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THE

MUSICAL WORLD,

A WEEKLY RECORD

OF

MUSICAL SCIENCE, LITERATURE,
AND INTELLIGENCE.

VOL. XIII.

NEW SERIES, VOL. VI.

FROM JANUARY, 1940, TO JUNE, 1940.

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THE
MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF
ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,
AND WEEKLY RECORD OF
Musical Events, Reviews, and Intelligence.

"Hic pars dipendit dipendit re and dipendit,
an dipendit re an dipendit."

PLAT *Plaudite ut auro.*

Music is a sweeping melody and inspiration,
an all-potent and a timeless thing.

FEB. 1, 1896.

No. 1507—NEW SERIES, No. 25.

} *price 50*
} *volume, 40*

In the commencement of a New Year, it is customary with the conductors of periodicals to put forth grandiose programmes of their employe' achievements, with a purpose announcement of the talent engaged in various departments. Now, though a programme does not always lie like an oyster, it rarely happens that such expectations are realized. We shall be content to let the future be its own herald; merely pledging ourselves to do our utmost to give satisfaction to our readers, and promote the true interests of the art.

It may not, however, be amiss to allude to the general plan and details of our proceedings, and specify what needs modification or amendment.

Considerable space will of course be devoted to original articles, whether on music, or on subjects strictly collateral. Translations will continue to be given from the most interesting French and German periodicals.

Controversial correspondence will still be admitted, on the principle that there is nothing like collision for the eliciting of truth. One of our correspondents has advanced personality in this department, and cited the example of sundry renowned contrabassists. But, though Milton and Salustianus have abused each other, without stint or moderation, it does not follow that great men are to be imitated in their failings; a hot infusion of the same poison may render an ignorant man weak and puny, but certainly adds nothing to its strength.

All anonymous writing ceases with it its own obituary, and, though not excluded, will be subjected to a severe scrutiny.

The reviews will be conducted in moderation, and will possess one undoubted merit—that of perfect impartiality and freedom from shop influence.

Original or selected poetry will meet with attention, and there will be the usual

THE EDITOR.—NEW SERIES, VOL. VI.

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notices of metropolitan and provincial concerts, with strictures on the drama as well as operas present themselves. The miscellaneous department will be more varied, and contain much continental intelligence.

Finally, measures have been taken to ensure an earlier and more punctual delivery.

There is every reason to predict a brilliant musical season: M. Hector Berlioz is expected to visit us, and conduct his choral symphony. Liszt, considered only as a child, is preparing to do us with his executive wonders. Spohr's new Symphony has been received at the Philharmonic and the Italian Opera will open under their usual. The approaching marriage of our gracious sovereign puts us all in the palace. Who knows but the water sets of piquancy and music may result in the production of a superb *Epithalamium*!

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT TO OUR READERS.

In the future conduct of the *Musical World*, we shall endeavour, so far as our limited space will permit, to combine with the information *letteris* given every thing which causes of interest to the musician, whether musical or otherwise. In this spirit we commence our labours; and, in accordance with this announcement, attach a small almanack for the New Year, which we trust will be found acceptable. Its usefulness will be at once apparent, for the table both exhibits at the various lines the date of a day throughout the year, and shows at one glance on what day any day of the month will fall.

	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday		Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
January	1	2	3	4	5	6	July	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
February	1	2	3	4	5	6	August	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
March	1	2	3	4	5	6	September	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
April	1	2	3	4	5	6	October	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
May	1	2	3	4	5	6	November	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
June	1	2	3	4	5	6	December	1	2	3	4	5	6	7

THE PENNY POST.

The Lords of the Treasury have published the *Miscell* regarding the present rates of postage from and after the 1st inst. The new changes come into operation on the 10th, when inland letters are to be rated at penny rates as follow:—for every letter not exceeding half an ounce, one penny; above the half ounce, and not exceeding an ounce, two pence; exceeding an ounce, and not exceeding two ounces, three pence; above two and not exceeding three ounces, four pence; above three and not exceeding four ounces, six pence; and every additional ounce to be charged as two additional rates, or two pence rates for each, whilst every fraction of an ounce above four ounces, is to be charged as a rate ounce. The scale of weight is to be extended to the London district and other local post letters. The privilege of franking, both parliamentary and official, ceases on the day the Penny Post comes into operation; and in order to prevent any disadvantage which a great influx of letters posted at the last moment would occasion, the letter-boxes throughout the metropolis will close at five o'clock, and in the country an hour or half an hour earlier than at present.

The fees for late letters will be charged as follows:—

From the future hour of closing each box until the present hour, one penny per letter or packet, without regard to its weight, and after the present hour of closing each box excepted per letter or packet, except when a larger fee is now established, in which case the present fee will continue.

No letter exceeding three ounces in weight is to be forwarded by the Post, except Parliamentary petitions, &c.

Thus the highest inland rate of postage is fixed at two shillings and eight pence.

Official letters are to be a shilling the rate, or the half ounce, and each additional rate, calculated by the ascending scale just given for the penny charge, will be a shilling.

In the above regulations, no provision is essential, if omitted, double the amount of postage is to be charged.

Stamps of various kinds are to be immediately prepared, and the action will be given of their introduction.

First, *Stamped Covers*.—The stamp being struck on pieces of paper of the size of half a sheet of the letter paper.

Second, *Stamped Envelopes*.—The stamp being struck on pieces of paper of a larger size, of which the stationers and others may manufacture envelopes.

Third, *Adhesive stamps*, or stamps on small pieces of paper with a glutinous wash at the back, which may be attached to letters either before or after they are written; and

Fourth, *Stamps* to be struck on paper of any description which the public may send to the Stamp Office for that purpose.

The paper for the first, second, and third kinds of stamps to be peculiar in its water-mark, or some other device, but to be supplied to Government by competition.

The Lords of the Treasury received no less a number than 2000 communications in reference to the letter stamps, and they have afforded much useful information on the subject. The authors of the four, from which they have derived the greatest benefit, will receive one hundred pounds each.

THE VOICE.

Infancy is the name that is given to the voice, or cry of children, by which they express their wants and feelings. We must recollect that this is the object of the cry.

Towards the end of the first year, the child begins to form sounds that are easily distinguished from the vagues. These sounds, at first vague and irregular, very soon become more distinct and connected; namely then begins to make them pronounce the most simple words, and afterwards those that are more complicated.

The pronunciation of children has very little resemblance to that of adults; but there is also a great difference between them. In children, the teeth have not yet cutted their alveoli, the tongue is comparatively very large, while the lips are closed they are longer than is necessary for covering anteriorly the gums, the nasal cavities are not much developed, &c.

Children advance only by degrees, and in proportion as their organs of pronunciation approach those of the adult, to articulate exactly the different combinations of letters. They are not capable of forming appreciable sounds, or of singing, until long after they have acquired the faculty of speech. This sort of sound is the voice properly so called, or unexpressed; they could not exist in the child were it dead. They ought not to be considered as a modification of the written.

Until the period of puberty, the larynx remains proportionally very small, as well as the lips of the glottis; the voice is also composed entirely of acute sounds. It is physically impossible that the larynx should produce grave ones.

At puberty, particularly in males, the voice undergoes a remarkable modification: it appears in a few days, often all at once, a gravity, and a full or deaf expression, that it was far from having before.

It varies in general about an octave. The voice of a young man is said to result, according to the common expression. In certain cases the voice is almost entirely lost for some weeks; it frequently contracts a marked hoarseness. Sometimes it happens that the young man produces involuntarily a very acute sound when he wishes to produce a grave one: it is then scarcely possible for him to produce appreciable sounds, or to sing true.

The state of things continues sometimes nearly a year, after which the voice becomes more clear, and remains so during life; but some individuals lose entirely, during the working of the voice, the faculty of singing; others, who have a fine and extensive voice before this working, have afterwards only a very ordinary one.

The voice acquired depends evidently upon the development of the larynx, and particularly on the prolongation of the lips of the glottis. As these parts cannot stretch backward, they come forward: it is also at this time that the larynx projects in the neck, and the process Adam appears. In the female, the lips of the glottis do not project at puberty they increase in breadth; the cartilages generally remain acute.

The voice generally preserves the same character until after adult age; at least the modifications that it undergoes in the interval, are but insensibly, and affect principally the expression and volume. Towards the beginning of old age, the voice changes more, its expression alters, and its extent diminishes: singing is more difficult, the sounds become airy, and their production painful and fatiguing. The organs of pronunciation being changed by the effect of age, the neck becomes shorter, and frequently being lost, the pronunciation is sensibly changed. All these phenomena are more noted in confirmed old age. The voice is weak, shrill, and broken, singing has the same character, which depend on impaired muscular contraction. Speech also undergoes remarkable modifications, the slowness of the motion of the tongue, the want of the teeth, the lips proportionally longer, &c., necessarily influence the pronunciation.—*Magnan's Aphrodisy.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

WOMAN AND ITS PROFESSIONS.

To the Editor of the Medical Review.

I kindly think it necessary to notice the personal remarks of your correspondents and weekly correspondents who so consistently deride the letter from Manchester Place, Paris. It is a great pity, that persons so well qualified themselves to the object matter when they deliver the puff, who cannot be supposed to care much whether the writer be a "merchant or a tradesman," should be of which did your health interest

happen to be. The question is a public one and affects the pleasure and enjoyment of more people than those who live in Gloucester Place.

I need hard sell persons who have had experience with the musical profession that unfortunately the conduct of the majority brings disgrace and disaster upon the whole body, and I have, in support of my assertions, the opinions often expressed by the late great poetess, Mrs. "how much better it would be for us all, were we all to die freely." I could give a hundred instances of bad instruments, (pianos especially,) passed off as good ones, and of the attitude of the manufacturers of leading the highest professional district, being passed by those whom really better. I have been told by many a piano-forte maker, that professors would do them a million injury if they were not allowed a few shillings for recommending, and yet your correspondents says "that we have no right to find out that we are paying the professors (what is hardly voluntary as asked us an instrument), to have less to their, proceeds for a walk in the moon about. I say that you pay for it in dollars that we should be able to purchase at as much the less, were this hypothesis removed. Would any professor dare to ask such a sum of the purchaser? No! Therefore, he gets it in an indirect way from the sellers, and it is put on the piano. The same remark applies to painted music. If I go to a publisher to buy a month of Beethoven, they has perhaps six or seven shillings for it. My music-master told me that if I let him buy it, he pays my four and sixpence. Now, the original publisher gets the profit, the retailer, date, the professor, &c., &c., & the public can possess a single profession.

Do you wonder that we are not a musical nation? While the state of things continues, will our masses ever, as in Germany, desert the pot house for the concert? The latter is probably not of their wish. Why, a quartette of Haydn costs the price of two day's labour! The fact is, that your correspondent wishes to make music an exclusive occupation, being in short afraid as not to present the musical business be desired. I run the general argument—with such a price it is not to argue—but I will say one of his own arguments, a great his own argument, "it is not a science and not a trade." I wish the people be able so strongly, would only think so. I will answer his summing up of a few lines—First,—We have a right to protest against those, first, and to stopper why we pay our money. Secondly,—There are lack of cheap ones, and of cheap instruction. Thirdly,—I hope that you a correspondent's professionism, the Sacred Harmonic Society, will not be belittled—and Fourthly,—the heart of the System, unfortunately for us all, in consequence of the inferior artistic conduct of the professors, is obliged to kneel, and not to draw an ignorant public.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,
"AN AMATEUR (No. 2) OF THE CITY"

REVIEW.

Three Songs, with accompaniments for Piano and Violin, or Cello. Composed by Kalliedas. The words by W. Birchmann, Esq. (Edin.).

Kalliedas is one of the best contemporary and symphonic writers of the age; we may venture to prophesy that his name will ere long be more familiar to the English public. Not to be less distinguished as a song writer; his compositions in this line are marked by an originality and depth of feeling that falls in the lot of few of his countrymen.

1. Secret Sorrow. 2. The Steamboat. 3. Regret.

There is not much invention in the subjects of these.—No 1, resembles Weber's Minnow song too closely; but the handling of them is admirable. The violin part is written in a style of passionate contrast, appealing to the feelings even more than the vocal. There should be no great disparity in the talent of the performers, as the voice and piano might be mistaken for a joint accompaniment to the violin solo.—All three are very of excellent, and may be confidently recommended as examples of refined taste and expression.

Melodies of many Nations, arranged to English words, original and translated from the French, Italian, Spanish, German, &c. by Frederick W. Barnard. (21 Newcastle Street, and Co. & Co.).

Six or seven of these have made their appearance; the name of the author affords a fair presumption of excellence. The one before us is an original ballad in the Scotch style, with words by Garick.

