be released from her St Petersburgh engagement, Mdme. Patti herself writes to say that she has done no such thing.

A concert was given at Havre on the 22nd ult., organized by M. Alexandre Dumas, on behalf of a distressed dramatic artist. Among the performers was Mdlle. Sarolta.

Rossini lately composed and sent to the Italian Minister of Education a *fanfare* for military bands, called *La Corona d'Italia*. It will be performed at the Pitti palace in the presence of the King.

Miss Kellogg made her *rentrée* at the New York Academy of Music on the 19th ult. The *Weekly Review* says that she was "warmly greeted, and became the recipient of several tons of most beautiful flowers and a lovely *lorgnette*."

M. Pasdeloup's programme last Sunday was the following:—Overture to *Lorley* Wallace. *Suite d'orchestre*, Joachim Raff. *Allegretto* from the *Lobgesang* Mendelssohn. Haydn's Hymn (with variations) and Beethoven's Symphony in C minor.

There is no foundation, we are happy to state, for the report of Sig. Bottesini's death, which obtained almost general credence at the beginning of the week. The great contrabassist has been playing with his usual brilliant success at Quiévrain and other towns.

The *Siècle* says that the Pasha of Egypt is building a new theatre in Cairo for Offenbach and Schneider. Seven thousand men are working at the edifice night and day; a frigate conveyed the manager to Marseilles *en route* to Paris after a company and Schneider has been offered 100,000 francs for three performances. Our contemporary adds, "Happy Ismail!"

Madame Sainton's singing at the Philharmonic Concert at Liverpool lately has been highly eulogized by the local press. The *Liverpool Mercury* writes:—"Mdlle. Sainton's fresh voice and winning style gave full effect to a scena by Verdi and the simple beauty of a serenade by Burgmüller (encored) could scarcely have had a more artistic and bewitching rendering."

The good people of Bonn honour their great fellow-townsman, Beethoven, after a certain fashion, although they are not ashamed to allow his birthhouse in the old Bonngasse to be pull up for sale. On the occasion of the Anthropological Congress, they gave a concert to their guests, when the Symphony in C minor, the Violin Concerto, and some of the *Egmont* music, were, it is said, admirably performed. The violin was in the capable hands of Herr Strauss.

Pesth.—The local papers assert that the Abbé Franz Liszt will shortly take up his permanent residence here.

Salzburg.—Herr Bach, director of the Mozarteum, has assumed the direction of opera at the theatre.

Schwerin.—Herr Hill, the well known concert-singer, has appeared with decided success on the stage in Méhul's *Joseph*, and Kreutzer's *Nachtlager in Granada*.

Milan.—M. Gounod's *Faust* has been successfully produced at the Carcano with Sra. Stolz as Margherita, and Signor Vincentelli as Faust.—A performance of *Norma* has been given at the Scala in aid of the sufferers by the late inundations.—The Teatro Santa Bonagonda will shortly open for the autumn season.

Cologne.—First Gürzenich Concert. Overture, *Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt* Mendelssohn. Lucifer's air from *La Resurrezione* Handel (Herr Wallenreiter). Violin Concerto, composed and played by Herr Rechlinsky. *Eine Prophezeiung des Jesaja*, for baritone solo, chorus, and orchestra, Hiller (first time). and Seventh Symphony A major. Beethoven.

Naples.—During one of the last rehearsals of the ballet *Nella* at the San Carlo the alcove of three ballet girls caught fire. The flames were extinguished by the firemen and carpenters before they could do much harm, but so great was the terror produced by the word "fire" that the whole *corps de ballet* with Mdlle. Vivian at their head ran out into the street, just as they were, in their theatrical costume. Several of the *nymphes* were so lightclad that they were obliged to keep their beds and the opening of the theatre had to be deferred in consequence.

The Spanish Revolution and Music.—Riego's Hymn, now heard at every patriotic festival in Madrid dates from 1820, the year famous for the insurrection of Riego and Quiroga. The words of this Spanish "Marseillaise" were written by Col. San Miguel, chief of Riego's staff, and it was composed by Rodrigo Hubigo, then seventeen years of age, and who afterwards enjoyed the reputation of being the first guitarist in Spain. He is still living but has gone out of fashion in the his instrument and leads a miserable existence, of want and poverty in Paris. Surely the Revolutionary Government might at least see that he does not die of starvation.

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MORROW NEXT Evening, 29th, Rossini's overture to "Guglielmo Tell" (performed by the full orchestra) will announce the opening. To be followed by the Third Act (Scene Scene) of "FAUST," Signor Mario (Mephistopheles), Signor Tagliafico (Faust), Mdlle. Sanderini (Martha), Mdlle. Sacchetti (Siebel), and Margherita, Mdlle. Minnie Hauck. After which the Final Scene of the Second Act of "DINORAH" (including the celebrated "Shadow Song"). Mdlle. Mdlle. Sembrich and Dinorah, Mdlle. Ilma de Murska. To which will succeed the First Scene (the Second Act of "DON GIOVANNI") including the Grand Scene, Donna Elvira, Signor Bettini; Anna, Mdlle. Tietjens. To be followed by the Second Act of "LE DUE FOSCARI," Lucrezia, Mdlle. Ilma de Murska; and Doge, Signor Polli. To conclude with the Last Act of "LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR," Edgardo, Signor Bettini; Enrico, Signor Tagliafico; and Lucia, Mdlle. Ilma de Murska. In the course of the Evening the NATIONAL ANTHEM. Conductor, Signor Arditi.

Doors Open to Half past Seven. Commence to Eight o'clock.

Stalls, 12s. 6d.; Grand Circle, 12s. 6d.; Reserved Box Seats (First Tier), 2s.; Pit, 3s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 4s. and 3s.; Gallery, 2s.; Family Boxes, from One to Five Guineas.

Boxes, Stalls and Places may be obtained in the Box-office in the Theatre (under the Portico), open from Ten till Six, under the superintendence of Mr. Edward Mott; also in Mitchell's, Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, and Co.'s, and Messrs. Cramer, Beale and Chappell's, Bond Street; Jewell, Lee and Hatwell's (late Smith's), 1, St. James's Street; Messrs. Hill and Drake, Chappell and Beaver, London and Wedge, 11, Opera Colonnade, Haymarket.

MDLLE. TIETJENS will appear as DONNA ANNA in "IL DON GIOVANNI" THIS EVENING and on April 6th, for Fetchette, on Monday next, on the occasion of the Extra Final Night.—ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA-HOUSE, COVENT GARDEN.

MDLLE. ILMA DE MURSKA will appear as DONNA ELVIRA THIS EVENING and on Monday next (Final Night) as Dinorah and as Lucia.—ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA-HOUSE, COVENT GARDEN.

MDLLE. MINNIE HAUCK will perform the sha[illegible] of ZERLINA THIS EVENING, and appear as Margherita, in "Faust," for the last time on the Final Night on Monday next.—ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA-HOUSE, COVENT GARDEN.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY.—SATURDAY CONCERT and AFTERNOON PROMENADE.

BEETHOVEN'S "MOUNT OF OLIVES." Full Orchestra, Chorus, and Organ, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mr. Cummings, Mr. Lewis Thomas, and Crystal Palace Choir. Conductor, Mr. Manns.

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MISS LUCY FRANKLEIN will make her First Appearance at Exeter Hall this Season, December 2nd, in "THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA" and "WALPURGIS NIGHT."—8, Berners Street, W.

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MR. C. A. CASPARI'S SOIREE MUSICALE will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Tuesday, December 15th, on which occasion the following celebrated Artists will appear:—Madame Blanche Reeves, Pinsuti, Hess, Mesdames Alfred Henning, Ralph Will and Frank Townend. Instrumentalists: Pianofortes—Madame Arabella Goddard and Mr. C. A. Caspari; Violin, Herr Straus; Violoncello, Herr Schuselka; and Mr. C. A. Caspari. Conductors—Herr Schuselka, Signor Wilmotte and Caspari.

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MDLLE CLARA DORIA will sing Mr. Jules Benedict's popular Ballad, "ART THOU ART MINE," at every Concert during the Tour.

SIGNOR TITO MATTEI'S MUSICAL TOUR.

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MISS ABBOTT, the popular Contralto of the London Ballad Concerts, will sing during the Provincial Tour [illegible] "ROCK ME TO SLEEP" [illegible] "OH! BREATHE, YE SWEET ROSES." [illegible]

MISS BESSIE EMMETT (Soprano). All communications respecting engagements [illegible] to be addressed to Mr. [illegible] Square, N.W.

MISS MARIE STOCKEN will sing Benedict's popular [illegible] at the Alfred Hall, December [illegible]

MISS ANNA HILES (Soprano) will sing at Hull [illegible] *Alexander's Feast*, [illegible] Edinburgh [illegible] January [illegible]

MISS ANNA JEWELL will sing at Exeter Hall [illegible] "THE MERMAID'S EVENING SONG" [illegible]

MISS ROBERTINE HENDERSON will sing December 1st, at Oxford, *Alexander's Feast* and *Praise the Lord* [illegible] February [illegible] March 15th, Marlborough [illegible] Newbury [illegible]

MISS ADELAIDE NEWTON and Mr DENBIGH NEWTON will sing Smart's new Duet, "OH! BREATHE, YE SWEET ROSES," at the Anglo-Caledonian Concert, [illegible] Street, November 30th; and at [illegible] House, Hampstead, December 8th.

MISS ABBOTT and Mr DENBIGH NEWTON will sing Smart's new Duet, "OH! BREATHE, YE SWEET ROSES," [illegible] December [illegible] Newcastle-upon-Tyne [illegible]

MISS ADELAIDE NEWTON will sing Benedict's admired song, "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," at Tooting, December 3rd.

MADAME FLORENCE LANCIA being engaged to sing at the Choral Union Concert, Glasgow, on New Year's Day, and [illegible], will be happy to receive applications for Oratorios and Concerts [illegible] January 3rd, 1869 [illegible] Porchester Gardens, Maida Hill, W.

BENEDICT'S admired song, "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," will be sung by Miss BESSIE EMMETT in Mr. John Macfarren's Pianoforte and Vocal Recital [illegible] Schools, on Tuesday, December 1st. Tickets and Programmes [illegible] Wandsworth Road, and of Duncan Davison & Co., 244 Regent Street.

MDLLE CLARA DORIA will sing (for the first time) Mr. Travers's new song, "COME SING THOSE TENDER WORDS AGAIN," at [illegible] Hall, December 4th.

MDLLE LOUISA VAN NOORDEN will sing in the "MESSIAH," "JUDAS MACCABEUS," Soprano Solo, "HEAR MY PRAYER," at Manchester; Macfarren's "MAY DAY," at Glasgow, Stirling, [illegible] Aberdeen, etc., during the present month. [illegible] care of her brother, Mr. P. H. Van Noorden, [illegible] Square.

MR DENBIGH NEWTON and Miss ADELAIDE NEWTON will sing Henry Smart's new Duet, "OH! BREATHE, YE SWEET ROSES," at Tooting, December 1st.

BRISSAC'S new brilliant "VALSE DE BRAVOURE" will be played by [illegible] December 1st.

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[illegible]	J. P. [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible] Cradle Song	Bertrand [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Serenade. Words by Mrs. [illegible]	H. A. Rudall	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	J. [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
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ROSSINI

(*From the "Saturday Review."*)

Rossini has died, full of years and honours. He had lived out his artistic life or at any rate his period of productivity long since. Many stories are current as to his reasons for virtually ceasing to labour for the world's entertainment and his own glory before he had reached the age of forty, but none worth much attention. The comparative failure of his noblest effort, or at any rate, the mere "succès d'estime" which it won at the outset may possibly have exercised some influence on his unexpected resolution. *Guillaume Tell* cost him six months of earnest and unremitting application a longer period than he had often devoted to half-a-dozen operas, more or less. But it should be remembered that with *Guillaume Tell* he completed the contract which bound him to the Théâtre de l'Opéra in Paris, it being the last of three grand works which as "*Premier Compositeur du Roi*" (Charles X) he had pledged himself to write for that establishment. His rearrangements of *Mosè in Egitto* and *Mosè* for the same theatre must have given him no small trouble, taking into consideration the proportions they assumed, as *Le Siège de Corinthe* and *Moïse*, immediate precursors of *Guillaume Tell*. And judged from the simple point of view of art, these are certainly the achievements which place him nearest to the musicians for all time. As a mere creation of genius the *Barbiere di Siviglia* may be named even with the last and best of the three, while there are finaler and concerted pieces scattered through the many operas which he composed for the Italian theatres that clearly show how much larger were his constructive powers and how much more thorough a command he possessed over the technical department of his art, than severe judges felt inclined to admit, but his French performances fairly challenge criticism. In truth, Rossini never endeavoured actually to do his utmost until he commenced writing for the great lyric theatre of Paris and it may be readily imagined that one accustomed to mere laurels so easily, one whose genius had enabled him to produce masterpieces almost without knowing or caring how, who, the darling of his own country and a recognised conqueror in the domain of opera "from Lisbon to Moscow" to say nothing of England and, after a somewhat prolonged struggle, against the cunning intrigues of such men as Paer, &c. succeeded in winning also the allegiance of France—the most difficult, because in musical matters the most arrogant and conceited of all nations—would experience a certain degree of mortification from the fact that in France he had set himself for the first time quite seriously to work and yet failed to obtain the recognition which was his due. No one knew so well as Rossini that in *Le Siège de Corinthe* and *Moïse* he had surpassed his previous efforts, and that in *Guillaume Tell* he had gone still further. This too he had done in submission to French taste, accommodating himself to the French way of looking at such things, delaying after the French fashion, becoming dramatic from the French special point of view, supplying the French with their indispensable ballet, and composing for them dance music such as had never been composed before and has never been composed since, Auber and Meyerbeer not forgotten—and all this while giving a new shape to dramatic music and stamping it indelibly with the imprint of his own individuality. After being initiated into the French mode of dealing with this particular kind of lyric composition he taught the French in turn showing them what true genius could accomplish under any conditions. To *Le Siège de Corinthe* and still more to *Moïse* we owe Auber's *Muette de Portici* and *Gustave III* and, in a measure, too, the *Robert* and *Huguenots* of Meyerbeer—to say nothing of *La Juive* and other works of Halévy but *Guillaume Tell* was an entirely new creation to imitate which successfully would have demanded an imagination as fertile than that of the author of *Guillaume Tell* itself. Among the causes therefore, which have been suggested for Rossini's abandoning the pen nearly forty years ago, the most feasible seems to be the scant appreciation afforded to that great work which had cost him so much thought to plan, so much labour to complete, and upon which he had lavished all the wealth of his extraordinary resources. It is difficult to believe that his invention was exhausted at this period, or that he had written himself out. His *Stabat Mater* indeed the most important piece in which were composed three years later than *Guillaume Tell* his *Soirées Musicales*, his religious chorusses, *La Foi, L'Espérance et La Charité*, his *Tantum ergo* emphatically declare the contrary. On the other hand, the scandal that so long obtained credence about Rossini's jealousy of Meyerbeer and Halévy and his avowed determination not to resume the pen till *les Juifs eussent fait leur nidet* is beneath consideration. From their first acquaintance in Italy to the end Rossini and Meyerbeer lived on terms of friendly intimacy. No one spoke with more enthusiasm of Rossini than Meyerbeer, and no one said so little in disparagement of Meyerbeer as Rossini.

Gioacchino Rossini was born in 1792 (February 29th), less than three months after the death of Mozart. His birthplace was Pesaro, in the Roman States. Upon the details of his boyhood it is unnecessary to dwell nor even did space permit, should we think of attempting a history of his life. Rossini's life resembled that of many other Italian composers for the theatre—a life full of ups and downs. Hurrying to and fro, sometimes to success, at others to failure, for a long time receiving the smallest guerdon for operas, written for this town or for that, he gradually though surely won the public sympathy and, as a natural sequence, managerial recognition, till at length fortune smiled upon him and he could command his own terms. Such was the life of Rossini, from ten years at which he composed his earliest operatic works, *La Cambiale di Matrimonio* (in one act) and *L'Equivoco Stravagante* (in two), the first for Venice (1810), the last for Bologna (1811), to the time that *Tancredi* produced at the Fenice, in Venice (1813) made his name famous over Italy, such was his life from *Tancredi* to the *Barbiere di Siviglia* (February, 1816), upon whose his fame has depended as much as upon *Guillaume Tell* itself such from *Il Barbiere* to *Semiramide* brought out at the Fenice, Venice (1823),—the last opera he composed for Italy. What was before all remarkable is the rapidity of production which enabled Rossini within the space of thirteen years to give so many operas to the world and among them so many containing much that is likely to endure. When he wrote *La Cambiale di Matrimonio* he was about 18; when he wrote *Semiramide* he was no more than 31. Nor was his ordinary habit of composing by any means laborious to the end in view. He frequently wasted in conviviality a good portion of the time stipulated for in his contracts with managers, and only when one might imagine there was just enough left at disposal to enable the copyist to make a fair copy of his score did he begin in earnest. He would then shut himself up and see no one till his opera was entirely sketched out, the scoring of it for the orchestra, which to the majority is by no means the less arduous task, being usually effected while lounging and conversing with his boon companions. And yet Rossini never failed to the appointed day when his work was to be delivered into the hands of the *Impresario*. Even *Guillaume Tell* was scored under similar circumstances, with the same easy nonchalance, in the society of his Parisian friends.

The operas we have cursed form the standpoints in the various stages of Rossini's Italian career. Between *La Cambiale* and *L'Equivoco Stravagante*—written when he was scarcely free from the tramels of Mattei, his master in counterpoint and composition to whose strict habits of discipline the young musician was anything rather than passively obedient—and *Tancredi*, he composed *L'Inganno Felice*, *Il Cambio della Valigia*, *Ciro in Babilonia*, *La Scala di Seta*, *I due Bruschini*, *La Pietra del Paragone*, *L'Occasione fa il Ladro* and *Demetrio e Polibio*, all of which were received with more or less favour, two or three of them with enthusiasm. No less than six were produced within the space of a single year (1812). The book of *Demetrio e Polibio*, Rossini's first attempt at *opera serie*, was written by Madame Mombelli, sister of the choreographer, Vigano, who invented the ballet of *Prometheus* which Beethoven set to music. A quartet in this opera is spoken of by Stendhal and others, in glowing terms. In *L'Inganno Felice* may be detected a foreshadowing of *Il Barbiere* and *Cenerentola* while *Ciro in Babilonia* contains a chorus of magicians which would not have been out of place in *Semiramide*. As *La Cambiale* was the opera by which Rossini tried his wings at the little theatre of San Moisè in Venice so *La Pietra del Paragone* first brought him forward at the great theatre of La Scala in Milan. This last may fairly be regarded as his "pierre de touche." It was in *La Pietra* that he first employed the effect of *crescendo*, subsequently and so often turned to excellent account, but of which he was no more the originator than Giuseppe Mosca, from whom he was said to have stolen it. But enough of the early works of our composer, who

received for each no more than the moderate consideration of from 200 to 250 francs—except for *La Pietra del Paragone*, for which he was paid 600. His first standpoint, as we have hinted, was *Tancredi*, in which at the age of 21 he showed himself master of *opera seria* and master of a school. *La Pietra del Paragone*, as one of his biographers justly remarks, "gave him reputation; *Tancredi* gave him glory." From *Demetrio e Polibio* to *Tancredi* was one step; from *La Pietra* to *L'Italiana in Algeri* another. What *Tancredi* had done for Rossini in the direction of serious opera *L'Italiana* did for him in the direction of comic opera. *L'Italiana in Algeri* was produced in the summer of 1813, at the San Benedetto, Venice, and met with unexpected success. In the *Italiana* extravagant as the libretto, Rossini had given new life to the *buffo* style. Every piece, from the overture to the trio, "Pappatacci," was instinct with fresh vigour. He had scarcely arrived at such a pass that the *Barbiere* and *Semiramide* are easily explained. Though producing with almost unexampled rapidity, he composed so much that, while frequently repeating himself, to write an opera was to him no labour; and it depended solely upon the mood he might be in whether the opera would or would not turn out a genuine work of art. Thus *L'Aureliano in Palmira*, which separated *L'Italiana* from *Il Barbiere*, was at the best a *rifacimento*. It is remembered, however, for several reasons. Its overture was that now played to the *Barbiere*, and the theme of one of its choruses is the same as that of Almaviva's cavatina, "Ecco ridente." Rossini (like Auber) would use his other purposes whatever pleased him best in a work which had been unsuccessful, and for this he has frequently been called to account. *Aureliano* is otherwise noticeable as the opera in which Rossini himself first wrote the embellishments of his airs. Hence the florid bravura style, subsequently carried to a high pitch in *Riccardo e Zoraide* and still later brought to perfection in *Semiramide*.

L'Italiana in Algeri was followed by *Il Turco in Italia*. This opera-buffa, as extravagant and as amusing in its way as the direct precursor with Filippo Galli as the Turco, Giovanni Davide as Narciso, and Fiocchi (the Ronconi of his day) as Don Geronio, was produced at the Scala, Milan, in the autumn of 1814, and brought its composer the magnificent sum of 800 francs; but the Milanese, jealous of the Venetians, who had gone wild about *L'Italiana*, received it with as much coldness as they had shown to *L'Aureliano*. This was not encouraging for Rossini, whose next opera, *Sigismondo*, although highly praised by the orchestra as his very best, and produced at the theatre which had witnessed the triumph of *Tancredi*, was a decided failure. *Sigismondo* is now as little known as the *Cambio della Valigia* of which not a single piece is extant. In the autumn of the same year Rossini produced another *opera seria* entitled *Elisabetta Regina d'Inghilterra* at Naples, having entered into an engagement with the notorious Barbaja to undertake the musical direction of the San Carlo and Fondo in that city and to compose an opera for each annually. *Elisabetta* at the San Carlo, was the first fruit of his engagement. The overture was that to *Aureliano in Palmira* (to which the composer must have been very partial). The *recitative secco*, or recitative accompanied solely by the violoncello and pianoforte, was here for the first time abandoned. Rossini himself wrote the ornaments and *fioriture* for the singers, instead of permitting them to supply their own, and among the principal performers were Manuel Garcia, the tenor (Malibran's father) and the Spanish *mezzo-soprano*, Isabella Colbrand, who, seven years later became Rossini's wife. The opera had genuine success, and so delighted was the King with the music, that he issued an express order for removing a prohibition against the works of Rossini which had been enforced at the Conservatorio by the pedantic old master, Zingarelli. Although subsequently given in London when the composer and his wife were engaged at the King's Theatre, *Elisabetta* is now almost forgotten.

The opera which came after *Elisabetta* was *Torvaldo e Dorliska*, at the Teatro Valle, Rome (1815). The chief characters being sustained by Madame Sala (who long afterwards settled in England), Donzelli, Galli and Remorini. *Torvaldo* was a failure; but out of its most striking themes was subsequently introduced in *Otello*. It was succeeded by *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* (Rome, 1816). *Il Barbiere*—with the intermission of *La Gazzetta*, an "operetta buffa," improvised for the Teatro dei Fiorentini—was followed by *Otello* (Naples, 1816). *Otello* by *La Cenerentola* (Rome, 1817) and *La Cenerentola* by *La Gazza Ladra* (Milan, 1817). The production of four such works—not to speak of a cantata, entitled *Teti e Peleo*, or of the scarcely known *Gazzetta*, or of *Armida*, composed and performed at the San Carlo, Naples—within so brief an interval of time, denotes a facility only excelled by the almost incredible feats of Handel. About the *Barbiere*, *Otello*, *La Cenerentola*, and *La Gazza Ladra* it would be superfluous to say anything; the anecdotes connected with their production are familiar, while as operas they are just as popular in England as elsewhere. Nor need we do more than enumerate the other Italian operas of Rossini—*Adelaide di Borgogna* (Rome, 1818); *Mosè in Egitto*,* afterwards the *Moses of Paris* (Naples, 1818); *Adina*, a one act opera (Lisbon, 1818); *Riccardo e Zoraide* (Naples, 1818); *Ermione* (Naples, 1819); *Edoardo e Cristina* (a "centone," or pastiche made out of pieces from the two works last mentioned (Venice, 1819); *La Donna del Lago* (San Carlo, Naples 1819); *Bianca e Falliero* (the Scala, Milan 1820); *Maometto Secondo*, afterwards the Paris *Siège de Corinthe* (Naples, San Carlo 1820); *Matilda di Shabran* (Rome, 1821); *Zelmira* (Naples, 1822), and *Semiramide* (Teatro Fenice, Vienna, 1823). All these were produced under the same conditions of precipitate haste as the operas which preceded them, and the catalogue alone without reference to the beauties with which many of them are crowded, and as which not one is altogether wanting, must raise astonishment at the facility and seemingly inexhaustible resources of the composer. In *Riccardo e Zoraide* Rossini had a chance of writing for Pisaroni, for whom afterwards he composed the part of Malcolm Graeme in *La Donna del Lago*. When he first heard Pisaroni at Genoa, she was playing soprano characters, and among others, Amenaide and Matilda in *Tancredi* and *Matilda di Shabran*, and it was he who persuaded the renowned artist to abandon soprano, and take to parts for which her voice was actually suited. Through his advice Pisaroni became the greatest contralto of her time—the Tancredi and Arsace *par excellence*. *Riccardo* next to *Semiramide* is the opera in which Rossini has been most prodigal of the florid *bravura* style. Of *Bianca e Falliero* little is now remembered but a quartet and a duet for women's voices, both since interpolated in *La Donna del Lago*. At the first three representations of *Matilda di Shabran* the orchestra was directed by the famous violinist, Paganini, who, the conductor being ill, had without Rossini's knowledge proffered his services to the *impresario*. Shortly after the first performance of *Zelmira*, in which Malli Isabella Colbrand played the principal character, she accompanied Rossini to Bologna, where their marriage was solemnized—the result of seven years' courtship. Though originally produced at Naples, *Zelmira* was composed for Vienna, and it was the first opera (followed by *Matilda Elisabetta*, *La Gazza Ladra* and *Riccardo*) which so completely fascinated the Austrian capital, to the despair of Beethoven and the anger of the "most" classical critics. With respect to *Semiramide*, to this day so popular, it is enough to state that the chief singers on the occasion of its first representation were Colbrand (Semiramide), Marani (Arsace) Galli (Assur) and the English tenor, Sinclair (Idreno). Speaking of *Semiramide* Rossini said, "It is the only one of my Italian operas which I had the chance of composing at leisure; my contract allowed me forty days—but I did not take forty days to write it." The Italian career of this singularly gifted man thus commenced at the little theatre of San Moisè with the musical farce of *La Cambiale di Matrimonio* and terminated at the great theatre of La Fenice, with the lyric tragedy of *Semiramide*. Thus Venice, or Italy, or his own country was concerned were both his Alpha and Omega.

Of Rossini's sojourn in Vienna (1823) no more need be said. We may pause to regret that the opera he wrote expressly for the Austrians, the *Zelmira*, of which Carpani and others speak in raptures, although given in London during the professional visit of the great Italian and his wife (1823-4) should be at this moment virtually unknown to London amateurs. With reference to this visit it is enough to add that Rossini did not compose the opera, *La Figlia dell'Arcadia*, for which he had engaged himself to the manager of the King's Theatre, but paid the forfeit instead. His time had been otherwise too profitably employed; by singing

* Originally played in London at the King's Theatre, as *Pietro l'Eremita*.
† Performed at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, under the name of *Zora*.

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and accompanying at concerts, public and private, he had amassed, in less than five months, between £7,000 and £8,000. Nor shall we go into details about his varied fortunes as director of the Italian Opera in Paris, where he produced the *Crociato in Egitto* of Meyerbeer, where he composed *Il Viaggio di Rheims*, afterwards metamorphosed into *Le Comte Ory* (for the *fêtes du sacre* of Charles X.), where he brought forward Donzelli, Rubini, Malibran, Sontag, Pasurai, Galli, Lablache, Tamburini, and Giulia Grisi, where he engaged Hérold, composer of *Zampa* and *Le Pré aux Clercs*, as *chef de chant*, and did many other things worthy commemoration. In his subsequent adventures in Paris reference has been made of the beginning of this article. In 1830 Rossini left Paris for Bologna; in 1845 he first wife died in that city; in 1847 he married Mdlle. Olympe Pelissier now his widow; and in the same year quitted Bologna for Florence where he remained till 1855, when he returned to Paris, never again to leave it. The position he held and the life he led in the French capital are well known.

If not the most learned of Italian composers, or the one who did most with the gifts he owed to nature, Rossini was certainly the most prolific. Compared with Cherubini as a scholar he could not fairly be, any more than as an inventor Cherubini could be compared with him. Cimarosa and Paesiello, his immediate predecessors, were also prolific, as was Piccini who preceded them; but allowing for the time in which they respectively flourished and the progress which, through the German masters (Haydn and Mozart especially) the art had made, we must still admit that Rossini was, not only in genius but in acquirement, their superior. What, after all, is the *Barbiere* of Paesiello, what the *Matrimonio Segreto* of Cimarosa (the *Duoni Fabula* of Piccini altogether out of date), placed in juxtaposition with the *Barbiere* of Rossini? Or, to leave *opera buffa* and go to *opera seria*, who would think of putting the *Orazi ed i Curiazi* of Cimarosa on a par with *Otello*, in with any other of Rossini's operas of that class? As a proof that the old masters, changes of style and means accounted for, can hold their own, it is but necessary to cite the instance of Mozart, and we should no more think of pitting *Guillaume Tell* against *Don Giovanni* than the *Barbiere* against *Le Nozze di Figaro*. But can any one acquainted with that works imagine Paesiello or Cimarosa writing *Guillaume Tell* or *Mosè*? No, nor even *Otello*. All the Italian dramatic music of the last half century comes more or less from Rossini. Bellini, Donizetti, Verdi himself, are alike indebted to him, and how much they are his inferiors need scarcely be added. That Auber, superlatively French as he is, owes him something, Auber would be the readiest to admit. Meyerbeer was more or less his debtor to the end, and the influence in which we earn *Margherita d'Anjou* and *Il Crociato* is not altogether absent from *Robert* and the *Huguenots*.

PASSAGES FROM MY LIFE.

(REMINISCENCES OF ONE NOW DEAD.)*

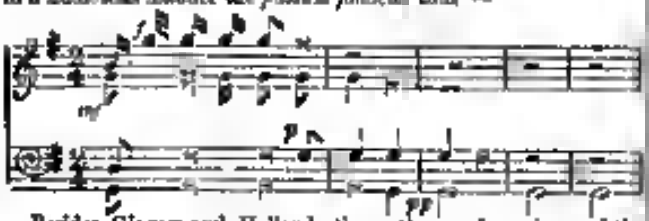
In the Kranzenstrasse, Berlin, where the Friedrichstädtische Halle is now the nightly resort of the "Dean minorum gentium," stood forty five years ago the modest establishment of Henkel the restaurateur, where students were in the habit of taking their frugal repasts. Here were seated opposite each other, one evening in the winter season of 1823-24, two young men, one of whom attracted the attention of the other who was a stranger to him, by the Napoleonic type of his features, and still more by his remarkable restlessness. The possessor of the Bonaparte like physiognomy kept executing in his chair all kinds of seemingly dangerous manœuvres, without appearing to bother his head in the least about the existence of his companion. After attempting unsuccessfully some Japanese knife-tricks, and projecting sundry bread pellets against the ceiling, which was not very high—some of the pellets rebounding close to the portion of the table justly belonging for the time to the writer of these lines—he began whistling a fantasia, a wild effusion without tune or rhythm, but the instrument with which Nature and provided him he employed with great virtuosity. As yet we had not exchanged a word, and I was beginning within my own mind to grow angry at my neighbour's uncourteous behaviour, when I thought I might retrieve myself in the same way that he amused himself. During a pause which shortly afterwards supervened in the mimico-plastico-equilibrist-musical solo scene, I suddenly commenced singing in a loud voice the first part of a then universally popular Allemande-Waltz. Scarcely had I concluded, when my vis-à-vis whistled the well-known eight bars in the same key, and the same time. "So, he is not altogether unmusical," I thought, and, to test him, I sang the second part of the waltz. The answer was instantly whistled back, but with a variation in the third, and another in the fourth bar. I looked at my companion, and again sang the second part according to the reading familiar to me; the echo did not obey, however, for my vis-à-vis whistled his melody as before, merely laying a particular stress upon the altered passage. "Yes, that is really right," he now said, as I looked scrutinizingly at him, "for there is no simple accompaniment to your melody." "I am sorry," I replied, "that I can not prove to you the contrary, as, to do so, we should require an instrument." "Oh, there is one in the landlord's room next to this. I am a regular customer," he continued, "so we will go in without more ado." It was thus that I made the acquaintance of a highly gifted young man, and we ended the evening by playing, without notes, the finale to *Don Juan* for four hands and then, in mutual admiration of our musical capabilities, we took friendly leave of one another. August Dohrn, an amateur endowed with talent such as few artists possess, became my inseparable comrade at the University, and for two successive years, I accompanied him, each vacation, to his home at Bickendorff near Stettin. But it is not Dohrn who is the One now Dead to whom I refer in the heading of this notice; Dohrn is alive in all the fulness of health and in the lap of wealth, the happy father of a family, the director of the largest sugar-refinery in the kingdom of Prussia, President of the German Entomological Association, the translator of Spanish dramas, and ex-deputy.

Some weeks after our first meeting, we were seated together in a *Restauration* in the Jagerstrasse. In 1850 Marie Gey resided in the same house, and 1850, the beautiful Leonora from Perleberg. We were looking at some other customers, strangers to us, playing billiards. An exceedingly handsome young fellow, whose Sarmatian descent was apparent at the first glance (even if you had paid no attention to the braid upon his coat) was unfortunate enough to make a marvellously large number of false strokes. Dohrn appeared highly pleased at this, and began again acting the part of whistling virtuoso. At every fresh blunder Papageno's five to-and-twenty oaths escaped from his lips. The object of all this whistling soon turned round upon his self-constituted critic, gave his own name and address, asked in the most friendly manner for the name and address of the critic aforesaid, and, after obtaining them, finished the game in due form. Three days afterwards, there was a set-to, with broad swords, in the Scharnstrasse (in the building of which the under portion is supposed to be at present employed by Herr Krause, of the Royal Opera house, as his wine-cellars). At the bloodless conclusion of the affair the two duellists became good friends, and Constantin Holland, of Breslau made henceforth the third in our band. Holland, who, like Dohrn, was thoroughly musical, owed a part of his education to old Urban, or Liebig. There, in the house of his uncle the "Stadtmusiker," or Musician to the Municipality, he learned to play all kinds of instruments,* and heard a great deal of good music; in addition to this, he possessed a very agreeable deep tenor voice. Dohrn's *haute-contre* and my baritone completed the trio, and whenever we met, we regularly got through two or more operas or oratorios from alpha to omega. Spohr suffered considerably at our hands! We were especially fond of singing and playing his *Faust*. I generally sat at orchestra at the piano. Favorite duets were sung, mostly from memory, by the two others, and even then Holland exhibited great talent for acting, and would never be prevented from giving dramatically the principal scenes from the *Barbiere*. My own friends had no family connections in Berlin; I had, and, of course, so many musical acquaintances that it was easy for me to introduce strangers. But I could do so only with Holland, who, by the way, was most gentlemanly in his bearing and manners. Dohrn was superior to him in scientific education, but always disliked putting on a dress-coat. After he had left me in the birch two or

* From the *New Rochester Watchmaking*.