Maria in London, A Comic Opera for 4 voices, By the same. (37 Norton Street).

This will be heard highly amusing, and may rank with "Celia's charms," " Ah, now Naples," &c. In the first bar we have the melody of Miss Gray, to be sung in the most approved style of street ballad delivery, while the other voices are representing various London craves, such as " Myk below," " Cats meet," " Days Meet," " Sports," " The hoodlum ten" songs for the small change of one halfpenny, &c. &c.

The Four Travellers. By the same. (37 Norton Street)

A composition similar to the last. We have the returning traveller, the inside highway traveller, the outside wet and hungry traveller, and the coughing and sneezing traveller; all giving expression to their wants and grievances, and forming a most amusing Pastoral.

Core mio tes. Composed by Giovanni. Arranged by the same. (37 Norton Street).

A very pretty mazurka.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

Paris.—Puricha's *Les de Chaire* has been brought out at the Opéra with but little success, the music is tame and insipid to the fifth. The concert is common place, and deficient both in melody and harmony. In the first act there is nothing worthy of notice, and in the second, the duet sung by Lablache and Balan, although effective, owes much to the perfect execution of the singers. The romance in G minor, which first sang in the prison, possesses a good melody, and is a striking air. With these exceptions, it is impossible to find any merit in the music of the opera, although the libretto abounds with the most dramatic incidents, and everything that a composer could wish for.

A new opera, entitled *Les Glorieux*, had been just produced at the Théâtre de la Renaissance, the music is by M. Monpou, and the libretto by M. M. Cammermeier and F. de Chazay. It has been got up in splendid style, but the subject chosen by the composer is most unfortunate. The correspondent of the "Morning Post" very judiciously, with regard to its production, that "The choice of libretto subjects for dramatic pieces, I repeat to say, is on the increase, and affords a melancholy proof of the total absence of religion in this country, the true and certain sign of all its evils and calamities. I attended with reluctance the first representation of an opera, the libretto of which was founded on the episode of Suzanne and the Elders, at the Feast of the Passover. The authors treated the subject in a manner in no way to relieve its painful offensiveness. The Elders are rendered two comical old men, as well as Suzanne. I need say no more of the plot. As a spectacle, this opera has been got up on the most splendid scale. The music in some was rich, picturesque, and brilliant. I would say much of the music but for the offensiveness of the dramatic portion. The *faute* of the second act—the fifth scene—was full of energy. Our countrywoman, Madame Jeanne Thillon, whose popularity here is daily on the increase, sang and acted magnificently as Suzanne. There were also three Elders in the opera—M. Lablache, a tenor, M. Baret, a bass; and Nello, Op.—of whom the last is the most remarkable for his fine counter-tenor voice. M. M. Monpou's music had not been applauded to a profane libretto, I might have been tempted to ascribe its success more particularly. As it is, it will not reach England unless some ingenious playwright does as was done with the *Maître de Reims*, and the *Joseph of Michal*—adapt its music to a non-biblical subject."

Méry's *New Opera of the Dryas* will be produced on Friday at the Académie Royal. Marie takes the principal part. The other characters are to be played by Mlle. Vera, Lecomte and Massol. Donatien's *Mardi* will be the next comedy.

Clair Desroches's retirement from the Opéra Comique is positive.

Il Barbiere di Sordilla was performed at the Odéon on Tuesday evening. The singers were Pauline Garcia, Rubin, Tamburini, Compiègne, and Florida. *Norma* is announced with Gira for this evening.

Le Non Opéra by Deshayes, in three acts, is to be brought out at the Théâtre de la Renaissance.

Mlle. Lucile Dédé, of the Conservatoire, has made a most successful debut at the *Académie de Musique de Guillaume Tell*. She has since appeared in *Robert le Diable*.

Péjot, who has not played for some time in public, gave a *soirée musicale*, a few days since at which Kalkbrenner, Herzky and Franckmann assisted.

The Opéra Comique has announced the first representation of *L'Arise*, an opera in three acts, in which Mlle. Gontalès will make her debut.

Mlle. Anais de la Motte, a young Spanish lady, only sixteen years of age, performed on the piano-forte with great success at the last Soirée given by M. Zimmerman. She is a pupil of Lutz.

Rayon—Deshayes's *Levi* is being played here. It has been translated and adapted to the French stage, and is received with much applause.

Verona.—Meyerbeer's *Hopwood* was represented for the first time at the Théâtre de la Com. on the 19th ult., and excited the greatest enthusiasm in the audience.

METROPOLITAN.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.—At the Christmas general meeting of this excellent institution Mr. F. Crozer is the soloist, the sum of thirty-four guineas was distributed among the aged female chorists, and sixty pounds among several distinguished applicants who had no claim on the funds of the society; among the latter was Mrs. Salmon, the most esteemed singer, who having been deprived for many years of her voice, has gained but a professed reputation for teaching singing, of which she is highly capable. Mrs. Salmon was born at Oxford, and received instruction from Mr. John Ashley; she sang at several concerts in Yorkshire about 1808, as Miss Hoadley, with the greatest possible success. On her marriage with Mr. Salmon (a musical professor), she settled for some time at Lutonport, where she became a great favourite as a concert singer. Her fame was soon spread throughout the kingdom, and she was engaged at all the principal festivals as a leading vocalist. She made her first appearance at the King's Concert of Ancient Music, in 1815, and continued to delight the subscribers for ten or twelve years. She was pre-eminent in such songs as "From mighty kings," "Baptism granted," "With verdure clad," Mozart's "Phœbe," and Cimarosa's "Alti pueri."—Crozer, in his excellent account of the York Festival, states, that Mrs. Salmon must have ranked in that year (1808); and he says, "we let it be deemed beyond our province to add, that we know the appropriateness of a part of her simple means to be highly honourable to her, both as a daughter and a parent." During the York festival, Crozer expressed his opinion of Mrs. Salmon's talents as a singer in the warmest terms, and presented her with a piece of plate as a token of her estimation. On the death of Mrs. Salmon, Mrs. Salmon was unfortunate in a second marriage, to which may be attributed, together with the loss of her voice, her present starved situation. The musical profession here it is contemplated to get up a concert on a grand scale, in the course of the spring, for the benefit of Mrs. Salmon. It will afford us the highest pleasure to reveal the views of the committee of management, by giving all the publicity in our power to these laudable intentions. Perhaps the want of a society of Female Musicians was never so generally felt as in this present moment, when a lady of distinct talent has no resources on which she can depend for the means of existence. We trust that the society lately formed (not which, as yet, has not the means to afford permanent assistance) will meet with that patronage which it most richly deserves.—The Royal Society of Musicians appropriated, during the last year the sum of £2214 10s to the benevolent purposes for which it was established in 1720, namely, the support of aged and widowed musicians, their widows and orphans.—Mr. Perry was re-

desired honorary treatment, for the tenth time Mr. J. A. Wood and Mr. John Watts were re-elected to their respective offices of secretary and collector. The Society expressed itself highly satisfied with the working and conduct of its functionaries.—The citizens on the funds of the Society, at present consist of twelve members, thirty-three widows, and fifteen children.—Marked men receive sixty guineas per annum; widows, thirty guineas; and each child twelve guineas, besides an allowance for schooling, medical relief, &c. &c.—The Society presented Mrs. Salome with a donation of £54 at its most recent meeting.

THE NIGRAH SOCIETY.—The third meeting of the Nigrah Society took place on the 19th ult., when the following pieces were performed:

1. <i>Shadows and Glories</i> Partly	Chorus.	2. <i>Two Young Boys</i>	Chorus.
2. <i>The Windy Weather</i>	Part.	3. <i>Oh! my little girl</i>	Chorus.
3. <i>The Windy Weather</i>	Chorus.	4. <i>Mark! and give me</i>	Part.
4. <i>Oh! my little girl</i>	Part.	5. <i>Oh! my little girl</i>	Chorus.
5. <i>Oh! my little girl</i>	Chorus.		

ENTERTAINMENTS.—The citizens of this populous part of the metropolis, deserve great credit for the encouragement which they give to the arts; for, at their subscription concerts, they not only engage the most eminent of our native vocalists, but employ a band of sufficient magnitude to give due effect to symphonies and overtures of the highest order. On Friday evening, the second concert of the season took place, and was attended by about eight hundred persons; the singers were Miss Clara Novello, Mrs. A. Youlton, Messrs. E. W. Hartman (of Covent Garden), Bennett, and Perry, jun., who sang with their accustomed success; and several songs were entered, among which was Shield's beautiful ballad "The Thorn," sung by Mr. Bennett. "Is she not passing fair," sung by Mr. Bennett. "Beneath France's Champs," by Miss Novello, and several others. The comic duet of "Oh! Cassinia," Mrs. A. Youlton and Perry, jun., was capably sung and loudly applauded, as was "The musical Will," sung by the ladies. Rousseau played a fantasia on the harp in a masterly style; and Mr. G. Clay executed a solo on the concertina, in a very clever manner. A quartet, for the pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello, by Wottrup, was brilliantly performed by the composers, Willy, Hill, and Lucas, and the band, led by Willy, and conducted by Wottrup, played the first movement of Mozart's Jupiter Symphony, also the overture to Othello and Cremata, with great spirit and effect. The selection did infinite credit to the musical talents of the evening, George Lee, King, and his colleagues, Messrs. W. Johnson, G. Walsh, W. Wottrup, and J. Turner, who were assisting in their attention both to the company and to the professionals. The third concert will take place on the 12th of January.

THE NEW CHURCH AND EXERCISE HALL was exhibited at the manufactory of its builder, Mr. Walker, on Thursday afternoon and Monday evening last, when Mr. Thomas Adams performed the following services:

Thursday, December 18th, 1838.

PART I.

1.	Chorus.	Extempore.		
2.	Mr . . .	Lord! what a man		Handel.
3.	Chorus	Light of Light		Haydn.
4.	Chorus	Extempore.		Handel.
5.	Mr . . .	Mark, ye pretty waiting Maid		Handel.
6.	Chorus	Extempore.		Haydn.
7.	Chorus	When He had said		Handel.

PART II.

1.	Three Papers in various styles			Seb. Bach.
2.	Andante, from the Grand Symphony			Haydn.
3.	Song of Joy.		(Second)	Haydn.
4.	Chorus	No more to Asenath's God		Handel.
5.	Chorus	Extempore.		
6.	Modest			Haydn.
7.	Chorus	The Hebrew are telling		Haydn.

Monday, December 25, 1926.

PART I.

1.	1	Diapasons			
2.	1	Air	Softly mixed		3
3.	1	Chorus	Immersed Lead		
4.	1	Diap. from "Cathedral"			4
5.	1	Chorus from a Lobby			5
6.	1	Diapasons			
7.	1	Introduction (and Chorus) on an Air by Handel			Adams
8.	1	Chorus	Adapted in the glassless work		Bayle.

PART II.

1.	1	Diapason	Chorus
2.	1	Air from "The King's Men"	Mozart
3.	1	Part of the East March	Robt. Schu.
4.	1	Diapason	Clark
5.	1	Diapasons	
6.	1	Diap. from "Il Reale di Persopolis"	Wagner
7.	1	Chorus	The Minstrel and his Maid
8.	1	Diapason	Chorus
9.	1	Diapason	Chorus
10.	1	Diapason	Chorus
11.	1	Diapason	Chorus
12.	1	Diapason	Chorus
13.	1	Diapason	Chorus
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69.	1	Diapason	Chorus
70.	1	Diapason	Chorus
71.	1	Diapason	Chorus
72.	1	Diapason	Chorus
73.	1	Diapason	Chorus
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92.	1	Diapason	Chorus
93.	1	Diapason	Chorus
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95.	1	Diapason	Chorus
96.	1	Diapason	Chorus
97.	1	Diapason	Chorus
98.	1	Diapason	Chorus
99.	1	Diapason	Chorus
100.	1	Diapason	Chorus

At Thursday's performance we were only able to be present for a short time, and on Monday evening we found the factory so crowded by the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society and their friends, that it was impossible for us to gain admission up to hear Mr. Adams; we therefore came away. From what we saw of the instrument on Thursday, it appears to us to be well suited to the style of the building, and when placed at the back of the organ, which it will be in the course of the coming month, will form an agreeable composition from the body of the vast Hall. The keys are judiciously tinted, so that the performer will sit with his back to the instrument, and face both the audience and the organist. We understand, that when needed in Easter Hall, a performance as it will most likely be given, to which time we shall reserve our remarks, as Mr. Walker's factory appears very busy and fitting for the display of his instruments. The following is a description of the Organ:

GREAT ORGAN, 177 to G in A₂.

1. Open Diapason, 8 feet, Metal throughout.
2. Diap. small, lower Diapason, Wood.
3. Stop Diapason.
4. Principal.
5. Twelfth.
6. Fifteenth.
7. Sesquialter (2 Ranks)
8. Mixtures (2 Ranks)
9. Flutes (2 Ranks)
10. Trumpets.
11. Chorus.

Three Composition Pedals.

CRUIS ORGAN, 177 to G in A₂.

1. Open Diapason, Metal throughout.
2. Stop Diapason
3. Diapason to F₂
4. Flute.
5. Principal.
6. Fifteenth
7. { Chorus to G.
8. { Chorus to F₂.

SWELL, 177 to G in A₂.

1. Stop-Diap. Wood, and Double Flutes, Metal, Twelfth.

2. Open Diapason.
3. Diapason.
4. Stop Diapason.
5. Principal.
6. Twelfth.
7. Fifteenth.
8. Sesquialter.
9. English Horn.
10. Trumpet.
11. Chorus.

PEDAL ORGAN

1. 16-foot Double Diapason, Wood.
2. 16-foot Diap. Metal
3. 16-foot Principal Double Trumpet.
4. 8-foot Principal, Metal.
5. 8-foot Trumpet, 16 ft.
6. 4-foot Fifteenth, 16 ft.
7. Chorus (2 Ranks)

MANUAL COUPLERS.

1. Swell to Great Organ
2. Choir to Swell.

MANUALS TO PEDALS.

1. Great Organ to Pedals.
2. Choir to Swell
3. Swell to Swell.

The above was intended for last week's number.

FORGIVENESS HOORRAH.—On Christmas-day the chapel of this institution was crowded to hear the anthem service, and a selection from the *Stabat*, in which Miss Birch sang "There were shepherds," and Mr Bennett "Comfort ye" and "Every valley." The choruses were "And the glory of the Lord," "Hallelujah," and "Glory to God." The whole, allowing for a little weakness in the lower choral parts, went off exceedingly well. A messenger Dr Deane of Jackson's, however, should not have been found in company with himself on this occasion, while there were so many compositions more worthy. Jackson was a genius of the last age, who wrote pamphlets to Henry Haydn, and composed had anthems and fourth-rate songs.—The chapel was full of collection. It is gratifying to see the thousands who flock to hear the noble Anthem service whenever an opportunity presents itself, and it has been long a subject of regret, as we will know, with a numerous class of people, that such performances are not to be heard more frequently. It is said the clergy are opposed to it. Here, the public have at least a right to know the grounds of their opposition to a practice sanctioned by the church from the time of the Reformation, and which is, moreover, no contempt to the merits of the age.

PROVINCIAL.

(This department of the *Musical World* is compiled and abridged from the provincial press, and contains the names of our country correspondents. The abstracts are in Mr. May's handwriting, and expressions for any reader's objection it may be thought proper to make will be gratefully acknowledged.)

BIRMINGHAM.—Diapers, Lindley, Miss Stone, Miss Dolly, and Pary Jan, are preparing a meeting and evening concert, which will be given in the State Hall, in November. Next week the party will perform at Glasgow, Newcastle, Reading, Manchester, &c.

LONDON.—The first of a series of subscription concerts was given on Monday evening at the Theatre Royal, which was attended with a highly respectable audience. A very elegant band was fully led by Mr. Stannard, and conducted by Mr. Holden with his accustomed tact and talent. Wilson's *Adieu* and Mozart's *Zemire* were given with great spirit and effect. Diapers played two solos on the violin in a masterly manner, also a concertino that with the various *Lieders*, which was especially applauded. The principal vocalists were Miss Ellen Novello, Miss Dolly, and Mr. John Pary, who sang a variety of popular compositions with very great success, several of which were new, and the performance altogether went off with great effect.—From a Correspondent.

CHURCH.—The anniversary of Oxford was most judiciously set by Mr. Sharp for the present and delightful amusement afforded them by his annual concert, which took place in the Music Room on the evening of Thursday last. The chief of the two young ladies, Miss Flower and Miss S. Flower, was successful in every evening of the week. They sang, on every opportunity in the audience, with applause the most unqualified, but did not greater than they deserved. The beautiful diamond-neck of the lady near well sustained with the rich ornaments of Miss S. Flower. There was not a single voice, either serious, mental or vocal, that we had the time during for a moment to find fault with, nor could we fix on any part in the forward of the evening, without doing justice to each of the others. The splendid voice "Kiss me," of Bellini, in the first act, and "Softly sigh," (Wagner,) in the second, displayed perhaps the abilities of the singer to a greater extent than any of the others. The former, sung by Miss S. Flower, showed the rich full tone of a deep contralto as well as her command as to make the pupil indeed a prize to her master, Mr. E. Cooke. The latter was given with a successful manner in its power, and of genuine beauty and quality in its upper notes. The given and then were very pleasing but of these more flowers, it was "Katherine O'Hara," sung by Miss Flower with such appearance being as to meet with a nearly success, again followed by such applause as to show the real value could not have objected to its second repetition. Of Mr. W. Marshall, we have not room to say more than we have already said before, "be given great satisfaction." But we must not allow Mr. E. Marshall's success on the date.—Veronica on "God save the Queen," is given without so complete as well served. The quality with which he executed most difficult passages, without making a single false note, or missing one, well merited the applause so readily and so enthusiastically given. On the whole, Mr. Sharp's Concert was one of the greatest musical treats we have experienced for some time.

WARRINGTON.—Mr. White's Concert on Thursday the 12th ult., in the New Large Room of the Corn Exchange Buildings afforded a most delightful treat. The first musical opening of the lady who could not have been more happily executed. That version of Agathe, the celebrated Lindley, whose obnoxious, beneath the touch of his skilled hand, may run with the sweetest tones of the sweetest deity, was warmly applauded to beyond measure (before he took his last hour of the South, in the splendid apartment.

But were the exquisite strains from Wagner's strains as well accompanied upon this occasion. In truth, it would be difficult to speak in too high terms of the performance of these two distinguished performers. We have heard of the fall of dying tones of the one, but we fancy will suppose them to surpass the former tones of a Lindley, in this, at least another time. But we must not forget the vocalists, Miss Brown, Miss Dohly, and Mr. Walker, to each taking great satisfaction, and every encouragement was the result of their efforts. Had we time, we could with pleasure dwell upon the merits of each performance. Miss Brown's "Sweet Bird," most charmingly accompanied by Biggson, and "Soft, Soft," so exquisitely accompanied by Lindley. Miss Dohly's "The Angel's Wings," accompanied by herself, is her own most touching pathetic strain; and Mr. Walker's "Swing Petrel," and the "Christmas Eve," were all calculated to fascinate the audience, as was evident by the applause which was bestowed. Mr. White exhibited the proficiency in a newly invented system, and has done himself great credit in giving this glowing treat to the lovers of music.

Conclusion.—The first concert of the Philharmonic Society took place at the Assembly Rooms on Thursday evening, the 19th ult., and was a general expression of entire satisfaction issued from the countenance of all present. As the Society was established for instrumental performance alone, the orchestra has demands on several voices, and though we were aware of the excellence of individual talents amongst us, we were not prepared until the first instrumental piece to the immenseness and well disciplined constitution of musical resources displayed by the Society. The orchestra was certainly the largest which has appeared here for many years past; and whilst the performance was finished in the performance occurred in that the performers were impressed with the necessity of making each part out a principal, but merely subordinate to the whole, they at the same time displayed the most taste and correct execution of the instruments, Mr. G. W. Cook, under whose management the Society has progressed. The principal instrumental pieces were Haydn's Symphony, No. 3, and his overture to *Crucenfeld*, the *March*, and the *Missa di Proverbia*, the whole of which were executed with a precision and effect for which the audience were not at all prepared. The leader of the band was Mr. W. Connor, and in this department he displayed a skill and judgment which entitles us, that the results of the first had descended upon the son. His possession of knowledge of his performance which at some ranges the capabilities of the band and in a instance of the Director, which he played during the concert, he exhibited first rate workmanship as a solo player. His tone is powerful and resonant, yet without diffuseness and full, and his execution possesses the precision and clearness of a perfect master of the instrument. His performance was begun to with the greatest attention, and earned by his long and repeated applause. The vocal department, which was introduced as a solo voice to the instrumental, was remarkably well executed, and the singing of Mrs. Edward Lecker of the Bath company, added additional beauty to her already well-established reputation. The song "Soft, Soft," which she sang with delicate modulation, was admirably sung by her; and Handel's song, "Softly to the Linnets," with the delicately-arranged music of a fine voice a representation of Messrs. Connor and Seymour, exhibited her delicate modulation and the purity and clearness of her style. She also sang Haydn's overture, "My mother bids me bid my love," which was bestowed with a hearty encore, and, in speaking of the simplicity and modification of this performance, we think we cannot better testify our approbation than by adding, that Mrs. Lecker possesses the talent and heart of all the qualities of a singer—she sings what is new for her, and that talent—truly astonishing, and the great composers are the best judges of the best efforts.—In addition to the above-named songs, we were favoured with several chosen pieces and variations, which were charmingly executed by Messrs. Thomas and J. Richardson, and Messrs. Fones, Harding, and Rogers, and the effect of the harmony of female voices produced a pleasing novelty, which enhanced not a little the excellence of the concert. In concluding our notice, we cannot help congratulating the Society upon the extraordinary success of their labours, and our firm wishes upon the re-establishment of such delightful sources of social entertainment.

YACHTING, NARRATIVE.—The second colloquial concert of Mr. David Fisher, Junr., took place on Friday evening, the 26th ult. Miss Brown, who has given the best of English opportunities in the *Andromeda*, sang Handel's song of the "Widow's Curse," with great ease and elegance. Her voice is a mixture of richness, and there is great precision in all her efforts. Miss Fisher, who is often delighted, her friends in Yorkshire and Derby St. Edmunds, sang with much grace a ballad by Lever, also "Auld Robin Gray," and a *Typhoon of Whiskies*. Her voice is not powerful, but her taste and feeling have nothing to be desired. *Mrs. Walker's* "Soft, Soft," by the same lady and a younger sister deserves much praise. One of Mr. Hill's by the Misses G. and S. Fisher, the latter an instance of well trained talent. Mr. David Fisher, Junr., played an air of Meyer's, also one of De Bussé's. He was enthusiastically cheered for his performance

effects. Mr. Fisher, in his common paper, inclined to treat his organ as a false organ by the organs lentored to themselves as ordinary of excessive proximity. He has attention to a considerable extent, his efforts being in fact, if not yet so rapid as it will doubtless become—his execution seldom other than perfect, and his playing of the oblique parts of De Buxtehde's set was exceedingly beautiful. In fact nothing there are chosen, unaccountable borders to the measures of a rubato placed in the obscurity of a town-like ear, but Mr. Fisher only requires the appropriate grace to a few in stand among the best work as a witness. We have heard him (in one occasion only) play a composition of his own, which, if it possessed both license to all young composers, displayed in the oblique great pathos and good harmony, and in the brilliant parts a great display of mastery over the difficulties of his instrument. He sang a duet with great feeling; also a song of Mendelssohn's, in which the choiced vocalistic parts were accompanied. The duet between him and his father (Mendelssohn) was elegantly played, and closed the evening's business. The room was crowded.—From a Correspondent.

MANCHESTER.—Our second choral concert took place on Monday evening, the 13th ult., in which someone Dr. Croft's version, the subject a great part by the late learned Bishop Heber, entitled *Psalmist*, was performed for the first time before a Manchester audience. There is room to great demand, and the room was accordingly full. The principal vocalists were Mrs. Keyser, Mrs. B. W. New, Mrs. Lusk, Mr. W. Butler, Mr. Harris, Mr. E. Phillips, and Mr. Martin, aided by a chorus about eighty strong. Mr. W. Williams presided at the organ, Mr. Keyser officiated as conductor, and Mr. Keyser as leader. The version, elegantly performed, was the harbinger of the high treat to come. The head of the great matter was evident in the first working for the choiced quartet, in the measurement of the oblique movements, and as far as the rich combinations for the vocal movements in the succeeding subjects. Our treasurer, Mr. W. Butler, had the honor of opening the volume in the solo, followed by chorus—"Hark ye, my sons." The recitative and so—"Ye gardeners sing," with trumpet and large oblique, introduced the musical elements, Henry Phillips, who sang the first solo with consummate skill in his delivery of the recitative, "Hark ye, ye gardeners sing," was finished. After the chorus, "Oh happy men," Mr. Harris gave the air with chorus, "But now thy name," in an entire the manner. He is evidently a good musician, but his voice is beautifully deficient in power. The choruses, "But when some compass," and "Let them tell," were highly effective, the former grand, the latter sublime. The air, "Arise, awake, I mean," sung by Phillips, is quite in the style of Handel, accompanied only by the violin and two horns. We were delighted to find our old favorite, Mrs. Keyser, in excellent voice, the air, "Triumphal March," in her hands, was all that could be wished. In the air and words, "In Faith's Convent," the effect of the latter of the words, "The voice of the dead," a beautiful a choruses. Mr. Martin was probably never heard to greater advantage than in this version. He sang splendidly the part of the solo in the quartet, "Let, our led child," a part of great worth to be placed in the first rank of composition. The lovely singing voice "So many poor solitary souls," was beautifully sung by Mrs. B. W. The duet with the magnificent chorus, "Praise the Lord," forms an impressive conclusion to this great work. The direction of the Concert Hall cannot be sufficiently praised for preferring an elegant as conductor in Philadelphia and the performance of it was highly creditable to both band and chorus. Manchester has long stood pre-eminent for musical taste, but it is with reason we state that, with the exception of a few excellent conductors from this town throughout the room, scarcely a hand was raised in witness commendation that would do honor to any age or country. Do the Concert Hall audience think it necessary for us to applaud? Let them stand the first man conductor of the orchestra and they will find that bands of musicians inevitably crowd themselves per-
formances.