* In his *Biographie Universelle*, Fétis speaks of him as a virtuoso on the flute, who afterwards went to the stage. When he was a student at Breslau, he played a flute solo at an Aula Concert and was praised in the papers. It appears, therefore, that Silesian journals then found their way to Belgium.

three times, I did not ask him any more. Holland, on the contrary, possessed the talent of rendering himself very soon a favourite everywhere. At that time, there were in Berlin far fewer public, but far more private, concerts than at present. The little tables on each of which there was room only for a pianoforte score and a light, and of which there used to be at least half-a-dozen, wherever it was customary to give musical *soirées*—those little tables, round which we sat, partly as solo singers, and partly as chorists, and helped to execute entire operas in omnibus—those little tables no longer exist anywhere. They always recur to my mind whenever I meet Hustus Reichardt in the streets of Berlin—the little tables, and the pleasant evenings at the houses of Bloch, Büsching, Förster, Friedländer, Hildebrand, Kühler, Kuhlmeier, Parthey, Schleiermacher, Stägemann and Zimmermann. The good humoured merry *con brio* dialogue was the *perpetuum mobile* of our musical undertakings; generally entire operas were executed with great pronunciation though without him. Reichardt had introduced me, and I in my turn introduced my friend Constantin; there was no end to our musical performances. But, with all this, we did not forget that the real object of our coming to reside in the capital was to study, and by paying frequent visits to the set who met at the Court of Madagascar, an obscure beer-cellar in the Grosse Friedrich Strasse, we kept up our connection with the University, especially with Holland's countrymen—the Poles—and also with three students who hailed from the same province, Pomerania, as Dohrn. The latter did not abandon me after I completely exchanged law for art, on the 25th July 1826, the day when my first opera, *Rolandt's Knappen*, was produced at the Königstädter Theatre; they formed the *claque* in the pit, and would not rest until they had obliged me to come on at the conclusion of the opera. Twenty years later, on my paying a visit to the newly-arrived *Regierungspräsident*—afterwards *Cultusminister*—von Raumer he reminded me of the warm evening in the Alexanderplatz, when, wedged in between Holland and Dorn, he assisted in representing the enthusiasm of the Berlin public for my masterpiece. In the interim I had concluded my musical studies under Bernhard Klein, and attained the object of all my wishes—the management of an opera company, beginning in my native town, Königsberg. On the morning of my departure from Berlin (7th March, 1828) I was surprised by a *Ständchen** from my friends. Glagow, at present director of the High School for young Ladies, at Stettin, had written the verses; Holland, who, like me, left the University for the stage, was the composer. The heading of the MS., which was handed me with great solemnity, ran thus: "Cantata dedicated to Herrn D. Musical Director in Königsberg on his completing *Die Bettlerin*, words by Ed. Glagow, *Privatgelehrte*, Berlin, music by C. Holland, opera singer in Cüstrin (He was to make his first trial on the stage at that town.) The verses concluded with the words: "Du schufst ein Werk voll Harmonie—nimm unsern Dank für deine Müh!" ("Thou hast created a work full of harmony—receive our thanks for thy pains!") and Holland would not let slip the chance of illustrating in a humorous manner the *pianum finalem*, thus:—



Besides Glagow and Holland, the author and musician of the Cantata, Dohrn, Geppert (now dead) the Brothers Kugler (also dead) Langerich and Fr. Tietz (the well known *feuilleton* writer) figured as singers. Thus, after being together almost daily for four years, the members of our trio separated never to meet again collectively; each of us has, in his way through life, afterwards met, now and then, one of his two friends but the three have never since met at the same time.

(*To be continued.*)

* A *Ständchen* is generally given, under one's windows, in the evening. It is then to be translated a "serenade." What is the correct English rendering when a *Ständchen* is given in the morning, as in the present case, I leave the intelligent reader to determine for himself.—TRANSLATOR.

The Sphinx upon Charles Halle

(Œdipus you're wanted)

By a vast number of people Mr. Charles Hallé's concerts are looked forward to as one of the few things worth living for—in Manchester. Various elements contribute to their success. In the first place, they have numerous merits in themselves; in the second place, fashion has stamped on them; in the third place the daily press cherishes a kind of superstition in Mr. Charles Hallé. While there are so many good-natured critics constantly perspiring with admiration, we propose to keep our blood below fever heat, by directing our attention rather to the defects of the concerts. It is with pleasure we think that our notices will necessarily be shorter than those of the other side. And any aspiration which we may from time to time display must be construed into fear of almost jealousy that what might be faultless isn't.

Mr. Charles Hallé is gifted with the first of all qualifications wanted in a pianist—denial of self. He renders the composer with exactness, simplicity and taste. When Charles Hallé plays, he ceases to be Charles Hallé and becomes an exquisite instrument. The possession of this gift of self restraint to such a high degree may exclude the gift of *doing* justice to all styles. It argues a want of the impulse and quick sympathy which a perfect rendering of music such as Robert Schumann's demands. But for a conscientious and refined reading of the composer, Charles Hallé is unequalled. If you were to hear him only once you might not feel this, but in the end he gains a complete victory. Young people sometimes prefer a more romantic style, but Charles Hallé appeals to the formed judges who like to go to the source of the stream, and not the purveyors of the water for themselves. Charles Hallé's playing leaves the impression of calm and constant sunshine, and if a single murmur can be urged against it, it is that it sometimes leaves that suspicion of lingers which even too much fine weather will suggest. Sometimes we get impatient, and wish the hero to give one good thump on the keys—just as we long for a thunder-storm in a single cloud. Under the leadership of Mr. Hallé, the orchestra has become saturated with the same spirit of self-restraint, and has improved accordingly. But even the orchestra sometimes shows a want of all the energy intended by the composer.

One of the greatest mistakes made in these concerts lies in the length of the programmes. It is not entirely Mr. Hallé's fault. When an Englishman goes to a place of amusement, he expects to be entertained from the six o'clock dinner or tea up to bed time. Now, if a digestible dose of music may be prescribed, we should say, from our experience of Continental concerts, that it must be translated in one hundred minutes. Perhaps nothing but so much tended to corrupt musical taste in England as the habit of giving quantity at the inevitable expense of quality. Who ever heard out of England of a monster concert? By the-bye does it mean that the concerts themselves, or the people who go to them, are monsters? But why trouble ourselves with definitions—both views are correct.

Charles Hallé's programmes are a good instance of English greed. They are like nothing so much as an over laden supper-table, where hardly room is left for your own plate. Who ever enjoyed the most magnificent supper at an evening party, where you are pushed about the room with a spoon in one hand and the broad part of a cucumber-cutter Sam-sandwich in the other? In Mr. Hallé's concerts the pieces follow each other so quickly that we have no room to enjoy them. If you go to a picture-gallery no matter how many different pictures court your attention, you can always shut your eyes and seek a little rest in conversation. But a succession of musical pieces takes you mercilessly by the ears, and no escape is possible excepting through the door. Let a Commission of Inquiry sit upon the six oldest subscribers, and determine the number of bars which a human being, not being either an English school girl or an Italian exile, can listen to at one time without injury.—*Manchester Examiner.*

Moscow.—Mdlle. Artot achieved a great triumph in *Gli Ugonotti*, being called on no less than twenty-seven times.—On the occasion of his benefit, when *La Muta* was played, M. Dupont, the conductor, received many marks of respect and many presents from his numerous admirers and friends. Among the presents was a watch worth two thousand francs.

Lemberg.—Auber's *Premier Jour de Bonheur* has been very successfully produced, though none of the singers, with the exception of Madame Peschka-Leutner, as Helene, did the composer justice.—The programme of the Sixth Gewandhaus Concert included: Suite in Canon form for Stringed Instruments, Grimm; Violin Concerto, Paganini and Polonaise, Beckirsky (Herr Beckirsky); Second Symphony in C major, Schumann; Air "Göttin des Herzens," from *Die Trutzige Spröde* and songs by Gluck and Schumann (Mdlle. Förster).

TWO FANCIFUL STORIES.

One concerns Mlle. Christine Nilsson and M. Mahalin tells it in *Les Jeunes Actrices de Paris*

"It is snowing. The skies, all black as they are with night and cold, commence turning gray in the east. After a while the sun rises in the mist. A ragged bluish light seems to descend with the snow-flakes. Here and there pines and birches covered with icicles, tremble and moan in the wind. In a hut of ravine are to be seen a few wretched cabins, from the smoke-shed roofs, made of bark, several blue clouds of smoke; those who look out of the low windows of these cabins behold a flock of ravens on the heaving white plain.

"We are far from Paris, fifty leagues from Stockholm, in a miserable village of the province of Smaland.

"Let us enter one of these hovels, which seem rather to have been made for wild beasts than for men.

"The poor people here live in the same room with their cattle. A miserable stove emits painful sounds, in the middle of the floor. On the ground in a motley group, lie goats, sheep, and children, stretching their necks wistfully towards a kettle on the hearth. These children are dressed in rags. Under a window in the roof sits the mother spinning. The father smoking a pipe sits in a corner of the room. Every now and then are heard from without the merry sounds of jingling sleigh-bells, or the dull sound of a horse galloping past, a sleigh darts past with lightning speed. In the same manner there appears and disappears a fur-cap fur-robe, a fur-jacket. Then the father raises drowsy the noise of the spinning wheel, the seething kettle on the hearth, and the kissing green-wood on the stove.

"'Christina!'

"From the group of children there emerges the shapely head of a very pretty girl, surrounded by a mass of straw-coloured, soft, and silky hair.

"'Christina, take your violin and go to the heights!'

"In this manner Christina Nilsson entered upon her career as an artist. What a contrast between the highway on which she now, when a little girl, played the violin, and the magnificent salon in which an enthusiastic audience now lavishes applause on the great cantatrice. And yet, not more than ten years have elapsed since her *début*.

"Ten years ago a distinguished Swedish gentleman ascended that height; heard the little peasant girl play the violin; caused her to conduct him to her father, and said to him: 'Nilsson, I want to make your offer. Your daughter is a talented child. Intrust her to me, and I am sure I can make a great artist of her.'

"Old Nilsson, a sharp clear-headed peasant, knew full well that his daughter possessed extraordinary musical talents, and, inasmuch as the aristocratic stranger gave him several gold pieces, and promised to send more money from time to time, he did not hesitate long; and the little Christina, after bidding farewell to her parents and brothers and sisters and shedding a few tears, accompanied the gentleman who had promised to make a great artist of her, and had already won her young heart by the gracious manner with which he treated her. Two days afterwards a hirelling reached with him the city of Gothenburg, where a new outfit was bought for her and where everybody who saw her in her new dress exclaimed, 'What an exceedingly pretty child.' Her protector then took her to a boarding school where she was so industrious and made such rapid progress that a year afterwards she could already be sent to Stockholm, where the resident music, and where all professors and musicians who heard her sing wondered at her extraordinary talents, and said that at length a worthy successor of Jenny Lind had been found. Upon her first appearance at a public concert, where she sang a few simple national songs, she electrified the whole audience, and elicited the most rapturous applause. Finally, when her professors at Stockholm could no longer teach her anything new, she went to Paris, where Prof. Wartel completed her musical education, and where she soon afterwards achieved such marvellous triumphs on the stage of the Théâtre Lyrique.

"And what a difference there is between that wretched mere in the low hovel in the Swedish province of Smaland and the apartments in which the cantatrice now lives!

"Her apartments are on the fourth floor of a large and very fine house in the Rue de Rivoli, and the Tuileries are to be seen from the window of the salon.

"The salon, the only place in this sanctuary to which profane persons have as yet gained access, is in white and gold and its furniture is covered with blue damask. It has only one window and three doors; that on the right leads to the bed chamber of the mistress, that on the left to the room of the lady of company, and the third communicates with a passage leading to the ante-room.

"The mantle piece is made of Parian marble, and so beautifully wrought are the bronze ornaments on it that it can not but delight the eyes of all lovers of the style of Louis the Fifteenth. Against the wall opposite to the window stands a piano, beside it a sofa and a *guéridon*. The piano is loaded with music books; the sofa and *guéridon* are loaded with bouquets.

"The hands of the clock point to midnight.

"Before the piano sits a young lady. Her dress tasteful though simple, reaches up to her throat. Her hand with the shapely though somewhat long fingers, touches the keys of the instrument while her eyes wander about the room, and are fixed now on her bronze slippers, now on an indoor curtains through which the gas lights of the Rue de Rivoli are seen.

"She is absorbed in deep reflections; she seems to listen to something in her part. Does she not, perhaps, think of the immortal masters to whose compositions she has just given expression.

"Or she calls to mind the days of her childhood, she hears again those words which speak more imperatively to her heart and soul than the music of Mozart.

"'Christina, take your violin and go to the height!'"

The second story tells us Miss Minnie Hauck, and for it the *New York Herald* is responsible —

"Minnie Hauck, who seems destined to take the place of Patti, was a year or two ago a poor little girl living in a garret in Stanton Street, unknown and little dreaming of the future before her. Her parents were poor and her father a mechanic. Her parents were residing in New Orleans during the war when a lady of wealth and musical taste there, hearing M'lle sing, was so struck with her voice that she boldly undertook to give the child lessons. After the family returned to New York, and while living in Stanton Street, some one passing the listen heard the young girl singing, and mentioned the circumstance to Mr Jackson, a music-teacher and organist at Christ Church, in this city. It so happened that the congregation of Christ Church wanted at that time a soprano soloist in the choir. Miss Hauck was requested to go to the church to let the congregation judge of her vocal ability. The result was, she was engaged immediately, and the poor girl, in her delight at such unexpected good fortune and at the prospect of being able to help her parents in their struggle for a living, exclaimed loudly, 'Now, father, we shall be able to get along!' The organist was delighted with her and did all he could to improve her musical education. Subsequently she took lessons from Italian singing-masters, and then, step by step, from the church choir to the concert-room, and from them to the opera, she acquired the reputation which has placed her in the front position as a *prima donna*."

Of both narrations it may be said "Se non è vero, è ben trovato."

BENNETT'S "WOMAN OF SAMARIA."

We are glad to observe that this latest production of our distinguished countryman is making its way into public favour. A few weeks ago it was performed by the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, under Mr Benedict. Last week Mr Charles Hallé made it known to his Manchester audience, and next week, we are specially glad to observe, the cantata will form part of the National Choral Society's opening programme. Apropos of its Manchester performance, we take the following from a local paper —

"The programme included Professor Bennett's sacred cantata, *The Woman of Samaria*, supported by Madame Sherrington, Miss Palmer, Mr Wilbye Cooper and Mr Thomas as principal vocalists. Having yesterday referred at some length to the design and character of the cantata, we may at once state our favourable impression was more than confirmed by last night's performance. To appreciate the essential beauties of a work of this kind, more than superficial acquaintance must be granted, but even this is sufficient to prove the great merits of the new cantata. It is pre-eminently a sacred composition, appealing not merely to the cultivated intellect, but strong also, to spark and treasures to exalted feelings in harmony with its lofty theme. The instrumental introduction was admirably played, and the well-known subject of the opening soprano chorus, 'Luther's Hymn,' at once secured the attention of the audience. The choruses were generally well sung, and some more so than the lovely 'Blessed be the Lord God of Israel,' and the picturesquely beautiful, 'Therefore they shall come and sing in the height of Zion.' Others also claim notice both for composition and performance, but we hope to have further opportunity of calling attention to them. Mr Hallé deserves the thanks of the public for introducing this interesting work, and may be congratulated on an efficient performance."

The soloists are not uniformly praised by the critics, but Mr Lewis Thomas appears to have pleased all round.

Rather late by a year — "Better late than never" is a good axiom, but, like every other earthly thing, it has its limits, which are all fully overstepped in No. 5 of this year's series of the German musical paper *Euterpe*. At page 168 the writer of the article on the *Lieder* of Robert Führer remarks: "His compositions are light and pleasing and this last is partly the reason why, though they are generally deficient in anything like serious purport, they are preferred to a set of the better works of Dehn and in town, churches and in country churches. At the present day however a very no means inconsiderable split of opposition has sprung up against this sort of sacred music. It is from double sense, from several quarters people are pressing a generally towards something more serious more dignified, and more noble and the time is probably not far distant, when" (sic) "Robert Führer's use must make up his mind either to produce something of more striking quality, which he could well do, or to see his star pale." But Robert Führer died on the 28th November 1861, and is, therefore, unfortunately unable to follow the advice so kindly tendered him.

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ROSSINI'S FUNERAL.

The following account of the mournful ceremonial of Saturday last is from an eye witness.—

The funeral of Rossini was solemnized this day. It was at first intended that the religious service should be celebrated at the Madeleine but in consequence of a ceremony having been previously fixed for the same hour that arrangement was changed and the service was performed in the new Church of the Trinity at the end of the Chaussée d'Antin. Special invitations had been sent out with the usual addition that the deceased had received the sacraments of the Church. Twelve o'clock was the hour appointed but the crowd began to arrive at 10, and soon filled all the approaches to the church so densely that, but for the intervention of numerous *sergens-de-ville*, it would have been impossible for those who had tickets to enter. The great gate was hung in black and in the interior a catafalque stood in the centre of the nave facing the high altar. The galleries were reserved for ladies, and the whole attendance could not have been less than four thousand. A little after twelve the solemn tolling of muffled drums announced the approach of the hearse, which was followed from the Madeleine where the body had been temporarily deposited, by the deputation from Pesaro and the intimate friends of Rossini. While the coffin was taken from the hearse and laid in the catafalque the great organ played the "Ténébres" from the *Stabat*. The mass opened with a chorus of Jomelli, executed by the pupils of the Conservatoire and the vocal celebrities of Paris. The morceaux selected for the occasion were in the following order:—The "Dies Iræ"—the solos performed by Madames Nilsson and Bloch and MM. Gardoni and Tamburini. The "Liber Scriptus," adapted to the music of the "Quis est Homo" of the *Stabat*—sung by Alboni and Patti. The "Lacrymosa" of Mozart's *Requiem*, by the choir. At the offertory "Vidit Suum," from the *Stabat* of Pergolese by Mdlle. Nilsson. At the Elevation, "Pie Jesu," adapted to the *pastoral* "Qui sto Carpat" of Rossini's *Stabat* by Madames Krauss, Grossi and Mlle. Nicolini and Agnesi. The "Agnus Dei," adapted to the *Pieces de Messe* (Rossini), *solo soprano* by Alboni and Patti and the bass solos by MM. Bonnehée Caisa, and Belval and the "Pro Peccatis," from Rossini's *Stabat* was sung by M. Faure. Nothing could give an idea of the impression produced on the assembly by each and all. Interpreted by such artists. The *Stabat* by Alboni and Patti was given with such deep pathos that several persons could not help melting in tears. Nurse did Alboni—the illustrious pupil of so illustrious a master—sing with more beauty and more effect.

It was past 2 o'clock when the service was over. The *cortège* formed after a good deal of delay owing to the crowd in front of the church. It proceeded slowly up the Chaussée d'Antin, the windows of the houses on both sides being filled with spectators and lined on all the Boulevards. The pall bearers were M. Nigra, the Italian Minister, M. Conte Conal General of Italy, M. Camillo Doucet, head of the Administration of the Theatres, and M. Anatole Thomas the composer of "Hamlet." The Emperor was represented by M. de la Lavière, grand chamberlain, who followed in one of the Court carriages. M. Vaillant, Minister of the Imperial Household and of the department of Fine Arts, was also present. Indeed that list of celebrities in all departments who paid their last tribute to Rossini would fill a column. The deputation from Pesaro preceded all the musical celebrities in the procession. On the coffin was deposited a crown formed of laurel and gold. It was past four when the *cortège* reached the cemetery where after the remains were laid in the ground discourses were pronounced by M. Mamiani in the name of the Italian deputation and by MM. Camillo Doucet, Anatole Thomas, St. Georges and others.

Another spectator dwells more particularly upon what took place in the church. He says:—

The interior of the church is magnificent with great space, and adorned architectural beauty, some of the best painted windows in Paris, and splendid organs. The centre of the building, from the door to the altar, was kept by two files of the 51st of the Line who, being in heavy marching order, knapsacks, &c., took up a great deal of space, and also at times interfered with the harmony of the service by "grounding arms," "presenting arms," and "kneeling" at "words of command" which, by chance, were always given in a loud voice in the midst of a note. Ladies were sent to lateral chapels, the body of the church being reserved for the men. The doors were—very unnecessarily—kept closed till eleven. It was a cold, nay a bitter day, and a long train of ladies, many in *demi-toilet*, were kept persons, for hours. Five minutes after eleven there was not a seat in twenty minutes there was not an standing room. I should say there were present at least 4,000 people. There was no ornament, not were men forced to go in evening dress and a morning which would have made the scene more striking. I shall make no attempt to tell you who were present. It is shorter to say that every celebrity in France was there. The Emperor was represented by Vicomte de Laferrière, in his uniform as First Chamberlain. Carolina Nigra and all the Italian Embassy were there in full uniform and all their "orders" to represent Italy. Auber was there—Ambroise Thomas—the Institute, the "Académie" the Italian "Delegate"—all the art and science and most of the beauty of Paris. I have never in Paris seen so an assembly as many pretty faces. The chorus, which was very big, and included voices rarely heard in chorus, was at the extreme end of the church; the all singers over the entrance. The music was admirable.

It was very long to be done, if ever I heard anything so splendid in the music. Every singer seemed inspired. Nilsson—who had sung *Hamlet* on Friday night—was wonderful; but of course the duet between Alboni and Patti was the gem. And the grand, round, melodious voice of Alboni never more forth its grande majesty. It was effect was electric, and scores of women and men were weeping. Madame Alboni was very much affected and wept before she began the lovely air of her old friend. Gardoni too, was in grand voice. That Gardoni said a friend of mine who had not heard him for years, and to-day could not see him. In a word all rang splendidly. The ceremony was itself nothing. A coffin, absolutely covered with wreaths and crosses. Parma violets—Rossini's favourite flower—and wreaths of every sort carried into the church before the mass, and, after it was taken with great pomp to Père la Chaise. All Paris lined the road to the last resting place of the Swan of Pesaro, and thus all was over. And so was celebrated, far from the land of his birth, the funeral of the greatest composer of the day. His own splendid melody was splendidly sung over his grave, and he may be said to have been wafted away in a cloud of his own harmony. *Requiescat in Pace!*

In our next number we hope to complete this record by giving translations of the speeches delivered by M. Ambroise Thomas and others over the grave of the illustrious deceased.

TO ROSSINI.

(From the "Allgemeine Zeitung.")

And so you have left us, poor dear Maestro, you, so fond of life, and so spoilt! gone from your joyous world of Paris, of which you had taken possession, just as in the good old times a prince took possession of his inheritance. You have been snatched from us many that it is not astonishing if such individual is less painfully affected at your decease than he otherwise would have been—for men like to have even their own special sorrow. There is scarcely one newspaper reader in the whole civilized world who, on seeing the report of your death, will not have exclaimed "Oh! how sorry I am!"

The world does not like to render any one famous, but if a man, despite all obstacles—no matter what, has fought his way upward, and made his name a name of note, the world looks with a certain feeling of satisfaction on him. If however, as was your case, the combat occurred so long ago as to belong to history, if a man requires scarcely anything more from the Present, neither attention nor recompense for new creations, nor marks of distinction for himself personally, or for his works, more honours are showered upon him than he can well bear. How many generations received your name as a word form a part and parcel of their mother tongue, and admired you, before they had a notion of what your productions were. And then they became acquainted with the *Barbiere di Siviglia* who for the last half-century has been not merely the factotum della città but of all the opera houses in the world. While too, they were delighted with the melodies which their fathers had grown up, they heard that the creator of those melodies was still alive and merry, that he had a friendly welcome for all who sought him out, that he launched forth the most admirable and the most humorous repartees, and in his uncomfortable position, did not wish to be anything more (what people call more) or anything else than a musician. The world grew enthusiastic for such a being—and rightly—for he was amiable and extraordinary.

In the whole history of art is there a career like yours, cherished Maestro? I doubt it. We find it is true, geniuses who like you, required only a few years to declare themselves—but their last works filled up their last days. Or they were men who, up to the most advanced age, were as unstable in producing as the most lunatic martyr is in suffering. But you gave barely twenty years of your existence to musical art, while yet gave about forty to the art of life. Twenty years of sharp struggles and labious success—and then you hid yourself from the sun of your own genius, and

allowed the days to glide by in the pleasant shade of your fame. Your art became for you a merry joke; you acted towards it as a man does with his little grandchild, as the hospitable rich do with good society. Some esteemed and others blamed you for this line of conduct, but no one was able to explain it, and you probably never disclosed the real motive of it. As a prudent conqueror in the realm of time, you did not wish, said your friends, to imperil by fresh hostilities the crown you owed to your former victories. Perhaps this was so! but it is not likely! I am afraid that you drank too deeply of the spring called popular favour—and you could not escape a little feeling of sadness.

But I am far from presuming to say that I have penetrated your motive. The most unimportant man in so complicated a machine that the Eternal machine-manufacturer alone can understand its inward machinery. Who, then, could comprehend so wonderfully organised a being as you were? What contradictions were united in you! The old Italian joy at the Beautiful and the scepticism of the eighteenth century; the desire for the most exquisite enjoyments life affords, and the simplicity of a child of the people; the most cordial bonhomie and the most wanton love of raillery. But the Graces were your constant companions; they accompanied everything you did, and, most lovable of all the daughters of heaven, surround their favourites with a brightness more gleaming than the halo of the saints.

The history of civilisation will have to record the almost mythical state of intoxication in which your songs plunged men, while the history of music more especially will have to speak of your genius, as well as of the direction it took and the influence it exercised; the journals of the day will, for the hundredth time, collect the reason of your works with the dates of their production and the success they achieved, and will one and all not fail to indulge in æsthetical dissertations. I have no intention of this kind as I put down these hasty lines. I would speak only of the gap which your demise leaves among us. Or does Paris, great and rich as she is, contain another spot like your little bedroom with its pianino, and its piles of music heaped one upon the other, and its cosy state of disorder? A spot where an artist found at almost every hour of the day the most hearty welcome, and the most charming chat that, and the most interesting people, and sympathy devoid of the slightest hypocrisy? Or a man on whom a visitor never intruded for you had always time, and were always good humoured, merely requiring for all the intellectual enjoyment you afforded that your visitor should take his seat now and then as a guest at your table. And when, in addition to the benefits which, in the strictest sense of the word, were offered to thousands, is added the recollection ever present, of the kind and friendly feeling you manifested towards me as a boy, and retained towards me, as a youth and a man, for a long series of years, I may well be allowed to yield to the want I experience of giving utterance to sentiments of the deepest gratitude.

Farewell, then, beloved Maestro! If the number of delights in store for you on the other side the grave is equal to the happy hours you have afforded millions of men upon earth, an eternity of bliss will be yours.

FERDINAND HILLER.

[For Fernando read Ferdinand Hiller. The apostrophe is worthy him who made it, and him to him it is addressed.—ED.]

HANOVER.—*Mignon* by M. Ambroise Thomas, has been produced with only moderate success.—First Quartet Entertainment of Herren Lee and Rose. Quartet in D flat major (Op. 18), Beethoven; Quartet in F minor, Volkmann; and Quintet in C major, Schubert.—Soirée Musicale, given by Herren Brahm and Stockhausen. Recitative and Song from *Susanna*, Handel; Prelude, Bach; Sonata in C minor, Op. 111, Beethoven; Duet for Alto and Baritone, Op. 28, Brahms; "Die Löwenbraut," Schumann; Adagio (unpublished), Schubert; "Cigarettes Wasser," Brahms, &c.—First Subscription Concert of the Cecilia Association. Requiem, Cherubini; Symphony, D major, Haydn; "Chorlieder" Dowland, Brahms, Radecke, Schumann and Mendelssohn.—Concert given by Herr Rosecke. Trio, B flat major, Op. 1, Beethoven; "Nocturne," Chopin; "Impromptu, O that Am Springbrunnen," and "Fantasiestücke" for the Pianoforte and Violin, Schumann; Variations on a theme from Bach and Ballad, Reinecke; and Salterello, Heller.—Concert of the Bach Society. Cantata "Für jede Zeit," Bach; Fugue upon Bach, Schumann; chorus, "Ich will Dir, Christe, Schütz; "Adventslied," Schütz; and Prelude and Fugue, F minor, Handel.

Oth Thoughts.

Le Prince Musicale, having to warn a popular London weekly, calls it "The Queen, The Lady's News paper."

Madame Carvalho, the original Marguerite having been engaged at the Grand Opéra, Mdlle. Nilsson, also a Marguerite, sent the following letter to the management:—

"Sir,—The engagement of Madame Carvalho, beginning just as the rehearsals of *Faust* were about to commence, dictates to me the natural duty of restoring to her the character of Marguerite, which she has acted with such great success. I feel the more over this because in the celebrated singer as I made my first appearance on the French stage by her side, and received a welcome which I can never forget. Glad, therefore, in these circumstances, to be able to show my respect for the eminent talent of Madame Carvalho, I place myself at your immediate disposal for any other of the characters included in my engagement."

What thinking cue! Old Thoughts! because it is undeniably very odd. Does the fair and graceful Swede mean to reform the moral code of the greenroom, which may be summed up as "Everyone for himself and (with a paraphrase) bad luck to the blindest."

DEAR PUNCH,—Do you want to know how to become a Prime Minister? If so read and digest. Go first on one side and then on the other, turn round and round until you are Dizzy.—Yours ever,

To Job Punch, Esq. CARMI O'CONNOR.

We are told how Signor Verdi has suggested the joint production of a requiem by the Italian composers in honour of Rossini, the work to be kept sealed up and only opened for performance at each anniversary of the illustrious master's death. We fancy the precaution to be needless. Written by the present generation of Italian musicians nobody is likely to violate the sanctity of the composition.

The Paris correspondent of the *Star* told us that Lord Lyons was present at Rossini's funeral, which report contrasts "his more famous brethren of the *Telegraph*. The latter assures us that Lord Lyons was busy slaughtering game at Compiègne along with the Emperor and the Prince of Wales. He also made inquiries as to the number falling to each gun, and what the Prince of Wales said about the whole affair. Thus we pass to enquire whether our Ambassador has not reason to pray for salvation from his friends.

Here is a odd sentence from a transatlantic journal:—"*Fac ut portem* was sung in the warm contralto, and pure style and feeling of Mrs. Carey." What can be meant by Mrs. Carey's warm contralto?

Another choice bit of American musical journalism is the following:—"Miss Kellogg's solos were directed by Signor Gloria, who, being an Italian and a stranger, struggled manfully with the German element which struggled back with equal manfulness, producing a musical mass of the most disgraceful kind. It is true, they acted upon the pure Samaritan principle—Gloria being a stranger they took him in—with a vengeance."

Watson's *Art Journal* speaks about Offenbach in its high-falutin style, as thus:—

"Whatever taste there is for the pure and beautiful in music has been of too slow a growth, and has struggled through too many difficulties to be troubled by the sweep of this vagrant breeze over the calm surface of its deep love. No, Offenbach may patter and clatter but his time as compared to that of the Prophets in the Art, is but as a moment to eternity."

Our contemporary also tells us that Offenbach has "a special talent for musical tailoring of light summer garments." Our contemporary is not less truthful than lovelyful.

DRESDEN.—According to the German papers, the King of Saxony grants an annual subvention of 150,000 thalers to the Theatre Royal, an increase, considering that is the fourth of his civil list, which amounts to only 400,000 thalers a year.

ROTTERDAM.—At the first concert of the Society for the Promotion of Musical Art, Schumann's "Faustmusik" was performed. The solos were sung by Herren Stockhausen, Schneider, Bleiachm, Mesdames Wegringer and Gryps.

NUREMBERG.—Concert for the benefit of the Hans Sachs Monument. Overture to *Oberon*, Weber; Fifth Pianoforte Concerto, in E flat major, Beethoven; Prelude and Fugue in A minor, Bach; Fantasia in A minor, Mozart; "Rosalcher Triumphgesang," Reich; "Polonaise" in E major, Liszt; March and Chorus from *Tannhäuser*, Wagner.

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ST JAMES'S HALL.

THIRD CONCERT OF THE ELEVENTH SEASON.
MONDAY EVENING NOVEMBER 30TH, 1868,
To commence at Eight o'clock

PROGRAMME

PART I

QUINTET in F, Op. 115, for two Violins, Viola, Violoncello, Contrabass, Clarinet, French Horn, and Bassoon—MM Sainton, L. Ries, Henry Blagrove, Pilven, Reynolds, L. Jones, Wheelhouse and Wotton — Schubert.
SONG, "Della mia pace"—Mr Vernon Rigby — — — — Rossini.
SONATA in A flat, Op. 39, for Pianoforte alone—Herr Vogel — Weber

PART II

ANDANTE and RONDO with Pianoforte Accompaniment (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts)—Signor Piatti — — Mellon.
SONGS { "Through the night my songs return thee" — — — Schubert. { "Dorothée" — — — — — — — Bizet.
Mr Vernon Rigby.
QUARTET in C major, Op. 54, No. 1, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM Sainton, L. Ries, Henry Blagrove, and Pilven — Haydn.

CONDUCTOR — MR. BENEDICT.

Sofa Stalls, 3s. Balcony, 2s. Admission 1s. To be had of Austin, 28 Piccadilly; Keith, Prowse, & Co. 48 Cheapside; and of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street.
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Pesen.—Sound the "n" normally

DEATH

On the 22nd inst. at 33 Guilford Street, Kentish Town, Anna Harrison, mother of the late William H. Harrison, aged 87 years.

NOTICE.

The MUSICAL WORLD *will henceforth be published on* FRIDAY *in time for the evening mails. Country subscribers will thereby receive their copies on Saturday morning. In consequence of this change, it is urgently requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday, otherwise they will be too late for insertion in the current number.*

With this number of the MUSICAL WORLD *subscribers will receive four extra pages, and again, from* TIME TO TIME, *as expediency may suggest.*

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received on Friday from Three o'clock P.M. on Thursday, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1868.

ROSSINI IN MELODY AND MORALITY

BEING dead he yet speaketh. Here is a clause in the will of the great master who has just gone from us —

"I desire that after my death, and that of my wife, two prizes, each of a hundred and twenty pounds, be given in Paris and to Frenchmen alone—one to the author of a musical composition religious or lyrical in which melody now so much neglected shall be chiefly considered, the other to the author of the words for this composition in which the laws of morality, which writers do not always sufficiently consider, must be respected. These productions to be submitted to a special commission taken from the Academy of Fine Arts which shall judge who is worthy of the Rossini prize which after the performance of the piece either at the Institute or the Conservatoire, shall be publicly decreed. I wish to leave to France which has received me so hospitably this proof of my gratitude and of my desire to see brought to perfection that art to which I have devoted my life. ROSSINI."

There is more in this bequest than the bequest itself. It embodies a protest which, weighty at any hour coming from Rossini, is made far more powerful by attendant circumstances. Taking with him to the very gates of death an absorbing anxiety for his beloved art, the master's voice is last heard in warning against two formidable evils. Melody, he tells us, is neglected, and morality despised. The master is right.

That Rossini should champion melody is natural enough. Above all things he was a tune-maker—perhaps it would be more correct to say a tune medium not having the trouble of creation. To him melody was music; the devices of harmony but the drum which echoed its beauty. From *Tancredi* to *Guillaume Tell* he consistently preached this faith, and has left behind him a wealth of tune not to be overvalued by the wildest estimate. Unhappily for Rossini he lived long enough to see the world grow contemptuous of his favourite creed. Yet not so the world is as ready as ever it was to reward the tune maker. We should have said the composers of Rossini's later years grew heedless of his precept and example. A new school has arisen the disciples of which have for Shibboleth such words as "profundity" and "intellectuality;" they talk largely of ideas and are ever searching for or trying to embody hidden meanings. The result is confusion or worse—chaos. We are told that a muddy torrent of technicalities, of violent contrasts, and of blatant noises, is music, and a great many of us believing opaqueness to betoken depth exclaim about it accordingly. Those who do so are hardly equal in wisdom to the composers whom they admire. There is a certain fish which oft hides itself by darkening the surrounding water, and the "intellectual" musicians of our day are clearly open to the suspicion of a like device. They have no tune, that is to say no real musical idea, and they try to conceal the fact by means of mystical utterances which, being unintelligible, may mean anything or nothing. Rossini's instinct must early have warned him of the danger to music arising from this, and one of his latest acts was to put upon record in a practical and abiding form his protest against it, doing so, as he expressly states, out of regard for the art to which his life was devoted. What the result will be nobody can tell. Immediate result there is likely to be none. The "intellectual" musicians of modern Germany, chiefs of the school to which they belong, will smile at the old man's words, and go on pouring forth confused sounds after their wont. Our hope is that the educated public will take the matter up, and demand tune as the firstly, secondly and thirdly of artists. Mere trickery has been worshipped long enough. We have had enough of artificial effects, and a change to the simple and natural is seriously needed. The ladies are beginning to copy their grandmothers in the matter of hair-powder. Would that composers thought it well to imitate Papa Haydn in the matter of tune.

But Rossini pleads for morality in art less than for melody. As one loving and reverencing his art, he must long have grieved over the public and acknowledged association of music with indecency and filth. He lived to see the day when the most successful lyrical productions are allied to unblushing shamelessness of words and action. What marvel that his latest utterance should be a protest against so deep a degradation. We fear it would be vain to hope that either M. Offenbach's book-makers, or the public for whom they cater will be much affected in consequence. The former will go on writing and the latter applauding the choice offensives beloved by the popular composer—save the mark—of our day

Nevertheless, Rossini's protest stands no honour to himself and an enduring example to all who have the well being of music at heart.

Herr Liebich has again written to us on the subject of certain articles which not long since were published in the Brighton papers. His anxiety to exonerate himself from the charge of being their author is so great that, although no such charge was ever preferred against him by us, we shall allow him to state his case to our columns.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

6, *Pavis Grove, Brighton Nov* 24*th*, 1868.

Sir,—A short time ago I took the liberty of requesting you to insert in the *Musical World* a letter containing on my part the assurance that I was not in any way connected with criticisms and other articles which have appeared in the Brighton papers on ——— ——— ———'s last Brighton Recital. You declined the publication of that letter and intimated in strong terms that I felt guilty of participation in those articles. At the same time you suggested my writing to the Editors of those Brighton papers in which those articles had appeared. As a last resource to clear myself from the imputation of the authorship, *I have* applied to the Editors, viz. *Brighton Gazette, Guardian* and *Herald* but I am still without reply.

The *Guardian* Editor told me that he must decline to comply with my request and I made him at least promise me to write to me to that effect. As soon as I can I shall call upon the other Editors and see what can be done.

It is to me, a mere beginner in the musical world, of the greatest importance to keep free from anything dishonourable. To write unjust and disagreeable articles behind one's back and *put the authorship* on some one else is in my eyes dishonourable.

I have in my really *great anxiety to convince you that I had not any connexion with those articles* concealed Mr ——— and he advised me to explain to you how matters stood. I am quite aware that the Brighton Editors are under the influence of some one who has used me badly and who is stronger than I am, but I am also of opinion that there are means in your hands rather than in mine to clear me. You will certainly not benefit but the discovery that I did not write articles on any of ——— ——— ———'s Recitals but at the same time I am convinced that your sense of justice will not allow me to suffer unjustly in so bad a cause.

This explanation I wished to give you next Saturday personally, but I wanted to request you to insert the enclosed advertisement and to say a few words in a little paragraph. This latter favour I ask only except after having given you satisfactory evidence of my total innocence. Will you not believe my repeated assurances that I neither attended the Recital in question nor wrote altogether after it anything on ——— ——— ———?

It is very painful to me to be deprived of all means of real proof, but I am quite confident that if such proof is wanting now, some future time will give me an opportunity of convincing you of my straightforwardness.

From the advertisement you will see that my Concert is by far greater than any given before here and had I been able to make any arrangements about it months or weeks ago I should have tried before to explain to you everything personally. I had to decide very rapidly.

Trusting this will exculpate me in your eyes, believe me, yours most obediently, I. Liebich.

P.S.—May I trouble you for an immediate reply?

We are by no means surprised at Herr Liebich's anxiety to be relieved from the suspicion of being the author of articles clearly libellous, and, worse still, of aiding and abetting in a conspiracy. But, on the other hand, if he has not forgotten a criticism upon a recital given at Brighton last summer by a celebrated foreign virtuoso, signed with his own name in full—"Immanuel Liebich"—he, in turn can hardly feel surprised that a degree of suspicion should attach to him in the present instance, seeing that the critique to which we refer contained the germ of the very articles which he is desirous of repudiating and which have been circulated anonymously in every quarter.

P.S.—Since the foregoing was in type, we have received another letter from Herr Liebich, together with an enclosure. Here are both:—

To the Editor of the Musical World.

5, *Pavis Grove, Brighton, November* 24*th*, 1868.

Sir,—The Editor of the *Brighton Herald* has just sent me the enclosed note and I hasten to put it into your hands. In respect of the other papers I think I shall put an advertisement to them disclaiming in that form every connection with the article in question.—Yours obediently, I. Liebich.

Herald Office, November 25*th*, 1868.

Dear Sir,—No criticism on ——— ——— ——— has ever been contributed by you to the columns of the *Brighton Herald*.—Believe me, yours truly, Owen, Fleet.

Herr Liebich.

While taking Herr Liebich at his word, we must, nevertheless, decline to insert the advertisement or to write "the little paragraph" about his concert.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Meyerbeer's pastoral *Dinorah*, perhaps the most finished, certainly the most spontaneous of his contributions to the lyric stage was revived on Saturday night. Remembering the extraordinary impression created some two years since by Mdlle. Ilma de Murska as the half-demented heroine, we cannot be surprised that this opera should have been included in her present series of performances. Mdlle. de Murska's Dinorah is in all its salient characteristics precisely what it was before, while, with regard to simple matters of detail, it shows what persevering study can effect where the artist, not willing to stand still is bent upon approaching nearer and nearer to the desired perfection. On no occasion has she played the character with more dramatic force, or sung the music with more admirably sustained expression and "finesse" than on Saturday night, and on on occasion have her efforts met with heartier recognition. Not to go over the old ground in describing scene after scene—and Dinorah, it need hardly be stated, is seldom off the stage—we may single out the famous address to the "Shadow" (Act II.), as a masterpiece of piquant acting and singing no less brilliant than effective. Of Mr Santley's Hoel not another word need be said beyond the reiteration of a worn out phrase—that no other such Hoel has been seen and heard, M. Faure not excepted, either on the French or the Italian boards. Signor Bettini is the best Corentin, Signor Gardoni three excepted (and Corentin was Signor Gardoni's character "*par excellence*"), we can call to mind. Thus the three principal parts were admirably filled, and—with the co-operation of the new contralto, Mdlle. Scalchi who, in the song with chorus of the goat-herd, composed by Meyerbeer expressly for the late Madame Nau'ier Duflier, when *Dinorah* (in 1859) was first brought out at Covent Garden, exhibited a voice been which great things may be fairly expected, Mdlles. Rose Hasse and Hasenmeister, to whom were entrusted the solo parts in the introduction of Act I., Signor Tagliafico, Mr C. Lyall, and Mdlle. Sandrina who, as well as Mdlle. Bersee, took part in the idyll which commences Act III., and from which, with an artist as thoroughly capable of doing it justice as Mr Lyall, the measure of the "Song of the Reaper" seem unaccountable—the delicious music of Meyerbeer is as far as the vocal part of it is concerned, has never been better given. On the other side of the lamps, the orchestra, conducted with his usual care and ability by Signor Arditi, was irreproachable throughout—the overture being played with marvellous spirit and all the delicate and ingenious accompaniments to a wish. The audience, delighted from beginning to end, besides encoring Mr Santley in the melodious and expressive romance of the last act, called for Mdlle. de Murska after every scene in which Dinorah is concerned.

No "short winter season" ever undertaken by Mr Mapleson has been conducted with more energy than this. Besides the operas already noticed, we have had the *Traviata*, *Faust*, *Norma*, the *Huguenots*, *Fidelio*, *Don Giovanni*, *Linda di Chamounix* and *Il Flauto Magico*—all familiar features in his now extensive and well varied repertory. In *Faust* as Margherita, and in *Don Giovanni*, as Zerlina, the young American singer Miss Minnie Hauck, has made good her position and fully maintained the promise of her *début*. Mdlle. Nilsson has, as usual, been "Protean" excelling alike in German, French, and Italian opera; the well remembered Herr Formes was right welcome as Leporello, a character in which, as our musical readers will not have forgotten, he used to be peerless; Mr Santley has been of infinite service in almost every opera produced; Mdlle. Sinico has continued to exhibit the versatility of talent for which she has long been famous, and Mdlle. de

Marska, by her wonderful execution of the exceptionally difficult songs of the "Queen of Night" in *Il Flauto Magico* has renewed the old enthusiasm. Signor Mongini, after singing better than he ever previously sang in England, improvement in style being accompanied by voice rather strengthened than impaired, has left to fulfil some Continental engagements, and Madame Trebelli-Bettini, whose singing stood in no need of improvement, has also quitted London for St. Petersburgh, where she is engaged for the winter.

Il Flauto was repeated on Monday night. *Le Nozze di Figaro* (of which, more next week) was played for the first time on Tuesday; *Il Flauto* was again produced on Wednesday afternoon, and on Thursday night we had *Dinorah*.

To-night *Il Flauto* and on Monday (last night of the season) a miscellaneous entertainment.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

The programme of the second concert (on Monday last) was as follows:—

PART I.

Trio, in D major, Op. 70, No. 1, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello	Beethoven.
Song, "Ave Maria," Miss Edith Wynne	Schubert.
Sonata, in E, violin pianoforte accompaniment	Porpora
Sonata, in F, No. 16, pianoforte alone	Mozart.

PART II.

Fragments of unfinished quartet—strings	Mendelssohn
Song, "I know a song," Miss Edith Wynne	Benedict.
Septet, in D minor, pianoforte, flute, oboe, horn, viola, violoncello, and contra bass	Hummel

Hummel's septet is not only the finest show-piece of its very industrious composer, but one of the finest show-pieces ever written in which the pianoforte has a leading part. That it was safe in the hands of so good a musician and practised a pianist as Herr Ernst Pauer, backed as he was by six such skilled performers on the other instruments as Messrs. Radcliffe, Barrett, Woodland, Henry Blagrove, Reynolds, and Piatti—we need scarcely add, nor is it necessary to describe the satisfaction with which the entire work was listened to by the audience, who applauded each movement as it became there. Porpora's violin sonata (introduced for the first time) is interesting as a specimen of a master who was the great Joseph Haydn's first instructor. The finest of the four movements into which it is divided is the third—an animated and ingeniously developed *fuga*. The concluding one is pretty, but the rest is somewhat dry. The whole is full of those "trills" for which Porpora was notoriously famous, and with which, on a special occasion, a certain Emperor of Austria was so mightily diverted at Vienna (where Porpora habitually resided). The music was superbly played by M. Sainton from end to end, and the distinguished Toulouzan fiddler was recalled to the platform at the conclusion with applause the hearty unanimity of which showed how welcome to all was his re-appearance at the Monday Popular Concerts. M. Sainton's execution of the *fuga*, which is very difficult, reminded us, by its well sustained vigour, of Joseph Joachim. The pianoforte accompaniment played (how we need not say) by Mr. Benedict, is not the composition of Porpora, but of M. Ferdinand David, of Leipsic, one of the quorum who have dealt out with such grudging parsimony the eagerly sought *reliquiæ* of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. Mozart's Sonata in F is one of the most masterly and beautiful compositions dedicated by that wonderful genius to the pianoforte, or as it in his time it was called, the "clavicin." The first movement is a prodigy of contrivance, replete with that counterpoint in which Mozart was wont to read, and which seemed, indeed, almost to be his natural language. The andante (in B flat) is one unbroken chain of lengthened sweetness—all melody, divine melody. The final rondo is as unpretending and charming as anything of its kind in existence. This *rondo* was composed two years earlier than the other movements, and there is no known authority for Mozart's having ever himself combined the three movements in a sonata. In this form, however, have they been published and performed for more than half a century. Herr Pauer deserves no less credit for his taste in selecting such a work than for the careful steadiness with which he played it from beginning to end.

The *andante* and *scherzo* from Mendelssohn's unfinished posthumous quartet are provoking. That an original and beautiful *adagio* half should be in want of its other half, which might (though that is difficult) have been even its better half, is enough to make musicians weep. The *scherzo* is as genuine a bit of Mendelssohn as anything of his with which we are acquainted. The two movements were admirably executed by M. Sainton, Herr Ries, Mr. Blagrove, and Sig. Piatti, and the *scherzo* was encored and repeated. The glorious Trio of Beethoven, perhaps the finest of the two (Op. 70) though that is hard to decide, should have been mentioned first, seeing that it came first in the programme; but the truth is, there was nothing to say about it except that it is glorious, and pleased as it always pleases and always must please when played well—as it was played on Monday night by MM. Pauer, Sainton and Piatti.

Miss Edith Wynne gave both her songs with true expression. Of the "Ave Maria," of Schubert (Walter Scott's words) we need say nothing. The new ballad of Mr. Benedict, "I know a song," is in his happiest way, a gem, and received a hearty encore, the fair artist repeating it entirely.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

At the concert on Saturday afternoon the chief feature was an unknown Symphony of Schubert—No. 6, in C major—for the first production of which in England (and it has been played nowhere else) we are indebted to the spirit of research which induced the Crystal Palace directors to send one of their most valued servants to Vienna, in order to examine the MSS. of the now universally sought Viennese composer, and obtain possession of whatever seemed most interesting. Each piece from the rich unpublished collection that Mr. Grove was fortunate enough to procure has turned out a real treasure—a thing the loss of which would have been a loss to art. The Symphony in C is gentle in musical interest, is equal to any composition of Schubert's with which we are acquainted. It has, moreover, the peculiarity strange in Schubert, of being a lively and cheerful character from beginning to end. How it was performed by the admirable orchestra which Mr. Manns directs so well we need hardly say. The whole symphony in its way a masterpiece was rapturously received and will be doubtless heard again very shortly. The overtures to *Guillaume Tell* and *Leonora* which respectively began and terminated the concert, were both played to perfection, and the first was spontaneously encored. A young pianist, Miss Marian Dunn (pupil of Mr. W. G. Cusins) produced a marked impression by her extremely neat, tasteful, and wholly unaffected performance of Mendelssohn's very difficult *Capriccio Brillante* in B minor (with orchestral accompaniments), a well known *Gavotte* Bach, one of the *Suites* of J. S. Bach and a *Scherzo* from a MS. sonata of her own composition. Miss Dunn who was received with genuine favour exhibits real promise both as pianist and as composer. She was unanimously called for after her solos. The singers were Miss Edith Wynne and Mr. Byron—the last a young tenor pupil of Mr. Randegger who sang an air from F. David's *Lalla Rookh* and Beethoven's "Adelaide" in the second of which he was most ably accompanied on the pianoforte by his professor. At present, "Adelaide" is beyond the powers of Mr. Byron, but he sang his first air in such a manner as to give general satisfaction. Miss Wynne sang a very charming song ("Love will be master"), from Mr. A. S. Sullivan's MS. opera, *The Sylph*; a Necklace and a somewhat trite air from Hercolanie's *Lenora*, which ends with a waltz tune of which M. Gounod must have been thinking, while musing upon the first act of *Romeo et Juliette*. She was excellent in both.

Already the new organ in the Crystal Palace concert-room has been put to good use. Dr. John Stainer of University Church and Magdalen College, Oxford, an organist of the first rank, having at a recent concert played, with remarkable skill and the greatest applause Mendelssohn's Fourth Organ Sonata (in B flat), and J. S. Bach's grand Pedal Fugue in G, namely, the most familiar and probably the finest of the grand old master's works in that style.

MANNS.—*Il Trovatore*, with Mad. Guaymard Tamberlick and Bonolini, in the principal parts, has proved a great success.

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SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

A line or two must suffice to record the fact that on Friday week this greatest of our choral societies has begun a new season with a very splendid performance (in Exeter Hall) of Mr. Costa's second oratorio, *Naaman*, directed by the eminent conductor and composer himself. Among the audience were the Prince and Princess of Prussia, who occupied the gallery in the right of the orchestra, and remained till after the famous quintet,—Honour and glory, Almighty be Thine,—the last piece but one in the oratorio. We have nothing fresh to say about *Naaman*, which appears to be recognized as one of the stock pieces of the Sacred Harmonic Society. It was never heard with more numerous satisfaction than on the present occasion, and this no doubt as much because the public have become familiar with the many beauties that distinguish it, as on account of the absolute perfection of its execution in all those parts in which the chorus and orchestra are concerned. The solo singers, too—Madames Lemmens-Sherrington and Sainton-Dolby, Mdlle. Enequist, Messrs. G. Perren, Montem Smith, and Santley—one and all sang their very best.

Israel in Egypt was given last night.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

(Communicated.)

At a general meeting of the members of the society lately held at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square it was resolved:—"That the concerts be held next season at St James's Hall" and the directors were empowered to make the necessary arrangements. It was further resolved:—"That the subscription should be three guineas," the room also allowing for extra subscriptions, those of two guineas and one guinea each, as sanctioned. This is one of the most important innovations which has occurred in the annals of the society, and has no doubt been brought about by the increased love for good music, which is apparent in the opportunities now given to all classes, and by the large numbers who are willing to enjoy the works of the great masters, interpreted by the best musicians, at comparatively low admission. The Society had within a few years the exclusive privilege of rendering these compositions, and it must have felt for some time the difficulties it has had to contend with in the limited area of the Queen's Concert Rooms, and though the arrangements and excellent acoustic properties of those elegant rooms render the separation a painful one, it is only carrying out the objects for which the society was founded, by appealing to all rather than a small circle of the *dilettanti* in art. For this reason as well as the advantage to be gained in a pecuniary sense, the change has become imperative. The removing the concerts to the much larger *locale* of St. James's Hall will enable the directors to grant to a much greater extent than heretofore the privileges accorded to their patrons, whose interest and gratification must be the society's first aim in view and whether those interests accumulate in rendering in the best possible manner the masterpieces of the geniuses of the present and last centuries, or in endeavouring, as far as lies in their power, to foster the talent which each age brings to notice, it is hoped that, as years roll on, this decision to widen the sphere of the society's operations will prove to the advantage of the music and maintain amongst the exponents of art that position which the Philharmonic Society and through it the members themselves of the musical profession have up to the present time enjoyed. It has been arranged that the opening concert at St. James's Hall shall take place on Wednesday evening March 10th 1869 and returning to the Monday evenings on April 5, 19, May 3, 17, 31, June 14 and 28, the single tickets for any evening being 10s. 6d. and 7s. for reserved seats, 5s. and 2s. 6d. unreserved. The vacancies in numbers and association were filled up at the same meeting, Mr Charles Gardner being elected a member. Miss Read, Mrs. J. Baldwin Chatterton, Madame Arabella Goddard, Mr Arthur Sullivan, Mr J. Foster, Mr Santley and Mr G. B. Allen, Mus. Bac., unopposed; the election of many more candidates being deferred at present, either from there being no more vacancies or the necessary number of readings of their recommendation papers not having been completed.

E. L.

PROVINCIAL.

Dr. Spark's last Tuesday afternoon organ recital (Nov. 24th) in the Town Hall, Leeds, was "*In Memoriam*," and the programme, with a single exception, was appropriated in the music of Rossini. It was as follows:—

The Prayer from *Mosè in Egitto*, "Dal tuo Stellato"	Rossini
The Dead March in *Saul*	Handel.
Selections from the Stabat Mater:—	
Stabat Mater Dolorosa (Coro)	Rossini.
"Cujus Animam" (Tenor Solo)	
Quando Homo (Duet S. B.)	
In Gremio (Sop. Solo and Coro)	
Introduction and Duet, "Giorno d'orrore" (*Semiramide*)	Rossini
Overture to *Guillaume Tell*	Rossini.

Dr Spark did what might have been expected from a true musician and a reverencer of true genius. That his performance was worthy the occasion may be taken on trust.

Llanelly.—A concert for the benefit of Mr Thomas Williams, late bandmaster of the Dafen band, was given at the Athenæum on Saturday. There was a crowded house. Mr Bethyn Jones, bandmaster in the 1st Glamorgan R.V.C., played a cornet solo. A glee class from Morriston was present, and also the Dafen glee class, conducted by Mr John Thomas. The accompanist was Mr Harry Edmund, who played a pianoforte solo, "March of the Men of Harlech," by Brinley Richards. There were several encores.

Nottingham.—Mr Henry Farmer began his new season of "Concerts of Chamber Music" in the School of Art on Monday last. The programme was admirable,—Kalliwoda's Trio, in E flat (Op. 200), for piano, violin, and violoncello; Haydn's Emperor Quartet; Bach's *Gavotte* and *Rondo* for violin, and Weber's *Concertstück*. Miss Bennett (piano), Mr Henry Farmer (violin) and Mr Selby (violoncello) were executants. The concert (14th of the series) passed off admirably. We hope the good people of Nottingham appreciate Mr Farmer and his enterprise as they deserve.

Aberdeen.—At the Saturday evening entertainments Madame Emmeline Cole from London has been received with great favour. Her voice is a good soprano, and she sings like an artist. In Hayden's canzonet—"My mother bids me bind my hair" Randegger's charming song "Birds of the Spring" (encored), and in "Coming through the Rye" the clever vocalist made a decided impression. Her singing of "Within a mile of Edinburgh town" no less deserves to be mentioned with approval.

Brighton.—The musical season is in full swing. Numerous concerts have taken place and many more are announced. Madame Sainton-Dolby gave her's in the large concert hall in West Street, and obtained, notwithstanding its being "election time," a good attendance. The *bénéficiaire* assisted by Miss J. Wells, Miss Edith Wynne, Mr George Perren and Mr Lewis Thomas, were the principal vocalists, while in the instrumental department M. Sainton and Signor Piatti were chiefs.—Signor Calderazzi has given a *matinée* and the new organ has been inaugurated in the Dome Assembly Rooms, Mr Best of Liverpool throwing its capabilities in a masterly manner. A miscellaneous concert was given in the morning and the ever-a-choice *Messiah* in the evening. The vocalists were Madame Rudersdorff, Mdlles Mehlhorn, Drandil, Marliani, Messrs. W. H. Cummings, Lawler, Walker and Carter.—The first concert of our Sacred Harmonic Society has taken place with Mad. Sherrington, Miss Rose, Mr Nelson Varley and Mr O. Christian as vocalists. *Samson* was the oratorio given.—Mr Mark Lemon has given his reading of *Falstaff* in the Pavilion Rooms, and Mr Basil Young his "Entertainment" in the same *locale*.—At the Theatre Mdlle. Beatrice has commenced a "twelve nights' engagement, and has already played in *Marie Stuart*, *Broken Ties*, *Marie Antoinette*, &c.

Torquay.—The local *Directory* says:—

"Mr Charles Fowler's second pianoforte recital took place on Saturday last at Villa Mentone. The programme consisted of Beethoven's Sonata in A major, Op. 2; The Rivulet, Mendelssohn; *Bourrée*, Bach; an *Andante*, Weber; *Rondeau*, Raimond; *Polka*, in C sharp minor, Chopin; 'Queen Mab' (a sketch), C. Fowler; and Fowler's third *Tarantella*, C. Fowler. The last is everything that its name implies. There are

effects is it altogether new and startling. Queen Mab is a short, well written piece, in style quite out of the beaten track, and moreover charming in effect. One of the most effective pieces in the performance was the *Bourrée*, by Bach played with great spirit by Mr. Fowler. Mr. Fowler's third recital is advertised to take place on Saturday December 5th when his new sonata will be repeated. The programme also contains Beethoven's *Sonata Appassionata*, Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue in E minor, and several smaller pieces by various authors.

ROSSINI

(From the "Sunday Times.")

Rossini is dead, and of the great masters who made historic the early years of this century, Auber alone remains. The event is suggestive. It brings before us that heroic musical age to which Rossini belonged and of which he survived the close. It forces upon us thoughts about the present dearth of creative genius, and makes comparisons not at all flattering to the self-esteem of this generation. But from such considerations we must turn aside to sketch, and only sketch, the life that has just ended.

Gioacchino Antonio Rossini was born in February 1792 at Pesaro, then a city of the Papal States. The advantages he inherited by right of birth were very few. His father played the trumpet in connection with a strolling operatic troupe; so that, but for the genius he possessed, Rossini might have succeeded to, and been satisfied with the paternal instrument. The lad's remarkable gifts, however, soon attracted attention, and made it evident that the future was in his own hands. He was placed under Mattei, a well-known master of the day, but seems to have brought considerable impatience to his studies. The secret of this was that he had resolved upon his means and his ardent nature burned to begin even at the sacrifice of educational completeness. Mattei must have been considerably disgusted when young Rossini enquired if enough had been learned to qualify him for writing an opera. An opera writing was then understood. Mattei was compelled to reply in the affirmative; whereupon his presuming pupil took himself off, and entered upon a career, the brilliancy of which neither master nor scholar could have anticipated. His first efforts brought him no great amount of fame immediate or remote. In this respect Rossini differs from many other masters of music. His genius, decided though it was, can hardly be called precocious. True, he wrote eight operas between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one; but the whole of them are almost entirely forgotten. It was not so with Mozart, with Beethoven, with Mendelssohn. The youthful productions of these composers are now, and ever will be, counted among the treasures of art. In explanation it must be remembered that the genius of the Germans was much more comprehensive than that of the Italian. Rossini was above all a melodist, and so we have seen, he only cared to learn enough of harmony to serve the purpose of accompaniment. It is by no means surprising, therefore, that his first efforts lacked stamina. Rossini's ninth opera (*Tancredi*) was really the beginning of success. Produced at Venice during the Carnival of 1813, it has kept ever since and is living now, the overture especially having become everywhere a household piece. *Tancredi* was followed by *L'Italiana in Algeri*, which possessed equal vitality and brought the composer equal fame. The success of these works marked public acceptance of the peculiar style originated by Rossini, and more or less characterising Italian opera ever since. As time went on, the master introduced modifications or expansions, but these touched lightly the main features of a method which remained to the end pretty much what it was in the beginning. Successes like those of *Tancredi* and *L'Italiana* could hardly expect unbroken repetition. The next opera *Aureliano in Palmyra* (1814), was comparatively a failure, but in the same year Rossini made another effort, the result of which was all he could have wished. *Il Turco in Italia* did much to extend fame contemporary historians must have foreseen would become universal. Curiously enough the alternate failure and success was the beginning of a series of alternations. *Sigismondo* (1816) gave promise of but little of existence and speed by dint; but *Elisabetta Regina d'Inghilterra*, which followed in the same year, was welcomed everywhere with enthusiasm, and made Rossini the most popular of Italian composers. It was the turn of the next opera to fail, and fall *Torvaldo e Dorliska* (1816) accordingly did. But it was the turn of the next to succeed, and in that next was *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* (1816), we need not point out how thoroughly it fulfilled expectations. The story told of the reception by the Roman audience of this immortal work is so generally known as not to demand repetition. We cannot help saying, however, that when Rossini was roused from sleep by the serenading noises of the very people who, on the previous night, had hissed his work, he must have been more gratified than surprised. The composer, at least, knew what sort of music he had written, and no doubt had supreme confidence in its ultimate success. From the date of *Il Barbiere* down to that of *Semiramide* (1823) the master's prolific genius gave opera after opera to his delighted and adoring countrymen. Most of these still survive, and some remain public favourites of the highest class. In the *Barbiere* your *Otello* made its appearance followed in rapid succession by *Cenerentola*, *La Gazza Ladra*, *Armida*, *Adelaide di Borgogna*, *Mosè in Egitto*, *Adina*, *Ricciardo e Zoraide*, *Edoardo e Cristina*, *La Donna del Lago*, *Bianca e Falliero*, *Maometto Secondo*, *Matilde di Shabran*, *Zelmira*, and, lastly, as a close to the master's labours in Italy, *Semiramide*. This list speaks of itself for Rossini's wonderful fertility, and more especially to those who know the operas, for his almost marvellous due of tune.

By this time Rossini had acquired a European renown, and it was natural that he should respond to the invitations of foreign admirers. As a matter of course Vienna, the city of great masters, was first visited. There the charm of his style and of his engaging melodies completely won the hearts of a people who had seen like Beethoven and Schubert lived in their midst. From Vienna Rossini came to London, meeting with hardly less enthusiastic a welcome than in the Austrian capital. During one season the Italian composer was the "lion" of aristocratic salons, and we are told that not a little English gold left England with him. Paris was the next city of his choice, and there Rossini took up his abode. He speedily became director of the Italian Opera, and entered upon the second period or period of his career. To this we owe the *Comte Ory*, the expansion of *Mosè* into *Le Siège de Corinth*, and of *Moïse* into its present proportions. But to this above all we owe *Guillaume Tell* (1829) with which great masterpiece Rossini brought to an end his career as an operatic composer. Considering that no further success could add anything to the glory accruing from *Guillaume Tell*, he laid down his pen, only taking it up to show by means of his *Stabat Mater* (1832) and some two other sacred pieces, that he could also excel in the handling of the most exalted themes.

It is of little worth to speculate upon the reasons why Rossini ceased to work. In 1829 he was but 37 years old, an age in which Handel had written only one oratorio—*Esther*. The loss to art from this early retirement cannot be calculated, but the retirement itself is a fact not to be understood. During sixteen years the master had laboured continuously under circumstances of intense excitement. His was no more easily work done in quiet retirement. On the contrary he was always in an atmosphere which strung mind and body alike up to the highest pitch. What wonder, therefore, that he should rest at a time when, as he thought, the summit of ambition's ladder was reached and there was no possibility of going higher. Moreover it is easy to see in the character and temperament of the man a reason for his conduct. Paradoxical as it may appear after a record of so much industry, Rossini was indolent. Though incited to constant production by the sharp spurrings of great ambition, he compromised with his love of ease whenever possible, hence the frequent using up of old material, and hence other contrivances fatal to those who know his life. Ambition was satisfied, fashions had everything its own way, and there followed the strange spectacle of a great genius barren for thirty nine years. During that period exactly the years of Mendelssohn's life, Rossini was the centre of a brilliant circle, in been enjoyment of an existence which wanted nothing, and knew nothing of disturbance.

The inevitable hour came at last, and the brilliant Italian has passed away. But his memory will be green as long as his works survive—that is to say, as long as music itself shall endure.

MUSIC IN ETON COLLEGE

That some of the Eton boys are musically inclined let the following extract from a Juvenile's Mss. testify:—

> "I will not sing my little penny songs,
> It is more blessed for the rippling pool
> To be absorbed in the great ocean wave,
> Than even to kiss the sea-weeds on its brink.
> Therefore in quietness I will be still,
> And let the multitudinous music of the great
> Pass into me, till I am wrapped."

To gratify this feeling Mr. Arthur D. Coleridge organised a concert, whereat only the "musical" music of the great" was performed. The affair came off in the mathematical school on Saturday last. Mr. Coleridge being assisted by Messrs. Dannreuther, Magrove, and Booth (professionals). Mr. Cornish and Rev. W. H. Bliss (amateurs). The programme included Schubert's Trio (Op. 99), Mendelssohn's Trio (Op. 66), and Beethoven's Trio (Op. 97), as well as a selection of songs by Schubert, Rossini, Donizetti, &c. Nothing could have passed off better, or more to the delight of those who, for the time, suspended their "little penny songs." Mr. Coleridge hopes the experiment will be tried at Harrow and Rugby.

ST. STEPHEN'S.—A new three-act opera, *Eine oder das Land der Natur*, words by Herr Ernst Pasqué, music by Herr Felix Hofmeister, will shortly be produced.

MILAN.—Two performances of *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* were given at the Teatro Carcano last week, "all compagni di Rossini" and half the receipts will be devoted to a fund that is being raised for the purpose of erecting a monument to the memory of the late illustrious composer. Arrangements are now being made for a grand concert at La Scala for the same object, and will, in all probability, take place this month.

Sjabet Silbet versus a Comic Singer

The longing to get into society is accountable in a great measure for some of the worst evils of the age. It does for superior people what the love of fine clothes does for pretty servant maids. Dorterina knows that she is pretty; she is sure she should look fine a real lady if she only had the weeds and trappings of a gentlewoman; for these are sacrificed all that was ever likely to make her respectable perhaps, and so one social sin is perpetuated. There also prevails amongst some fortunate people, though not the most fortunate, a passion for achieving all the appointments of the real "swell"—for living in the elegant splendour of titled people in general, to be of their neighbourhood and company; and to this passion, increasing commonly with the increase of commercial wealth of late years, a good deal of what is called commercial immorality is due. This also is a social evil of considerable magnitude and it entailsanother of a political character. The same passion has given and gives to the Room of Commons some of the worst and most mischievous pretenders that ever sate in it—men some of whom have gone from that assembly to the bailiffs, or to die by suicide at a prison door. Therefore it is a very deplorable passion. Nevertheless, it is so very natural a one that it is not likely to succumb to any amount of preaching. Such aspirations are common and ineradicable; and all we can hope for is that their pursuit may be less frequently made through the fortunes of innocent people, and to the injury of public morals. He should be regarded as a blessing to his generation who indicates a way to the more desirable ends by means more innocent; and we fancy we perceive such a way. It is suggested by a letter to the *Standard* from Mr. Harry Sydney a comic vocalist (he disclaims the credit of being comic, but he can't seriously deny it, he is funny) one of those artists the Image of whose genius extends from the dais of the music-hall, to the tables of duchess and princess. Mr. Sydney seems to have been attacked by the *London Review* in such a way as to prove him to assert his honours and dignities. Amongst politicians his views are "those of five out of six of the gentlemen of England" he belongs to the great Liberal party. As an artist he has reminiscences connected with the Cave of Harmony of which any man may be proud. It was there that William Makepeace Thackeray spoke thus of him:—"Sometimes clever, always respectable." There also says Mr. Sydney

"I formed acquaintances many of which have ripened into friendships, with gentlemen of every profession and the leading men of every town and county in the kingdom. I could refer to more of the nobility and aristocracy of wealth and talent among my correspondents than the *London Review* has readers. Of all the memories of the past, no circumstance affords me greater satisfaction than this—at Evans I have been frequently and heartily complimented by the great historian"—

and then a name is mentioned which all England holds in respect. Here then is a social position which leaves nothing to desire—gentlemanly politics the appetite curbed the History and imagination of your time friendships made out of whether amongst the nobility to say nothing of the aristocracy of wealth and talent and all achieved by the innocent means of singing comic songs in a Cave of Harmony. Why then, we say to the ambitious, why strive for distinction in the worry martyrdom of the fleet lancetter as blow—too often at the destruction of the innocence of your husband and to the ruin of other people's comfort? See what is to be done in Mr. Sydney's line with nobles for patrons and if you must be a swell, go and do likewise.

Sjabet Silbet

SEVEN DOOMED THEATRES.

Of the seven theatres which are to be swept away by the Boulevard du Prince Eugène, the *Revue Municipale* gives the following historical particulars:—1. The Petit Lazari was in 1790-92 the Théâtre des Variétés-Amusantes. This man fell into the hands of an Italian, named Lazari, who played the part of harlequin in such grand and sopheme, that it became quite a favorite and the public, misjudging the real name of the theatre to oblivion, unanimously baptised it Lazari. This theatre was burnt down in 1798 and poor Lazari in a fit of despair at this accident [illegible] suicide. Under the Restoration a theatre for puppets only was erected on the Boulevard du Temple, called the Petit-Lazari, to commemorate the harlequin of former days. This theatre in 1848 exchanged its name, name for others of flesh and bone. 2. The Délassemens Comiques stands on the site of the Théâtre des Associés, which demolished in 1[illegible] under a manager of the name of Beaumarge who was succeeded by the clever harlequin Séllé when the theatre assumed the name of Théâtre Pittoresque du Sieur Séllé. In 1796 it was called Théâtre Sans Prétention. It was closed in 1817 by an Imperial decree, and transformed into the Café d'Appollon; but in 1819 Madame Saqui obtained leave to perform rope-dancing and pantomimes there which in 1830 were exchanged for vaudevilles. The old house was pulled down in 1841 and rebuilt in three months, when it assumed its present name. 3. The Funambules was formerly exclusively devoted to rope-dancing, as its name implies, but since 1830 vaudevilles and pantomimes have been performed there. The concern was sold for 400,000f a short time ago. 4. The Café was also in 1769 a theatre for rope-dancing, under the celebrated Nicolet, who attracted all Paris to his show by the drollery of his performances, enhanced by farces of rather questionable morality. The directors of the Opera became so jealous of his success that they obtained an order in 1769 restricting Nicolet's performances to mere pantomimes. But this restriction did not last long. In 1772 Nicolet performed before the Court at Choisy on which occasion Comtesse Dubarry was so well amused that she made the title of Théâtre des Délassemens du Roi to be conferred upon the establishment. Nicolet set his brother managers the first example of generosity by giving the profits of a night's performance to the sufferers from the fire which in 1771 destroyed all the booths of the Foire St. Laurent. His theatre assumed its present title in 1793. Three years later it was called Théâtre d'Emulation; but Nicolet's widow restored the name of Le Délassemens in 1798. The celebrated fairy piece, called the *Pied de Mouton* was performed herein 1806. The theatre was rebuilt in 1805, burnt down in 1853, and rebuilt in the same year at a cost of 415,000f. 5. The Théâtre des Folies Dramatiques has no history of interest to boast of; it was built in 1831 by M. Abry, the inventor of the Neorama. 6. The Théâtre Impérial (ancien Cirque) was founded in 1780 by Astley for equestrian performances; it was taken in 1794 by Franconi, who in 1802 transferred it to the old arsenal of Capucines. Half-five years later the Rue de la Paix was run through the grounds, and Franconi had to migrate first to the Rue Montmartre and then once more to the Boulevard du Temple, where he erected the Cirque Olympique. This was burnt down in 1826, and rebuilt in the following year. Before 1848 it changed its name to that of Théâtre Lyrique; and the opera will be transferred to the new buildings west of the Pont au Change under its present name of Théâtre Impérial. 7. The theatre opposite, as our readers know is destined to replace the Théâtre Lyrique, which was built by M. Alexandre Dumas and others, on the Boulevard du Temple, in 1847, under the name of Théâtre Historique and opened with the first representation of the drama called *La Reine Margot*, which had considerable success.