Mr. William Lindley is about to give a concert early in the month, in the city with assistance of the Athenæum. He will be assisted by his father and Rogers in the instrumental department, and by Miss Dyer and Perry in the vocal.

The Bristol Quartet Concert is announced to take place at the Athenæum on Thursday evening the 14th inst., when Williams will perform on the concert in addition to the usual talent.

REVUE.—On Monday evening, the 13th ult., the Entertainment of the season took place at the Theatre, Leeds Colton. There was a considerable highly respectable audience present. The principal singers were—Madame de la Bastard's (her first appearance in these concerts); Mr. Rolfe (his first appearance also); and Mr. E. Phillips. The concert was led by Mr. Bader's, with his usual accuracy and spirit, and the Concert proceeded with much style at the pianoforte. The audience gave very great satisfaction. Mr. Phillips was attended in the programme to sing a grand scena (his own composition), and fell nobly into the hands of the first man in point, the work taken from Campbell's "Passion of Rago," beginning with the "mother" Rago! when it

years with sympathetic study," but in consequence of the non-arrival of the celebrated pair in time for the concert, Mr. Phelps substituted for it that magnificent recitation—"That God will be the work being forth the living creature after His kind;" and the great "New Britain in living glory since," from Haydn's *Creation*. "Indeed, but one *Te Deum*" was triumphantly sung by Mademoiselle Kalkbrenner. With regard to the young lady, her voice is decidedly the most powerful and the richest we have heard since the days of the great Godeaux. She has numerous compass, perfect intonation, and a great command of voice. Her concert system selected. Possessing the qualities for a great singer, she would have doubtless study to be a pleasing one, and in order to obtain this desirable qualification she must cultivate taste, feeling, and expression, as well as a better knowledge of her works in English language. The concert, upon the whole, gave very great satisfaction, and several of the pieces were encored.

LEWIS.—The first of the Choral Society's concerts took place on Monday evening the 21st ult., at the Music Hall, in rather a crowded audience. Mr. Gayman conducted, and Mr. H. Brown of Leeds led the performers. The principal numbers were *Mass* Brown and Fisher, and *Masses* Gossell, Gossell, &c. The first was composed of various psalms and cantatas. An overture by Kalkbrenner, formed the first feature of the programme; this was followed by an elaborate production of Beethoven, adapted to an English version of Schiller's celebrated poem "The Day of the Battle;" next, considering the many difficulties it entails in an instrumental and choral point of view, was admirably well performed. We must not omit to mention in terms of praise, Miss Brown's efforts in this piece. She sang with correct intonation and great taste, and passages were well rendered by her art. A three overture by Beethoven, and a psalm given by Gayman, with accompaniments were included in the second part of the evening's entertainment. Wolff's *Mass* and *Choral* were "Zara," was well sung and especially applauded. Would that we could award equal commendation to Mr. Gossell's solo from Haydn's "Tempest"—it was indeed a beautiful tenor's. Miss Brown's *Mass* from Haydn's opera of "Zara" and the "Warrior," sung by Kinn, were beautifully executed by the accomplished singer, and were highly successful. In the latter song, Miss Brown was accompanied on the harp by Mr. Kinn, who supported us by the richness of his tone and the sweetness of his execution. Mr. Walker's song, the "Archon," was effectively sung, though more adapted for a musical hall than a concert-room. The "Psalms," chosen from *Psalms*, the "Psalms" from the same, "Daughters of Israel," and "Soft let the Lark sing," from *Mass*, all splendid choruses, were heard with delight, and were vigorously applauded.

The *Masses* Haydn gave a grand concert at the Music Hall on Thursday evening last. The vocal performers were Miss Brown, Miss Dobby, and Mr. Martin, the principal instrumentalists were the various Ladies, the *Masses* Haydn, Haydnson, &c. The *Masses* Haydn was ably led by Mr. Haydn. After which an overture and *Masses* from Haydn's "Zara," was well sung by Miss Brown and Dobby—this was followed by Godeaux's grand overture "The Day of the Battle," in which Mr. Martin did ample justice. Mr. Haydn's performance on the violin was of no small consequence. His tone is pure but soft, and directed at all the intricacies of many of our modern systems. Of Mr. Dobby it was almost impossible to speak; he has admirably maintained the highest rank in his profession for the last half century, and we trust will long continue to occupy the same position. Mr. Haydnson's concert on the piano was accompanied by the band, was admirably performed, and does great credit to his own skilled artist. The notes, at present, lower's talent of the "Angels' Wagon," which was sung by Miss Dobby, and encored. After the concert, one of Haydn's quartets was beautifully played by Messrs. Haydnson, Haydnson, Lindley, and Brown.

REMARKS.—The first given by the first time the concert in Brighton on Saturday evening the 21st ult. The very first display of the extraordinary performance were in the refined but limited sphere of the entertainment, those who looked to have fun on these occasions were of high rank and fortune, and whose taste we may imagine subjected to appreciate the most perfect productions of art and science. But on Saturday a more popular field was chosen for the system of Theatrical shows—the theatre: all classes were invited; it was a test of the musical taste of the town, and we were glad to see that the result did not shame it. *Masses*, pit, and gallery, presented full benches of attentive listeners. The concert was preceded by a light pleasing piece called *The Prisoner of Malakka*, in which Mr. C. Hill played with a great deal of spirit, and Mrs. Walker sang a song of considerable merit with a *Tragedy* and taste that did not suffer by subsequent comparison. The prelude dissolved, the curtain drew up on a very elegantly-drawn concert-room, in the centre of which stood the instrument that was to give existence to the thoughts of genius. We will not arrive the performance that followed straight, but touch upon them as they come in the summary incidentally. By adopting the order of management, we come immediately to Theatrical, who at present stands in the van of the

which musical world as the most successful exponent of harmonic science. His compositions are characterized by a supple and graceful but steep as the difficulties, and brings every resource of the notes (not to speak of his great proportions. To compare them with the productions of another great genius is a case of (Hercules), because we puffed open volumes, between one from Strauss, from near their lofty forms all they are less in the show—will it singly and softly grand. But within this might seem there might a resemblance to the thought—an attention to the development of one idea, which enables us at one glance to conceive the design of the masses. But the magnitude of forms, and the influence of Strauss, and the richness of ornamentation and ornaments, distinguish us as we are to see the effect which they are intended to create and heighten. As with Thalberg. He is the only interpreter of his own works. To others they seem beautiful mysteries, in which we perceive here and there a gem, and are not so continuously caught by an unbroken sweetness, but full of breaks and contrasts. There are all the materials of a beautiful structure, but the hand is wanting to rear it up. Thalberg's physical power decided his style of playing; and his style of playing decided his style of composition. Thus few will ever do it justice. Few will be able to give it that unity which binds together its numerous parts. On Saturday Thalberg played three compositions in which he has increased the time, and set it in the nation's hearts. Whether the large space was more desirable for the society which he does for, or whether our ear being familiar with his tones was better able to appreciate their beauty, we know not, but we were never more struck with the beauty of Thalberg's playing. The other instrumental performances had highly great merit. Richardson's concerto in the place of Nielsen to our first stage, and drew down immense applause by his execution and the power of his tone. Mr. Thom played fresh music, and so gracefully and coolly still our sense of appreciation in their line as in his attempt to state that high rank in the performance which we would have him agree to, because we believe him entitled to it. He should work, if possible, a higher school than Beethoven, or even his own country was afforded. Of the orchestra we shall say little, they are well known, Nippon II. One has a strong voice, but neither soft nor full, and a very hard attack. Mrs. Tullius played as never, and sang as seldom. "Sweet of my youth," with great sweetness and expression. Lastly, we had Mr. Perry, an excellent musician, a pleasing ballad-singer, we felt as before received music, and especially in the night. He is the most useful apprentice in a sense, not that we know of. Adolphus has received great attention, and gave perfect satisfaction in a courteous and highly respectable company. We might mention that Messrs. Thom, Richardson, and Perry, were honoured with entries; the two former judiciously certified their performances, while Mr. Perry, with the same good taste, changed his, by which the audience gained his inevitable "grass-hopper." The only unpleasant circumstance connected with the musical entertainment, for which the public are indebted to the care of Mr. C. Hill, is, that it is the last in which Thalberg will be heard by a English public. He will soon take his departure for the continent, leaving behind him an unqualified reputation.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE DIRECTORS of the PATRIMONIALS have approved the plans of Spole's new symphony, which they have sent to be copied without delay, so that it may be tried in the course of next month.

THE ORCHESTRA at the Hanover Square Rooms is being remodelled, and when completed, we will give a sketch of it, pointing out the situation of the various instruments.

THE NEW OPERA announced at Covent Garden Theatre, for the 11th. inst. is the composition of Mr. J. M. Jolly, leader of the band at the Surrey Theatre. It has been favourably noticed in our pages.

A COMIC OPERA of Italian is to be performed at Drury Lane Theatre, under the superintendance of Mr. Laing. E. J. Loder's opera will be brought out at Drury Lane, after the close of the pantomime.

THE NEW THEATRE in OXFORD STREET.—We are requested by Mr. Budge to contradict the assertion that he had become the lessee of this theatre, as stated lately in several of the metropolitan newspapers.

EXTRA BAZAR.—Professors who are in the habit of giving benefit concerts, should always avoid the Derby day at Epsom, it will take place this year on Wednesday, June 24.

THE ITALIAN OPERA. It is not quite certain that Laporte will have the management of Her Majesty's Theatre next season; a wealthy person has made an offer to take it for three years, and has written to Mr. Evans, to ascertain whether he would undertake the direction, in case he should succeed in getting the lease.

LAFLEY AND BLANCKEN, with Miss Bruce, Miss Dally, and Perry, jun., are engaged at concerts which take place at Liverpool, Birmingham, &c. &c. this week, after which they will proceed to several towns in the North.

TRAMER, with Belle and her wife, also Emma Grief, leave London on Saturday, for Scotland, where they will give several concerts.

J. B. COLLIER will visit this country during the ensuing season, but without any view of performing in public.

GRIS is announced to appear at the Debon, Paris, this evening, in Bellini's *Mormo*.

TRULLING will go to Paris about the end of this month or the commencement of February, and will make a tour through France in company with De Kerst who, in consequence of ill health, has given up all idea of going to Russia as he had intended.

ALBERT MONTAN, the celebrated organ builder and pianoforte maker, died at Fribourg, in Switzerland, on the 15th ult., aged sixty-nine. His chief service is the famous organ in the Cathedral of St. Nicholas, Fribourg, which comprises four rows of keys, and sixty-four stops of pipes.

DEWEE.—A monument is about to be erected to this celebrated musician in his native town, Coudan in Bohemia. The painter Dvojschok, of Prague, who enjoys a high reputation in that city, has given a concert at Coudan, and the receipts, which amounted to four hundred thalers—about forty pounds sterling, have been contributed to the subscription for that purpose.

ANATOLE ARON has been seriously ill at St. Petersburg, the last intelligence from that city mentions that he is now out of danger.

FERRAZZ has commenced a newatorio, the Temple of Salome, and has also recommenced another sacred composition entitled *Benvenuto*.

NOTICE.

We beg to remind our Readers that a stamped edition is published which can be forwarded, postage free, on the receipt of publication. The present period, the commencement of a new Volume, is a favourable opportunity for commencing to subscribe to the "Musical World." A Post Office order, making the amount of the subscription sixteen shillings per annum, payable in four, may be procured of any post master for purposes. We have to request that the subscriptions which expire in the course of the present month, may be renewed without loss of time, in order that our friends may not be disappointed in the receipt of our publications. For the convenience of those readers who commence subscribing at different periods of the year, and who require the numbers from the commencement of the volume, it is our intention to print a few copies on a thin paper, so as to come within the limited weight allowed by the Post Office. In future the "Musical World" will form two half yearly volumes. The Title and Index to Vol. XII. will appear in the last number of this month.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. B. Baylis, intending to a few subscribers to the "Musical World" did not complete the preliminary and weekly which our correspondents would have to insert.

It is not our intention to interfere with Mr. Hooper, 12 Pall-mall, East.

Whenever we see friends, we shall be happy to hear from you on the subject, by mention in his letter.

A Large of Melody may give any information from the Honorary Secretary of the Musical Club, Mr. Hooper, 12, Pall-mall, East.

A Notice of the Clerical Management will appear in our next.

THE
MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF
ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,
AND WEEKLY RECORD OF
Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

"*Il più saggio dipende in tal maniera,
non impedisce in tal modo l'arte.*"

PLAT. *Phaedr.* c. 10.

Musik is a something divine and immortal,
as all-godlike and a God-like thing.

JAN. 8, 1848

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[volume, 4d

However beautiful may be the music of an opera, it can scarcely retain permanent popularity without a striking and intelligible plot. On hearing of the tragic tale of *Jour de Grief* having been selected by M. Perissol, most could feel the propriety of the choice; not however, without misgivings as to the capacity of the masses to cope with a subject of such dignity and grandeur. We find, accordingly, that its success in Paris has been equivocal, though sustained by the finest efforts of Lablache, Febini, and Perissol. The most fearful incident in the story, the exposure of the dead bride, which might have inspired a magnificent finale, forms no part of the libretto; the heroine goes mad of course, a scene of delirium being a *non plus ultra* in the modern opera seria. We shall have it in London of course, but disappointment may reasonably be predicted.

A word on the plots of various well-known operas. *Fosca* seems to have been the most fortunate, both in the comic and heroic; *Bertram* is Thalia's own, and no subject can rival the *Strobilade* in grandeur and majesty. Though alive to the many beauties of its score, we cannot help wishing that it had fallen into the hands of a Mozart, a Beethoven, a Meyerbeer, or a Spontini.

Mozart has been less happy in his choice. The subject of *Don Juan* is magnificent, and *Figaro* is legitimate comedy; but the plot of the *Zembyrlovic* is an allusion round the neck of the music. That of *Le Comte Ory* carries the objection of great immaturity; *La Cleopatra*, *Masaniello*, and the *Struggle*, are subjects of flapping and indignant interest.

Der Propheten, *Faust*, *Robert le Diable*, and *Zampa*, are capitalizing to young imaginations, with an eye to "say full of horrors." Domestic stories, and even

country takes, may be rendered attractive by the genius of the musician; of this kind are *La Gioia*, *La Smeralda*, and *La Giovinetta*.

Our English opera-masters have been decidedly unfortunate in their subjects, but can we mention any one of absorbing interest, or calculated to arrest the sympathies of a Cosmopolitan audience.

FASHIONABLE PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

How many people play on the pianoforte! How few know the real extent and purpose of instrumental music! These remarks were prompted by the inspection of a lady's portfolio; its contents were as follows:—

The *Salon de Quindici*.
 " *All Mollato*," with variations by Herz.
 Brilliant Variations on a Theme of Rossini,
 by Ballochevici.
 The *Kaiser-Quadrille*—Mozart.

" *Una Voce*," with variations
 Operatic Airs, written by F. Moser.
 Grand Galop, by Strauss.
 Brilliant Variations, by Herz.
 The *Jon Coeur-Waltz*, by Do.

The lady who possesses the above unique collection is generally considered by her acquaintances to be a first-rate amateur performer, and certainly if hope, and elation, and fortitude, and passionate concentration, she was eminently fitted to the distinction. But I found that she could not play a very easy waltz, nor could she accompany another instrument. Her excuse was "that she did not like slow music, and that she always thought that the violin or flute should play the accompaniment, as, for instance, "The creature to *La Gioia di Strauss*," with its life, soon, for flute, violin, or viola. I looked at these and found that the averages consisted of the key bass for about twenty bars, together in this way—first six bars if flat piece, second six bars if flat forte, third six bars E flat piece, and so on with very little else. Now this appears to be the most directed standard, to pianoforte players in private, of amateur instrumental music, and this lamentable ignorance and false taste is entirely the result of the present system of teaching music in schools and families. I earnestly recommended to professors and teachers that, if they would escape the serious reproach of real ignorance, they should place in the hands of their pupils compositions which have been the wonder of enlightened judges, many of which have been belittled by time and will live for ever. That they should properly and carefully explain the design and construction of the composition, dwelling on its beautiful passages and comparing its beautiful language. That they should teach their pupils to exercise their taste and judgment, as well as their fingers, and that they should improve that taste by a judicious selection of models. That they should tell them that the bass is not a mere servile accompaniment to the treble, and that they should teach them to read few staves, instead of two. These things are not a trifle of what they should do, which they do not do. At present they devote all their pupil's time to the getting up a piece, such as "Variations brillantes, par Albin Hertz." This splendid instance of the pupil's ugly costs perhaps three months' labour and increased practice in order to be fired off as a great gun at the Christmas ballade. Now were this time devoted to the practice of music and readable compositions at sight, the purification to the pupil and the real satisfaction to the master would be increased a hundredfold. What do our young lady friends know of Bachmann? "He writes charming waltzes," says one, "His music is very dry," says another, and so, very likely it is to those who are initiated with the *hobby-horse* treats of Kessler and Deutzer. True, perhaps, in the most respectful thing to music, and yet how few can keep it. In short I am anxious to see at once a different mode of teaching, one which shall have for its object the elevation of music from a thing amusement to a scientific enjoyment, and I tell young learners, that if they only knew what a new and delightful scene is in store for them, they would lay aside "Fading Galops," and seek to Mozart and other composers of the best class.

SCHENZO.

MOZART AND HAYDN.

A useful publication which has just appeared on the continent, entitled "Anecdotes of the Court of the Emperor Joseph II," contains the following dialogue between that sovereign and kind Detlevsdorf, the celebrated musical writer and composer. We feel assured that our musical readers will be interested in becoming acquainted with the opinions pronounced on Mozart and Haydn by two such eminent musical connoisseurs.

King Detlevsdorf visited Vienna in 1792, for the purpose of making arrangements for the performance of his oratorio of "Job." He wished likewise to have his symphonies on God's Miraculousness performed at the imperial garden. For this it was requisite to obtain the Emperor's permission, in which which Detlevsdorf was favoured with an interview with Joseph II. He had been informed that the Emperor was in the habit of making very minute inquiries on any subject which excited his interest; and that when, in the course of a conversation, he made these inquiries, he liked to receive a decided answer, given with-out timidity or hesitancy; and that any expressions following humility or diffidence were sure to displeas him.

The Emperor received Detlevsdorf in his private cabinet, and after a little conversation on the oratorio of "Job," as with the Emperor made some observations highly complimentary to the composer, the following dialogue ensued. It is here given as related by Detlevsdorf himself.

The Emperor: "Are you still employed by the government in Vienna?"—*Detlevsdorf*: "Yes, your Majesty."—The Emperor: "In what capacity?"—*Detlevsdorf*: "In the departments of finance and independence."—The Emperor (in an emphatic manner): "And do you possess the requisite information on these subjects?"—*Detlevsdorf*: "As I have held my appointment for the space of thirteen years, I may fairly presume that I am deemed competent to discharge its duties."—The Emperor: "How have you made yourself master of so many various attainments?"—*Detlevsdorf*: "Having been born and educated in Vienna, it would have been in vain to me had I learned only to play the violin and to compose a mass."—The Emperor: "Have you heard Mozart?"—*Detlevsdorf*: "Three times, your Majesty."—The Emperor: "What do you think of his playing?"—*Detlevsdorf*: "My opinion concurs with that of all musical connoisseurs who have heard him."—The Emperor: "Have you heard Clement?"—*Detlevsdorf*: "Yes, Sir."—The Emperor: "There are some persons who prefer Clement to Mozart. What is your opinion on that question? Tell it me frankly."—*Detlevsdorf*: "Clement's playing is characterized by a vast degree of skill and science. With these qualities Mozart combines the inspiration of an exquisitely fine taste and fancy."—The Emperor: "That is my opinion, and I am much gratified to find that it agrees with yours. What do you think of Mozart's compositions?"—*Detlevsdorf*: "They appear to me to be the creations of a bold and original genius. I know of no composer who is gifted with so rich a fund of new ideas. I should wish him to use them more sparingly. He never exhausts his treasure long to breathe. When the ear is disordered in itself on a beautiful idea, another rises up and puts it on flight. Thus the mass of horrors—the unnumbered feet there, after all, to whom music ought to be addressed, as well as to the more educated and learned—are unable to catch and follow the magical city of heaven which Mozart so lightly diffuses through his compositions."—The Emperor: "You are right. In his operas he frequently introduces such a crowd of notes in the accompaniments that the singers complain."—*Detlevsdorf*: "That is not a fault, so long as a composer has the skill to keep the orchestral parts subordinate to the vocal."—The Emperor: "Do you have then, Detlevsdorf, in your new work—By the bye, what do you think of the compositions of Haydn?"—*Detlevsdorf*: "I have not heard any of his operas."—The Emperor: "You have not nothing by that. But what do you think of his instrumental compositions, his concertos, &c.?"—*Detlevsdorf*: "That they deserve the admiration they unceasingly excite. Haydn does

not enjoy an unshared glory, like those insects whose existence lasts only from morning to night. He understands the art of embellishing so exquisitely even a trivial idea, that it presents an air of novelty to the most experienced ear."—*The Emperor*. "Does he not sometimes indulge in eccentricity?"—*Silvershoff*. "Yes; but without overstepping the boundaries of propriety."—*The Emperor*. "Right..... I some time ago passed myself as comparing Haydn and Mozart.....I should like to hear you draw a similar comparison, so that I may know how far your notions and taste correspond."—*Silvershoff*. "Your Majesty imposes upon me a very difficult task, and before I attempt to execute it, I must request permission to address a question to your Majesty."—*The Emperor*. "The permission is granted."—*Silvershoff*. "What comparison would your Majesty be inclined to draw between the works of Klopstock and Goethe?"—*The Emperor*. (after a short pause) "None..... Both are great poets. One must read the writings of Klopstock several times over before we can discuss all these beauties. On the contrary, the beauties of Goethe are apparent at first glance."—*Silvershoff*. "Your Majesty has now answered the question which you put to me."—*The Emperor*. "Then, I presume you would compare Mozart to Klopstock, and Haydn to Goethe?"—*Silvershoff*. "That, I think, would be a fair comparison."—*The Emperor*. "I cannot dispute it."—*Silvershoff*. "May I request to have the assistance which your Majesty has established between the two great composers?"—*The Emperor*. "You shall have. I compare the compositions of Mozart to a gold watch—his music is neat, and thus of beautiful ornament; but the latter is distinguished for its classic simplicity and fine pathos. Thus you see our opinions very closely approximate..... I am very glad to have made acquaintance with you, and am happy to find you a different man from what you have been described to me."—*Silvershoff*. "How, your Majesty?"—*The Emperor*. "I was given to understand that you were egotistical and vain, and that you were unwilling to award praise to other composers. I regret at having discovered the contrary, and I shall be happy to have the pleasure of conversing with you frequently. You will always find me ready to receive you at the hour at which you were admitted to-day."—*Politzsch's Journal*.

MEMOIR OF CIMAROSA.

Domenico Cimarosa was born at Naples in 1751, and died at Venice the 21th of January, 1801, having just completed his forty-sixth year. He received his first musical instruction from Apollo, and entered the Conservatory of Luccina, where he imbibed the principles of the school of Durante, and became a disciple of that admirable master. The general attention of Cimarosa was carefully cultivated, and his amiable disposition, and sweetness of temper, gained him the affection of all who knew him. On quitting the conservatory, his talents became known and appreciated, and his works soon acquired a high popularity throughout Italy. His operas were chiefly of the comic class, but although composed expressly for the buff repais, his style is never gross or ungraceful; he displays considerable ingenuity in his accompaniments, which exhibit the melody of the voice part, without too much occupying the attention of the audience.

His operas, *Il Filosofo* and *L'Inferno* in London, were produced at Rome, and thence adopted in the principal cities of Italy; and their success was so complete, that a mandate received an order from Paris to compose a cantata for the birth of the Dauphin, which was performed by a band consisting of upwards of one hundred voices and instruments.