Darmstadt.—M. Gounod's *Reine de Saba* has been revived.

Dresden.—*Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, by Signor Dell'Argine has been produced at last. Some say it is a tremendous success, others assert it is a fearful failure. *Nous verrons*.

Frankfurt.—Second Subscription Concert, when Herr Jachim and Madame Joachim were engaged. Two movements from the unfinished Symphony in B minor Schubert; air subsequently composed for *Le Nozze di Figaro* Mozart. Violin Concerto Spohr; the *Sidne Melisse* overture Mendelssohn; "Jubilate" Handel &c.

Antwerp.—The members of the orchestra of the Conservatory have determined to give every winter a series of four concerts for the performance of overtures, symphonies, choruses, etc. both by the old masters and modern composers. Solo performances, also, will be included in the programme.

Musical matters in Japan.—The music of the Japanese is worth extremely little. To accompany the singers on the stage, they have an orchestra of twenty-one performers. The "Syamisin" is the principal instrument. It is a kind of guitar with three strings, two being tuned in the octave and the third in the dominant. The body of the instrument consists of the shell of a turtle in the cavity of which the sounds produced by the three strings are re-echoed the strings being put in movement by a small rod made of horn. From this wretched instrument the reader may form an idea what the others must be. The Japanese are not acquainted with harmony and their instruments are played either unison, or in the octave. As regards intervals and rhythm the poverty of their melody is such that no European musician can possibly conceive it. The Japanese nevertheless listen with pleasure to their music for hours together. Blind people are exceedingly numerous in Japan, even if we leave out of consideration the beggars who feign blindness. The bands which play on festivities and private parties are composed of blind men. The theatrical bands are almost exclusively so constituted, and excite in the mind of any European who happens to hear them a feeling of regret that he is not, for the time, deaf. The theatres have three tiers of boxes. The latter are so arranged that the ladies can change their toilets in them, and they do so in every wait between the acts. The actors' dresses are very rich, and the scenery splendid. The Japanese perform dramas, lasses and a kind of [illegible] to which is added a pantomimic dance. In private drawing-rooms where all games with cards or dice are forbidden by the police the company amuse themselves with acting plays, and executing characteristic dances. Others, however, make up a party at "Ito-ho-yay," which offers a great resemblance to chess. When there are only two persons engaged in it they play with 40 stones, on a board with eighty-one squares. The most favourite amusement in Japanese private circles is the "Game of Genji," for which special performers are engaged. These performers pick up all the little stories and scandalous reports about town and represent them at parties.

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WAIFS.

Madame Arabella Goddard has been unanimously elected an Associate of the Philharmonic Society.

Mdlle. Sarolta has left Paris for Moscow.

Madame Seal is re-engaged at the Opéra.

M. François-Jules Simon, chief editor of *L'Opinion*, has just died, aged 62.

Gluck's *Iphigénie en Tauride* is announced for production at the Lyrique.

Lohengrin has been produced in the Russian capital without success.—*Athenæum.*

The Brooklyn Philharmonic Society has suspended its concerts for want of money.

Rossini's *Stabat* was given at the Italiens on Saturday night—a commemorative performance.

A special performance of *Guillaume Tell* was given at the Paris Opéra, on Sunday, in honour of Rossini.

Auber's *La Premier Jour* still makes way. It is about to be produced at Strasbourg, Nancy and Lille.

M. Reyer has taken the place of singing-master at the Paris Conservatoire, made vacant by the dismissal of M. *Révial*.

Operatic business in Madrid seems to be very bad. According to some accounts, neither Mdme. Grisi nor Signor Tamberlick can attract the public.

M. Albert Sowinski has published a translation of Nissen's Life of Mozart, and appended to it a number of letters and authentic documents never before printed.

Mdlle. Carlotta Patti gave a very large concert, on Monday night, at Versailles. Nearly all the musical notabilities went down by express train, and the concert itself was a great success.

Mdlle. Patti is not only going to Russia this year according to her original agreement, but she has made an engagement with the St. Petersburgh Opera for the two following seasons.

We understand that it is determined to remove the Philharmonic Concerts from the time-honoured locale in Hanover Square to St. James's Hall. The change was foreshadowed at the close of last season.

The opening programme of the Brussels Concerts Populaires included these works:—Beethoven's Symphony in A; Gade's Scotch Overture, Chopin's Funeral March and the Overture to Wagner's *Meistersinger*.

The Sacred Harmonic Society are about to give a performance "in memoriam"—for Rossini. The programme will comprise the "Dead March" from Handel's *Saul*, the *Stabat* of Rossini and the *Requiem* of Mozart. Good.

Mendelssohn's *Trumpet Overture* (in C), one of the most interesting of his posthumous publications, will be played to-day at the Crystal Palace before the *Mount of Olives*, which in turn will be followed by the Triumphal March from Mr. Costa's *Naaman*.

At the third Monday Popular Concert (Monday next) we are to have, among other interesting things, the magnificent Octet of Schubert for string and wind instruments, which Mr. Arthur Chappell at his instructive and delightful entertainments, was the first to introduce to a London audience.

Mr. Alberto Lauranzo, who originally performed the character of Nelusko in the English version of Meyerbeer's *Africaine* at Covent Garden Theatre, has accepted a most lucrative engagement as principal baritone for the carnival at Brescia, where he will appear in Verdi's opera *Un Ballo in Maschera*.

The programme of the Crystal Palace Concert, to-day, is almost entirely devoted to Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*. We should be inclined that under the circumstances of the hour the *Stabat Mater* of Rossini would have been more appropriate. What says whales Bowley?—what says not-Saber Grove?—what says dly-Saint Manna?

A Paris paper states that at the rehearsal for the last Concert Populaire, the members of the orchestra revenged themselves for being compelled to play the overture to Wagner's *Meistersinger* by hissing the work they had just performed. It may be [illegible] that artists have the right to express [illegible] music they are called upon to execute, but there can be no doubt about the estimation in which Wagner's productions are held by professional musicians in Paris.

The author of innumerable burlesques, Mr. H. J. Byron, having latterly succeeded as a writer of comedies and dramas of real life, is acting at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, to crowded audiences. The part chosen by Mr. Byron for his own performance is that of Squeaky in *Blow for Blow*, and his unanimous verdict has been highly in his favour.

Mr. Aguilar's last programme of pianoforte music included the following:—Sonata in D and "I arise," transcription (Miss Grace Aguilar). Caprice in E and three Etudes (posthumous), Mendelssohn. Sonata (quasi Fantasia) in E flat, Beethoven (Miss Grace Aguilar). Gage d'Amour, Kessler. Consolations Nos. 3 and 5 (Liszt) and Fantasia on *Lucia*, Aguilar.

The *Cloth and Musical Record* tells us that a curious illustration of the attractions of nature versus art is now to be seen in the Tropical Department of the Crystal Palace. On the one side we have the pranks and leaps of the large assembly of monkeys and on the other a recital on Messrs. Bryceson's grand organ. The British public, with its usual delicate perception of the beautiful, prefers the apes to the music.

At the communal theatre of Turin a mark of respect was rendered to Rossini on the evening of the 15th. After the second act, the curtain rose upon the stage hung with black and the whole of the company wearing crape scarfs were perceived standing round a bust of the deceased *maestro*. The audience at once rose and remained uncovered while the orchestra played the funeral march from *La Donna Lodra*.

Mr. Frederick Burgess, the obliging manager of the "Original Christy's Minstrels" has announced his annual benefit, to take place at St. James's Hall on Wednesday evening, December 2nd. This is the fourth time Mr. Burgess has appealed to the public. On each previous occasion the appeal has been well responded to, and we have no conception of its failing now. The programme will be of the most attractive character and the whole of the double company will appear.

"The Continental press"—says a contemporary—"is loud in praise of a young singer, Mdlle. Orgeni, who is expected to make her *début* immediately at the Théâtre Lyrique. She has been performing Valentine at the grand ducal theatre of Carlsruhe, by the express desire of their Majesties, the King and Queen of Prussia, and to the great satisfaction of the public in general.

All we can say is that Mdlle. Orgeni must have made wonderful progress since she sang at the Royal Italian Opera in London.

The following has gone the round of the French and English press:—

"It is said that Auber when he left the Villa Rossini, exclaimed, 'Pour Ambroise Thomas!' Evidently the composer of *Le Premier Jour de Bonheur* does not in the least believe that his affairs are in danger when the next house is burning."

Auber never said anything of the kind—never uttered so silly and unfeeling. He is not the man for such miserable *bon-mots* as these, and it is too bad that idiotic penny-a-liners should father their wretched jokes on illustrious men.

Here is another bit of precious penny-a-lining:—

"Rossini and Meyerbeer greatly esteemed each other but seldom met. A friend once asked Rossini why he was not more familiar with his German rival. 'You know to admire your *Semiramide* and *Cenerentola*, and you admire the merit of his *chefs d'œuvre*.' 'That is quite true, mon Rossini, but Meyerbeer and I cannot get on together.' 'But why not?' 'Why he always will have it that our Orsi is better than mine.'"

Rossini and Meyerbeer, on the contrary, were intimate friends from the time of Meyerbeer's first visit to Italy, and were never in the same town without frequently meeting. The friend who asked the question is, like the stupid reply attributed to Rossini, a pure invention. Equally unauthentic is the following wretched old story unearthed for the occasion:—

"The stories of Rossini's vast glory during his invasion of England, are countless. Who has not heard of his speech to the beauty standing between him and the Duke of Wellington—'Madame, how happy you should be, to find yourself placed between the two greatest men in Europe.'"

Rossini never said anything of the kind. He was not such a donkey.

The *Sunday Times* (Nov. 22) begins its notice of the opening of the Monday Popular Concerts as follows:—

"The eleventh season of these concerts began quietly and unostentatiously on Monday last. No fuss was needed and none was made. Performers, and even, and officials fell into their places, and the work began like that of a well-ordered school after the play-hour. During the recess St. James's Hall has been swept and garnished to such a degree that those who have a fondness for loud colours must look upon it as a triumph of chromatics. But painters and gilders, though useful men enough, possess no such claim upon

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public gratitude as those who removed the miserable organ which once had a place in the orchestra. That ice cumber offended the eye, and tortured the ear; moreover it took up valuable space henceforth to be nightly occupied by Mr Arthur Chappell's shilling patrons. Its departure to the place whither bad organs are sent is, therefore, in every way a boon."

Crystal Palace.—Third Grand Concert.—Overture to *Iphigenie en Aulis*, Gluck; Fifth Suite, Lachner (conducted by the composer); and the opera of *Orpheus*, Gluck (solos by Madames Joachim, Schwarzbach and Beckmann).

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY (SATURDAY), SECOND CONCERT. Programme includes Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony, "Rosamunde" and "Gazza Ladra" ballet music, Mozart, William Tell, &c. Vocalists—Mdlle. Sarrington, Mr. Santley, Mr. Sims Reeves. Harp Solo, Herr Hodan. Conductor, Mr. Manns. Admission, 1s. 1-4-Crown. Extra Season Tickets, free. Stalls, 3s. 6d., at the Palace.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.—Conductor, Mr. COSTA.—FRIDAY next, December 11th, the 37th Annual Christmas Performance of Handel's Oratorio "MESSIAH." Principal Vocalists—Madame Enderssohn, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Signor Foli. Band and Chorus of 700 Performers. Tickets, 3s., 6s., and 10s. 6d., now ready at Mr. Hall's, Exeter Hall.

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MISS BESSIE EMMETT (Soprano). All communications respecting engagements with her Pupil, Miss Bessie Emmett, to be addressed to Mr. J. TERRELL GARDE, 19, Bakley Square, N.W.

MISS BESSIE EMMETT will sing BENEDICT's "ROCK ME TO SLEEP" at the Store Street Rooms, January 6th.

MISS BOBERTINE HENDERSON will sing the renowned song by Benedict "ROCK ME TO SLEEP" to Mr. John Macfarren's Pianoforte and Vocal Recital at the Corn Exchange, Maidstone, on Tuesday, December 15th. Programmes of Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street.

MISS ADELAIDE NEWTON will sing "ROCK ME TO SLEEP" at Hemel Hempstead, December 8th; Bridgnorth, 11th; Wolverhampton, 14th; Rather, 16th; Denbigh, 17th; Corwen, 18th; Llandrillo, 19th; Bangor, 21st; Caernarvon, 22nd; Liverpool, January 2nd and 11th; Stockp., 8th; Manchester, 9th; Chester, 10th.

MISS ABBOTT, the popular Contralto of the London Musical Academy, will sing during her Provincial Tour, commencing December 8th, at Longton, Staffordshire, and on the evenings of December 9th, Congleton; 10th, Hanley; 11th, Wolverhampton; 12th, Stone-on-Trent; 13th, Stoke-on-Trent; 15th, Burslem; 16th, Newcastle-under-Lyme; 18th, Leek—the admired song, "O COME TO MENSHERIFF" and with Mr. D. NEWTON, Henry Smart's Duet (Poetry by Wellington Guernsey), "OH! BREATHE YE SWEET ROSES."

MISS MARIE STOCKEN will sing BENEDICT's popular Tarantella on "LE CARNAVAL DE VENISE," at the Albion Hall, December 18th.

MISS ADELAIDE NEWTON and Mr. DENBIGH NEWTON will sing SMART's new Duet, "OH! BREATHE, YE SWEET ROSES," at Hemel-Hempstead, December 8th.

MISS ABBOTT and Mr. DENBIGH NEWTON will sing SMART's new Duet, "OH! BREATHE, YE SWEET ROSES," at Congleton, December 9th; Hanley, 10th; Wolverhampton, 11th; Stone-on-Trent, 12th; Stoke-on-Trent, 14th; Burslem, 15th; Newcastle-under-Lyme, 16th; and Leek, 17th.

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MR. CHARLES STANTON will sing BLUMENTHAL's "THE RESCUE," at Longton, December 8th; Congleton, 9th; Hanley, 10th; Wolverhampton, 11th; Stone-upon-Trent, 12th; Stoke-on-Trent, 13th; Burslem, 14th; Newcastle, 15th; Coventry, 18th; Solihull, 21st.

MISS BINFIELD and Mr. CHARLES STANTON will sing "I'M AN ALSATIAN" (from Offenbach's "Lischen and Fritzchen"), at Longton, Tuesday, December 8th, and at Wolverhampton, December 11th.

MR. GREENHILL will sing H. T. TILLYARD's new song "COME, SING THOSE TENDER WORDS AGAIN" at the Finsbury Rooms, December 8th; and at Layton, December 16th.—Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

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G. ROSSINI.*

The death of Rossini has been the European event of the week, so much so, indeed, that the obsequies of Rothschild, the great king of finance, passed by almost unnoticed. This striking, and universal homage rendered to genius is a public testimony of the noble emotions engendered by music, which has become in France as well as in Germany, an art profoundly national, affecting the popular masses equally with the highest strata of society. The generated likeness and the biography of Rossini, cased about the streets of San Sebastian a piece, found their way spontaneously among the people, while the members of the fashionable world seek for the least relics of the great man and rival each other in their efforts to possess them. The name of Rossini is heard on all lips; it is in the air, like some magic vibration in which no human being can remain indifferent. The reason is that no man ever achieved a fame more popular, and, at the same time, more universal than Rossini's. The strains of the Swan of Pesaro are graven in the memories of all, and will ever remain so. They are indelibly consecrated in high comedy and in grand drama. The comedy of the *Barbiere* and of *Otello* will live as long as Beaumarchais and Shakspere. But let us leave to the voice of one endowed with the due authority, with eloquence and with a conviction of the truth of what he utters, the task of sketching in, with bold strokes, the portrait of this mighty musical genius; let us at once make room for the words pronounced by M. Ambroise Thomas, in the name of the Academy of Fine Arts, at the tomb of the great master whose loss France deplores as deeply as Italy.—F. L. H.

Oration of M. Ambroise Thomas.

"My emotion is profound, and I should find it difficult to overcome the extreme agitation which I now experience, were I not borne up by the thought that I am speaking in the name of the Academy of Fine Arts, of the Institute.

"By doing me the honour of entrusting to my care the formidable mission of representing it at this moment, the Academy wished that the expression of its regret—this public act of solemn homage—paid by it to the colleague it was so proud of possessing, should come from the lips of a musician, the most humble and the most fervent of Rossini's admirers.

"Gentlemen, when we behold a man of genius disappear from among us, when we see one of those lights expire which have illumined an entire age, the most eloquent praise of all would be, perhaps, to incline ourselves in mournful silence.

"I shall not attempt, therefore, to trace the life and the works of Rossini; others will perform that immense task; but, at this hour of our last farewell, it becomes the Academy to remind you of the attractive influence this extraordinary man exerted upon his art.

"Springing from the beautiful Italian school, endowed with a fertile imagination, and animated by the most brilliant intelligence, he enriched the stage from the very commencement of his career, with works of incomparable vigour and brilliancy.

Who does not remember the astonishment, the disputes, the storms, his appearance excited in Italy? But by what triumphs were these conflicts followed! The noise of them soon spread through all Europe, and Europe became enamoured of his luxurious genius, and acclaimed the successful innovator.

"It was by the external form, which he possessed the art of giving to his works, and by the variety of his striking rhythms and also by the marvellous skill with which he brought out to the best advantage the talent and the charm of great singers, that he earned the title of an innovator.

"This superiority alone, and the universal favour thus bestowed upon Italian singing, even in its excesses, would have sufficed to make Rossini the great enchanter of the world.

"His rapid and prodigious renown, due to the seductions of a school of art which will I may entirely escape the reproach of sensualism and frivolity would, perhaps, have not endured so long if to the attractions of this external form there had not been united beauties of a higher order. Dramatic life and movement, truth of character, abundance and clearness of ideas, harmony of proportion, elegance and charm of style—such are the bond on which Rossini has scattered through his works, which he thus stamped with the impress of a great master.

"If in light music and in comedy, he has often proved himself inimitable, to what height has he not attained when treating the most severe subjects? With what nobility of sentiment and with how powerful a hand has he not traced the most grandiose scenes! His last dramatic masterpiece, *Guillaume Tell*, written especially for France, displays to brilliant advantage and in the most admirable unity the elevation of his thoughts, the richness of his imagination, and the majestic serenity of his style.

From the remembrance and consideration of Rossini's works, ought we not to-day more than ever to derive a salutary lesson?

"How was it that this marvellously gifted melodist became a thinker and a great musician? It was by studying assiduously the models of every school. It was by giving his mind, in more especially to Haydn and to Mozart, whom during all his life he absolutely worshipped; that this man of spontaneous genius subjected himself to healthy traditions, and acquired that sense of the Beautiful, that love of form and of grand lines, and that knowledge of architectural order which render works of art imperishable.

"Let no one be mistaken! Under an appearance of scepticism, Rossini concealed an artist of deep faith. Those who saw him during the years of his retirement, years so well filled up, and so productive, as people will soon discover. Those who were fortunate enough to enjoy an opportunity of appreciating the delicacy of his wit and the serenity of his character; those persons know with what interest he followed the movement of musical affairs, and how correctly he judged the period of trouble and bewilderment through which our art is passing.

"He looked forward calmly to the Future; everything about him, even to his smile, announced his confidence in the triumph of the immutable principles of the Beautiful.

"He had a right to appeal to the equitable judgment of posterity and to believe with us, in the immortality of his works!

"Gentlemen, one word more, one more act of homage, rendered not only to the great genius but to the man of heart! Desirous of leaving a last testimony of his love of art, and of his sympathy for France, his adopted country, Rossini recently founded two prizes of three thousand francs, to be awarded every year in harmony, one for a piece of poetry, and the other for a musical composition, lyrical or religious.

"The Academy will take pride in being connected with this noble and generous thought. In the name of the young artists of France, who alone will be allowed to compete, let me at once give expression to a feeling of lively and profound gratitude.

* * * * * * *

After these last words of M. Ambroise Thomas, words greeted by prolonged marks of approbation, we will place before our readers the actual text of this double legacy, bequeathed by Rossini:—

THE ROSSINI PRIZE.

Testamentary Dispositions.

"I desire that after my decease and that of my wife, there shall be founded at Paris, and exclusively for Frenchmen, two prizes, of three thousand francs each, to be awarded annually for each one to the composer of a piece of religious or lyric music, the composer being bound to pay particular attention in melody, so neglected at the present day; and the other to the author of the words (prose or verse) to which the music is to be wedded, the said words being perfectly appropriate to the music, and the laws of morality to which authors do not always pay sufficient attention, being observed in them. These productions will be submitted to the consideration of a special committee, chosen from among the members of the Academy of Fine Arts and the committee shall decide which of the competitors shall have deserved the prize, called the 'Prix Rossini,' to be awarded at a public meeting, after the performance of the piece either in the building of the Institute, or at the Conservatory.

"It has been my wish in bequeathing this legacy in love to France, a country from which I received such kindness, a testimony of my gratitude, and of my desire for the perfection of that art to which I consecrated my life.

"G. Rossini."

We must also inform our readers that, by the same will, Rossini being equally anxious to consecrate his entire fortune to music and musicians, bequeathes all his property eventually—comprising the proceeds of the sale of his *objets d'art*, instruments, and curiosities—to his native town, Pesaro, for the purpose of founding a Conservatory, which like, by the way, the two prizes founded by him, shall bear his name.

Otherwise, except two small legacies to relations, and the twenty Roman crowns given by him *ad vitam* to the city of Bologna, there are no particular testamentary directions. He leaves his widow for her life his villa in the Bois de Boulogne, together with his actual fortune, and the complete collection of his manuscripts and posthumous works, which will constitute quite

* From *Le Ménestrel*. Translated for the *Musical World*.

another fortune. His admirable Mass, composed for his friend Fillet Will, would alone suffice to do so. One thing only he confidently asserted, namely that this consummate work, scored by the hand of the master himself, will render him a second time celebrated in a department of music in which his immortal *Stabat* has already placed him so high.

This admirable Mass was not heard at Rossini's funeral service; the prayer from *Mose* set with Latin words, fragments of the *Stabat* combined with fragments from the respective *Requiem* of Jomelli, Pergolese, and Mozart—Mozart for whom Rossini entertained so deep an affection and whom he used to call the master of masters—had to be given instead. Jomelli's "Libera" was selected on account of the admiration which Rossini expressed for this magnificent piece, at the meetings of the Academic Society for Sacred Music, founded and directed by M. Varvente.

ROBERT SCHUMANN

(From the "Pall Mall Gazette.")

There is some analogy between the history of Schumann's music in England and that of his artistic life. The composer whose genius has battled so long for recognition made a weary search before he found out where his strength lay. As the schoolboy of Zwickau, devoting spare hours to the piano; as the law student of Leipsic and Heidelberg, mixing up music and jurisprudence; and as the pupil of Friedrich Wieck, laboring at the key-board so hard as to disable a finger, Schumann was groping his way into the light with confused ideas as to his whereabouts. But when Dorn had opened up to him the entire field of musical expression, the light was found and Schumann saw himself the prophet of a new artistic faith. In modern times poets establish journals and by means of his *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* the young composer founded a propaganda which is working still, because the world is not yet converted. He preached down form and exalted idealism; he demanded that music should be liberated from the trammels of precedent and be free as his own fantastic imagination. Schumann was desperately earnest and tried hard to reduce his theory to practice. But he found this more difficult than either his conception or his advocacy. Nevertheless, he worked on through a time was really a "storm period" with painful devotion. His earlier compositions show how visionary were the ideas on which he hoped to base the reform of art, and of what mental hallucinations he had to get rid. For the creed that, in his young enthusiasm, Schumann set himself to preach, though in part true, was in greater part false. His intensely poetic temperament demanded a complete idealisation of that which after all has largely to do with the real. He could not bear to see the genius of art restrained like a hobbled Pegasus. By so much did Schumann's passion get the better of his reason. He mistook music for a branch of metaphysics.

It was not surprising that man so earnest as advocate of an exaggerated truth should come to realize real proportions, in Schumann was, above all conscientious. As the ardour of youth abated his sight grew clearer; moreover the charm of Mendelssohn's purity and sweetness began to work upon his mind. It may be also that the influence of a gifted wife had something to do with the manifest difference between the first and second periods of his career. At any rate the date of his first symphony (1841) marked the beginning of a series of works which, though strongly individual in conception and treatment, shows that the composer had made a compromise with the dogmas he would once have overturned. The old leaven was still apparent, but not less so how Schumann had come to look upon the older masters as other than prophets of an effete dispensation. In the union of highly original ideas with acknowledged modes of expression, which marks his second period, lies Schumann's strength, and hence the works written between the dates of his first and fourth symphonies will determine the place he must definitely hold. Earlier he was a dreaming enthusiast, later a hypochondriac.

We mentioned at the outset that there is an analogy between Schumann's career and the history of his music in England. Such a man could not even without drawing to himself a few disciples, between whose active enthusiasm on the one side and the passive unbelief of the great majority on the other a long contest would inevitably take place. In this respect Schumann stands alone. Haydn and Mozart, with their unfailing melody and transparent treatment, Mendelssohn uttering his poetical thoughts in most righteous numbers, and Schubert touching every heart with poignant simplicity in melancholy grandeur, were promptly welcomed by the English public, while Beethoven was only rejected for a time when he uttered the dark sayings to which even now few possess a key. Schumann, on the contrary, has had to fight for every step towards public favour and the conflict is not half over yet. We charge nobody with unfairness or prejudice in this matter. The fault, if fault there be, lies with Schumann himself; he chose, or was impelled, to write caring less for the beauty of his work than for its faithfully reflecting certain trains of thought or emotional conditions. He could have taken no more certain means of arousing wide-spread distrust, if not dislike. The sticklers for form would have nothing to do with one who made form subservient, while those who wished to be pleased without effort of their own turned away from music the meaning of which—if it had any—required patient seeking out. The vitality of Schumann's creations under circumstances like these is an argument in their favour. That cannot be an insignificant thing about which the entire musical world has contended for years, and still contends with unabated earnestness. But vitality may legitimately mean something more to the composer's disciples. They may take it as an earnest of final success. As with man, so with movements—if infancy be outlived, the chances of maturity are favourable. Twenty years have passed since Schumann wrote the works upon which his fame will rest. That those works are not only living now, but exciting more attention than ever, warrants a hope as to the future bright enough to satisfy that most exacting advocate.

It is evident that Schumann has been making not a few English friends of late. Some who stood aloof at first, and demanded to know the stranger before they trusted him, have permitted friendship to take the place of suspicion. Others, who honestly objected to him for what they considered faults, have since discovered merits on account of which they more than tolerate the sinner. And others again—a far larger number—who merely echoed the cry of the hour, begin to quaver in their accents. Much of this result is owing to the Crystal Palace Concerts, at which Schumann has been exhibited through evil as well as good report, with a constancy that deserves success. Happily for the composer, Messrs. Grove and Manns—each in his way as great an enthusiast as ever was their commonplace—possess exceptional resources, and are able to do their work in the most perfect manner. For example, the production a few weeks back of the Symphony in B flat was worth a hundred essays upon the composer's genius, and made an impression not likely to be soon effaced. Schumann's admirers may well be proud of the work in question, for it is an example which goes far to establish their case. Of its character and purport the master himself has told us somewhat. The Rhine and Cologne Cathedral had each a part in suggesting the five movements in composing it, three being due to the national river and two to the religious edifice. Schumann gave the former a popular cast, and never more successfully proved the elasticity of his powers. Both the opening *Vivace* and the closing *Allegro*, not less than the quaint *Scherzo*, strongly reflect the composer's individuality, yet they are as clear, straightforward, and intelligible as could be wished. Nothing by Schumann is more unlike the popular idea of the master. It is rollicking, smashing music which might suggest the (operatic) revels of Rhineish grape-gatherers. The other movements are hardly so satisfactory. The inconsequential musing of one who meditatively ought Gothic cathedral is apparent in the *Andante*, while the *Religioso*, though fine and there interesting, conveys the notion of a man struggling with ideas beyond his power of expression. But these things notwithstanding, the entire work is calculated to make every impartial mind avoid a hasty judgment of its composer. The shame of a man able to write the Symphony in E flat must not be refused a thoughtful hearing.

The domain of music is a wide one, and affords ample room for Robert Schumann. Even if it is were not so, room should be made for one who comes with such independent thought and original expression. If any have to remain outside, let there be the transitive area of music after other musical patterns, of whom we have enough, and to spare. Get the author of Schumann's four symphonies—of his Pianoforte Concerto in A minor &c.—should be welcomed as one who speaks because having something new to say. His speech may be strange, but that of itself is no reason for rejection or even doubt.

Bologna.—The new *Barbiere di Siviglia*, by Signor Dell' Argine does not appear likely to enjoy any very great con

Brussels.—The oratorio of *Moses* was performed on the 17th ult., under the direction of the composer himself, Hiss Thomas. The impression produced was, on the whole, favourable, but the work is decidedly not a masterpiece.—Concert of the Orchestral Union: "Hebridian Overture" Mendelssohn; air from *Rinaldo*, Handel; Preludes, Liszt; air from *Semiramide*, Rossini; and Symphony in A major, Beethoven.

Cologne.—First Soirée of Chamber Music given by Herren Königslöw, Japha, etc. Stringed Quartet in A minor Schumann; Stringed Quartet in C Major Beethoven; Pianoforte Quartet (new), Hiller and Pianoforte Solo.—Concert of the Musical Society: Overture to *Egmont*, Beethoven; Concerto for Violoncello, Molique (Herr Kruchlerta); Overture to *Faniska* Cherubini; and Pianoforte Concerto in D minor Mendelssohn.

COMPOSERS AND COMPOSING

Mr Thomas Carlyle, when descanting upon what Dr Watts calls "this fleshly load" delivered himself as follows —

"These limbs—whence had we them this stormy lung; this life-blood with its burning passion? They are dust and shadow—a shadow-system gathered round one spot wherein, through some moments or years the divine essence is to be revealed in the flesh."

Possibly, when looked at from the heights of philosophy, our corporeal nature may appear as a "shadow-system." But viewed from the lower level of common humanity it turns out to be a very material thing, with very material interests dependent upon it. Sometimes, indeed, it proves so little like a shadow as to be an insurmountable obstacle in the path of the particular "me" who owns it. When the old Jewish writer passionately exclaimed "Oh! that I had wings like a dove, then would I flee away and be at rest" his desire was not for what Mr Disraeli would call the "lateral extension" of his body, so much as for the power of getting out of it altogether. In this feeling poets and philosophers, from David to the sage of Chelsea, have shared so far as to run a muck against "the house we live in," and in any all manner of disparaging things respecting it. No doubt, much what may be advanced on the other side—at any rate the argument of necessity cannot fail to suggest itself—but, from their point of view these poets and philosophers are right, and the body is really in the way. It has wants which must be supplied after the prescribed fashion of the community in which it belongs; it is subject to natural laws, and so compels the "divine essence" with a to pay heed to gravitation and the locomotive and the possession of it involves the owner in a mass of duties and responsibilities the end of which is nowhere. Imagine what it would be for a great intellect to know nothing of such an encumbrance. To be above all considerations of demand and supply; to be heedless of the tax-gatherer, free of the jury box and the electoral register and able to laugh at the time-wasting customs and absurd restraints of civilization. What an amount of noble work could not such an intellect get through in such a case? How it might lay itself out for its own glory and the good of its kind with a devotion only limited by the time in which it would been to act. To be sure, there would be a difficulty in the way. Pure intellect cannot hold a paintpot upon canvas, or handle a chisel. But we decline to push our supposition thus far.

We will not assume the reader to be asking what all this has to do with composers and composing, because he has, doubtless, seen its application from the first. The composer more than any other finds the body and its belongings stand in his way. This is not owing to any peculiarity of construction. Neither does the result altogether arise from liability to dyspepsia and other ills which early and surely upset the equilibrium of the tenant within. Indeed, as little is the result due to inherent disability that one can readily imagine a state of things in which the possession of a body with all its attendant responsibilities shall be a source of pleasure, even to the musician who can conceive nothing but symphonies. But such a state of things is not yet; for the symphonic musician would assuredly "shuffle off this mortal coil" in a workhouse. At present, the composer's liability springs from the conditions and tastes of the community of which he—by virtue of his flesh and blood—forms a part. This is unpleasant and aggravating in itself; and is it made less so by the fact that he alone of all creative art-workers is placed at such a disadvantage. The painter can paint for posterity with a certainty of present profit. He knows that the more likely a picture is to hand down his name to future generations the more likely it is to find a liberal purchaser. As for the carving artist who can make—

> "Heroes in the marble from
> And lightning seem to talk in stone,"

he also is well assured that the more noble his productions the more noble the pecuniary return they bring him. Not so the poor man whom Heaven has gifted with the power to write music. If he work for fame or from a noble ambition to achieve the highest forms of Heart, he simply can't live. He has bodily appetite to which must be satisfied—an overture will not bring him bread. Climate and custom make clothing imperative—he cannot pay his tailor's bill with a concerto. The tax-gatherer and all sorts of people with their "little accounts," knock at his door—they are hardly disposed to be satisfied with the assurance that he has just finished a symphony in E flat. So the poor man has to choose between the degradation of the body or the degradation of the mind. Either he must write something to "sell," and be no longer to throw off ephemera having the longevity of a gad fly, or he must put up with "short commons" and take his shabby coat to Covent Garden at the wantonness wish of all his friends. Who will say that this is not true or that, being true, it is not hard? No doubt the night of a great musical genius, producing in poverty and obscurity works destined one day to make him famous is immensely interesting; as it is to imagine such a man being thus apostrophized by some future Pope —

> "Hail, hard triumphant, hurt in hapless days,
> Immortal heir of universal praise!
> Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
> As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
> Nations unborn thy mighty name shall sound,
> And worlds applaud that must not yet be found."

Meanwhile, however, the cupboard of the great genius is as bare as that of Mother Hubbard and Tomkins, who flourishes upon sarcasm poor miss, cuts him dead in the street. Such has been the fate of genius before now, and such may be the fate at the present moment for anything we know. But whether this be so or not, it is certain that the necessity for living clips the wings of composers, and keeps them fluttering at the lowest level.

Here then is an undoubted grievance. Can it be got rid of?—"Can the Ethiopian change his skin or the leopard his spots?" A composer out of the body is impossible; the State will not release him in the body (on the contrary, with a grim humour it demands a yearly account of his income for purposes of taxation) and publishers object to buy because they cannot sell any work likely to do him credit, or augment his fame. So in looking for a remedy, one must travel into the region of imagination, where, happily everything is possible. Once there a choice of measures presents itself. On the one hand, we see an art-loving public, jealous for the honour of their generation, ever keenly on the look out for the signs of genius, and even anxious to direct that genius into the highest paths; not by eulogistic maunderings, which "better on paralys," either in figure or in reality but by the simpler and more practical course of money down. On the other hand we see the composer of acknowledged merit elevated to the rank of a State personage with a grateful country regulating all his mundane affairs, paying all his bills, keeping hand organs and lot curve friends at a distance, and leaving him to court the Muse in some congenial retreat which he and they most effect. Vain dreams, of course; but what if there be nothing for it but to dream? Even imagination comes as a consoler when naught better can be had. So let the composers of our day who must live as they can, and not as they would, remain for themselves an ideal world to which there is no demand for drawing-room songs and pianoforte fantasias, but where everybody calls for music such as can

> "Soften steel and stones,
> Make tigers tame and huge leviathans
> Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands."