The reputation of Cimarosa spread more rapidly than that of any composer of the last century, except Pergolesi; and the fame of his *Inferno* in London, seems to have been as extensive as that of *La Seme Pieta*.

In 1797, he was invited to Petersburg by the Empress Catherine II., in order to compose operas there. The following is a list of his compositions which have

been performed in Italy, and received with enthusiastic applause on every stage in Europe:—

1778. <i>L'Inferno in Londra,</i>	1784. <i>Il Fanciullo Sbarato</i>
1784. <i>Il Cavaliere,</i>	1787. <i>Il Cavaliere di Fazio,</i>
<i>Il Reo Barolo,</i>	1790. <i>Giustina e Brindante,</i>
<i>Ma nonno Generale,</i>	<i>La Fille du Peuple,</i>
<i>Il Fanciullo Perseguito,</i>	<i>La Fanciulla Perseguitata,</i>
1793. <i>Scenone di Metastasio,</i>	<i>La Fanciulla Perseguita,</i>
<i>Il Fanciullo,</i>	1795. <i>Il Marinaro Segreto,</i>
1794. <i>Il due Appostoli Conti,</i>	1794. <i>Il Tron Amato,</i>
1797. <i>Yulchiana,</i>	<i>Il Marinaro per Furore,</i>
<i>La Sultana Amante,</i>	<i>La Fanciulla,</i>
<i>La Trama Infame,</i>	<i>L'Offensore,</i>
1799. <i>L'Impresario in Angaria,</i>	<i>Il Giocatore d'Alleanza,</i>
<i>Il Cavaliere,</i>	1797. <i>Gli Amanti Gemelli,</i>
<i>Il Marito Disprezzato,</i>	<i>Gli Orfani.</i>

The last opera built of Cimarosa is *L'Impresario Fiorentino*, performed at Venice in 1800. The *libretto* was left unfinished: the first act only is by Cimarosa; other composers have attempted to add the second and third, but they have not succeeded. It was abandoned, and the curtain dropped in the middle of the second act.

All the operas of Cimarosa are distinguished for invention, and originality of ideas, as well as for the richness of the accompaniments and skilful stage effect. The greater part of his compositions are *di prima categoria*. We feel in listening to such passages, that the division has been made as it were, in a moment of inspiration. The enthusiasm excited by *Il Marinaro Segreto*, was scarcely to be conceived. In short, this work fixed the varying opinions of the Italians.

Cimarosa presided at the piano in the Neapolitan theatre, during the last seven representations, a thing unprecedented. *St. Vences*, the linguist having attended the first performance of this opera, invited the singers and musicians to a banquet, and sent them back the same evening to the theatre, where they played the piece a second time!

Cimarosa, unfortunately for his success, manifested a partiality for the French during their possession of Naples, which occasioned his disgrace at the court of his patron, and he narrowly escaped the punishment which so many of his contemporaries were doomed to suffer. He was, however, allowed to die in his bed in 1803, extremely regretted by the lovers of music as an original and exquisite composer, and an amiable man.

Several traits have been recorded of the modesty which added to the merit of this great musician.

A painter wishing to flatter him, told him that he considered him superior to Mozart. "I, no!" answered he, rather abruptly—"What would you say to any man who should venture to assume you that you are superior to Raphael?"

Amateurs were once divided between Mozart and Cimarosa, considered as dramatic composers. The Emperor Napoleon inquired of Grétry what difference there was between the two. "Sir," answered Grétry, "Cimarosa places the statue on the stage, and the pedestal in the orchestra; whereas, Mozart puts the statue in the orchestra, and the pedestal on the stage."

Grétry had heard little of Mozart's music, and that little he did not understand. In his *Essai sur le Musique*, a work of great and importance, published a dozen years after the death of the great German composer, he never mentions his name or any of his works!

CORRESPONDENCE.

MEMORIALS' PRIZES

To the Editor of the Medical World.

Sir,—Finding that there is every prospect of a revival in the prizes offered by the Medical Club, I beg to state, that no paper will be considered for award this year. A pro-

value of those prizes, and the place in the company of the best approved medical work, in the sight of "God Save the King," the composer (who must be an honorary member of the Club), to provide the music.

Local Notices will give a place of ten guineas to the composer of the best approved ballad, after the style of "God Save the King," or any of the old writers, the composer to provide the words. The words of the Local Notices prize must be honorary members of the Club, or be recommended by subscribing members, each of whom may introduce one ballad, words not more than 100, in English language native of the United Kingdom, but not residing in London, or within twenty miles thereof, accompanied by the name of the composer, and the place of his abode, verified, and enclosed in a letter to the secretary, signed by the member.

The conditions for the first year are confined to the honorary members of the Club (of whom there are twenty), as a small reward for the valuable services rendered by them to the Society, in drawing their names, and exercising their talents at its various meetings.—I remain, &c., your obedient servant.

20, Street Street, Bedford Square

JOHN PARRY, Esq. Secy.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

To the Editor of the Medical World.

Sir—In the Gentleman's Magazine, p. 222, for 1744, there are the following lines inserted as an improvement on the original words. It is entitled "An Attempt to improve the song, 'God Save the King,'" the former words having no merit but their loyalty.

From let thy trumpet sound,
Till all the world around
Great George a King
Till Rome, and Pharaoh and Spain,
Prostrate adore their chain,
All their idols are we vain,
Great George is King.

May Heaven his life defend,
And make his foes offend
While at his face
Thy christian Kingship died
On his devoted head
And teach his foes to dread;
Great George's name.

His power and plenty bring,
While Rome's despised King
Waits and dreads;
Then let his people sing
Long live our glorious King
From whose rock Kingship springs,
Freedom and joy.

God save our noble King,
Long live our glorious King,
God save the King,
Hark! how the rattle ring
Long live our glorious King,
From whose rock Kingship springs,
God save the King.

There are (at least) copies, and the real authors are here recorded more explicit than in the old form. As regards the second notice by another person (an honorary member), of the words having been "God save great James our King," in the original, it must be the fact, a genuine notice for which James gave the words intended; possibly James II., more probably James the Pretender, but with all due deference to those on the same ground, even for James I., there is not an atom of proof to yet have persuaded that such was the case. Pook I speak, not the charge, not having evidence. Mr. Cook produces none, although he means it as well as the East-India-Company's Company, that the words were written by Ben Jonson, and the music composed by the John Bull for them, and first performed both on James I. in 1603 by their Ball, but certainly, by nothing does he prove it. What would some produce? They are older than anything, that their arguments are correct; and especially in some of the numerous and repeated statements by others equally, if not more, learned than themselves, and as the direct appearance of facts produced in private conversations that such statements cannot be true. If they will still persist in the same statements respecting what is really the case, let them be named and themselves be named as concerned and liable! Why, a man need not be an expert writer to possess in such a case.

Dr. Burney observes (vide *Essai Critique*), "We have no good reason to believe that 'God Save the King' was written by James II., although the Duke of Orange was looking over the coast," which supposes, says the editor of *The Librarian* for 1836, p. 114, says, that the late King George III. observed that "it is a book printed at the reign of James II., containing the two names words, 'God Save the King,' and 'God Save the Queen.' From whom or whence the author of the composition obtained the title of *Invitation*, does not here appear. If the 16th century date be true, we may presume that it is among George the Second's books at the Library at Windsor. But as this collection, as well as others in the Museum Library, is not new, it is easier than looking for a needle in a bundle of hay, to endeavour to find it especially as we have to guess of one as to its title or name; but there, as all probability, it is."

It appears to me (says Mr. John Aubrey, in his letter to the Rev. W. L. Gairdner, printed in 1836), that something like our present national anthem was written long before Henry Carey was born, and that, in my humble opinion, is the something that we which all the "learned commentators" have taken. They imagined, because they could trace back (obscurely enough), something like our God save King James, King Charles, and so on, that the piece then written was in the process, they may have seen in our present one. I repeat they imagined so, for not one of them has got anything like a positive proof, and I will venture to affirm that many songs or anthems of the same nature may be traced back to the reign even Mr. Clark's account. The two following instances are pictures here, the first of which comes nearer to our present anthem than any words I ever saw. In the castle on Portland Island, which was rebuilt by Henry VIII. about 1520, there is a small chapel, called "Queen Anne's chapel, in which is written in old English characters, a very interesting notice.

"God save King Henry, the English of that name."

And beyond a doubt an old house in Thomas Street, Westminster, no longer exists than 1511, the following verse was discovered as no later will be.

"God save Queen Elizabeth,
 God render her happy days,
 God grant her great us
 Pardon her most holy ways."

And beyond a doubt, many other instances of this kind have been, and will be found, in various parts of England. There may be discovered, God save King Edward, King Henry, King James, King Charles, and so on; but after the complete failure of the manuscript of Dr. Burney and Burney, when the authors had entered the very spot of popularity, the way was selected to put arrangements as to it for the metropolitan libraries, who must have been interrogated showing all of them respecting its origin, name, I apprehend, will be the attempt of Mr. Clark, or any other person, to copy back the words or name further than what has been related by Sir J. C. Smith, and in the letter addressed to the Editor of the *Crucifixion Magazine*, mentioned as these relations have been by Dr. Burney and Mr. Foxcroft. In point of fact, I cannot conceive why any one should wish to trace the production back to an early age, or to some highly-gifted person or persons, for no poet or musician, properly so called, would be desirous of following such a plan as a composition. The genuine spirit of British loyalty is a very real and ancient, for the poetry should its great souls were in James, David, or Pope, of former times, or Evelyn, Locke, or Newton, of the present century; and even the same world will nothing to the reputation of Hall, Powell, or Jones, in these days, nor to Cowley or Baskin of the present time; for what wonderful merit is there in composing a stanza, with six lines or one verse and eight in the other, which, in speak figuratively, is something like a poor fellow building with one leg just one rather shorter than the other. With respect to the old manuscript mentioned by your correspondent Dr. Hoyle, wherein he says that the name "God save the King" is to be found, God himself might (if it is to be used) to be readily ascertained, so that the public may not be deceived by a forgery. Myself as well as others, are anxious to ascertain it. It may probably have originated of one of the manuscript volumes of the Hall's compositions, formerly in the possession of Dr. Pyper. I have an extract by Dr. Hall (in the volume as often mentioned by me) beginning "In the O Lamb," in B. volume, that Mr. Clark himself mistakes such an instance by Dr. Hall, formerly named. About the above-mentioned manuscript containing "God save the King," printed in German, there there is an end in all further doubts, and the matter is not settled. Mr. Cross (in his account of the York Musical Festival in 1825), says, "I have an expectation of being able to write the poem, which can be probably decided only by some fortunate discovery."

New pieces to recollect (not even *My Abbey*) we have had many wonderful discoveries made from long to long? My beloved, too, discovered a play of Shakespeare's in our musical hall's own handwriting! The author of "*Julius*" has been frequently discovered! And a work by the great Milton has been recently found! But, mark! Richard's discovery turned out to be a forgery! *Julius* still remains unknown? and I can have stated that the venerable Bishop of Salisbury, and others, doubt the authenticity of the recently-discovered work of Milton! It behoves us then to be cautious respecting discoveries, for I should not be surprised if some one should take the hint, and have the good fortune (as it would be termed) to discover the original manuscript of our national anthem among the many writings in the library, or handwriting, of one of our first letters.

Mr Clark has observed in his last paper on this important question, "If there, the contents of Dr B. Cooke, Dr. Arne, Mr. Burney, R. Taylor, and a host of others, of equally respectable and respectable character, be true, we —but they have found the national anthem, when a boy sang "God save great James our King," they must mean *James the First*." Why not mean *as they mean James the First*? Certainly not; when there has been a *James the Second*, and a *James the Third*, Mr Clark also attributes a long (and certainly very common) poem, by F. Lonsdale, "On the Coronation of Charles the Second", the last two lines of which are as follows:—

"Let our men singe songs exchange songs,
The musical nation, the God save the Kings?"

And observe, "Will any man be bold enough to assert that this national anthem is not the same musical address which was sung by Mr. Clark, mentioned in my (Mr. Clark's) New letters to the *Musical World*, (though sung by him as *James*, and sometimes "*George*," as there stated," I will ask Mr. B. Clark, how or what way does he mean that it is the same, as there have been several poems (and I have no doubt there will be more found) brought forward to prove that there was a "God save the King," or *Queen*, from (I believe) the time of King Henry VII. to the present period. But as regards the Latin verses—these verses have appeared in great long ago (viz. Gresham's *Wagoner* after the Revolution, 1704), with the exception, that instead of "*Archiepiscopus*," there appears "*Comite* *Archiepiscopus*." I presume Mr. Clark has dropped the nation in his letter to the *Musical World* about Dr. John Bull being the composer, as I did to do so not very many years since. But to quote the same words, Mr. Clark very aptly he himself brings forward in his last paper—

"For the man straggled against his will,
In of the same system still."