This is the only possible comfort we can offer them.

THEODORE EDE

ROSSINI'S DEATH has excited a profound impression throughout Italy. Commemorative performances, concerts, &c., have been got up in all the principal towns.

MILAN.—*Le Nozze di Figaro* has been given at the Santa Radegonda but with very moderate success, on account of the utter inefficiency of the artists. At the Carcano, *Il Barbiere* was given lately in memory of Rossini, but given in a very unsatisfactory manner.

AMSTERDAM.—Concert of the Cecilia Society. Reformation Symphony Mendelssohn. Overtures, Nos. 1 and 2 to *Leonore*, Beethoven. Two movements from Symphony in B minor, Schubert. Symphony in C minor, Haydn. and Overture to *Euryanthe*, Weber.

STRASBOURG.—The band of the Conservatory celebrated the third year of its existence by a concert, when the following works were among those performed. Eroica Symphony, Beethoven. Overture to *Ruy Blas*, Mendelssohn, and Prelude to *Lohengrin*, R. Wagner. Mdme Viardot sang several songs.

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PASSAGES FROM MY LIFE.

(REMINISCENCES OF ONE NOW DEAD.)*

(*Continued from page 803.*)

During my three years' stay, 1829-32, in Leipsic, the theatre of which city was then a branch of that in Dresden, I received letters once or twice from my friend Holland. He had come out successfully in his native place, Breslau, as Roger in *La Muette*; George Dibdin, in *Der Vampyr*; and Ottokar, in *Der Freischütz*; his great wish, however, was apparently to be an operatic director. He now formed the acquaintance of the then celebrated *bravura* singer, Mdlle. Raimz, who not only became his singing-mistress but his wife. She proved a greater prize to him in the former than in the latter capacity, for when I met him again in October 1832, at Riga, where they had both been engaged on brilliant terms, I found he was a very excellent singer but an unhappy husband. He was a favourite with the public, and it was really almost impossible to say anything to be more graceful than his Johann von Paris, Fra Diavolo, his Figaro in *Il Barbiere*, von Saldern in *Don Juan*, and Don Juan. His fine high baritone was admirably suited to these parts, but he sang also Lucius, Othello, and all low tenor parts with equal skill and success, being seconded by a handsome appearance and knowledge of the stage which caused small deficiencies to pass unnoticed.

We were always together, and a fresh charm was lent to our meetings by the addition of a young artist closely allied to us in mind. A few weeks only after my arrival in Riga, the new chorus-master (and also first violin in the orchestra) was introduced to us in the person of Carl Friedrich Weitzmann, a pupil of Hauptmann and of Spohr. His first appearance was intensely comical. The management had resolved to give an evening concert upon the stage, and Weitzmann was to make his *début* as a virtuoso with some variations on the violin à la Paganini (then something upon and upon new). At the rehearsal conducted by Herr Engelke, the *Concertmeister*, I was seated next to Holland in the gloomy pit, watching the proceedings. Weitzmann came steadily forward, looking as he used to look half bashful and half impudent, with his mighty hawk's nose and his large wood-ring eyes. He began the pleasing fifths, and immediately afterwards a cut off into "Il mar non più nel sorte" being honoured when he had executed only the outline, by the applause of his future colleagues. Then the brilliant display of fireworks, the spit-in-the-eyes of the demoniacal fiddler, began flaring up into the borders while, after every eight bars, the gentlemen in the orchestra stretched their necks more and more and looked upwards—for nothing similar had even before been heard in Israel. Weitzmann, being now sure of success, grew bolder and bolder in his fingering, quicker and quicker in his time, when suddenly just as he had completely run down the gamut *prestissimo* from the three-line *f* to the small *g* alternately *staccato* and *portamento*, his bow flew out of his nimbling hand, whizzed high up into the air and then passing through the opening for the foot, fell underneath the stage, while Weitzmann made a fruitless attempt to catch hold of it. I can at the present day I can perceive the scene so clearly that I could paint it. But the impression produced was not only from the form of the yet youthful violinist being transformed to that of a helpless old man by his unexpected and heavy loss, it was strengthened by the real Berlin "Nanu" which escaped at the same time, from the virtuoso's lips, in a tone that cannot be described but which was perfectly audible. Holland immediately said to me "Henry my boy, that is the man for us" and such was the case. Agreeable as were the hours I had previously spent in intimate intercourse with artists and lovers of art, at Königsberg, Leipsic, and Hamburg, as well as the far more afterwards passed at Cologne and Berlin, they never equalled those we three passed together at Riga. But short as we were to Russia so early vanished, we did not, like so many of our older colleagues, bear with us the crushing feeling that having been loved and wanted in Germany, it was only in Russia that our efforts could be tolerated; on the contrary, we glowed with justifiable pride at its being our lot to preach and propagate the gospel of true artistic life in that a place so rich and so fond of art as Riga. Not one of us, either, left the chief city of the province on the eastern coast of Russia without being conscious of having done the best in his power to foster the growth of art in that promising soil.

There was plenty of work for our managerom. Madame von Tschernjawski (formerly well known to older theatre-goers, even in Berlin, as the vocalist, Madame Geuler, *nee* Herbst) understood how to make up a bill-course *à faire*. But the company had its full complement, and was willing; the heads of the various departments were young and zealous—and thus the performances were conducted to the satisfaction of all persons. It was here that Holland displayed, among other things, his talent for stage management, achieving, in grand opera, in a comparatively small space, really great effects, by his clever grouping of the various characters; while in comic opera, his delicate sense of what was required ensured the greatest possible animation in the combined efforts of the artists. He so developed this gift under Herr Moller, who took the position of the manageress, that he subsequently discharged with great credit the duties of stage manager of the German opera in St. Petersburgh.

There reigned among the singers then engaged at Riga, so highly cultivated a taste for art, and so brotherly a feeling of good fellowship, that, combined with the humour we had imported from Germany, they united the leading artists by a bond of social intercourse which was exceedingly agreeable. We got up for our own private amusement (*en cabinet d'etc*) vocal quartet parties, in which only compositions of our own were executed. To our number belonged the basso Grisler, an excellent musician, and Flachs, now a theatrical manager but then a highly talented young buffo, and a second tenor singer as sweet as the Bach. This *réunion* was the nucleus of the German *Lederstafel* afterwards founded by the late Herr Loth and myself and the first ever known in Russia. In W. A. Wohlbrück (now dead) who was engaged for character parts, we gained an excellent writer of occasional verses, whose ready wit most infallibly brightened many every fit of hypochondria almost before it began. Holland's birthday inspired the merry band with the notion of giving him a morning *Ständchen*, on which occasion the intern article "Holland" from beginning to end, was, after a long introductory words, read as a solemn speech—from a geographical Gazetteer. Every time the reader came to the catch-word "Holland" we all reverently bowed our heads. At appropriate places, the chorus came in with short unpoetic remarks set to music such for instance, as "Holland hat die Inseln Lesos und Inseln Lesos und hat wohl kein Land." "Holland hat auch Tulpenes wohln, nur wer will ihn das verhehlen?" "Holland hat Indien Kaffee darob sind wir gut wohl bose." "Holland hat die letzten Hiring Schwelen's ist dagegen geringe," etc. Accompanying all this, we had chocolate and hock *ad infinitum*. We had not much time to spare, however, for such festivities. In the morning from 8 to 11 we gave private lessons; then we had rehearsals in the afternoon from 4 to 6, more lessons. Then the performance. Such was the agreeable life in which we paddled out our time, a fashion of which German musicians know something even in their native land. Our professional duties were not the same day after day—but the hours not devoted to them were always filled up by extra lessons. When we arrived Holland was already highly popular as a singing master, especially in the small but rich circle of the Livonian nobility. Weitzmann and I received on possession of the great inheritance left by Herr and Madame Lehnhart, who had just gone to St. Petersburgh, and of Herr Hesse, a pianoforte virtuoso, who had left at the same time for Italy with a Russian lady of distinction. Thus all three of us had plenty to do, and our leisure time was, therefore, devoted all the more zealously to recreation. Our motto was "Cheerfulness," and the amateurs of Riga joined in heart and soul.

Only too rapidly did the brief pleasant years of our intimate pass away. An engagement was offered Holland as singer and stage-manager for opera in St. Petersburgh, and the moment of separation drew near. But before we said good-bye a wonderful musical event was destined to take place. Madame Holland resolved to give Rossini's *Cenerentola* as a novelty, for her benefit. The parts were distributed, the vocal rehearsals, with the help of the pianoforte arrangement, in full swing, and we were expecting every hour the arrival of the full score, which had been copied in Berlin from that borrowed from the Königstädter Theater. At length the regular sailing vessel arrived from Lübeck—but it brought no score. It is true that Captain Wendtz had the letter

* From the *New Monthly Magazine*.

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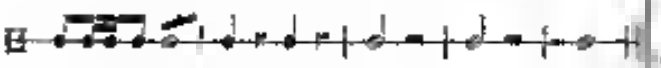
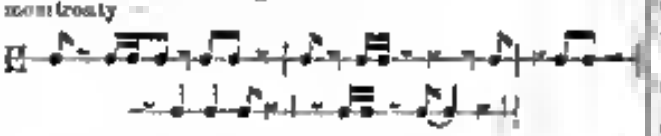
down to his bill of lading but that was all. To write to, and receive a letter from, Berlin to search for the missing score, or perhaps to have it copied out — all this would, at that time, have taken months. In this state of things, we three leaped into the gulf for the *prima donna* as Curtius did for Rome; the pianoforte arrangement was divided into three portions among us, and in ten days the score was complete. What mad things we introduced — instrumental effects of which no musical ear had previously had a presentiment; rhythms in the accompaniment which left the singers uncertain as to whether they were accompanied in equal or unequal measure, and many other things which I cannot now remember with precision. But Holland's spirit of fun towards the orchestra surpassed even Weitzmann's good nature for the tenor Don Ramiro (sustained by Robert Schmid and resident at Riga, where he is inspector of the new theatre), who was never allowed to come upon the stage without a flourish on the big drum and the cymbals. Holland, in fact, rendered the most simple final formulas so complicated, that every member of my band had to be sentinelled on the *qui vive* in order not to become the laughing stock of the rest. Thus, for instance, the conclusion on the grind of the tonic, which occurs a hundred times and runs thus:—



was transformed according to Holland's version into the annexed monstrosity:—



At the rehearsals, the singers and the orchestra were in high spirits, and at the first performance, everything went admirably; but as there are always two parties required for a joke, the party making and the party taking it, and as our jokes were so unintelligible to the public, and, therefore, necessarily ineffective, the attention indispensable on the part of the executants gradually diminished, and at the second performance I experienced greater vexation than pleasure. The day afterwards, Holland took his place in the mail and set out on his journey to the North.

HENRICH DOSS.

(*To be continued*)

THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Our hard-hitting friend the *Examiner* has just struck a blow for this most deserving institution. We gladly echo the sound of it:—

"Not the Royal Academy but the Royal Academy of Music, an institution which, in no other country of Europe but barbarous England, could be so neglected as it is now. We squander millions every year in doing useless guns at useless targets to say nothing of the countless hundreds which go towards the support of equally useless birds of prey known as servants of the crown, but we grudge a thousand pounds from the annual purse towards any institution connected with art. There is no School of Painting or Sculpture properly so called; there is no School of Music; there is no School of Elocution; there is no School of Acting in this highly civilized country. The Royal Academy of Music is now so badly off, receiving as it does no assistance or encouragement from the State, that but for the unselfish conduct of the various professors who have been content to receive only a percentage on their salaries in order to keep it open, this highly useful institution would have died of inanition.

"There are now, every week, public rehearsals, or more properly concerts, given by the students, and it is to invite attention to them that we write these lines. We were present at the last concert, and although we were painfully impressed by the singular inadequacy and shabbiness of the accommodation, considering that this is the only School of Music which England possesses, yet we were delighted to see how much industry and perseverance had been expended in a good cause. Ridiculously scanty as is the extent and worth of the Royal Academy of Music, it has nourished among its pupils some of our best musicians, and even lettered as it is for want of funds, it does much now to create a class of educated musicians, and to cultivate the taste and talent of our young male and female aspirants to musical fame.

"One of the greatest of living English composers, Sterndale Bennett, is at the head of this establishment. We heard some very charming music and the pupils, if some of them smacked rather too much of the pupil-room still showed how well they were taught, and what pains they took to profit by the teaching. The great faults that struck us in both instrumental and vocal music were, first, faulty pronunciation of the words, and next, a want of expression and soul. One singer (a Miss Christian) was certainly a notable exception, for she sang a song founded on a Scandinavian legend with great intelligence and feeling. She has contracted a habit of breathing too audibly, which much mars the effect of a very sympathetic voice. But we do not wish to be censorious, or to make invidious distinctions. All the students acquitted themselves with much credit, and showed that they had at any rate, taken the greatest pains to prepare their various pieces. Two young ladies recited a scene from the *Eunuchus* with great spirit, and did much credit to the Professor of Elocution. The part-singing is capable of great improvement. But severe criticism would be out of place and cruel. We heartily commend these concerts to the patronage of those who take an interest in the study of music in this country, and who are anxious to aid all organizations which tend to wean our youth from the degrading frivolity which is the curse of this age."

ROSSINI.

(*From the "Continental Review."*)

It is all over. Rossini is no more. His remains lie in Père-la-Chaise; the crowd has departed, and the universal hum of deferential sorrow in which all joined on hearing of the death of the illustrious composer has totally subsided. This is not the place for considerations on the instability of man's grief, such memorials, Rossini can never be forgotten; he must live in the memory of posterity, and it is an form of speech to compare such men to monuments which are erected on high places and weather all storms, even the authors of legends die, and rise majestic even under the cloud of oblivion. Rossini's body sleeps therefore in the silent cemetery; his memory is everywhere, and though neither Alnaschar nor Lais—nor Nilsson—could rouse the sleeper from his sepulchral catafalque, over which they alternately with glee his and imploring melody poured out the strains he loved, still, they will ever find, on turning over the pages of his works, that in some passage or other he will respond to whatever they feel or conceive for reciprocity. It would be a solecism here to repeat all that the papers have communicated on the subject. It would be to put down the names of the famous and great who pressed in serried rank into the Temple to record the subdued murmur of deep regret or admiration which was so near swelling into profane applause when the combined voices of tenors and baritones almost impersonated the *Sublime*. But however satisfactory such an enumeration would be, it is a repetition of what has been told, and the harmonious phalanx of that grand funeral day did not satisfy my inward cravings half so well as the harmony I found yesterday in the lone dell which from a world walk to the tomb, passing through the narrow almost hidden door which led from his garden to the favourite bench near the Place d'Antoeil. True, the flowers were all fading, and the rose like form are heavily cutting back notes of crispy sighing as they did in June, but the birds still hop among the branches and sharpen their cutting. The damp is but a veil thrown over the traces of Rossini's footsteps, and under it the thrill is quietly quivering—that powerful thrill which some call "souvenir." There is a lyre over the side-door I have indicated, and some tender hand has slung a black crape streamer across it. It could not even float but quite wet fell drooping over the chords, and still the place was full of music to me. Our more real sojourner for I learn to the end is kind of the crime the pleasant task of judging Rossini. I prefer rather to contribute signs of regret to the pomp which attended him this week, and therefore will tell the incident of the mandoline which may some of us who attended the funeral never forget. The long procession had just entered the last street leading to the cemetery—it is strange to read right and left of marble slabs, effigies, urns, wreaths, stones and crystal hearts, nine trees, muslin sighs, and all the fictitious paraphernalia of sorrow sold by tomb merchants. One of these houses was ornamented or disfigured by a wooden balcony and leaning over the mentally gazed down on Italian a mandoline was hung upon a nail outside. This is all, but it so happens that this was a wandering musician, whose fingers had struck the instrument for bread, and who having nothing more to offer as a sacrifice, at least, dedicated his beloved mandoline to eternal silence because he whose tones was most productive was no more. It has something for a painter to think it as grand as the simplicity of the Hebrews "who hung up their harps" because of the sorrows of Jerusalem. And so it is. He that said it bet or and noted all a more official article I offer the narrow lane, the lyre, and the mandoline as the elegies of departed Rossini.

GUY FLAX.

BOTTESHAM.—Concert of the "Vocalists" Society. Overture to *Les deux Journées*, Cherubini. Fourth Symphony, A minor, Mendelssohn. Overture to *Konig Stephan*, Beethoven, and Symphony in C major with fugue, Mozart.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
ST JAMES'S HALL

FOURTH CONCERT OF THE ELEVENTH SEASON,
MONDAY EVENING DECEMBER 7TH 1868,
To commence at Eight o'clock

PROGRAMME

PART I

QUINTET in E flat, Op. 20, for Violin, Viola, Clarinet, Horn, Bassoon, Violoncello, and Contrabass—MM. Sebastian Chase, Blagrove, Lazarus, C. Harper, Written Rabe and Pizzi ... ... *Beethoven*
SONG, "Amore mio sei pietà" (*First*)—Madame Sherton-Dolby ... *Handel.*
SONATA, in C major, Op. 13, dedicated to Count Waldstein, for Pianoforte alone—Mr J. F. Barnett (his first appearance at these Concerts) ... ... *Beethoven*

PART II

SONATA, in D major, for Violin with Pianoforte Accompaniment (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts)—Herr Straus ... ... *Corelli.*
SONGS { "Du, Bist Ruh," "Kennst du Das Land" } Madame Sherton-Dolby ... ... *Schubert.*
QUARTET, in G minor, Op. 20, No. 3, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello (first time at the Monday Popular Concerts)—MM. Straus, L. Ries, Hyde, and Pizzi ... ... *Haydn.*

Conductor Mr. BENEDICT

Sofa Stalls, 3s. Balcony, 2s. Admission, 1s. To Subscribers of Annual Subscription, 21, Piccadilly, Keith, Prowse & Co., 48, Cheapside, and of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street.
N.B.—*The Entrance to the Orchestra will, in future, be by the door in Piccadilly. Plans only.*

Histoire de Philippe le Bel, fils du Roy Florentine de Bourgogne et de La Belle Amante, fils de Rodolphe, Empereur de Constantinople, by Jean Marot, fils de Jean Lemaire. A perfect copy of this extremely rare Romance to be sold for Forty Guineas.
Enquire of Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. Sidney Brooks.—"Angus and ministers of grace defend us" occurs twice, not once only in *Macbeth*, and once not twice, in *Hamlet*. Our correspondent should read Gadsby's *Essay on Spelling*.

Mr. Henry Holmes, one of our best violinists and devotees of composers, is holding in conjunction with Signor Pezze, the excellent violoncellist of Her Majesty's Opera, a series of chamber concerts at St. George's Hall under the title of "New Musical Winter Evenings." Two of these have already taken place, and they are of sufficient interest to merit a special notice, which we shall be able to devote to them in our next.

DEATH.

On the 23rd ult. at Kentish Town J. W. Grimshaw, Esq., aged 66.
On the 23rd ult. at Bath suddenly Mr Elias Bayfield, leader of the Pump Room Band for nearly half a century. He succeeded his father in that position.

NOTICE.

The Musical World *will henceforth be published on* Friday, *in time for the evening mails. Country subscribers will therefore receive their copies on Saturday morning. In consequence of this change it is urgently requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday, otherwise they will be too late for insertion in the current number.*

To Advertisers.—*The Office of the* Musical World *is at Messrs.* Duncan Davison & Co.'s, 244 *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock* P.M. *on Thursday, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1868.

CHANGE UPON CHANGE.

THE communicated article relating to the Philharmonic Society which appeared in our columns last week suggests a good many thoughts. True it had but a simple tale to tell—nothing more than that our oldest musical institution is about to change quarters and abate terms. Behind this move, however, there is a significance which might not be passed over.

A word, in the first place, about the step itself. The Philharmonic Society has an historic past intimately associated with a certain policy. Very naturally it is proud of that past, and has clung as long as it could to the policy. Its traditions have always been aristocratic and conservative. It existed for "society" and practically knew no more of people unable to afford fifteen shillings for a ticket, than did Beau Brummel of a leg of mutton. For more than half-a-century the Society has gone on catering for the *beau monde*, oblivious of any other world, and as indifferent to the march of events beyond its own circle as that worthy gentleman must be who wears the last of the pigtails. But the march of events has been too strong for it. There was once a lover of old fashioned habits who ignored railways till the existence of his own house was threatened, whereupon he looked sharply after compensation. In like manner the Philharmonic grew uneasy when its aristocratic supporters began to fall away, and at last it put on its spectacles and surveyed mankind at large. What a sight met those venerable eyes! Cheap music at St. James's Hall, cheap music at the Crystal Palace, cheap music here there, and everywhere, and such music! Not glees, ballads, and dance tunes, but the greatest works of the greatest masters, symphonies—erst almost exclusive Philharmonic property,—concertos, cantatas, and much else of a like sort. Yet more to its astonishment, the musical Society saw a shilling public greedily listening to every note while waiting carriages outside proved conclusively whither the "upper ten" had transferred their allegiance. No wonder the spectacles were taken off and much anxious cogitation supervened.

What decision followed upon cogitation the reader knows. We applaud it heartily. The Philharmonic does not resolve to nail its traditions to the mast. It does not vociferate, "The Philharmonic dies, but never surrenders!" On the contrary it comprehends the situation and gracefully adapts itself to circumstances, doing so, moreover, by no half measures. It tears itself away from a time-honoured and aristocratic *locale* to abide, henceforth in a place of popular resort. It expresses itself willing to serve the humblest music-lover, and is as ready to take money from Horny hand as from Kid-glove. In fine, it offers to become the people's Philharmonic. This is well and bravely done, and if the people listen to their suitor the old institution will have a new lease of life.

We are fast "levelling up," as Mr Disraeli would say, in matters appertaining to art generally and to music in particular. The time is gone by for any assumption of exclusive taste or knowledge by any one class. This was found out long ago by keen-eyed men, and the discovery, together with that of the omnipotent shilling, has revolutionized concert giving. Henceforth Jack and his master will enjoy their musical treats, if not side by side, under the same roof, and it may be, that Jack will have his way even in the matter of Philharmonic encores. What next, and next? No matter what! change upon change leads us in a like direction.

A change writer in the *Musical Times* laments over fanciful interpretations of great musical works. He takes a great deal of trouble to very little purpose. What harm do the rhapsodists? If anybody be reminded by anything of a gradual ascent from a level country through various elevated regions, to a culminating summit composed of stupendous rocks of terrific aspect and of finally gained which the gladdening genius is one of awe and fear, and where the pole star of the beautiful begins to pale in the dark obscure—by all means let him say so. He can hurt no one and may amuse a great many. There is not too much laughter in the world.

Venice.—Signor Lucchesi's *Contessa d'Amalfi* was recently produced for the first time in this city, at the Teatro Apollo, but it failed to achieve any very great success.

NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY.

This society began a new season under the direction of its founder, Mr. G. W. Martin, on Wednesday last. The beginning was a good one if only because Dr. Sterndale Bennett's *Woman of Samaria* had a place in the programme. Probably Dr. Bennett's work would have received more justice after more rehearsal, but, on the whole, its performance was very creditable, and Mr. Martin deserves somewhat of the public for having brought it forward. The soloists were Miss Jewell, Miss Franklein, Mr. Perren and Mr. Lewis Thomas. Miss Franklein was encored in the beautiful air, "Lord, Thou hast searched me out," and a similar compliment was paid all four artists after singing the equally beautiful "God is a Spirit." Mr. Perren struggled manfully against indisposition (for the consequence of which an indulgence was bespoken) and sang the tenor air "His salvation is nigh them that fear Him" with much care. Mr. Lewis Thomas was well suited in the bass airs, obtaining an encore (unacceptable by the conductor) for "He that drinketh of this water" and singing throughout in a style admirably adapted to the character of the music. The cantata was once more a complete success, and at its close there were loud calls for the composer, who however did not appear.

After the *Woman of Samaria* two choruses from Handel's *Acis* and the whole of Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night* were given in a manner most encouraging to the society's well-wishers.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The insertion of Beethoven's *Mount of Olives* in Saturday's programme necessarily modified its whole character as the following will show:—

Trumpet Overture (in C)	Mendelssohn
Oratorio, *The Mount of Olives*	Beethoven.
Bach's Air on "God Preserve the Emperor," by all the stringed instruments	Haydn.
Song with chorus, "Hosanna" (Mr. L. Thomas)	Gounod.
Sacred song, "The Legend of the Cross-bill" (Madame Sherrington)	Lassen.
Air, "Be thou faithful even unto death" (Mr. Perren), Mr. W. H. Cummings	Mendelssohn.
Triumphal March (Norma)	Costa.

From a musical point of view we cannot but regret that English scruples must—if the reader like the word better—English prejudice, stand in the way of Beethoven's oratorio. Public taste among our people is opposed to anything like dramatic treatment of a splendid in the life of Jesus, above all of that which possesses the greatest tragic interest. Hence the comparative neglect of the *Mount of Olives*, the substitution of another story altogether in some instances and the material alterations made where the original subject has been retained. Yet, even after concessions like these, the work remains almost unknown by the public at large—a fact to be regretted because not even the great composer himself ever wrote music more worthy of his genius, or of an exalted theme. We cannot enter at length into a description of this every way remarkable oratorio. One feature, however, must be mentioned, and that is the splendour of the accompanied recitatives. Beethoven, with his strong dramatic instincts, and unlimited power of expression, must have revelled in the opportunities afforded by the sacred story. At all events he took advantage of them to write descriptive music, which will for ever remain an example to be imitated—hardly, we fancy, to be equalled. This is not a point likely to arrest general attention till it is more, therefore, should be indicated as it is a fit glory of a composition that worthily deals with the greatest event in history. The performance was generally very good. Madame Sherrington, attending of the solo in "Prise pour Rédempteur" goodness, was little short of admirable. Mr. Cummings, the only hardly worked of the soloists, acquitted himself right well. His task was not a grateful one. In treating the theme Beethoven seems condescended to study effect in singer in audience, and somewhat of Beethoven's lofty purpose is required be whoever takes the tenor music in his hands. Every body knows that Mr. Cummings is a capital artist and musician whose last thought would be to put himself before the work he has to do. On this occasion he sang every note with a conscientiousness and reverence pleasant to observe. The qualities thus displayed were rare, and when found Captain Lindley injudicious in not required to induce us to make note of them. Mr. Lewis Thomas had not so prominent a part but he too, sang with all the care and effect long experience has led us to look for. His part in the trio, "My beating heart dilated," was sustained in a manner particularly worthy of admiration. The choruses were generally well done, a fact hardly less agreeable as a surprise than as experience. With regard to the accompaniments we will only say that they were worthy the Crystal Palace orchestra.

We must pass over the balance of the programme with only one general remark. The "Trumpet Overture" was admirably played but the airs might have been improved by a little more care on the part of Herr Hanne, whose healing with vocal music is never very satisfactory.

To-day there is to be a Rossini commemoration when the programme will include, as examples of the just deceased master—what does the reader think?—the overtures to *Tancredi*, *Semiramide* and *Gazza Ladra*, with some of the *Guillaume Tell*. Shame on such a selection. For better let the illustrious head alone than treat him so. What would have been and had the Handel Centenary Festival programme been made up of selections from his harpsichord pieces and his operatic airs—all admirable of their kind, but in no more a measure of the composer's genius than *Venus and Adonis* is a measure of his power who wrote *Hamlet*.

T. Ros.

REVIEWS.

Hanover Square. A Magazine of New Copyright Music. Edited by Lucas Sieber. No. 14. [London: Addison & Parry.]

Two pianoforte pieces in this number are a *Gavotte* in G flat major by Charles Wehle and a Serenade, "Ecco Espagnol" by Edwin M. Lott. Both are very pleasing examples of drawing room music, while some portions of the first have considerable merit from an art point of view. The first song is a setting by Mr. G. A. Macfarren of Walter Scott's "Farewell to Northmaven." We need hardly say that it has fault rise of a high excellence. Mr. G. B. Allen contributes the second. "Twas long, long since in the spring-time" is a good example of the composer's talent and can hardly to become popular.

Lover and a Flower song. Song. Written by Miss Jewsbury. The music composed by Henry Sims. [London: E. Cocks & Co.]

A song written with considerable care and more than average success.

The Spanish March. For the pianoforte. By Nicolo Falchi. [London: E. Cocks & Co.]

A trifle publication, but ardent Spanish sympathizers like to know whose march it is, and to what party it belongs.

The Zouaves Retreat. March. By Stephen Glover. [London: E. Cocks & Co.]

Easy and not particularly attractive. The Zouaves would scarcely feel complimented by the title, but as these brave men represented in a picture as furiously advancing, matters are fairly balanced.

After Water. Transcribed for the pianoforte by Edward Wolcke. [London: Hutchings & Romer.]

There is more real worth in this transcription than in most of its kind. As an exercise in different styles it is admirable.

Thou art ever forget. Song. The poetry by C. F. Barnett, Esq., the music by Hartman Chorr. [London: Duff & Stewart.]

A unconventional ballad, and remarkably original.

Sunshine over my Soul. Ballad. Words by Bellingham Gossmann; music by Francesco Bennett. [London: Duff & Stewart.]

This is a superior song written with great taste and skill. Melody and accompaniment are alike admirable. It ought to command the success it deserves.

Brussels.—On the 17th ult. a performance was given in memory of Rossini and attracted an immense concourse of people. The programme was made up exclusively of works by the deceased master: *Il Barbiere*, fragments from the *Stabat*, an air from *La Gazza Ladra*, the prayer from *Mose*, and the overture to *Guillaume Tell*. The enthusiasm of the audience reached its limits, air just as the chorus was about to begin the prayer from *Mose*, the lock scene was drawn up, and the bust of the illustrious master crowned with a laurel wreath, exposed to view. Rossini visited Belgium only once, namely in 1856 on his way with the Baron Rothschild lately deceased, to the baths of Plombières. On his arrival at Brussels, the illustrious composer then at the height of his fame and in the flower of his age, was triumphantly received. The Grande Harmonie Society gave him a serenade composed of the overtures to *Il Re Lear* and *La Gazza Ladra*. Several thousand persons had collected before the Hotel de Belle-Vue where he was staying and rent the air with their acclamations when he came out to thank the conductor. The following day the title of honorary member of the society was offered to, and accepted by, him. After a visit incognito to Antwerp, he returned to Brussels where the decoration of Chevalier of the Leopold Order was awaiting him. Liége was not behind Brussels in doing honour to the composer of *Guillaume Tell*. The inhabitants came out in enormous crowds to greet him. From Liége he proceeded to Frankfort where fresh ovations were in store for him.

An old bachelor suggests that births should be published under the head of "New Music."

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

A soirée was given by Mr. and Madame Collard, at Westbourne Hall, on the 25th ult. The singers were Madame Florence Lancia, Miss Goodall, Mr. Vernon Rigby, Herr Stepan, Signor Caravoglia, and Herr Angyall. Madame Lancia was encored in a new song, "Good night, sweet mother." The same compliment being also paid to Madame Leopold's talented pupil in Bevignani's "To him I gave my heart." A capital performance of Hummel's septet was given by Messrs. Cutlidge, Reynolds, Ford, Bruce, Matthew Evans, and H. R. Bird. Mr. A. Collard is a flautist of considerable skill and taste; his tone is good and his articulation brilliant and clear; while Madame Collard, in Weber's *Moto Continuo* and in a duet for the pianoforte (with Mr. H. R. Bird) proved herself a good accentuist and one who has studied in a good school. Mr. Vernon Rigby sang Morris's "Pearl Diver" very nicely. Madame Leopold, Messrs. H. R. Bird, Mads., and Mori were unknown pianists.

A concert was given on the 24th ult. at Brunswick House, Wandsworth Road, in aid of the South Lambeth and Vauxhall Benevolent Society. The soloists were Miss R. Henderson, Miss Houghton, Messrs. Bennett and John Wilson. A miscellaneous programme was well rendered and the audience indulged in frequent encores. The pianoforte was kindly lent by Messrs. Broadwood. We hope the society, which last year gave away 337 Christmas dinners, was largely benefited.

Mrs. Mercantini gave a pianoforte and vocal recital at Wandsworth on Tuesday evening last, to a numerous and appreciative audience. Her artistic rendering of the various pieces by Hummel, Weber, Mendelssohn, Dreyschock, &c., called forth the hearty applause of her hearers, the air arranged by the talent composer meeting with especial approval. Miss Rosalie Fairbrett was the vocalist on the occasion. Her pure voice and touching rendering of Benedict's "Rock me to sleep," secured for her the favour of the audience, who honoured her with a recal for each of the four remaining songs, for the first of which she substituted Macfarren's "Will my hope be mine" and for the last the "Cloche." These recitals gain more and more favour with the public.

Some concerts have been recently given at Leyton which shall be noticed in our next.

PROVINCIAL.

Marlborough.—Mr. W. S. Bambridge, the professor of music at Marlborough College, gave an evening concert in the Town Hall recently. He had the assistance of Miss C. Westbrooke, Mr. and Mrs. H. Barnby, Madame Osborne Williams, Mr. Wallace Wells, and Mr. W. H. Aylward. Mr. Bambridge played Beethoven's Sonata (Op. 29) and Chopin's *Le Berceau* (Op. 6) and Eighth Polonaise, taking part also in a *Duo Chase* sonata (Mendelssohn) with Mr. Aylward. A new vocal quartet, by Mr. Bambridge, "What do the forest leaves whisper?" was much admired, and sung by Mrs. H. Barnby, Madame Osborne Williams, Messrs. Henry Barnby and Wallace Wells. The last-named gentleman displayed his fine voice in the "Death of Nelson," a song by Balfe, and Archer's "Alice, where art thou?" He also sang with Mrs. Barnby Rossini's "Mira la Manza." The concert gave much satisfaction.

Worcester.—The Cathedral Choir gave a concert in the Music Hall last week assisted by Mrs. Sutton and Miss Pullen. A selection from *Il Trovatore* took up the entire first part. The performance does not seem to have given much satisfaction, probably because every one present had heard the music in its proper place. The second part was miscellaneous. Mrs. Sutton carried off the honours of the evening, being encored (with Mr. Price) in Parry's "A B C" duet, and also in "Laugh while you may!" Mr. Done conducted, and Mr. Hughes was at the harmonium.

Kidderminster.—The autumn concert of the Choral Society took place in the Music Hall on Wednesday. The first part consisted of Hatton's "Robin Hood," and the second of a miscellaneous selection. Miss Clara Wight (Wolverhampton), Mr. Dutton, Mr. Kent, and Mr. Masters, took the principal parts in "Robin Hood." The concert appeared to give satisfaction. The band and chorus were nearly adventitious, and the members showed they had been making steady progress since their last appearance. Mr. Fitzgerald conducted. Mr. Mills was leader of the band, Mr. H. Everitt was at the piano, and Mr. W. Brinton at the organ.

Bordeaux.—At the second subscription concert the chief items in the programme were the Jupiter Symphony and the overtures to *Guillaume Tell*, *Fidelio*, and *Le Domino Noir*. Mr. Halli was pianist, and Mlle. Sinico vocalist. Of the latter a local paper thus speaks:—

"To Madame Sinico was assigned the welcome task of sustaining the vocal music which throughout was of a high character. Her rendering of Mendelssohn's scena was marked by true dramatic power, but fell tamely notwithstanding that the concluding portion of the composition, taking majestic passages, to which her voice did full justice. Verdi's air was rapturously given, and met with a deserved encore, and in her final song a new and most excellent one, by Signor Bevignani, who assisted us on the occasion of the last concert, her skillful execution were abundantly displayed. The song is well written, and cleverly instrumented, and testifies to Signor Bevignani's ability as a composer of light music."