Turning to the *Old Lady's* letter, more was said. When I have read the first that Mr. Clark intends to bring forward, I do not only ask one simple question—what was the old lady born? (Q) Would you, in answer when he first did away with the date on music notes, that "*James* and *George* should never be dated." The *John* portion of the creation must surely be if I live in the least offended there by the answer. I thought to have mentioned something in reference to *John* *Kath*, *James*, in this letter, but I find I have oversteered as much as your space, that I must reserve it for my next.

I am yours, &c.

JOSEPH WARRICK.

[The MS. alluded to in Mr. Warrick's letter we have received from Mr. Hazen, and, after Mr. Clark has seen it, it shall be forwarded for his inspection.—Ed. M. W.]

REVIEW.

Songs of the Mill-Watch. Partly by Captain Philip Johnson. Music by Philip Kitchin—(Ed. T. Parley.)

There are six of these songs. Two of them, Nos. 1 and 2, were reviewed in a former number in terms of useful approbation. The remaining four remain to be noticed.

No. 2.—*The Sailor's Request.*

POOR TOM KATHA, mortally wounded, beseeches his expected prize money to see. The melody is simple and expressive, but too near akin to the "*Soldier's Tear*."

No. 3.—*The Hunt knows only One.*

For the sake of those who may wish to inspect the poem (the author's name is not given),

Written in imitation of the courtesy of naval gentlemen.

" Though the eye has seen a love,
The heart knows only one."

The air is common-place, but tastefully symphonized.

No. 4.—The Sailor's Funeral.

A descriptive piece, commemorative of the fate of a lieutenant on board the Queen Charlotte, returning home after the battle of St. George. Desperately wounded, he survives only to catch a glimpse of the land of his birth.

The melody, in A major, is at first expressive of the sparkling and bounding glee of the crew, as the ship nears port. The music is then taken, and the time retarded, to denote the hero's death, after which the tempo ceases.

The last verse reminds us of the ode to Sir J. Moore:—

" No ashes were strew'd on his watery grave,
We scoulded no land, nor the cannon's deep boom,
But his bar was broken'd with the tides of the bay
Ere we hush'd him below to his dark ocean tomb
Rest, rest, gallant spirit, tho' lonely, thy bed
Thy names in fondest remembrance we'll guard,
And when the sea's command to render to dead
A host thou wilt rise to receive thy reward."

In bar 2, page 34, the F's should be natural.

No. 5.—The Light House.

This is perhaps the best of the set, both as a musical and literary point of view: we have the melody of *Editha* without its boldness. *Editha* are setting port is busy weather, at midnight, and aspiring—

" What star shines o'er the sea's expanse
Which new glances deck with hoar'd red,
New seems to disappear."

Which of course turns out to be the light-house, and fills all hearts with joy.

In bar 1, page 34, play the A's natural, and further on read "breath'd" for "breath."

In fine, we recommend the whole series, containing as it does much good poetry, set to vigorous, healthy, and intelligible music, of a thoroughly English character, and contrasting handsomely with the sticky conventionalities of the Italian school.

The *Dublin Free School, Remembrance O Lord (From Lamentations, chapter 3)*.
Composed by Thomas Alfred Holmady.—(Novello).

This gentleman is the son of the well known organist and composer, and himself occupies the professor's chair at Cambridge, with the organ of Trinity and St. John's. His command of the instrument is considered astonishing in so young a man, his age not exceeding twenty-six, and the above is a very dramatic specimen of his power as a composer.

A eight-measure of brass and basses lead off with a piece of plain counterpoint in F major. This is followed by a modulation for a bass voice, leading to a short figured chorus. The next movement is a very expressive solo for a soprano, and the last is a capital allegro fugue, more in the style of Mozart than of other writers.

Fair is the Warrior's Merit Crown. Words by Rev. Christopher Wordsworth.
Music by the same.—(Chappell).

" Fair is the warrior's merit crown,
And fair the hero's sword,
The lustre of their bright renown
Fades not, broken'd by death."

A very pretty stanza for a round, and particularly well set. It is for four voices, and may take rank with "British Clod," "The Indian Drum," and other favourites. In bar 6, page 5, perhaps the two last bass notes would be better written A C.

ruled for, in consequence of which Messrs V. Novelli, Harvey, Joseph Kalkman, and Signor Dragonezzi, have formed themselves into a committee, for the purpose of giving a concert for the benefit of Mr. Baker's unfortunate family; it is announced to take place at the Harmonic Society Rooms, on Monday evening, the 2d of February, and we trust that the charitable feelings of our friends residing in the metropolis will be roused on an occasion which so justly demands their sympathy. The programme is highly interesting, and contains Messrs's possible quartet in C minor, the quintet in A of the same composer, a trio of Cavelli, in which Dragonezzi will prove himself as young and vigorous as ever, notwithstanding what we unfortunately said of him in the concert; and a stringed instrument quartet of Beethoven, besides a classical selection from the vocal works of Mozart, Handel, Purcell, and the late Mr. Stokes. The list of performers comprises the names of Miss Clara Novelli, Mrs. Serle, Miss M. R. Adams, Huber, and Alfred Novelli, in the vocal department; and in the instrumental, those of Mrs. Anderson, Wainman, Edman, Dando, Fyfe, Dragonezzi, Henry Giffin, Boyman, Signor Dragonezzi, and Vincent Novelli, who will conduct the concert; and, incidentally to be said, the services of all will be gratuitous. We shall always be found willing, when cases like the present occur, to aid them by all the means in our power, as we are ever in that position, in other cases, to convey their immediate relief, we merely mention that, in the present instance, we only discovered that which we ought to have been informed of by the committee, to whom we wish every success.

PROVINCIAL.

[This department of the Medical World is compiled and compiled from the provincial press, and from the offices of our agency correspondents. The editors of the M. W. are therefore, in respect to this department, to be held responsible, beyond what their editorial opinions are supposed to be.]

Mr. GARDNER'S — Harmonium, in every sense of the term, was the meetings of the Gloucester's Club. But that of Thursday evening was more than usually interesting, from a variety of circumstances. It was one of the evenings when the (male) names of our best female residents are added to those of the men, and of the society's own members, in the least composition of this class of vocal music. There were no new pieces (not presented to the club) sung for the first time by its members; and amongst its guests it numbered two gentlemen, both in their respective walks in musical science and art—Mr. Edward Taylor, Gloucester professor of music, and Mr. Wilkes, the celebrated dramatist, probably the first professor of the instrument in the world. About what may be regarded as the vocal concert, "Glorious Apollo," with which the harpings of these meetings invariably commence, there were given in succession Enley's "Judy, Judy, my," and Perry's "In a cell or cavern deep," a wondrous piece for one of the ablest voices, and which is marked by a sweet melody passing through its cadence, and Bishop's "Though he be not a grey, grey hair," the value of which was enhanced both that peculiar half-musical half-romantic expression which the composition demands, by Misses Gardner and Graham, Misses Wilkes and J. Johnson. The next piece was one written for and presented to the club by the composer, Mr. Graham, nephew of the Eborac Archdeacon. It is a four-part serious piece, entitled "Night," and was sung by Messrs. Harlow, Watson, James Johnson, and Johnson. It is a composition praised by the poets, and, we doubt not, when it becomes more familiar to the singers it will be found an effective piece. Its character is descriptive, the music abounds with the distinctions and shades of the midnight hour, relieved by the mild radiance of the orb of night. The plot was well received, and applauded by the club. The next piece was that fresh and gladsome piece of Whittaker's, "The month of June," in which simple justice was done. The first part closed with Bishop's chorus, "Flurry, flurry, away, away," which, it is almost needless to say, was sung with a spirit and execution that would have delighted the composer himself. Miss Graham's fine voice was heard to great advantage in a solo in this piece; and she received warm and well-deserved applause. We never heard her in better voice, and she is gradually acquiring the just and due proportion of all powers, and without which it is impossible to effect. The chorus was truly successful. The second part opened with the joint production of Dr. Cooke and Bishop, "Spurned away," the piece finished. It was very ably sung. It is succeeded that fine specimen of the piece given by Dr. Cooke (one of his earliest compositions, we believe), "More or less than only," in which Miss Gardner and Messrs. Serle, Wilkes, James Johnson,

and *Intermezzo*, displayed great taste and feeling. It was one of the gems of the evening. The next piece entitled great attention and interest—Mr T. Cooke's own sacred play of "The banks of Hohenhausen," which took the prize in 1838, at the Grand Club, London. Of this piece the composer has presented six copies to the Manchester Club, and this was the first sight of its performance here. The composer has taken for his subject the well-known lines of Campbell, which give the title. Thus he has treated it with great skill, and has produced a fine, spirited dramatic play, full of good musical coloring, and possessing some noble passages. With a few more plays, which contain some Moore, Byron, Milton, Chaucer, James Edgewood and Edgewood, with a small drama. It opens with a concert solo by Mr. Williams, of a semi-romantic character, which serves as a very appropriate introduction to the choral strength of the following parts. The solo comprises the first scene of the poem—

"On Linden, when the sun was low,
All blown by the refreshing breeze,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of her soft rolling waters."

Then commenced the change of the scene, the drama lent a deal of light; and the interest of the play increased. There is a fine picture, and successful expression conveyed in the lines, "How few shall part whose wishes meet," and the whole composition, though of some length, is one that will always be heard with pleasure by the true lover of the play. Of course, its prevailing character is a blending of the sacred and the secular; but the tone of the work indubitably that is unobscured in its sacred aspects will sink the ordinary words of the poem. The next piece was Bishop's drama, "All pleasure is vain," the subject of this drama, and the drama as full and powerful as could be desired. It was sung with all the grandeur that might be expected from vocalists who sang "In love of their art," and with delight in the words of one of its most highly gifted characters. Bishop's first old play, "In love I write," was sung by a double choir, the first consisting of Miss Hartman, Maria Bush, Cooper and Stubbins; and the second, of Miss Graham, Maria Burton, Walton, and Haydon. In the rich harmonies were heard its perfection. The last piece with Bishop's drama of "Elegance," in which, as in the other dramas already noticed, we could not help noticing the great weight and power (and consequently latitude of modulation for the harmony) which the lyrics possessed; though considering only two or three scenes, they were equal in power to some scenes of their more numerous operas. After an excellent supper, presided by several guests, and followed by *Wassail dancing*, in which the whole vocal strength of the choir was heard, the more cheerful and social business of the evening commenced. Mr. Williams treated the society with his usual performance as a favorite instrument of his own, the *Grand Bassinet*, which unites the tones of the clarinet and trombone. He then, slow, sweet tones, and its melody clear and which he compelled a fine flow of melody from an instrument, in ordinary hands, of a most unimposing character, were the theme of general admiration. The air which formed the subject of this performance was "The soldier's love." The chorists then, as is usual, proposed the health of "The stranger who has traveled so with their company," and in doing so expressed his pleasure, and that of the club, at having so their guests such men as Professor Taylor and Mr. Williams, the former of whom he would call upon to respond to the toast in the name of the stranger. Mr. Edward Taylor returned thanks, and the remainder of the evening was passed in pleasant observations of song and pastimes, among which may be named the excellent *German play*, "Now we to-day," and the amusing "Pardon dancing," led by Mr. E. Taylor, with an excellent chorus. Mr. Williams played the air, "Dear you hunting," on the concert bassinet, in his best style, and it was midnight ere the song was finished, and the song of harmony had ceased to breathe their vocal tones.