The *Liverpool Mercury* says:—

"Mr. Michael Maybrick is pursuing a very successful career throughout the country. He has lately been singing with marked success at Carlisle, Glasgow, and other northern towns. Last week he returned to England, and made a highly satisfactory appearance at Bolton. It is to be hoped that Mr. Maybrick may soon be induced to visit his native town, when, in consequence of the respect in which his father is held, and the pleasurable remembrance of his deceased and musical uncle and namesake, he may expect a most cordial reception."

ORGAN NEWS.

Mr. J. Nicholson has in course of completion, at his manufactory, Worcester, an organ for a church at Mentone, Alpes Maritimes, France. It is a neat complete instrument, for its size, and has two complete manuals from CC to F (51 notes). One of the stops—the dulciana—is said to be a great improvement on the old stop of that name. The following is the composition of the instrument:—

Great Organ—CC to F (51 notes).

	Ft.	Pipes.		Ft.	Pipes.
1. Open Diapason (metal)	8	51	5. Wald Flute (wood)	8	54
2. Stop Diapason, bass			6. Principal (wood)	4	51
3. Stop Diapason treble (wood)	8	51	7. Mixture (metal)		153
4. Dulciana, from C (small scale)—metal	8	44			

Swell Organ—CC to F (51 notes).

1. Bell Diapason (metal)	8	45	4. Harmonic Flute (metal)	8	51
2. Metal Stop (wood)	8	51	5. Cornopean (metal)	8	54
3. Principal (metal)	4	51			

Pedal Organ—CCC to C (25 notes).

Double wood (large) ..... 16 ft. open, 25

Couplers.

1. Swell to Great. 2. Great to Pedals. 3. Swell to Swell.

There are no pedals, but one octave of the swell in C C sounds on the Bourdons in the Pedal Organ, one octave and a half in Harmonic pedals.

The new and excellent gas organ which has been erected in the Wesleyan Chapel, Lady Margaret Road, Kentish Town, was opened on Wednesday evening by Mr. W. T. Best, of St. George's Hall, Liverpool. The instrument, which has 28 registers and 1,492 pipes, has been built by Messrs. Forster and Andrews, of Hull, and includes:—

Great Organ—Compass, CC to G.

1. Double Diapason, closed.	5. Dulciana.	9. Fifteenth.
2. Open Diapason.	6. Harmonic Flute.	10. Mixture, 4 ranks.
3. Violin Diapason.	7. Principal.	11. Trumpet.
4. Rohr Flöte.	8. Twelfth.	12. Clarionet.

Swell Organ—Compass, CC to G.

1. Lieblich Bourdon.	4. Fifte d'Amour.	7. Mixture, 3 ranks.
2. Open Diapason.	5. Principal.	8. Horn.
3. Stopped Diapason.	6. Flageolet.	9. Oboe.

Pedal Organ—Compass CCC to F.

1. Open Diapason. 2. Bourdon.

There are five couplers, and all the latest improvements in machinery and tone have been introduced, including a simple and effective light touch movement to the manuals. The proceedings on Wednesday evening commenced with prayer and the singing of the Old Hundredth Tune, after which the following programme was executed:—Chorus, "Give thanks unto God," Spohr; *Andante* from the Sonata Duo in C major, Mozart; Rondo and Fugue, Bach; Organ Concerto (G minor), Handel; March of Priests, Mendelssohn; Prelude and Air with variations, J. L. Hatton; Prelude and Fugue, Bach; Duet, "Sion now his head shall raise," and Chorus, "Tune your harps in songs of praise," Handel.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

Chappell & Co.—"Air Tessaurs for the Pianoforte." Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6. By W. S. Bennett.

Ewer & Co.—"Rhenish Minstrel" for voice, flute and piano. No. 8, "The Setting Sun."

Addison & Parsons.—"Hanover Square Magazine" for December.

Cary & Pennell.—"Good-night" song, by H. Dysdale; "The blue right hand," song, by Theodore Distin; "My love is from the mountains" song, by G. A. Macfarren.

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EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY

A general meeting of students interested in this society was held in the Music Class room Park Place, lately. The chair was occupied by Professor Gibbs, one of the presidents of the society.

In his introductory remarks the chairman, after narrating what steps had been taken to establish the society on a permanent basis, remarked:—

Now, whatever drawbacks may exist—such as scanty attendance at rehearsals, and the apparent impossibility here (as I remember we found it at Oxford) of forming an efficient amateur orchestra—it would surely be a very great pity if the interest of the students should in any respect flag as regards this newly formed society, and the annual concert in which the public takes so evident an interest. I understand that some alterations and modifications of the existing rules are to be proposed to you by the committee which I agreed to may be of advantage. I need hardly add that I will personally lend all aid in my power to any project so very dear, and of course I am to be specially interested in one so intimately connected with this University; and I should much regret if the coming concert is not even more of a success than the last one.

Dr Rutherford then read the committee's report, which stated—

"1. That the instrumental section of the society should be organised should before the concert proposed to be given by the society. 2. That the subscription to the society should be lowered to five shillings for the winter session. 3. That the meetings of the vocal section should be begun as soon as forty members are obtained.

In moving that this report be adopted Professor Nichols made a long and interesting speech. Among other things he said:—

He might add to these one or two considerations in favour of vocal music. Such learned reasons why young men should embrace so good an opportunity as the present of cultivating it, and would try to meet some objections which—indeed, in their guidance might make to a young man joining such a society. First, vocal music was good mental exercise. He wished particularly to bring this to the attention of the Art students who formed the junior portion of the members of the University, and who were at the period of life when they could most advantageously try to get some acquaintance with the practice of singing. They would be double valuable as members of the society, because they had the prospect of being longest at the University, would ultimately form most efficient members, and would be a nucleus to which future students would attach themselves. Most of these gentlemen were engaged in studies which were not intended to be used by them for the practical purposes of their future lives, but which were to give them that mental culture which every gentleman ought to have, whatever his future occupation was to be. Now, he claimed for music just as much did for the study of the dead or living languages, the merit of being a good mental exercise. It stimulates attention and thought. Like a language it has grammar and a construction of its own. It is, in fact, a language and one in which ideas and feelings and affections and passions can be most fully and impressively uttered. Secondly, it is a charming recreation. It is something to possess an accomplishment which can give pleasure to others, but he appealed to all those who had never taken part in concert singing whether the pleasure which it gave in the performance was not greater even than that which it gave to the hearers. Even at the first trial of a new piece of music, when had fifteen singers like himself, a very only rudely harmonising, it. There was a pleasure in feeling how the harmonies came out. It was still greater when it began under further practice to be a little smoother, and greater still when it was well polished under the instruction. In spite that could be pronounced by the ear to be a satisfactory performance. Thirdly, it is a good moral discipline. It requires constant attention, patience, punctuality, and obedience, and these were good things for every one to learn. He believed however that the greater part of their fellow students would assent to all that could be said in favour of music, and would add their willingness to join in the cultivation of it, but that there were difficulties in the way, and to some of these difficulties he would now address himself. It might be said by those who were asked to join the society that they were too busy, and could not afford the time. Now he begged to state that to teach people to sing in parts did not require any great expenditure of time. He was not speaking of those who were to make music in their business in life, such persons required to give their whole time to it, just as every person had to do in regard to anything whatever that was to be his business in life. But to learn to sing in parts in an interest, sufficiently well to give pleasure to themselves and others, would not require any great expenditure of time. People doing mental work when deeply immersed in the pursuit of professional duties, found time to learn and practise singing, and he did not let a [illegible] had more calls upon his time than a busy professional man. Besides, one of the many advantages of such an employment of an hour or two in the week was that it gives relief from the pressure of hard mental work, and would enable them to return to their studies with renewed zest and vigour. Another difficulty which might be started was that they—if men who they wanted to join the society—had not the capability of being taught music. Now, in reply to this he had to say that in the opinion of persons of large experience in teaching singing everybody was more or less capable of being taught to read music and to sing. Some persons condescended upon statistical statements, and said that 90 per cent of females and about 80 per cent of men could be readily taught. He was not able to speak to this from personal observation, but certainly a large proportion of human beings could be taught. Such longer has been done in other countries, why not here? During his residence in Germany he had had abundant opportunity of seeing how common an accomplishment part-singing was, and he had derived, during a recent residence at Aix-la-Chapelle, the greatest pleasure from the vocal performances of the "Liedertafel"—in short a singing club composed of gentlemen, and a similar body—the "Orphei"—composed of artisans, shopkeepers and other working men. He was no reason why this should not exist here? Oh! but it would be said, the Germans are such a musical people. Now, this was one of those statements which were very often made, and assented to without any consideration being given as to what it meant. If it meant that Germany was essentially a musical country because it had given to the world Haydn, Beethoven, Mozart, Weber, Mendelssohn and other great musicians, he was not going to deny that, with the exception of the Grand Symphony still in his ear from the Choral Union concert the previous night. If it meant that a man who was born on the banks of the Elbe had a natural capacity for learning music which was denied to a man born on the banks of the Tweed he wanted to deny that altogether. Indeed, so fanciful spontaneous efforts to sing or whistle might be held as proof of a natural tendency to music, he heard far more of it one in the streets of this country than in Germany. To be more, they were a general execrable performance of the tune which were ground on hand-organs. But it by no means proved the musical tendency of the performers, such as they were. If, on the other hand, it was maintained that Germany was a musical country because far more and better singing was to be heard there, he conceded to it at once. It was just because singing to the young was so general as to be almost universal in Germany that this was the case and that was precisely what he would like to see here. There were now about 1500 students at the University of Edinburgh; he would knock off one third—and take the rest 1000, and instead of 80 per cent he would only assume 40 per cent, to be capable of musical instruction, and on these data the University ought to furnish 500 persons who might with advantage join this society. It might be said by the guardians of young men if at this practice might lead to habits of idleness and dissipation, and he did not deny that it had been so when people could not meet and sing together except in taverns. But when they had a place in the University itself in which to practise and at numerous hours, he was sure admitted that it would lead to dissipation than he would admit it to be singing when a parcel of fellows more or less drunk were heard bellowing "Willie brewed a peck o' maut" over a cloth tumbler of toddy at two in the morning. Objection to joining the society might also be made on the score of expense. He would direct attention to that part of the committee's report.

Mr Macdougall seconded the adoption of the report, which was unanimously approved.

After the election of office-bearers the proceedings concluded by a performance on the organ by Professor Hakesley. He played the "Nightingale chorus" and as a tribute of respect to the memory of Rossini, he gave also the Prayer from *Mosè*.

SCHUBERT'S SIXTH SYMPHONY

The Symphony in C—sixth in order of the nine Schubert is known to have written—is one of the results of Mr George Grove's Vienna researches during the autumn of last year. Dr Edward Schneider in whose possession a manuscript of the big work (and 'tis big, too) had not seen thoroughly along the importance of it, true. At all events he permitted the work to lie with other treasures hardly less precious, in the almoners and in boxes of a cupboard, which from age to house historical. That it is should be the case in Vienna, the city of great musicians, the place where Schubert lived and died, appears incredible. So it was, however, and the composer might have waited long for his fame and recognition, had it depended upon the users of his own country. But when Dr Eduard Schneider kept the cupboard locked, and the Viennese musicians even too tired him for the key, one belonging to an "unmusical country" appeared on the scene, eagerly

looking for remains of Schubert. He heard of the cupboard, promptly asked for the key, and got it, disturbed the dust in that neglected receptacle, felt the joy of a discoverer, and went home treasure laden. As we have pointed out, the Symphony in C is one of the results, and by this time Vienna must have heard the scheme of Oppenheim applauded, bestowed upon his neglected son. Let us hope Vienna will learn the lesson.

But now to the Symphony itself. From one point of view it is as affecting as Milton's description of his blind here, since it is equally suggestive of touching personal experiences. In 1818 poor Schubert came upon an oasis in the desert of his otherwise joyless life. One of poverty, and all the miseries which it must have entailed upon an organization like his, the composer was lifted into circumstances of comfort, even of luxury. This was the result of an engagement as resident music-master to the family of the Esterhazy's. Once installed with a perspective of dinners before him to which there was no vanishing point, and with ample leisure to cultivate the art he so passionately loved, what wonder that a complete revulsion of feeling came over him. Every one of us, in a greater or less extent, sympathize with his emotions. To him the sunshine must have been brighter, the face of nature lovelier, the song of the birds more melodious, and life altogether a blessed thing which it could hardly have been before. Under circumstances like these the symphony now given to the world was composed. We should expect to find it radiating the master's happiness, to see it aglow with the light that shone for a time upon his path, and such expectations it fulfils. Years before, another composer had dwelt in the palace of an Esterhazy, and had there written music so genial and pleasant that it is always as welcome as flowers in May. The same influence came upon Schubert, and the Esterhazy music-master of Zelesz is, in some respects, scarcely to be distinguished from him of Eisenstadt. But of all Schubert's works this Sixth Symphony stands alone in its Haydnish vivacity. On the face of his other compositions is stamped the sadness or the despair from which he enjoyed but a temporary relief. Are we not right, therefore, when we call it affecting?

THE SUNDAY SACRED CONCERT MOVEMENT.

A *soirée* was held on Wednesday evening at the Freemasons' Tavern, the object being to celebrate a recent decision of the Court of Common Pleas, to the effect that the opening of such places as St. Martin's Hall on Sunday evenings for concerts of sacred music was not contrary to law. The chair was taken by Sir Joshua Walmsley, who was supported on the platform by Mr. Hunter Langley, Mr. H. d'Black, Mr. Clapham (Leeds), and one or two other gentlemen. The chairman and following speakers addressed themselves to "sentiments" in the American fashion, making short speeches, without however concluding with any motion. The chairman strongly denounced the proceedings of the Sabbatarians, which he compared to those of the protectionists previous to the repeal of the corn laws. Mr. Black recited a comic poem in which the brother of a lady was "Let on all he unhappy on Sundays," and which seemed to be much relished by his auditory. Mr. Clapham detailed the struggles which had taken place in Leeds between the Sabbatarian magistrates of that town and the working classes, on the subject of Sunday sacred concerts, resulting in the success of the movement. Mr. Conway addressed himself to the history of the Sabbath, contending that to make it a day of gloom was contrary to its original intention, and that the restrictions now imposed on the English people were the result of an ignorant and imbecile superstition. The serious proceedings of the evening terminated with the presentation by Mr. Weatherly of an address from the "Recreative religionists," to Mr. Hunter Langley, thanking him for his recent successful defence, in the Court of Common Pleas, of the principles advocated by the recreative religionists. After a suitable reply from Mr. Langley the company adjourned to the concert and ball rooms.

CRYSTAL PALACE CHOIR.

The following letter appeared in the *Sunday Times* of the 29th ult.:—

To the Editor of the "Sunday Times."

Sir,—Your remarks upon our shortcomings are rather hard to bear, although I fear they are deserved. We cannot by chance be decent powers of performance. But permit me to put the matter before your readers in what I conceive to be a true light. The Choir is composed of amateurs drawn who have small chance of practice, apart from the Thursday evening rehearsal at Exeter Hall, and the occasional performance at the Palace. In order that a body so constituted may attain to an ever decent executive power it is important that the utmost economy of time be practised, and that the constituent parts of that body be not unnecessarily wasted. Now with every kind feeling for Mr. Manns, I must be to state that we are in our perpetual state of wonder as to his meaning. In one place certain recognized beats stand for certain times—those we all understand; but Mr. Manns has signs of his own which may be understood by his band, but are certainly not understood by us. He appears to me to take great pains to arrange the work to be rehearsed "for one stick," and when he appears before us he goes through this pictorial performance with a good vigour, but it is misplaced energy, for I can assure you that the great majority of us do not comprehend in the least his meaning. Apart from the doings of "the stick," Mr. Manns directions are mostly given in broken English, and his well-meant intentions only perplex us the more.

Having stated the case thus far, I may perhaps be allowed to suggest a remedy. I am of opinion that if Mr. Manns could secure the help of an *English* assistant to conduct part songs at the Palace, and the rehearsals at the Hall, a very speedy improvement would be perceived in the Choir. Any such assistant would, of course, be prepared to give Mr. Manns readings to such works as are to be performed with orchestra, and should courtesy be well able to make accurate and intelligible time-beats. I make these suggestions in all humility, but I make them with the conviction that your notice of the 22nd inst. is only the prelude of the coming storm—a storm, by the way, which may sweep the Crystal Palace Choir clean away.—I am, &c.

A MEMBER OF THE CHOIR.

We hope this voice from the ranks will be heard and attended to lest worse befall.

WAIFS.

Madame Arabella Goddard, accompanied by Miss Annie Edmonds, has given pianoforte recitals this week at Southampton, Newbury, Horsham and Maidstone, each with the most gratifying results, both as to attendance, applause, receipts, &c. Never has one distinguished pianist been received with more unanimous and hearty favour in this country; where such music as she invariably selects and the manner which she executes, about which it would be superfluous to say one word, are calculated more than anything else to raise and spread a taste for the beautiful and pure in art.

The town of Lugo has preferred its claim in opposition to the hitherto generally admitted one of Pesaro, to be the birthplace of Rossini. A statue of the great Italian is to be erected in the principal street. Pesaro might do likewise, and the dispute remain unsettled.

Mozart's *Requiem* was performed on Tuesday morning in the Italian Church, Hatton Garden, for the repose of the soul of Rossini.

Herr Joseph Joachim is expected in London the first week in January to fulfil his engagement at the Monday Popular Concerts.

The Tyrolean singers (from the Zillerthal), Die Herrn Holzner, Michl Margreiter, Holzwirth and Frau Holzner, had the honour of singing the following programme on Thursday week before the Queen and the Royal family at Windsor Castle. The Ladies and Gentlemen in Waiting were present.

Quintett and Jodl, "The Travelling Minstrel," National Song. "My Heart is in the Zillerthal." Valse Quartet, "Remembrance of Zillerthal." Solo Xylophone (National instrument). Laughing Chorus. Song and Chorus with Jodl, "Up in the Alps." Solo (Zither) Herr Margreiter.

The singers were accompanied by Mr. Nimmo, who represented Mr. Mitchell of Old Bond Street.

Madame Harriers-Wippern has left Berlin for a six months tour in Italy.

Steps are being taken to erect no fewer than twenty monuments to Rossini's memory in different parts of Italy.

The *Pesaro Nuovo* says:—"When a great composer like Rossini dies he leaves an heirs to a sinking fund. His notes will never be dishonoured."

Madame Rossini has, it is said, consented to the removal of her husband's body to Italy, but it is not certain whether Florence or Pesaro will be chosen for its final resting place.

Guillaume Tell has been performed at Rouen in honour of Rossini. At the close of the opera a bust of the composer was crowned while the orchestra played the prayer from *Moise*.

The Russian Director of the Imperial Theatres is suing Signor Arachini for 60,000 francs damages, arising out of the singer's refusal to keep his St. Petersburgh engagement.

At the last Monday Popular Concert Herr Ludwig Strauss was leader. Schubert's Octet and a quartet in C by Haydn (first time), were in the programme. Next week we shall give a notice in full of Herr Strauss's success and of the concert generally.

The last programme of the Concerts Populaires was as follows:—Reformation Symphony, Mendelssohn. *Adagio* from Septuor, Beethoven. Symphony in E flat, Mozart. Andante with variations, Haydn. Overture (*Vaisseau Fantôme*), Wagner.

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Owing to a family bereavement Miss Agnes Zimmermann has returned to London without fulfilling her engagements in Germany.

At the last Concert Populaire, the overture to *Guillaume Tell* was played and encored amid what is stated to have been "indescribable enthusiasm."

Our friend, the *Little Musical Gazette* (New York) informs its readers that "Handel's oratorios and Bach's whole works in piano arrangements are never-ending fountains of delight and progressive knowledge. This is what a well-known poet would describe as "the rapture of a dreamy thought."

The *Morning Summary*, a tory and high church paper two or three months old, is no more. Its patrons must therefore be confiated with the older prints of that party. A sad fatality has been at work among the comic publications. *The Queer Folly* and *Hunter* have disappeared, but the world moves none the gloomier.

Mdlle. Ilma de Murska sang on Tuesday at a concert in Brighton, and will sing at a concert in Liverpool this evening. On Sunday she leaves England for 6 mth. Her engagement at the Opéra Italien in Paris commences on January 6th when she takes the place left vacant by Madame la Marquise de Caux (Adelina Patti).

Mr. Wilford Morgan (who has been for some months fulfilling an engagement in the Provinces with the "Grand Duchess" Opera Company, sustaining the important character of Fritz for upwards of 150 nights with much success) has returned to town and is now playing the same part at the New Standard Theatre Shoreditch.

The Continental Gazette says:—

"Moscow is at present enraptured with a young cantatrice, named Berthe Fernel, who in the *rôle* of Gilda in Rigoletto, was called eight times before the curtain and nearly smothered with bouquets. Paris will soon have an opportunity of applauding this new star whose beauty equals her talent, and who will add another to the bril iant galaxy."

Another "remarkable child pianist" Miss Henrietta Markstein is spoken of in flattering terms by *Watson's Art Journal* (New York)—which journal by the way appropriates wholesale the articles and paragraphs that appear in the *Musical World*, with never a word of acknowledgment. Watson is not the less welcome, however, for his paper is one of the most gentlemanly conducted art-papers in this wide and dreary world.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Sisgrove recently had the honour of performing the following selection of pieces, in the Red Drawing Room of Windsor Castle:—Duet *Faust*, Gounod. Concerto (1st Movement), Concertina, De Beriot. Solos Pianoforte: Berceuse (D flat) Study (G flat), on black keys only, Chopin. Fantasia Concertina, Scotch Airs, R. Blagrove. Duet on Welsh Airs "Watching the Wheat," "The Camp," "The Blackbird," "The Bells of Aberlowy."

We (the *Pall Mall Gazette*) recommend to the attention of Mdlle. Schneider, whose performances excited so much virtuous indignation when she visited us last summer, the following announcement which appears daily in all the public journals:—

"At 10, Kensington play of *The Stranger*, burlesqued under the title of *The Stranger Stranger than Ever*. At 10.30 the Cancan danced every evening by the Stranger and Mrs. Haller."

We (the *Musical World*) recommend Mdlle. Schneider to look to her own affairs. *Cui bono?*

"Last evening" wrote the *Daily Telegraph* correspondent on Monday, "the Marquis and Marquise de Caux had an *intime* reception. Among the guests were Madame Alboni and M. Auber, Agnesi and Alary—cold and consequent extinction of voice kept away Gardoni—Prince Poniatowski, &c. Madame de Caux sang L'Etranger of Alary, and a few compositions of M. Hoffman. Agnesi also sang. M. Auber, who left soon after midnight, as the young fellow had "some other parties to go to," looked as fresh as a boy and indeed, as if it would be "any one's turn next" except his own. The veteran composer was asked last night his opinion of his hostess, and I have great pleasure in repeating his answer. I have seen and heard many singers. I remember Catalani, Pasta, Malibran, Grisi, and Sontag, but I never heard so perfect an artist as La Patti, as for her voice, it is without a flaw."

Hanover.—Second Philharmonic Concert: Symphony in D major, Haydn. Overture and ballet music to *Rosamunde*, Schubert, and Symphony in B major Op. 38, Schumann.

Leipzig.—Second Soirée for Chamber Music: Quartet in D major, Haydn. Sonata for Flute and Pianoforte (arranged by Herr David), Handel. Duet for Violin and Tenor, Mozart, and Quintet in C major, Beethoven.

St. Petersburgh.—A report having been spread about that Madame Adelina Patti would not be able, for reasons connected with her health, to keep her engagement with the manager of the Imperial Theatre, M. de Gedeonow, forwarded to the *Journal de St. Petersbourg* the following telegram received from the fair singer:—"Quite and absurd rumours; health excellent; shall come to St. Petersburgh according to agreement; happy that the moment is approaching." M. de Gedeonow adds that Madame Patti has, moreover signed for all the season of 1869-70 and for all the season of 1870-71.—The Italian operatic company for the present season is thus constituted:—*Prime Donne*: Madame Pauline Lucca (from 10th November to 28th December, 1868); Mesdames Friedl, Volpini, Trebelli Galli, and Adelina Patti (from the 15th January, 1869 to the end of the season, that is, the 15th March). *Seconde Donne*: Mesdames Vali Anese, Borini and Pedroni. *Primi Tenori*: Signori Calzolari, Stagno (in the place of Signor Franchini who has declined to fulfil his engagement), Neri-Baraldi, and Mario. *Secondi Tenori*: Signori Rossi and Patriniari. *Primi Baritoni*: Graziani Mas, and Stellar. *Primi Bassi*: Signori Angelini and Bagagiolo. *Prime Basse Buffe*: Signor Zucchini. *Seconde Basse*: Signor Fortuna. Conductor: Signor Vianna. Principal Stage Manager: Mr. Augustus Harris. Second Stage Manager: Signor Barrera.

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Behold me, then, face to face with the *Stabat* of Jonquin Deprès, who ruled the art of his own time. Church music was then written for voices alone without any accompaniment, even of the organ. The art of writing and just emerged from its swaddling clothes, and harmony was limited to a single consonant chord. For Jonquin the *Stabat* was a sequence, a prayer his manner was simply to impart to the prayer a calm and devout character. The Saviour on the cross, and the grief of Mary have nothing relating to human sentiments it is the mystery of the Redemption in process of accomplishment. The artist did not see therefore in the work he had to produce, aught more than an act of calm devotion, and for this he possessed what he required the pure sounds of the human voice and consonant harmony. The composition is written for five voices in the ancient Roman chant of the sixth tone (F major). One of the voices sings uninterrupted plain chant in long sustained notes, and, upon this theme the remaining four voices join in such sweet harmony, in something displaying such intelligent treatment of entries, rests, imitations, and the opposite character distinguishing the different classes of voices, that, if we bear in mind the considerations stated above, the work is really beautiful and worthy the attention of every educated and impartial musician.

Three quarters of a century elapsed from the moment that Jonquin wrote his *Stabat Mater* to the period which saw Palestrina produce his. The order of ideas presiding over musical composition was still the same but art had improved in form and Palestrina brought to it the power of his individuality. The composer already aimed at producing effect by the means, still limited, at his disposal. Palestrina's *Stabat Mater* is for eight voices in two choruses. The latter alternately separate and combined, produce some striking effects. In this sublime composition we perceive most plainly that the composer was deeply imbued with the words of St. Matthew "Now from the sixth hour there was darkness all over the land unto the ninth hour And behold, the veil of the temple was rent in twain, from the top to the bottom and the earth did quake, and the rocks rent." Is no sentiment of terror which reigns in the work of the Papal chapelmaster. The three perfect major chords with which the first chorus commences on the words "Stabat Mater," and to which the second sings too words "Juxta Crucem," are something horrible something barbarous which wounds our musical feeling by the false relations and their successes engendered. Is a something out of Palestrina's habitual style, always so pure in its harmony But Palestrina required an accent of horror and, as he did not have at his disposal dissonant natural harmony unknown during his life, to was only by violating the laws of tonality that he could obtain that accent. The sombre grief he wished to express stirs the soul at the combination of the two choruses on the words "O quam tristis et afflicta Fuit illa benedicta Mater Unigeniti!" It predominates up to the end of the work and leaves no doubt as to the feeling by which the artist was moved when writing the latter.

Between Palestrina and Pergolese there was a period of one hundred and fifty years are was transformed a new system of tonality and arisen to furnish accents hitherto unknown, and instrumental colouring had combined with voices to form a complex whole. Such were the elements placed at the disposal of the Neapolitan composer Feeble as regarded his physical constitution, his soul alone possessed energy but powerful combinations were repugnant to it it took pleasure in works of small dimensions only He has accents to express tenderness, but not to express force His *Stabat Mater* is, consequently, not a grandly developed composition we do not find too powerful effect of chorus employed in it a soprano and a contralto constitute all the vocal portion, while the orchestra consists of only two violin parts a tenor and a bass, with an organ. The work is not always equal two numbers are weak in their conception, has what touching sadness there is in the others It seems as though Mary's tears had fallen upon Pergolese's heart. When executed by first-class artists (for such are necessary) the *Stabat* of Pergolese has always moved an audience its celebrity eclipsed that of the other compositions of the same kind, and there is no doubt that this celebrity was well deserved. The work has lost none of its value for the composers not under the influence of a particular epoch.

Although Haydn's talent does not shine to such advantage in his church music as in his instrumental music, he was happily inspired in his *Stabat Mater* The nobleness of character which, as a rule, predominates in his ideas is associated in this production with the tinge of melancholy cast over it Haydn appears to have felt that the grief experienced by the mother of the Saviour was no human grief We perceive, at the bottom of this sentiment, the resignation belonging to entire confidence in the fruits of the sacrifice which is being accomplished This fine composition does not enjoy its due share of popularity in the world of music a few formulas of the time alone disfigure it.

The least known of all the Stabats which I have mentioned is that of the Marquis de Ligniville, an amateur whose genius was not inferior to that of Marcello, but who, having died young, did not produce much His *Stabat* is charming "Salve, Regina," and a "Dixit Dominus," for four voices and orchestra, are all I know of his. Looking at his subject from a point of view very different to that of the other composers I have named, the Marquis de Ligniville did not endeavour to portray sentiments above human nature nor to strike terror into his audience. What he wanted to express was the mystic tenderness for God expiring on the cross, and we must confess that he has succeeded admirably Three voices, sometimes all similar as in the first verse, sung by three soprani and so in "Quis non posset et dolebat," for three contralti, and sometimes mixed, for soprano, tenor, and bass, or for soprano contralto, and bass, as in the other verses three voices, I say without accompaniment of any kind, are sufficient for the author of this interesting composition to produce the most touching impressions The Marquis de Ligniville considered it incumbent on him to give all his resources the form of canons, but these combinations are merely accessories, which in no way injure the expression of sentiment.

Boccherini looked at his subject from the same point of view as the Marquis, in his work but with more powerful resources for the production of effect, as his three voices are accompanied by an orchestra The ingenious abundance of happy ideas which is conspicuous in all the other works of this great musician is found also in the work under consideration, but he has infused into it more melancholy and even more force in certain verses, as, for instance, in "Cujus animam gementem." Though known only to the erudite in music and, perhaps, never performed this composition is worthy of the greatest admiration

One of the most powerful geniuses of the nineteenth century, Rossini, wrote a *Stabat* he made it a drama, under the form of an oratorio or sacred cantata. In taking this course, the illustrious master yielded to the predilection of his genius. To appreciate properly the value of his work, we must look at it from his point of view and not see in it music destined for the church, at least as regards certain verses, for otherwise we should run the chance of forming a very erroneous judgment of it The originality of thought and form the happy employment of the rules of harmony and of the combinations of voices and instruments, such are the things we ought to consider in this fine work we must, more especially take care not to make any comparisons between it and works conceived with a totally different object. Regarded, therefore, for itself this fine composition contains matter for unrestricted praise in the introduction ("Stabat Mater") in the tenor air ("Cujus animam gementem"), in the quartet ("Sancta Mater") and in the air with chorus. Rossini's *Stabat Mater* has already withstood the ordeal of time and criticism, it is, at the present day, justly classed among his finest works.

Pierre Ser.

MR. SEMIBREVE'S GRUMBLE.

(*From "Vanity Fair."*)

I have been asked by my friend the Editor of this journal, to prove my goodwill to himself and to his new undertaking by writing something about music for the first number. If I really took all his best interests to serve his interests I would rather be by leaving it alone, since my acceptance to write music, not write about it; but that objection being overruled the next consideration was, what to write about. And this was and has a serious difficulty, for although I have begun, I have not even yet made up my mind.

Shall I speak generally of the past musical season? No, this has already been done by every journal that professes to give art-criticism and, besides, the new season has begun. Shall I use this opportunity and, under cover of the anonymous, retaliate here merchant onslaught upon the critics of the various journals for their criticisms on me? No; for they would be sure to find out who wrote the stinging article and then how would my next oratorio be treated? No; I will avoid criticism of every sort, and, whilst cherishing a secret desire to administer a severe, and, as I think, well-deserved rebuke (always under the anonymous) to my publishers for the shamefully small sums they offer me for my compositions, I will allow prudence to overrule all vengeful feelings (for they might even refuse to buy my next sonata for Pianoforte and Doublebass, with the paltry excuse that there was no demand for that class of music) and avoid personalities altogether. Well then, as I can't praise my friends, very little is left to me. I might indeed write a panegyric on my own works; but the world is ill-natured and might misunderstand the intention.

How our eminent Reviewers make up their copy every week is a mystery to me. I allude to the gentlemen who write those amusing and instructive essays *apropos de bottes*. Do they keep a little list of favorite subjects and select from them according to their own mood and to occasion demands? or do they take things haphazard, and then write about "Spasms" one week, and "Long Engagements" the next, with an ease which leads us to believe that they have done and suffered (like that which "a cock" expresses) every phase of life and fortune? If I had to write constantly, I should certainly make a list of musical subjects to write about, and like the versatile Reviewer, alternate eloquently on "Natural Harmonics" or "Negro Minstrelsy" with equal facility. I won't speak of their views for about "Natural Harmonics" people know absolutely nothing at all, and it would be useless in the small space allotted to me to try and unpick a sheet whole of "Negro Minstrelsy" we have had decidedly too much. Poor Muse, with her head in heaven and her feet in the gutter, what dreadful things have been done in her name! Why should she be made to suffer from the terrible curse of being a "Social" art? Why is music always the chief sacrifice on the altar of "Society?" I could never see clear why ladies with charming houses and pleasant friends should, having these elements of success, spoil their parties by the introduction of music. I am not speaking of those who give regular concerts of professional or amateur musicians (although I shall have a word to say to them presently), where the programme is fixed, silence enjoined and kept, and where the folks really come for the sake of the music; but I allude to the fair members of society who send out cards to say the season—"Lady May Phayre at home—music, small and early"—these parties are my *bête-noire*. For what happens at these soirées? There is a great crush of people—locomotion is difficult, and yet every one wants to move about—you pass your evening a begging people's pardon, and you are treated to a selection of third-rate Italian music performed in a fourth-rate style, by young ladies who look as if they were more bored than the listeners, and who are often accompanied on the pianoforte by their mothers in a style which, for common humanity, I can only account for by believing that they are playing a different piece of music from what their daughters are singing, and are prevented from discovering their mistake by the noise of the listeners' talking. This is bad enough, but worse may follow in the shape of a pianoforte solo by a lady who keeps the loud pedal down the whole time, and who also cannot hear what dreadful sounds she is producing, because an instrumental solo is the signal for people who have been previously talking in a moderate tone of voice and who may not naturally be of a violent disposition to raise such other. Then the list of the evening is brought forward, some good natured French or Italian singer, who miserably sings either Gounod's "Serenade" or "A vuoi sono" or maybe (but this is more rare) a pretty romance of Gordigiani's, while the hostess goes about and says, "It's 'too charming.'" At last the moment comes which I have anticipated, and I brace myself up in defence, as the hostess after various whisperings with friends round the piano, makes her way up to me. "Oh, Mr. Semibreve, how good of you to come!" What charming music we've had, hasn't we? I am sure you've enjoyed it." I, who during the day perhaps, have been rehearsing new songs with Mr. Santley and Miss Edith Wynne or trying through a MS. concerto with Joachim—I bow and smile, and say "how very good of you to ask me." (I know what her next question is going to be from long experience).—"Might I?—would you?—you are so very kind you know; it would give us all so much pleasure if you would play us something." I recollect the dangerous effect of the instrumental solo on my quietly-disposed friends, and reply blandly "I have been writing all day and my fingers are so stiff that I could not play two notes to succession." "Oh, I am sure that won't matter in the least from you," says my hostess, with well meaning but doubtful politeness. I bow again and simply decline to play. I am very happy indeed now as my idiosyncrasies are known and respected, but I have had to fight for that social independence which should be the care of an artist. I can many letters and complaints of musical journals about the position that social status of musicians, and I hope my brother artists won't be angry with me, or think me wanting in moderation if I say that whether it is not their own fault if their status is not as good as they would like it to be, whether a man's position for any calling, provided it be respectable, does not depend pretty nearly on himself alone. Music is a fine art, and a noble one, is the highest name of the word, has a noble calling, and one for which he never need blush; therefore, if he respect his calling, he will respect himself, and others will respect him. Don't let us parade the dog, nor, on the other hand, be ashamed of it, and above all, don't let us make our art so cheap and common that people do not care to buy it, but run after other wares. Lady May Phayre once pressed me so rudely to play that I felt bound to give her ladyship a rebuff and said, "My dear Lady May, here is my friend Millard, also an artist. Why don't you ask him to favor a portrait of yourself and some of your family for the amusement of the company he would be gratified. I am sure by having their a compliment paid him." And since then her ladyship has never asked me to any of her musical parties, and there was a coolness between us for some time, but this same she graciously sent me a card for her ball, and I went but myself myself immensely.

There are, however, one or two houses that I frequent where I am only too glad to be allowed to assist at musical evenings. But how different are the whole arrangements! Take the case of my friend Boulton Rae, Q.C., at whose house pleasant, artistic gatherings constantly take place, some of which I enjoy as much as everyone. There many a new work of Gounod has been read through for the first time before it was known in England. I have heard Schumann's songs, Chopin's ballads, new things by Rubinstein, whole works by Schubert, and much else interesting, sung and played, many of which an artist need have been ashamed, and afterwards discussed in a manner that showed how keen were the taste and appreciation of perfection of audiences. But Rae and some two or three others whom I respect are, some fortunately exceptions, and the great mass of London evening parties are—worrisome alike to body and mind. How much pleasanter the person would be if the entertainers had no music, and put "gossip" be the name of their cards. This is a very old idea, and if any enterprising Herbert Lagrange take it up and make a large mass of money out of it, I hope he won't forget to remember the originator.

The word I wished to say to those excellent Indian who give regular concerts at a short cost, but of considerable importance. With all the means at their disposal, with first-rate singers, players, rooms, and audiences, is it a pity they give us nothing but a *rechauffé* of the most worn-out and hackneyed Italian arias and duets? Is there nothing else in the world that our friends would like to hear, and can the artists give them something different? Surely something fresher might be found, than the eternal *Gemm Lodo* and *Semiramide* duets, and I know the folks would enjoy a novelty. As proof—I was at a private concert last season, when Mdlle. Tietjens sang Schumann's ravishing song, "Dichter Liebe," and made an enormous effect with it—those who had never heard it before (and this same happened to be Sylph the evening) thought it the most beautiful song ever written, and so it very nearly is. The great prima donna can paid an exorbitantly that those who engage them would be justified in demanding from them something a little newer than "Il Barbiere" or "Di Peter."

Now I have come to the end of my tether, and have said enough to prove my goodwill for the Editor anthem. I trust, doing his paper very much harm, or injuring the enormous circulation which the second number augurs to have. I have had my grumble, and it has been a great satisfaction to me and a fact. I like it so much that perhaps my Editor will let me have another turn. I am sorry I have no magnificent peroration to finish with, ending is always a difficulty. There is a story told of (I believe) the late Archbishop of Canterbury—(all honour be to the name of such a good man!)—who, having received a deputation, and being unprovided with the customary finishes for the members of it, was at a loss how to get rid of them, as he saw they were expecting the usual hospitality. A happy thought struck him, he pronounced the blessing, and then left the room!

I can't dismiss my readers in the same manner, but instead of apologizing for my superficial style, I will merely say that my Editor told me to write just as I talk. I have done so, and my readers will be able to judge whether in society I am a verbose, heavy old bore, or a charming, sprightly young companion.

A. SEMIBREVE.

VIENNA.—It is definitely determined that the new Opera-house is to be opened with Mozart's *Zauberflöte*, after which the first novelty will be R. Wagner's *Meistersinger von Nürnberg*.

GRATZ.—The season was brought to a close with *Il Trovatore*, in which Signora Pinco was very much applauded as, also, in the duet from *I Puritani* brilliantly sung by her and Signor Fiorini. The orchestra performed the overture to *Semiramide*.

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ORGAN-PLAYING.*

The organ, long expected, has arrived, been unpacked, set up, and gloried over. The great players of the region round about, or of distant celebrity, have, and the grand organ exhibition, and this magnificent instrument has been put through all its paces in a manner which has astonished everyone, and, if it had had a conscious existence, must have surprised the organ itself most of all. It has piped, fluted, trumpeted, levyed, thundered; it has played so loud that everybody was deafened, and so soft that nobody could hear. The pedals played for thunder, the dolce languished and coquetted, and the swell died away in delicious suffocation. Him one singing a sweet song under the bedclothes. Now it leads down a stupendous waltz with full bass, sounding very much as if, in summer, a thunder-storm should play above our heads. "Come, haste the wedding" or "Maryanne." Then come marches, gallops, and horripipes. An organ playing horripipes ought to have elephants for dancers.

At length a fugue is to show the whole scope and power of the instrument. The theme, like a cautious rat, peeps out to see if the coast is clear, and, after a few hesitations, comes forth and begins to frisk a little, and run up and down to see what it can find. It finds just what it did not want, a purring tenor lying in ambush, and waiting for a spring; and as the theme comes to continually near, the tenor cat, if a tenor pitcher at it, moves its hold, and then takes fire it with terrible outcry. But the tenor has miscalculated the agility of the theme. All that it could do, with the most desperate effort, was to keep the theme from running back into its hole again, and as they ran up and down, around and around, dodging, shuding, slipping in and out of every corner and nook, till the whole organ was aroused, and the bass began to take part, has unluckily slipped and rolled down stairs, and lay at the bottom raving and growling in the most awful manner, and nothing could appease it. Sometimes the theme was caught by one part, and handled for a moment, when, with a snatch, another part took it and ran off, instant, until, whenever the same track was played on it, and finally, all the parts being greatly aroused in mind, began to chase each other promiscuously in and out, up and down, now separating and now rushing in full hit together, until everything in the organ loses patience, and all the "stops" are drawn, and, in spite of all that the brave organist could do—who flew chase and hobbled up and down, feet, hands, head, and all—the runs broke up into a real row, and every part was stabbing each other one, most at length, patience being no longer a virtue, the organist with two or three terrific crashes put an end to the riot, and brought the great organ back to silence.

Then came congratulations. The organist shook hands with the builder, and the ladies shook hands with the organist, and both of them shook hands with the committee, and the young men who thought it their duty to know something about music looked wise, and the young ladies looked wise too, and the musicians looked silly, and the parishioners generally looked stupid, and all agreed that there never was such an organ—no, never. And the builder assured the committee that he had done a little more than the contract stipulated, for he was very anxious to have a good organ in *that* church! And the wise men of the committee talked significantly of what a treasure they had got. The sexton gave a second look at the furnace, lest the church should take it into its head, now of all times, to burn up, and he gave the key an extra twist to the lock lest some thief should run off with the organ.

And now, who shall play the organ? is the question. And in the end, who has not played it? First, perhaps, a lady who teaches music is exalted to the responsibility. Her taste is cultivated, her nerves are fine, her muscles feeble, her courage small, and her fear great. She touches the great organ, all the while a trembling worshipper, fearing to arouse some terrible deity. All the mock stops are used, but none of the terrible sound, and the great instrument is made to walk in velvet slippers every Sabbath, and after each strain the organ humbly repeats the last strain in the tune. The instrument is quite subdued. It is the modern exemplification of Ariadne riding safely on a tamed leopard. But few women have strength for the mechanical power. It ought not to be so. Woman might to have better health, more muscle, more power, and, one of these days, doubtless will have.

Next, an amateur player is powerful, who was said to have exquisite taste and finished execution. A few pieces for the organ he knew by heart, a pretty way of varying a theme, a sentimental feeling, and reasonable correctness in accompaniment.

Next, an organist, who believed that all this small playing, this pretty sweetness, was a disgrace to the powers of the instrument. He meant to lead forth the long, pent spirit, and accordingly took for his first theme the Deluge, and the audience had it poured upon them in every conceivable form—wind, rain, floods, thunder, lightning, with all the pronounced stops, which are put in all large organs to produce a screeching brilliancy, full drawn, in ignoble, universal misery, and to produce it. That man gave the church their full money's worth. He flooded the house. The voices of the choir were like birds shrieking in a thunder-storm. He and heard that the singing of a congregation should be borne up upon the music of the organ, and, as it were, floated, and he seemed to be singing, in the most part, in provision full Atlantic ocean, for the slender choir to make its stormy voyage upon.

A fortunate quarrel disposed of him, and the organ went back to the tender performer. But before long a wonderful man was called, whose fame, as he related it, was marvellous. He could do anything—play anything. If one style did not suit, just give him a hint, and he would take on another. He could give you opera, ecclesiastical music, stately symphony of Beethoven, the brilliant fripperies of Verdi, the solemn and simple grandeur of Handel, or the last waltz, the most popular song (suitably converted for the purpose)—anything, in short. The church must surely be hard to please, if he could not suit them. He opened his organ, as a pedlar opens his tin boxes, and displaying all his wares, says "Now, what do you want? Here is a little of almost everything!"

He took his turn. Then came a young man of a true and deep nature, to whom music was simply a symbol of something higher, a language which in itself is but little, but a glorious thing when laden with the sentiments and thoughts of a great heart. But he was not a Christian man, and the organ was not to him a Christian instrument, but simply a grand Gothic instrument, to be searched, just as a Protestant would study a cathedral, in the same spirit of architecture, and not at all in sympathy with its religious signification or use. And before long he went abroad to perfect himself in his musical studies. But not till a most lamentable event befell him. On a Christmas-day a great performance was to be given. The Church was full. All were unusually expectant. It had been given out that something might be expected. And surely something was had a little more than was expected. For, when every stop was drawn, that the opening might be with a sublime choral effect, the down-pressing of his hands brought forth not only the full expected chord, but also a cat, that by some strange chance had got into the organ. She went up over the top as if gunpowder and helped but. Down she plunged into the choir, took the track around the front bulwark of the gallery, until opposite the pulpit, whence she dashed down one of the supporting columns, made for the broad aisle, where a little dog joined in the affray, and both went down toward the street door at an astonishing pace. Our organist, who, on the first appearance of this element in his piece, stretched back his hands, had forgotten to relax his muscles, and was to be seen following the cat with his eyes, with his head turned, while his astonished hands stood straight out before him, rigid as marble!

But in all these vicissitudes, and in all this long series of players, good playing has been the accident, while the thing meant and attempted has been in the main a perversion of music, a breaking of the Sabbath-day, and a religious nuisance. The only alleviation is the one was, that the general spectator of the proper function of church-music saved the Christian congregation from feeling what an outrage they had suffered. But we must try this topic once more before we can get it fairly finished.

* From Sermon in the Sun by the Rev. H. W. Beecher.

CAVEAT EMPTOR.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

Sir,—Will you allow us to expose in your columns an imposture which is being practised on the musical profession and trade? It appears that a man giving the name of "Johnson" has been calling at the houses of various artists and others, and has obtained small sums of money from them supposed to be in payment for copies of the *Musical Directory*. In most cases he has succeeded in extracting a "bob" for insertion of their names. We charge no such fee, know nothing of such a person, and shall be under considerable obligation to any one who will, when he makes his appearance, give him into the custody of the nearest policeman, and communicate with us.—We are, Sir, your obedient servants,

RUDALL, ROSE, CARTE, & CO.,
Publishers of the "Musical Directory, Register, and Almanack."

Rotterdam.—Herr Rosch's *Lorelei* has been produced by the German operatic company, but has not met with any very great success.—The programme of the first Soirée for Chamber Music given by Herren Lange, Jun., Wirth, etc., included the following works: D minor Quartet, Haydn; Pianoforte Quartet, Schumann; Violin Sonata in A major, Handel; and Impromptus, Lange.

Milan.—Sig. Filippo Marchetti has arrived to superintend the rehearsals of his opera *Ruy Blas*, which is to be produced during the approaching Carnival.—The *Gazzetta Musicale* gives a formal denial to the assertion made in certain Paris papers that Sig. Verdi is engaged on a new opera, entitled *Giulietta e Romeo*. It says that there is not a single word of truth in the whole assertion from beginning to end.

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CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The concert on Saturday afternoon was in several respects interesting. It began with the overture to *Prometheus* and ended with the overture to *Tannhäuser*. The former all music, the latter all noise, but each so marvellously well executed as to encourage a belief that Mr. Manns and his followers thought just as highly of Wagner as of Beethoven—of the arch-enemy of music as of its high priest elect. Of course, the members of the orchestra have nothing to do but to play that which is put down for them. Mr. Manns, however on more than one occasion, has introduced the overture to *Tannhäuser* in his programmes, and thereby laid himself open to a charge of high-treason against the majesty of art. He pretends, and justly pretends, to have accomplished a great deal of good through his management of the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts, and indeed his claims have been frequently acknowledged in such unequivocal terms of praise as are awarded to few enjoying so high a position than that of a couple "conductor-master." Nevertheless Mr. Manns should be reminded that beginning with Wagner means going on with Wagner or else it means nothing at all. Now it is which we can hardly doubt, he has carefully perused the score of the Munich opera, *Tristan und Isolde*, he must be aware that in that remarkable work, according to the declarations of Herr Wagner himself and Herr Wagner is most turbulent partisan, the Wagnerian theory is for the first time perfectly developed. Why, then, not plunge at once into *Tristan*, instead of eternally standing on the threshold of the temple—in other words, perpetually bringing forward the infantile *Tannhäuser* as though as *Tannhäuser* was unfolded the entire Wagner? The so-called "march" from the latest Munich revelation, the *Meistersinger von Nürnberg* (a "comic opera" according to Wagner), produced by Mr. Manns for concerts ago, amounts for little or nothing, being of far less importance than even the oft-cited bridal scene from *Lohengrin*. What the Wagnerians desire is the whole Wagner and nothing less. There are some, Herr Wagner himself and his enthusiastic patron Abbé Liszt, among the rest, who believe that from the point at which Beethoven left off—say from the ninth symphony, the second mass, the last quartets &c.—Herr Wagner virtually starts, and that had Beethoven lived to make further advances, he would have proceeded in the same direction. If this were true, musicians might take more consolation for the loss of that tenth great symphony which the giant of music had projected. But it is altogether false, and to know anything about Beethoven is to know that Beethoven would never have tolerated the doctrines set forth by Herr Wagner and promulgated so indistinctly and obstreperously by his disciples. It was enough to hear the overtures to *Prometheus* and *Tannhäuser* one after the other on Saturday to convince any one with ears attached to harmony that, instead of marching onward from the latest works of Beethoven, the motion of the *Art-music of the future* was immeasurably in the rear of and a thousand ill-omened conceivable chance, at any period, however remote, of catching up the earliest. *Prometheus* ideas in a mature exhibiting all the strength, concreteness, and symmetry of form in which Mozart supremely excelled with them and there, a bold passage already foreshadowing the Beethoven now unanimously hailed as the most original of all musicians; while the overture to *Tannhäuser* at the best, is but patchwork music, not less empty than loud and pretentious. It is the bounden duty of those who, caring for the welfare of music, have the cause of addressing the public to protest, when occasion offers, against the encouragement of anything so utterly wrong in art and so fatal in its most serious interests as that which is exemplified by the writings of Herr Wagner. Mr. Manns, we are aware, is—putting Italian and French art aside—an eclectic; but even in German art a line should be drawn somewhere.

As the concert on Saturday was the twelfth and last of the first series for 1868-9 (of which happily, yet fourteen more remain to be given), we subjoin the programme in *extenso*:—

Overture (*Prometheus*)	Beethoven.
Song, "Hail great Apollo" (*Guitar of Athens*)	Beethoven.
Music to the *Tempest*	A. S. Sullivan.
Song, "Love and Arms" (*Rinaldo*)	Handel.
The Song of Miriam	Schubert.
Aria, "Il mio tesoro"	Pacini.
Part-Song, "Hear gentle sly"	Bishop.
Overture (*Tannhäuser*)	Wagner.

Nothing could more appropriately have succeeded the overture of Beethoven than the song from a work written by the same composer ten years later. This song for *Die Geschöpfe des Prometheus* was produced in 1801, the same year as the "Pastoral Sonata" and the famous trio quintet in C minor for *Die Ruinen von Athen* belongs to 1811 when the year of *Konig Stephan* in the *Ruinen von Athen*, which preceded by a very short time the great orchestral symphony in A (No. 7) we find its author entirely free from the influence of the illustrious predecessors—Haydn and Mozart. In fact it was produced to the same "music" that is termed the "second period." The song is carefully given by Pauline Pohl in an excellent specimen of the work, and could not but be welcome to the lovers of Beethoven.

Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan's music to the *Tempest* of Shakspere came back to us as fresh and attractive as when it was first heard. As point followed point from the opening orchestral prelude to the end, it was pleasant to be able to feel that the praises lavished some years since on this first important production of the young composer had not been indiscriminate. To deny that in writing his *Tempest* Mr. Sullivan was considerably influenced by Mendelssohn's music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* would serve no purpose. Such is unquestionably the truth, but deeply impressed as he must have been with that admirable bound he successfully avoided plagiarism. In short he respected his model so much that he would not appropriate a bar of it. What therefore we add that he has produced a work which, notwithstanding the imitations by German composers, &c. during twenty years and more is worthier of score after *A Midsummer Night's Dream* than any other we could name, we are paying Mr. Sullivan a very high though we sincerely believe, a thoroughly well-merited compliment. The orchestral preludes to Acts I. 3 4 and 5 have each a distinctive character and each a marked interest; all the incidental music, while the dialogue goes on, is delicately imagined and delicately wrought; not the dances are pegnant, melodious, and fulfil a gorous life; and it is difficult to award a preference to either the "Banquet Dance," so quaint and sparkling or to the "Dance of Nymphs and Reapers"—though to the last, which for its salient and spontaneous qualities is quite equal to the other, may, if only on account of its more varied and extended design be justly given the palm. It is held by some that where Mr. Sullivan has been least successful is in the setting of Ariel's songs. This may be so, but we confess our inability to recognise it. According to our own impression, they are each and all "Come unto these yellow sands," "Full fathom five," and "Where the bee sucks," deeply felt and happily illustrated—and this, not forgetting how one young composer had to fight against the reasonable prejudices in favour of those truly English songs for which we are indebted to Purcell, Arne &c. That Mr. Sullivan has looked at his task from the Mendelssohnian point than from a bias would be regarded as the national point of view is undoubted, but as the most Shakspearian music in existence is universally allowed to be the music composed by Mendelssohn for *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and as the *Tempest* appertains incontestably to the same order of play, we cannot see that Mr. Sullivan is to be blamed. Fine as are their melodies, what Purcell and Arne produced compared as mere art-work with what Mendelssohn produced, is, it will hardly be denied, of small pretension. And then the resources of the modern orchestra, which, in the musical illustration of such subjects can be employed to such rich purpose, were no more likely to be disregarded by an aspiring Englishman than by the most imaginative of Germans. Apart from all these considerations, however, the music to the *Tempest* is quite too fine and to the other and every one must have been delighted to listen to it again. The performance, on the whole, was good though in some instances it might have been better. The orchestra was very nearly perfect, the chorus efficient in the very little that is assigned to it, and the two singers Misses Banks and Fanny Armytage, &c. their very best. The audience, unanimously pleased were liberal with their applause, while at the conclusion of the first part of the "Banquet Dance" was so protracted that Mr. Manns was compelled to stop the orchestra and briefly remind them that, after a few bars of slow interlude, the "Dance" would come on again in a manner of notice. Those previously familiar with the music (and they were not a few) were considerably diverted with this too precipitate demonstration of approval.

Schubert's "*Song of Miriam*," not to a cantata by the poet Grillparzer is interesting as one of those works composed in 1828 the year that deprived the musical art of a genius only second to the genius who had been snatched away a year earlier (Beethoven). It is a pity that "*Miriam*" should have been left by its composer without anything more than a pianoforte accompaniment; for of all audacious musicians Herr Franz Lachner who has scored the accompaniments to the orchestra, was, perhaps the least likely to enter quite sympathetically into Schubert's ideas and then Schubert's own manner of orchestration was so individual so his own manner of composing and so entirely original. Nevertheless the cantata contains too much that is beautiful not to disarm criticism built upon comparatively subordinate objections. It is written throughout for soprano solo and chorus. The subject we need scarcely say, is that of Handel's *Saulo*, though confined to the single incident of the passage of the Red Sea, which Miriam and her companions celebrated with prayers and thanksgivings to their Almighty Deliverer. We have left ourselves no space to describe this cantata at length; but, as its second performance was not only much better, but much more warmly appreciated than the first, and as it is short, extremely effective, and full of unmistakable beauties, we are likely to have more than one occasion of recurring to it. For moreover it must possess a special value, as containing some of the fruits of those contrapuntal studies to which poor Schubert had betaken himself so late in the period of his brief and sad career. The solo part this time was sustained by

Miss Banks, in lieu of Madmen Lemmens-Sherrington, and to the credit of Miss Banks, be it added, she gave an cause to regret the absence of her more experienced predecessor.

That the air from Handel's *Semele* was allotted to Signor Foli will be readily understood. The Italian cavatina fell to the share of Miss Arnytage. Bishop's familiar part song, admirably given by the choir, was encored and repeated. Bishop, at the same time, has left far better things than this hackneyed and commonplace trifle.

In the course of twelve concerts, the first of which was held on the 31st. of October, we have had the *Eroica* and B flat symphonies of Beethoven, the "Surprise" symphony of Haydn, and the "Parisian" of Mozart, the "Italian" and "Scotch" symphonies of Mendelssohn, Schubert's unfinished symphony in B minor, with his previously unknown one in C major No. 6, and Schumann's No. 3 in E flat. The "Surprise" of Haydn, the No. 6 of Schubert, and the No. 3 of Schumann, as our readers have already been informed, were played for the first time at the Crystal Palace. The symphony of Haydn made every one wish for more from the same inexhaustible store; that of Schubert has put the musical public under a fresh obligation to the spirited directors of the Crystal Palace Company, and to Messrs. G. Grove and A. Manns, their indefatigable representatives in all such matters; while that of Schumann found many admirers, and has advanced the cause of its composer's one step. Among the overtures and other shorter instrumental pieces there have been several novelties, but only one—Herr Ferdinand Hiller's "Concert-overture" No. 2—of any real value; Herr Volkmann's *Fest-overture* being but a dry affair. Herr Reinicke's prelude to *King Manfred* a mere question of "intervals" ("*seconds*") and the march from Herr Wagner's *Meistersinger* a mystery to the uninitiated. Five of Weber's overtures, three of Beethoven's (including the sublime *Coriolan*), four of Mendelssohn's (including the even more welcome "Trumpet Overture"), one by Mozart, one by Auber, one by Schumann (*Genoveva*), and five by Rossini, have been played. Then in the way of choral music, besides the *Song of Miriam*, we have had (first time) Beethoven's magnificently dramatic *Mount of Olives*, the same composer's Choral Fantasia, and Mendelssohn's *Loreley*, comprising, not only the *finale* and the "Ave Maria," but the "Vintagers Chorus," another cause for regret that an opera promising so richly should have been left unfinished. Even now we have left untold the instrumental solos, the novelties among which were Mendelssohn's duet for clarionet and corno di bassetto (posthumous—still in MS.), Hiller's sonata in B flat, and Bach's great G minor pedal fugue—the first and only instalments of the promised organ performances. Into a retrospect of the vocal music at each of the twelve concerts we do not possibly enter, nor would such a retrospect be likely to meet with many readers, supposing it made. But enough has been said to show that the Crystal Palace Concerts are going on as usual, and maintaining their position as the foremost entertainments of their kind in the country. They begin again on the 16th of January 1869 when Mendelssohn's "Reformation Symphony" is to be repeated, and Herr Joachim is to play Beethoven's violin concerto.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

A concert was given on the 19th inst., at the Horns Assembly Rooms, Kennington Park, for the benefit of the widow of the late Mr. Robert Topliff, composer of "Consider the Lilies," &c., many years organist of Trinity Church, Newington. There was a full audience, which was no more than might have been expected considering the many artists of high standing announced to appear. The promise held out of a musical treat was scarcely realised, the programme being found to consist in great part of common-place songs and ballads by third-rate composers. Amongst others, Madame Talbot-Cherer, Miss Poole, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, Herr Carl Stepan, Mr. W. Carter (who conducted), Mr. J. B. Chatterton, Mr. Chas. Lester, Mdlle. Marie Gendi, and Miss Palmer gave their assistance.

The Brixton Amateur Musical Society's second private concert took place last week in presence of a numerous audience. The chief item in the programme, Mozart's D major Symphony (No. 2), was well played by the well trained orchestra. Its reception was however scarcely fair on the side. The other orchestral pieces were the overtures to *Die Zauberflöte*, *Zampa*, and H. Toms's "Melodia Religiosa," the violin solo in which was very carefully played by Mr. Spiller the leader. The singers were Mr. J. N. Frye, baritone, and Miss Annie Edmonds, whose pleasing voice and expressive style gained the good opinion of all. The lady sang Haydn's canzonet, "My mother bids me bind my hair," "Should he upbraid," and Dr. Arne's delightful old ballad "When daisies pied." An encore was imperatively demanded for Bishop's song, and Miss Edmonds returned and sang "Love has eyes." Mr. H. West Hill conducted and Mr. J. Harrison accompanied. The "Reformation Symphony" is promised for the next concert, in January.

NATIONALITY IN VOICES.

At the ordinary meeting of the Anthropological Society of London, held on the 16th December Dr. James Hunt, president, in the chair, Sir Duncan Gibb, Bart., vice-president, read a paper "On the Character of the Voice in the Nations of Asia and Africa, contrasted with that in the Nations of Europe," of which the following is an abstract.—The subject was quite new and difficult to handle, been the comparatively few facts bearing upon it; the author however trusted to these and to his general experience in the elucidation. The voice of the Chinese and Japanese was of low power, feeble compass, and whining in its tone, possessing at times a sort of metallic twang. Among the natives of Tartary, Thibet, and Mongolia, the voice was stronger, louder, more powerful, yet still partaking of the metallic twang; the female voice was not inferior in power to that of the male sex. The metallic and deafening tones of the voice in these peoples were a well-marked and distinctive peculiarity. In India and Burmah the voice was generally soft and very feminine, not so powerful as shrill; the natives of the hills had a more robust voice than those in the plains, the form as possessing a somewhat metallic twang. And the latter a plaintive and whining tone. In Africa, the negro was taken as the type, whose larynx was of a medium proportions between the Chinese and Tartars, but differed from all other races of mankind in certain peculiarities, which the author described. The negro wanted vocal power in whatever part of the world he was placed, but possessed the elements of a bellowing or roaring voice—a deafening, noisy sound without harmony or distinctness. In speaking the voice was smooth and harmonious, or rough and husky. Considered generally the various nations of Europe possessed strong, powerful, sonorous, and clear voices; variations as to character and tone might and did exist but, as a rule, they all agreed in power, full compass, range, clearness, and loudness of sound. The German had the most powerful voice in Europe for reasons which the author gave; but in strength of voice he must yield to the Tartar who, without exception, has the most powerful voice in the world. The condition of the larynx with length of the vocal chords, and other circumstances bearing on the subject in the various nations of the three great continents were considered, and the reasons given for the general conclusions arrived at. The following gentlemen took part in the discussion: Mr. L. Owen Pike, Dr. Carter Blake, Dr. Roden, Mr. Mackenzie, Dr. Charnock, Mr. Allen, Rev. Dunbar Heath, Dr. Campbell, Dr. King.

ORGAN NEWS.

The following is the specification of Messrs. Bryceson Brothers & Co.'s Electric Organ just erected in Christ Church, Camberwell. It will be remembered that a portion of the instrument was used at the Gloucester Festival:—

Swell Organ—CC to G.

	Pipes.	Ft.		Pipes.	Ft.
1. Bourdon (wood)	56	16	4. Principal (metal)	56	4
2. Open Diapason (wood and metal)	56	8	5. Echo Cornet, 3 ranks (metal)	168	
3. Lieblich Bordon (wood)	56	8	6. Cornopean (metal)	56	8
			7. Oboe and Bassoon (metal)	56	8

Choir Organ—CC to G.

1. Open Diapason (metal)	56	8	4. Twelfth (metal)	56	2
2. Hohl Flöte (wood)	56	8	5. Fifteenth (metal)	56	2
3. Salicional (wood and metal)	56	8	6. In 3 Mixture 3 ranks (metal)	168	
4. Principal (metal)	56	4	7. Trumpet (metal)	56	8
5. Flute (wood)	56	4	8. Clarion (metal)	56	4

Pedal Organ—CCC to E.

1. Open Diapason (wood)	30	16	2. Violone (wood)	30	16

Couplers.

1. Super Swell to Great.
2. Sub Swell to Great.
3. Swell to Great.
4. Swell to Pedals.
5. Great to Pedals.

Summary.

	Stops.	Pipes.
Swell Organ	7	504
Great Organ	10	616
Pedal Organ	2	54
Couplers	5	
Tremulant	1	
	25	1174

Three Combination Pedals to Swell. Three Ditto to Great Organ.

This organ is constructed for a chamber above the vestry on the south side of the chancel, but the organist will sit with the choir in the stalls and play the organ through a cable of insulated wires passing beneath the floor and measuring some fifty feet in length. The largest pipes are grouped beneath an arch, and richly decorated with gold and colours upon the bright metal.

Vienna.—The Teatro San Benedetto, for which Rossini composed *I Italiani in Algieri* and *Edoardo e Cristina* is in future to be named the Teatro Rossini.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

SIXTH CONCERT OF THE ELEVENTH SEASON.

MONDAY EVENING JANUARY 4TH 1869

To commence at Eight o'clock.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

QUARTET, in C major, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. ROSE, ALBERT SIDDONS, and PIATTI ... *Mozart.*

SONG, "I know a bank"—Miss ELENA WEST ... *Bennett.*

SONATA, in D major, Op. 53, for Pianoforte alone—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD ... *Schubert.*

PART II.

SONATA, in G, Op. 96, for Pianoforte and Violin—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD and HERR JOACHIM ... *Beethoven.*

SONG, "[illegible]"—Miss ELENA WEST ... *Arthur Sullivan.*

QUARTET, in D flat, Op. 44, No. 1, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. ROSE, HENRY SIDDONS, and PIATTI ... *Spohr.*

CONDUCTOR MR. BENEDICT

FIRST MORNING PERFORMANCE,

SATURDAY, JANUARY 23RD, 1869

To commence at Three o'clock.

PROGRAMME.

QUINTET, in G minor, for two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. ROSE, HENRY SIDDONS, PRAUSNITZ, and PIATTI ... *Mozart.*

SONG, "[illegible]"—Madame SIMPSON DUCHY ... *Handel.*

SONATA PASTORALE, in D major, Op. 28, for Pianoforte alone—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD ... *Beethoven.*

SONG, "A year ago"—Madame SIMPSON DUCHY ... *Rubinstein.*

TRIO, in D minor, Op. 49, No. 1, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, HERR JOACHIM, and Signor PIATTI ... *Mendelssohn.*

CONDUCTOR MR. BENEDICT

Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. To be had of Cramer, 201, Regent Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; and of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

N.B.—*The Entrance to the Orchestra will be closed, by the Order of the Police, to all persons not provided with Tickets.*

L'Instant de Palmerin & Mlle Elise de Ray Florentine de Montbrun (Or La Belle Etoile, Olympia, Empress Eugenie Gaspie) by Jean Wangin, at le Petit Inquiet. A perfect copy of this extremely rare Romance is to be sold for Forty Guineas.

Enquire of Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

DEATHS.

On Monday the 21st inst., Mr John Simson of 266 Regent Street, aged 73.

On the 22nd inst., at 20, Cork Street, Burlington Gardens, Eliza Jane Jewell, formerly of Newport, Isle of Wight aged 81.

NOTICE.

The Musical World *will henceforth be published on* Friday, *in time for the evening mails. Country subscribers will therefore receive their copies on Saturday morning. In consequence of this change, it is urgently requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday, otherwise they will be too late for insertion in the current number.*

To Advertisers.—*The Office of the* Musical World *is at Messrs* Duncan Davison & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock* P.M. *on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World,

LONDON: SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1868.

TO THE READER—SPECIAL.

THE present number completes the forty-sixth volume of this journal and the thirty-second year of its life. The *Musical World*—therefore has outlasted a generation. Its retrospect is full of interest. How many things and men have come and gone; how many enterprises have started and failed; and what changes have taken place since the issue of its first number. That modest sheet is now before us, and a look through its pages is like reading an obituary. Even the journal itself in its true form and as then published, edited, and priced, has passed away. On the eighteenth day of March 1836 Mr J. Alfred Novello offered to the public sixteen pages (demy-octavo) of printed matter for threepence, and thus "*The Musical World*, a Weekly Record of Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence," was ushered into being. On the first of those pages is the name of a dead and gone celebrity; Samuel Wesley having let off with a "Sketch of the State of Music in England from the year 17[illegible] up to the Present." Thence onward we read little save epitaphs. Mr Cornelius Field's Concerts, Quartet Concerts, and Chamber Concerts (all dead); a concert of the (dead) order called Ancient, directed by a (dead) Archbishop of York; Vocal Concerts (dead) attended by the (dead) Duchess of Kent—these are the things recorded in the list of current events. More of a like sort follows. We are told of doings at the "Kings Theatre" by Colonel Corti and Carlingeneva, whose names most of our readers see now for the first time. We are told also that Spohr will visit England this year, and that a great musician—one Mendelssohn in point of fact—is putting the last touch to his sacred oratorio of *The Conversion of St Paul*," a work described as "in the severe Handelian school." Lastly, we come upon certain announcements of an opera just previously brought out in Paris, afterwards to be known everywhere as *The Huguenots*. Then follow five pages and a half of advertisements, a good deal of which is now as interesting as anything else in the number. *Sic transit* indeed, and of a truth.

The *Musical World* came just in time to witness and record the popularization of music. By the same movement it may also have profited, if the reception given to No. 1 be any criterion. That fortunate sheet ran through two editions—a happy augury of the vitality which is strong in it even after the wear and tear of forty-six volumes. In the dissemination of musical knowledge and taste among the masses this journal took an active part. It had a share in transforming music from a luxury into a necessity, from the plaything of the few into the comfort and solace of the many. What an amount of work and resulting success its pages record. Reading, then one sees again "the little one become a nation, and the small one a strong city." Its earliest pages tell of embryo festivals in Exeter Hall, and its latest of giant gatherings in the Crystal Palace, where each "part" is a brigade, and the whole chorus an army. Between these two extremes lie more than thirty years of effort. We are entitled therefore, to claim a position unique among English musical journals. Our contemporaries can only say, "Others have laboured, and we have entered into their labours."

But if the *Musical World* has had its serious task, it has also had its "little game," which, by the way, was not without a purpose. It shot folly flying with arrows winged by Folly's own plume—often the surest way to hit the mark. Few journals ever possessed sportsmen with keener eye or more unerring aim. From the immortal Mr Owen Ap Hutton and his chief representative, Dr Shoe, down to Sweeper O'Corby and company, they were as skilful in a battue as in the stalkers patient art, unequalled in both. If those gentlemen now rest awhile from their labours (Dr Silent excepted—he is irreponsible) it is because, with pardonable vanity they believe that ridicule has in great measure banished the ridiculous. But let not Folly's children presume upon their retirement. The Mutonian weapons are not, like Excalibur, buried in certain fathoms in the earth. At a word they can be again brought into use, and the word will be spoken whenever need may arise.

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Prussian as to the future are rash, and we avoid them. We may, however, invite the co-operation of our readers in making the *Musical World* a complete epitome of intelligence. We seek correspondents everywhere where anything worth recording is done. These forthcoming nothing shall be wanting on our part to secure for the oldest of English musical journals the enviable distinction of being the best.

IT has been determined to hold the Norwich Festival as usual next year. A good many complaints were made in connexion with the last (1866). Sufficient accommodation had not, it appears, been provided for members of the Press, and one of the London reporters stated that while the arrangements for the Festival were being discussed beforehand a motion was preferred not to exclude journalists altogether, which would have been foolish as well as illiberal, but simply to make them pay for their admission. Ultimately a compromise was resorted to. It was decided to give them unhappy men places, but not good ones, and, whether as the result of a formal resolution or from mere carelessness, there was nothing on the usual cards to show that the bearers were entitled to any places at all. Vague and meaningless as a general invitation, they gave authority to go anywhere which practically signified nowhere. Nothing could exceed the politeness and attention of those stewards who were applied to personally for seats; only seats which, under a proper system, ought to have been reserved were not reserved. Then as to composers, the rule in England is to allow absolutely nothing for the right of producing new music, and the directors of the Norwich Festival were not the men to violate so wholesome a regulation. They even took a step in a contrary direction. Thus, they refused Mr Sullivan a couple of tickets on the night that his new overture was to be performed, and were in consequence, compelled to allow Mr Costa to pay for a seat, although his oratorio, *Ancient*, was one of the attractions of the Festival. Much however if not all of this was owing to the great inconvenience attached to the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales, for whose accommodation the Festival had been postponed from early September to the last days in October and beginning of November. In 1869 the Festival will be held, as time out of mind, in September, the week after the Festival at Worcester.

O LOVE! O MINE!

O Love! O Mine! this love of ours
  We bid no earthly words reveal,
No marriage vows, no symbol flowers,
  The toys of those who think they feel.
For we have seen the holy light
  Upleaping in each other's eyes
And known what throb of sudden night
  Has made that mystic signal rise.

But every heart that dares rejoice
  Will sometimes pour its music free,
And thus how joy at hear the voice
  Of one who owns all joy to thee.
Then take this song, 'tis I but repeat
  I you, I you, and yours joyous lays
O Love! O Mine! thou'lt find it sweet
  For only meaning I on thee.

[The above graceful stanzas set to music in a congenial spirit by Mr Frederick Clay are published in *Once a Week*, the Christmas number of *Once a Week*, which serial, under the vigilant and admirable editorship of Mr E. S. Dallas, has risen higher in public estimation than it ever stood before. "O Love! O Mine!" is from the accomplished pen of Mr Shirley Brooks.—Ed. *M. W.*]

Cologne.—Weber's *Preciosa* was performed the other day, for the hundredth time in this town.

PROVINCIAL.

We read the following in the *Kentish Mercury* of Saturday the 19th inst.:—

"Mr Alfred Baylis (the young English tenor) gave a concert at the Alexandra Hall, Blackheath, on Friday week, which drew together a large and appreciative audience. Mr Baylis selected Beethoven's 'Adelaida,' 'The Snow has a kiss' (Sullivan), and a new ballad 'My Soul is dark' (Chatterton). In all of which he displayed, to the enjoyment of his audience, great control over a remarkably rich, pure, and sympathetic tenor voice, cultivated in the highest degree by careful study and practice. In the last phrase of Beethoven's song, Mr Baylis produced without the least effort, the high A from the chest, which called forth loud and deserved applause. Mr Baylis was also unanimously encored in 'My Soul is dark,' and Verdi's 'La donna è mobile.' Miss Elena Angela took part in two duets with Mr Baylis, 'The Sailor sighs,' and 'One Word,' which gave general satisfaction. Mr Chatterton (harpist to the Queen) and Mr O'Leary were the instrumentalists, the former obtaining an encore. The concert was in every way a great success, and Mr Baylis will be a genuine acquisition to our list of English tenors."

On Friday and Saturday last Miss Louisa Pyne's Opera Company gave two farewell performances in the Concert Hall, Malvern, to large and fashionable audiences. On Friday evening they produced *Poor as Job* and *The Treasure found by Lantern Light*. The singing and acting of Miss Pyne, Mr Beverley, Mr F. Cullin, Miss Joscelyn and Miss Susan Pyne were all that could be desired, and Miss Louisa Pyne's singing of Rode's celebrated air with variations was excellent. The performers were frequently applauded. On Saturday a ballad concert was equally successful.

Rawtenstall.—A correspondent sends us the following:—

"On Wednesday evening, at a Rawtenstall Choral Union commenced their fourth season by introducing Handel's *Judas Maccabæus*. The principal vocalists were Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Meenan, Mr Nelson Varley, and Mr Brandon, and Mons. Lemmens presided at the organ. The performance passed off successfully. It was a musical treat highly creditable to all parties concerned. Madame Sherrington sang every piece allotted to her in excellent style. Her rendering of 'Pious orgies,' 'From mighty kings,' 'Ah! wretched Israel,' and 'So shall the lute,' secured for her the hearty and well-deserved applause of the audience. Madame Meenan sang 'Wild zara and precious,' Mr Nelson Varley's 'Call forth thy powers,' 'How vain is man,' and 'Sound an alarm!' were given with remarkable spirit. The last received an encore. Mr Brandon fully sustained his reputation. The chorus was well trained, and fully justified their reputation as the best chorus that ever existed in Rossendale, and we understand that the principals expressed gratification and surprise at the manner in which they acquitted themselves. The concert was a perfect success."

Hull.—The first performances of the Harmonic Society took place last Friday in the Music Hall, Jarratt Street. *Alexander's Feast* was the cantata chosen for the occasion, and a miscellaneous selection followed. The cantata was given through in a creditable manner. The artists were Miss Anna Hiles, Mr Burlin, and Mr Brandon. Miss Hiles was in capital voice and sang in her best manner. She was obliged to repeat Bishop's "Echo Song," in which she was well accompanied by Mr Hay (flute *obligato*). Mr Brandon's fine baritone voice was heard to advantage in Benedict's "Huge, thou angry Storm" (encored), and the performance altogether gave satisfaction.

Manchester.—A correspondent writes:—

"Mrs. John Macfarren's pianoforte and vocal recital at the Corn Exchange, on Tuesday December 15th attracted an audience, despite the tempestuous state of the weather, of more than 800 persons. The fair performer played Beethoven's *Sonata Pathétique*, a Rondo of Weber's, a session from Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words," Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith," and as specimens of the *bravura* style, a grand fantasia of Prudent's and three attractive pieces by Jules Brissac—*Spinning*, "Long ago," *caprice*, "The Butterfly," and a brilliant "Fantasia on Welsh Melodies." Miss Robertine Henderson sang Bossini's "Una voce poco fa," Benedict's "Love us to sleep," Arthur Sullivan's "Will he come?" and G. A. Macfarren's "Late, so late," the last two of which she had to repeat.

Florence.—A new opera, entitled *King Guy*, the music by Herr Ehrlich, has been successfully produced.

Brussels.—M. Auber's *Premier Jour de Bonheur* is still being played at the Théâtre de la Monnaie.—Herr Ludwig Strauss is announced to appear shortly at the Concerts Populaires.

COLONIAL.

GRAHAMSTOWN.—A grand Festival Service was given in St. George's Cathedral on November 12th, from an account of which in the local journal we abridge as follows:—

"Last evening, selections from the *Elijah* were given with marked success in St. George's Cathedral. The musical arrangements were made by Mr. Barratt, choir-master, who acted as organist, the Dean taking his place as conductor. The leading singers engaged were Miss Hirst, soprano, Madame Leffler, contralto, Mr. H. Harper, bass. The chorus included about forty voices. This is the first time, we believe, that Mendelssohn's magnificent composition has been attempted in this city. The St. George's choir has, in fact, given proof of no small daring in attempting an oratorio so exacting. The Choir however, assisted in it was by professional singers did much more than merely escape failure. The masterpiece of a master was rendered with creditable ability, and a Grahamstown audience was admitted to a comprehension of a lofty work of genius. The music of *Elijah* was assigned principally to Mr. H. Harper, who acquitted himself with well sustained taste and skill. It is enough—O Lord, now take away my life, was rendered with admirable effect. Miss Hirst took the following solos: Ye people, rend your hearts—What have I to do with thee, O man of God, "There is nothing, "Hear ye Israel, and "Then shall the righteous. This is a very fair share of responsibility and it was admirably sustained. Madame Leffler gave the angel's message, Elijah, get thee hence, in a full and beautiful voice, and throughout sustained her reputation by the manner in which she rendered "Now Cherith's brook, "Woe unto them that forsake him, "Arise, Elijah, "O rest in the Lord, and "Above him stood the Seraphim. But the most attractive piece of the evening was "Lift thine eyes, in which Miss Hirst, Mdme. Leffler and Mrs. Williams joined. It was given with remarkable beauty and softness. The magnificent Sanctus, "Holy, holy, holy is God the Lord, was well received, although the congregation did not stand up, as is usual at Home. The chorus, although deficient in power did their part in a manner which surpassed expectation. Indeed, this may be said of the whole performance. The Dean led with excellent judgment. The attendance was good; probably about four hundred persons were present.

THE FUNERAL SERVICE TO ROSSINI IN FLORENCE

(*From the "Daily News."*)

FLORENCE, *Dec. 15.*

Yesterday there was celebrated in the church of Santa Croce a funeral service for Rossini, for which the performance of Mozart's *Requiem* constituted the chief feature. Until the last moment it was doubtful whether the ceremony would take place at all, because on the morning of the previous day the telegraphic communication exchanged between Madame Rossini and the municipality of Florence had assured the latter and the Government that the mortal remains of the great composer would be brought before long to Florence, and find their last resting place in Santa Croce, the municipality have acceded to Madame Rossini's request, that she too should be permitted to share the tomb of her husband. It was therefore only a natural conclusion on the part of many even amongst those most desirous to honour Rossini's memory, that as a great fun and service must take place on the actual arrival of the body, it would be much better to suspend funeral rites organized in comparative haste, and musical performances but imperfectly prepared, so as to have but one grand and solemn celebration a few weeks hence. And though these repetitions of funeral honours resulted rather the much of the "more last words of Mr. Baxter, there were other reasons which rendered it somewhat difficult to adjourn the ceremony, the strongest being that the municipality of Pesaro, Rossini's birth-place, had been invited to attend, and were already either in Florence, or on the way—so the funeral ceremony took place. The commencement was announced for eleven o'clock, but everyone desirous of securing a good place had found his way long before that hour to the church. An open passage had been left from the central front door up which those who had been invested with special tickets passed to the reserved space in front and at the side of the high altar on the right of which rose the orchestra with its two hundred performers; the deputations from the chief bodies of the town and the members of their families being in front, and the strangers and foreigners—English and Italians mustering in great force—occupying the seats to the left. By the time fixed for the commencement of the service Santa Croce was closely crowded in every corner, but the very bad weather was perhaps the cause of its not being inconveniently over-crowded. I cannot say that the internal decoration of the church was marked by either the splendour or the tastefulness which the occasion would have justified; but perhaps these characteristics were purposely reserved for the future service on the arrival of the body. The orchestra, about two hundred strong, was under the joint direction of Mabellini and Giovanbini, the first for the vocal and the second for the instrumental music. The execution of the *Requiem* was in the highest degree creditable considering the short time employed in the rehearsal. It was even the finest display of choral music which I have heard for a long time in Florence, but its effect was sadly marred by the inappropriate and even indecorous demeanour of the audience, who certainly for the most part seemed to be in a frame of mind quite the reverse of that with which one should participate in a grand funeral solemnity. The Finanza newspaper of yesterday evening and this morning speak of the deeply-moved appearance of all present. I can only say I could discover no signs of such emotion, nor has it been visible to any other person present whom I have questioned on the subject. At one point of the performance, a sudden, striking and most appropriate effect was produced by the celebrated violinist, Sivori, playing, just at the elevation of the host, a solo, the air of the prayer in Rossini's *Mosè*. It was admirably given, and the introduction, at such a time and place, of one of the most exquisite pieces from the sublime work which will always place Rossini in the first rank of the masters of the sacred musical drama, told, beyond all question, incessantly on the listeners. The service finished at about one o'clock.

THE PILGRIMAGE OF THE ROSE.

The Pilgrimage of the Rose is the name of a poem set to music by Schumann, a graceful fairy tale, full of imagination and feeling, but the pen of Hurlit Hover.

A beautiful rose, weary of her quiet uneventful existence, yearns for a higher being and sighs for love as known to mortals, for life as human beings live. The Fairy Queen overhears her lamentation, her repining, and her intense wish to realize the bliss, the pain of love, she lovingly chides her darling flower and warns her that her nature is too fragile to support the pangs of humanity but, however finally yields to her prayers and transforms her into a lovely virgin, a fond pet, and bestows upon her a magical rose—endowing its possessor with fidelity and good fortune. Should she, however part from this marvellous flower even for a single instant, her human life will be extinguished, and restored to her pristine form a gentle breeze will bear her to her former home among the graceful elves who Flora's call obey. She sinks into a temporary trance, and on waking after short time in the soft beams of the moon, she discovers the magic rose upon her breast. In her new form she still remembers her previous existence and still yearns for love. She wanders on until she arrives at a lovely village, she asks for shelter and food at the first cottage, but is rudely repulsed. *Es war der Rose erster Schmerz* (It was the Rose's first grief)—a melody for the tenor—tells of the first awakening from the Rose's dream of universal love.

Sadly quitting the village, she sees a solitary cabin near which an aged man is digging a grave. "For whom?" asks the Rose. "For the Miller's daughter, deserted and broken-hearted in the springtime of her life." "Does true love, the love I am sighing for, bring such desolation as this?"—thinks Rose, strewing flowers on the coffin, which, followed by mourning friends is borne to the grave by villagers singing a solemn and tender funeral hymn. Night's shades close around, and the venerable grave-digger offers her a refuge in his hut, and after singing her evening prayer, she sinks to slumber, her last thought being of the companions and friends of her former life. During her sleep, bands of fairies troop around her, much uttering warnings and beseechings to return.—"Return to us, pretty Rose, little Rose, dashes not thy soul cast hope for perfect happiness upon earth, among mortals where every smile is wedded to a tear? Come back, pretty Rose, come back."

The end of the story is equally fateful. The bereaved Miller adopts little Rose, as she is now called, the one of the band forever loves her, and is believed by her; and in due time a precious little rosebud appears upon the scene. The Rose's worldly bliss being now complete, she determines to run no risk of future suffering or sorrow and clasping her baby's tiny hand closely round the talismanic rose, she falls too quietly to death, and thus terminates her earthly pilgrimage.

Schumann's musical illustration of this little story is full of his gold individuality. There are several solo parts the most important being that allotted to the Rose. The tenor elucidates the story as in olden times did the Greek chorus. Two choruses of fairies and one by angels, a trio of spirits, a soprano and contralto duet, and a quartet of adoption are the most remarkable pieces.

NAPLES.—At a recent performance of *La Muta di Portici*, with Sig. Rubini, Signori Marcolini and Quintili Leoni the San Carlo was the scene of a disgraceful disturbance. After the chorus "Silenzio, O Pescatori" not a note of the opera could be heard, on account of the shouting, hooting, whistling &c. of the audience. It appears that the manager is not as popular as he might be, and the public, or rather those among the public who are hostile to him, have resolved on doing all they can to ruin him and close the theatre.

Odd Thoughts.

The first announcement of a new oratorio cannot fail to have abiding interest. We, therefore, present our readers with a miniature copy of a handbill lately circulated in Leeds:—

TOWN HALL, LEEDS.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 23rd, 1868.

HALLÉ'S MESSIAH.

Mdme. LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON, Mdme. PATEY WHITTUCK,
MR. SIMS REEVES, MR. SANTLEY.
BAND AND CHORUS OF 264 PERFORMERS.

Organist - - - Mr BRENGHTON
Conductor - - - Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ.

Doors open at Seven o'clock. Concert to commence punctually at Half-past Seven. Ticket holders admitted to Great George Street at 6.30.

ADMISSION.

Reserved Front Seats, 10s. Reserved Area and Balcony 5s.
Unreserved Second Seats, 2s. 6d. Body of the Hall, 1s.

Plan and Tickets to Wendy at Mr. Archibald Ramsden's Music Saloon, 12 and 13, Park Row, Leeds.

☞ A SPECIAL TRAIN to Morley, Batley, Dewsbury, Mirfield, Huddersfield, and Manchester at 11 p.m.

1, *Park Row, Leeds.* ALFRED WILLIAMSON, *Hon. Sec.*

Need we say how anxiously the criticism of our local correspondent, Mr Gooch is awaited? By a coincidence due to the season, Handel's *Messiah* was performed on the same evening at two different places in Manchester.

TO DR. ABRAHAM SADOKE SILENT.

Sir,—The destruction in the recent fire of the larger part of the musical library belonging to the Crystal Palace was much to be regretted. True, all or most of the scores could be replaced; but, on the other hand, Mr. Manns had to do the work of years over again. That conductor is a genuine enthusiast. Not satisfied with the printed scores as they existed, he took diligent pains to enrich them with signs and references for his own guidance when directing rehearsals or public performances, which enabled him to arrive at a finish of detail, a close adherence to the gradations of tone by which the lights and shades of orchestral colouring are realized, otherwise impracticable. To the refinement of execution thus placed within his reach was owing the high opinion entertained by competent judges of the instrumental performances at the Crystal Palace. All this hard labour of Mr Manns, however, for the time, at least, was labor lost. It was, nevertheless, hoped that he would not also lose heart, but, remembering the reflection of the Augustan poet—

* * * * * * * *

go at once assiduously to work and retrieve his disaster. The only one of the many symphonies thus edited by Mr Manns which escaped the fire, was, I believe, the C minor of Beethoven; and that great work was announced, among other things of interest, for one of the earliest concerts after the fire.

Meanwhile, there was little but praise for the first concert which took place since the conflagration in the music-room of the Crystal Palace, the finest music-room, with scarcely an exception, in Europe. The first piece in the programme was Schumann's Symphony in B flat, the earliest and by no means the weakest of the four meritorious works in which the Leipsic Aristarchus tried to emulate Beethoven. There is much spirit in this symphony, much enthusiasm, much earnest striving, and much wonderfully brilliant and effective orchestration, that, while hearing a performance of it in every way satisfactory as that under Mr Manns, one was forced to accept it as it stands, unwilling, and, indeed, unable to criticise it till it was over. The short and ill-tied themes, the superabundance of modulation, the chief resource of indifferent, unready contrapuntists, and, in consequence, indifferent writers * * * * But here let me desist. I thought of writing at the time, but circumstances prevented me. I am not the less yours, Sir, as of old, Bravo Mazz.

[Had Mr. Half written a year or two earlier his communication might have been more or less to the purpose. He need not to be so dilatory in writing about the an-English Opera Company, Limited. —A. S. S.]

Royal Academy Concerts.

(*A Record of the Past.*)

The fourth and last concert of the season for the exhibition of the students, took place on Saturday in presence of a very numerous chorus. The programme was not only better than at any of the preceding concerts, but more in consonance with the principles upon which the institution was originally based. The performance began with an overture in A flat, by Mr Banister (associate), entitled *Cymbeline*, which does not carry out the promise indicated in other works of the same young composer. It is too fragmentary; there are too many stops and too many forced contrasts, which gives an unsatisfactory effect to the whole. The instrumentation is wanting both in tone and brilliancy. What relation moreover the overture bears to Shakspere's *Cymbeline* is left entirely to the imagination, which must be exercised very heavily to find it out. Mr Banister should try his hand again. Let us more him however not to write too fast, and not to be too easily satisfied with what he produces. An overture, by Mr Cousins (h.s.), which opened the second part of the concert, was much better. Besides being spirited and cleverly arranged for the orchestra, it has the advantage of a clear and well defined plan. Of the two principal themes we prefer the second, the first being somewhat trite. They are nicely contrasted, however, and treated in a concise and effective manner. What we have stated on further occasions about the talent of Mr Cousins, one of the students who do some credit to the Royal Academy, is more than justified by this overture which evinces unquestionable signs of advance. A song in E minor "The withered heart" by Mr T. Nunn (student), carefully sung by Miss Freeman, is ably written, but unusually sombre. A pastoral ballad, by Mr J. Thomas (associate), from an opera called *Alfred the Great*, of which the first *finale*, executed last year, was a favourable specimen, pleased us unconditionally. Miss Helen Taylor sang it charmingly, and we have nothing to reproach her with except a tasteless cadenza at the end. Besides these compositions, which were welcome to everybody as signs of the progress the students are making, the programme contained an interesting selection from Mr Macfarren's operatic, entitled *The Sleeper Awakened*, comprising the duet in D, "Ev'ry guerdon" for Zuleika and Hassan, in which occurs the beautiful ballad, "The hour when first thy glance met mine," and the introduction, including the chorus, "Applaud him" the duettino for Hassan and Zuleika, and the prayer "Mighty Allah" one of the most striking pieces in the operetta. The execution was on the whole very good, especially on the part of the band and chorus. Miss L. Baxter sang the ballad with the right sort of expression, but neither she nor Mr Smith was quite at ease in the first duet. The duettino went better. The more we become familiar with the music of *The Sleeper Awakened* the more we are convinced that its proper place is the stage. It is essentially dramatic in character while the story is quite as theatrical as it is interesting. Here was an opportunity for Mr. Webster to bring out a work of real merit by an English composer at the Haymarket Theatre whose opera is at present, and will possibly be for some time to come, the leading attraction.

The instrumental solos were all deservedly successful. Miss Parker displayed a light touch and remarkable mastery of execution in Hummel's *Introduction and Rondo*, Op. 56—a work very rarely heard, although one of the most graceful contributions to the piano of the master, with a gem of a polka-like theme of the second movement. Mr Simmons, in the *Andante* and *Rondo*, from Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, in E minor, showed signs of steady improvement. His execution has gained in surness, and his tone is full and agreeable. The *Rondo* was delivered with a vast deal of animation, accompanied by unfailing neatness. Mr Simmons does credit to his learned master M. Santos. A fantasia for the violoncello—Scene *Pastorale*—by Kraft, was only objectionable on account of the length and dullness of the music. Mr Aylward (K.S.) though his tone is thin, displayed considerable command of the instrument. He would do well on another occasion to select a piece of less pretension and more calculated for effect. The other solo was Mendelssohn's song "The Last (or "First") of—A. S. S.) Virlet," arranged for the cornet-à-pistons, and very well played by Mr Hry, the adaptor.

The vocal music, on the whole, was better selected than usual, although there was not much novelty. In the first part, Mrs. Marshall sang "Va, dite alla" (*Robert le Diable*); Miss Isabel Oakley "Stanco il piu combattere" (*Marfisa*); Mr Blake "Qui sdegno" (*Zauberflöte*), and Miss Browne "Vedrai carino." We should have liked the last very much, but for the too lengthened *appoggiatura* in the second bar of the melody. In the second part Miss Mary Rose introduced the song, "Ich non sulor" (*Anna Bolena*); Miss Emily Truckett sang Gluck's "Che farò;" Miss Rosalie Lounge sang Vaccai's air "Va la rosa" (*Giovanna Grey*). Mrs Hrusock sang from *Der Freischütz*, and Miss Sophy Lane, a young student of decided promise, "Ah! quel giorno" (*Semiramide*) which, perhaps, she should be informed is at present beyond her powers. The full pieces were Chr Introduction from the second act of *Spohr's Faust*, a somewhat tame madrigal by Nicholson (1,000), "Spring comes again," and the chorus and quintet "Bella vita militar" from *Cosi fan Tutti*. We have no particular remarks to offer upon any of these performances. For the future, it would be advisable to exclude such music as that of Mozart and Vocal, which has neither

almost our excellence of any kind to recommend it. The concert was conducted by Mr Lucas and M Sainton occupied his habitual post of *chef d'attaque*.

We are glad to remark, in the last concert of the season, an decided an improvement, and an evident a move in the right direction. It depends upon those in authority to make the concerts of the Royal Academy of Music Instrumental both to the progress of the students and the credit of the institution, failing in which they must remain without sanction or public interest. We have faith however in the future, and reason to believe that the directors are determined to make some stringent and necessary reforms.

Petipace at Cremorne.

[It was rumoured that "Petipace of Winchelsea" was killed in a duel with Mr Thaddeus Egg long ago. But killing in a duel is murder and it has been propounded that murder will out.—A. S. S.]

MUSIC AT FLORENCE.

(*From a Correspondent*).

The season at the Pergola was recently brought to an unexpected and highly unsatisfactory conclusion. It appears that the salaries had not been paid with the punctuality desirable in pecuniary matters, and some nights since, just as the ballet was about to commence, the *figurantes*, supported by the male dancers and all the other subordinates attached to the theatre, struck, refusing to go on the stage without receiving the arrears due to them. The manager offered to pay an instalment at once provided they would not stop the performance. But the ladies were inflexible. Under these circumstances, the manager had no resource left him but to inform the public that the performance would not be continued and that their money would be returned. But the manager was somewhat premature in his assertion, because, on proceeding to the pay places, the audience found that their money was already gone, having been seized by bailiffs. This occasioned some slight disturbance which, however, was soon subdued.—A short time since, the Duca di S. Clemente determined to continue Marcello's *Salmo*. He commissioned some specially the lamented Giorgetti to compose new psalm, and Bazzini another. Bazzini has just completed a third which is shortly to be executed in this capital and he has come to superintend the rehearsals. The overture written by him for Alfieri's *Saul* will be performed on the same occasion.—The series of concerts given by the Quartet Society continue astonishingly successful and attract all persons of refined musical taste. At the third concert, Signor Papini greatly delighted his hearers by his rendering of a Grand Sonata composed by Rust in 1795. In the opinion of competent judges Signor Papini, who is one of Giorgetti's best pupils, would speedily take his place among the first violin soloists of the day were he not compelled to play in theatrical orchestras.

St Petersburgh.—The Italian operatic season commenced according to announcement, but without one of its chief attractions, namely Madame Lucca. This accomplished lady caught a severe cold on her arrival here, and the consequence was the necessity of her deferring her first appearance, much to the regret of the public, and greatly to the prejudice of the management.

Cassel.—Third Subscription Concert, at which Herr and Madame Joachim appeared. Suite Op. 101 Raff. Violin Concerto [illegible] in ungarischer Weise [illegible] Joachim. Cantata, Marcello. Andante, Spohr. "Abendlied" Schumann. Two Songs, Schubert; "Tonfall's Sonata," Tartini.—A highly creditable performance of Haydn's *Creation* was recently given by the Gesangverein, under the direction of Herr Reis.

Frankfort-on-the-Maine.—According to a statistical return issued by the management, there were from the 1st November 1867 to October 31st 1868, 300 performances at the Stadttheater, of these 135 were devoted to operas and 91 to operettas. One opera, and one operetta were novelties. The classical school was represented by Beethoven (once), Gluck (twice), Mozart (in line) and Weber (eight times).

Munich.—First Solos of the Royal Vocal Chapel. Motet, "Tuque Petrus," Palestrina; "Wach auf" Eccard. Psalm, Marcello. Two old English Madrigals, Bennett and Morley. "Ave, Maria," Mendelssohn. Three Four part Songs, Hauptmann. Standchen, Schubert. Motet, "Singet dem Herrn," S. Bach, etc.—The adherents of Herr Franz Lachner have presented him with a service of plate and an address. In the latter they pay a tribute to the excellent made by him for the advancement of music in this capital and express a hope that he will continue his efforts as a composer.

WAIFS.

We read in the *Sunday Times*, of 20th inst.—

"We have reason to believe that arrangements are contemplated, which will result in the opening of Drury Lane house next season. Rumour points to Covent Garden as the future scene of combined operations."

Mr John Barnett, of Cheltenham has arrived in town to spend the Christmas holidays.

A subscription has been opened in Germany for a monument to Gluck, which will be erected in the composer's native town, Weidenwang.

A young artist, Madame *Zarbini* committed suicide recently at Martinique. The act was supposed to have been caused by *grief* at the loss of her husband, the director of the Apollo Theatre.

Mr Arthur Sullivan has written a Christmas carol to words by Ben Jonson, and also a Christmas anthem beginning "Sing, O Heavens." Both were sung for the first time on Friday at a West-end church, and gave general satisfaction.

The Milan *Gazette Musicale* denies, in a most authoritative form, the report that Signor Verdi is writing an opera on the subject of *Romeo and Juliette*. It says:—"The illustrious master has never dreamed of putting Shakspeare to music."

M Pasdeloup's programme last Sunday was as follows:—Ouverture de *Séméramis*, Rossini. Symphonie ut *re* mineur, Schumann. Air de ballet de *Promethée*, Beethoven; Fragment de *Roméo et Juliette*, Berlioz. *Largo et finale*, Haydn.

A new cantata by Mr John Dunn, Mus. Bac., will be produced by the College Choral Society of Dublin on the 25th of next month, under the direction of Dr Robert P Stewart. Miller, Clara and Rosamunda Doria will sing the leading soprano and contralto parts.

Le Premier Jour de Bonheur was performed on Monday last at the Opéra Comique for the hundredth time. After the representation the orchestra took their instruments (and cabs) adjourned to M Auber's residence and, after waiting half-an-hour for the master's return, serenaded him with the overture.

Hearing to an English Congregation and its Works.—A grand concert will be given at Leeds Town Hall the first week in January. The programme will consist exclusively of the compositions of Mr Henry Smart. Mr Smart will preside at the organ, and the conductor will be Dr Spark. A large and effective chorus is engaged.

According to a story now going about, Miss Minnie Hauck was once the chief performer in a scene now popular on the London stage. We are told that a certain M. Jerome fell among Indian thieves in the far West, and was laid across a railway track; here he was discovered by Miss Hauck, and rescued just as a locomotive came thundering up.

We read in the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—

"It is said that Rossini's widow has been offered 7,000,000 (seven million) francs for the posthumous works of her husband."

Why not have said 700,000,000 (seven hundred million) francs at once? One would be just as likely as the other.

We mentioned last week the sudden death of Mr. William Fish late manager at the Hanover Square Rooms. We need hardly remind our readers that Mr Fish was once hall-keeper at Her Majesty's Theatre where his new company changes long before M Lumley took the management. It will be remembered also, that he played a very prominent part in the controversy between Messrs. Lumley and Gye. Mr Fish has left two sons to deplore his loss.

The programme of Mr Aguilar's last performance of pianoforte music was as follows:—Sonata in G (Op. 29 No 1), Beethoven. *Le Désir* (Transcription) Aguilar. Scherzo in D flat, Miss E. E. Wright (pupil of Mr Aguilar). Chopin. Consolation (No. 2), Liszt. Romance, Aguilar. Sonata in D, Aguilar. Six Christmas Pieces, Mendelssohn. Fantasia on *La Sonnambula*, Miss E. E. Wright. Thalberg. Gavotte in B minor Bach. Love song, Henselt. Variations on *Fusé*, Aguilar.

The Portland (U.S.) journals are full of high pressure enthusiasm around Miss Kellogg. Here is an extract:—

"Our beautiful and accomplished American prima donna, Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, was in excellent voice and showed little signs of her late severe indisposition. Miss Kellogg was enthusiastically received, and with her first arpa was all hearts. In response to the repeated encores she gave Home, sweet Home, with a depth of pathos and tender sentiment that moved all to the most gentle emotions. In Chanson de Rire she was honored with a triple encore. Kellogg is great in that she never overstept the bounds of nature and in all her morals with winning grace and that easy self possession that comes with conscious knowledge and ability. That to see her and to listen to her is to be enraptured. She is the brightest gem which America has yet contributed to the lyric art.

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The *New York Weekly Review* says:—

"We are happy to learn from an advertisement on the next page that Mr. Howard Glover will devote his leisure time to imparting instruction in singing. Mr. Glover is not only a thorough musician, as his many vocal and instrumental compositions testify, but he is also a gentleman of refinement and culture. As a teacher of music he has been very successful in the Old World, as may be seen from the various testimonials given on the other side. Mr. Glover is in every respect competent for his calling, and we have no doubt that he will be as successful here as he was in the Old World."

The competition for the Potter Exhibition and Westmoreland Scholarship took place on Saturday last, at the Royal Academy of Music, in Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, the examiners being the Principal (Professor Sterndale Bennett), Mr G. A. Macfarren, Mr W. G. Cusins, Mr F. R. Cox, and Mr H. C. Lunn. The results were as follows:—Potter Exhibition, Miss Mary E. Christian; elected. Miss Packington, commended. Westmoreland Scholarship, Miss Rebecca Jewell, elected; Miss Fanny Lanham, highly commended; Misses Goodland and Gill, commended.

The next national Eisteddfod for the whole of the Principality will be held the first week in August, in the ancient town of Brecon. A general meeting of the council has been held in Brecon and Mr Peter Mostyn Williams, of Manchester, has been elected secretary of the Eisteddfod, in the room of Mr J. P. Williams, deceased. The following are some of the principal prizes to be competed for at the Brecon gathering in August:—A prize of £40, presented by Mr John Jones, of Dolaeathy, Carmarthenshire, for the best account, historical and archæological, of the parishes in the county of Carmarthen to be written in English; a prize of £25 for the best treatise on the mineral springs of Breconshire and Llandrindod; a prize of £20 for the best poem on *Elijah*, and the bardic chair for Wales for 1869; a prize of £20 for the best Welsh "Pryddest" on any subject, together with a large number of other prizes, varying from two to fifteen guineas each. The musical subjects and prizes, to be arranged by Mr Brinley Richards, are not yet published.

The Paris correspondent of a contemporary wrote on Monday last:—

"Last night Mlle. Patti took leave of Paris previous to going on her Russian campaign. It was a great field day at the Italiens. Men fought even for those "Jack on the box" seats yclept *Strapontins*. Mlle Patti selected the first act of *La Traviata* and the last act of *La Sonnambula*, for her adieu. She sang the whole act of *La Sonnambula* with royal ilbornament, and the audience was perfectly hushed; but when the *finale* was over there was one burst of applause which might have been heard almost at the Grand Opéra, and then the whole house rose and stood while Adelina Patti came forward three times. A magnificent gold bouquet was cast at her feet, I believe by a *principe mamire*. All the fashionable and all the artistic world were present. It is very seldom now that the Salle Ventadour makes such a show. Mlle. Marie was in the house and I hear she is to sing the *Sonnambula* a few days. I am assured that, although the sun has set yet a night will follow. A very great compliment has just been paid to M. Warnot. M. Auber came to him and requested that he would become the successor of the Conservatoire. M. Warnot, however, could not give up his lessons, and has therefore been obliged to decline the honour. Pupils all day long in his rooms, and these pupils include Marie Roze whose singing in a room is as nice as her appearance, Mlle. Lorrain (a *non de théâtre* taken by a most promising Amazonian singer) and Mr Tom Hobbs."

A writer in the *Daily News* gives some details of theatrical management. According to this writer the expenses of a large first-class West-end theatre are estimated at from £420 to £140 a week. As a rule the receipts are below the expenses, the loss is made up by some lucky hit, when they are largely in excess. Christmas is the best theatrical season in the year; summer is the worst, except when it is wet. About £500 a year is spent on colours and varnish. The gas bill comes to £30 a week, in fact Christmas the moon generally costs the manager at least £50 a week on the same account. One of the difficulties of a manager is getting actresses to play the part of women—they all want to show their legs (usually padded) as fairy princes, and so on. Ballet girls get about 2s a week, and the writer vouches for their morality. The tariff of dramatic authorship varies very much. "Three or five-act plays, when not paid for by a percentage on profits, usually cost from £200 to £300, or from £5 to £ every night they are acted. The price of a good burlesque varies from £50 to £120. Farces are seldom worth more than £10," &c, &c. We hear that the writer in the *Daily News* is reckoning without his host—in other words, knows very little of what he talks about. Amateur views of professional matters, so now continually exhibited in some of our first-class papers, are becoming a positive nuisance. One of the gentlest diners in this line has been the *Spectator*, another the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The *Daily News*, judging from recent experience, promises to rival, if not outdo its contemporaries. Why not at once take to amateur criticism altogether? It would cost nothing, and would not be a greater absurdity than amateur acting, amateur singing or amateur scraping and blowing on fiddles and wind instruments.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

Novello, Ewer, & Co.—Fourteen part-songs. The words by Mrs. Thomas Dobbs, the music by William J. Young. "The Rudiments of vocal music," by T. L. Southgate.

Hanson & Kahn (Cape Town).—"Table Kilp" (Reminiscences of the Cape), records by G. B. Carter.

Lemoine & Co.—"Reminiscences of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy," by Elise Polko, translated by Lady Wallace.

Duff & Stewart.—Gounod's "Village Curfew" for piano, by W. Kuhe; Fantaisie for violin, par E. Montbury; "Rowing and Keeping" (sacred song), and "To the Bulbuls religst ground" (vocal duet)—by Maria Tildesley.

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