TRAVELERS.—The rich concert was presided by Maria Robinson, Hayward, and they proved highly interested in the soloists of the town and neighborhood of Halifax. The soloists in the large room of the Grove Hall, on the interesting occasion was numerous and interesting. We were much pleased to find in the audience an eminent land, comprising many of the principal professors of the neighborhood, who performed four exercises during the evening in excellent style. Walter's *Deo Proposito* was especially praiseworthy, both with regard to precision and effect. The exercises engaged for the occasion were Miss Williams and Miss E. Williams. They are strangers to Halifax, and were partly to the lady assembly room being ill, substituted from six powerful notes the vocal display, and partly to the somewhat unpopular character of the songs and choruses which were selected, they were not heard to the best advantage; but all competent judges must admit that their efforts were highly creditable to them, their notes being full

and most, and their intonation excellent. In the duets they admirably preserved their important positions, here and there, and sang together very effectively. Mr. Sedwick gave two splendid solos on the flute; his own compositions. For purity of tone, and strength of expression we may say he holds no least with Mr. Sedwick's equal. "In the no. solo" developed his extraordinary powers in the strong alto-clarinet; and proved him to be a consummate master of the instrument. In addition to a grand duet, between Messrs. Hayward and Day, in which these performers displayed their greatest attainments, Mr. Day distinguished himself as a solo on the piano forte. We never heard Mr. Day perform so well. His execution was brilliant, and he is evidently taking rapid strides towards the highest excellence. We were come to speak, though but not least, of Mr. Hayward. His solo "L'adieu au port Français" remarkably, partly showed the various attainments. His execution of this piece more than justified the opinion we just now expressed of his talents. This composition is evidently designed to display the difficulties of this very difficult instrument, and Mr. Hayward overcame every one of his complete mastery of these difficulties. The finished style in which he executes what would appear to many good players impracticable passages; his harmonies and double bar-lines of perfect correctness; his bow so the still with which he executes the finest trilling and pizzicato notes in passages of the utmost brilliancy. A disconcerting accident closed their good taste by a general call of "adieu." Mr. Hayward obligingly answered the call, not by a repetition of the piece, but by one of the most surprising and almost untried efforts. He gave a paper, the subject we thought from Handel, in the most masterly manner. The style of composition is not, we believe, been attempted on the violin, except by Corelli, who only made any partial efforts of this nature. Mr. Hayward entered upon the subject, and went through it in the most admirable and effective manner. The movement he played upon was "Sinfonietta," an exceedingly fine one, of remarkable sweetness and purity of tone. The concert, on the whole, gave the highest possible satisfaction.

CHURCH.—On the evening of Christmas Day, selections of sacred music were performed in the Parish Church, Oldham, and well received both for the benefit of the organist and choir. The principal vocalists were Mrs. Hayward, Mr. Phillips, and Mr. Heale, and Miss Graham, and Mr. Heale, of the Manchester Chorus. Mr. W. Williams presided at the organ. The chorus was both powerful and efficient. Mrs. Hayward and Mr. Phillips, well known vocalists, delighted the audience with their excellent capabilities; and Mr. Heale and Mr. Heale, respectively of Oldham gave entire satisfaction. The first part of the performance consisted in Mrs. Hayward's "Creations," the second in Mr. Phillips' performance, and in the Oldham public as may be permitted to observe, that Mr. Heale possesses a fine tenor voice, and that he executed the parts allotted to him with considerable effect. Mr. Heale has a beautiful tenor voice, which he displayed to great advantage, and we had gratified in having an opportunity of hearing one of our Lancashire singers in costume (and of so many descriptions, when placed in position with metropolitan artists). There was a very pleasant highly respectable audience.

CONCERT.—Our Harrogate Society gave a public concert on Monday, which was well and extensively attended. Mr. Hayward led a very efficient band, consisting chiefly of amateurs, who executed themselves extremely well. The performance of Mr. Hayward on the violin, and Mr. Lindley on the alto-clarinet, was especially worthy notice as was the singing of Miss Brown, and Mr. Perry, jun., who were especially admired. The concert altogether afforded the greatest credit to the society, and the non-professionals who assisted in it.

PERFORMANCES.—Two performances were given in the Music Hall on Friday the 2nd inst., for the benefit of the sick poor in the town and neighbourhood, both of which were extremely well attended, and of the greatest interest to musical men. The principal singers were Miss Brown, Miss Heale, Mr. Parnell, and Mr. Perry, jun., supported by a very numerous and efficient chorus. Dr. Clarke's "Mass," "Two Holy Pictures," sung by Mr. Perry, jun., and an admirable choir of singing women, were highly successful. Mr. Heale presided at the organ, and Mr. Heale conducted. In the evening Mr. Hayward played a solo on the violin admirably, and Lindley's concerto on the alto-clarinet, the last movement of which was executed, as was Perry's "Sinfonietta," which the company (consisting in about 1000) executed a third time; but the vocalists performed admirably, and on the end was not permitted to. Miss Heale was successful in Leto's "Agnus Dei," and Mr. Parnell in "Gloria;" and the whole performance afforded the highest gratification to the company.

LEAM.—Fulham has been singing here and in Bristol with the greatest success.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PERFORMANCES.—The first trial of new music will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, by the Polpharmonic band on Saturday evening, February the 3rd. The performers will meet at half-past six o'clock, in order to arrange themselves agreeably to the alterations which have been made in the orchestra, the particulars of which we shall give in a future number.

QUARTET CONCERTS.—Messrs. Blagrove, Dando, Giffin, and Lewis intend to continue the Quartet Concerts, and in order to render the performances as excellent as possible, they have secured the services of both Lindley and Deepwight. The first concert will take place on the 11th of February. Messrs. Willey, Greenbach, Hill, Hasemann and G. Severn intend also giving a series of four Quartet Concerts at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate Street, the first meeting is announced for the 1st of next month. No doubt both will afford the highest gratification to the musical and song amateurs.

MR. MERRILL intends to repeat his classical series, which proved so highly successful last season. Mr. Carr will give some fine performances of a superior class, blended with vocal songs.

BLAGROVE AND LUTMAN, with Miss Innes and Perry, give concerts at Chesham, Watwick, Manchester, &c., this week, from thence they proceed to Loughington, Chichester, &c.

TWO PRINCE ROYAL, or **HANOVER** has composed a hymn to St. Cecilia; it is dedicated to the King of Saxony, and was performed by 120 voices, at the hundredth anniversary of the inauguration of the organ in the great residential church, Altenburgh. The instrument was built by Eugene Casparini, and is much celebrated.

TWO GERMAN OPERA. Mr. Mitchell is in treaty with Schumann, of Leipzig, for a German company to perform at either the Lyceum, or New Theatre in Oxford Street, after Easter.

TRAVELLING.—It will be seen by an advertisement in the present number, that the celebrated pianist is to be heard once more in the metropolis before he finally leaves for the continent. This circumstance will be, but for his departure, a happy circumstance for the concert season, at any rate it will render Liszt's visits highly attractive. Several members of the public are now getting up a subscription for the purpose of presenting Thalberg with a piece of plate previous to his departure.

MR. GEORGE FORTNA, brother of the pianist, has been lately appointed by the Vestry of St. Marylebone to the situation of organist of St. Mary's Church, Brunsdon Square, vacant by the resignation of Mr. T. A. Sawlings. Mr. Fortna has been for some time officiating gratuitously for Mr. Sawlings, and is an accomplished performer both on the organ and piano-forte; the appointment, therefore, is highly creditable to the vestry.

DURTON has met with the greatest success at Amsterdam, where he has given several concerts. At the last, the concert was so crowded as at the preceding ones, and every piece he executed was received in the most rapturous manner. Dabry has been created by the academy, Miss Harrison, and Mrs. Min-Camelo, who have shared the success of the celebrated pianist.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The Rev. Mr. Vicary, formerly of St. Paul's Church-yard, has been appointed superintendent of the Academy; he is a good performer on the violin, and an excellent musician; the selection, therefore, is highly judicious.

GRAND THEATRE OF COVENTRY.—The royal boxes are the most conspicuous in Europe—large semicircular balconies projecting into the house on each side over the orchestra, so that the Princesses and their suite were as well seen as the actors on the stage. A range of the box-seat and most commodious

music is reserved, at the King's request, for poets and authors. One part of the arrangement struck us as new—the house is brilliantly illuminated between the acts; but this portion of it occupied by the audience is in total darkness while the acting is going on; the only light left is that thrown on the stage by the foot-lamps. Now almost every act is the front row, not on the second part of the house, the ladies about being put there—probably on the principle that their bright eyes will supply the place of lamps.

Reverend's new oratorio, 'The Fall of Babylon,' will, when completed, be performed at Cassell. The music is adapted to an English text, which has been translated into German.

Our Readers are aware that Messrs. Cooke and Co. had threatened us with an action in consequence of our insertion of the communication of "An Amateur of the City," such action has accordingly been renounced, and Messrs. Cooke and Co. have intimated to stay the proceedings on our making a proper apology, and paying all their law expenses.

Before the publication complained of, we have seen the MSS. of Dr. Derlet, and are satisfied that he made such alterations in the part originally written for the Duke by Forde, as are sufficient to constitute an adaptation by Dr. Derlet. We must own, therefore, that we have committed an error. How Dr. Derlet can have forgotten the circumstances we know not; but that Messrs. Cooke and Co. have good cause to complain of us we readily admit, and here now to express our great regret at the insertion of any letter casting in so injudicious a reflection on their character.

TO ADVERTISERS.

The Proprietor of this Week, instead sending a stamped copy of the next number to every Publisher and Music Seller in the United Kingdom, the great advantage of inserting Advertisements in that particular number is apparent, and therefore the following will be the charges. We should feel obliged by their being forwarded as soon as possible, in order that no delay may take place in the publication of the number:—

	£	s.	d.
Eight Lines and under	0	10	0
Every additional Line	0	1	0
Half's Column	1	0	0
A whole Column	2	0	0
A whole Page	4	0	0

The next Monthly Part, as the wrapper of which Advertisements are wanted, and bills offered in an anonymous form, will also have an increased circulation. They should be sent by the 10th instant to insure their insertion.

The following are the usual charges, which will be found exceedingly moderate.

	£	s.	d.
Eight Lines and under	0	6	0
Every additional Line	0	0	6
Half's Column	0	10	0
A whole Column	1	0	0
A Page	2	0	0

Bills are not Wanted in the Monthly Part

Advertisements for the Weekly Part are to be sent by every Wednesday, and those for the Monthly Part by the 10th of each Month, to

H. ROOPER, 15, FLEET STREET.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T & P's request shall be attended to; we return the very best thanks for his communication, and shall be glad to insert them in our Review.

Our Correspondents will oblige us by forwarding their communications to the next Number to every correspondent who writes. All our old subscribers to the Review in Advertisers.

THE
MUSICAL WORLD,
A MAGAZINE OF
ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,
AND WEEKLY RECORD OF
Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence

"*Un gen d'opéra's Morsels to eat despairs,
and sops'dale to eat shall drive,*"

PLAT. Phileas, act second.

*May is a something divine and temper'd,
an all-giveness and a God-like thing.*

JAN. 10, 1860.

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AN APOLOGY FOR AN APOLOGY.

No business should be done by halves. In our last number we apologized to the Messrs. Cochs for the insertion of a letter accusing them of an introduced fraud; and now that our hand is in, we cannot do better than apologize to our readers for a measure amounting of necessity and prudence.

The publication complained of by Messrs. Cochs, not only maintained that a certain piece of music, which they put forth as an arrangement by Dr. Ernst, was not an arrangement by him, but that Messrs. Cochs were guilty of a fraud so disgusting in our charge, threefold, and had we proceeded to a legal issue, it would not have been enough for us to have shown that no alterations had been made by Dr. Ernst in the late part of the Italian Melodas, or that, if any alterations had been made, they were so few and trivial as not to constitute an arrangement, but we must have gone on to establish that Messrs. Cochs were actuated by a fraudulent motive in saying the thing that was said, independently of all arrangements, whether in a court of law, or elsewhere, we felt that we had gone too far, as soon as we were satisfied by an inspection of the manuscript that Dr. Ernst had really done something to the work in question, however unworthy that something may be, of so violent a sentence; and we lost no time in making to Messrs. Cochs such reparation as they had a right to require. As journalists, we hope we shall never be accused of making the truth to any one whom we may unintentionally have injured, and we certainly

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should, and ought to be ashamed of subsequently piling down and accepting any apology which we had ever made under a conviction of its justice and propriety. But we have a duty to perform to our readers,—that duty consists in simplifying and describing new publications so that the "gentle reader" may determine with judgment and discretion. In fulfillment of that duty, and in justification of our assertions upon the title chosen for the Twelve Melodias by Messrs. Gode, we may be allowed to say that those problems themselves appear now to float in ill chosen, and calculated to mislead. The trademark is another thing, the design another, and of the latter, we have acquired, and do fully appreciate them. The title then, in 1835, and up to the time when we called attention to it, was, "Twelve Foreign Melodias for the Violin, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, arranged by Charles de Sivori."

In 1838, and after the commencement of their action against us, it became "Twelve Foreign Melodias for the Violin, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte." These Violin Duets have been adapted from Fench's "Forte Accompaniments, as a particular favour to the publishers, by Charles de Sivori."

We trust we have said enough to secure an acquittal at the bar of public opinion. The question of copyright is another matter, and must be settled by the parties interested in that respect, which is one altogether of a personal nature, and with which neither our readers nor ourselves have any concern.

VINCENT BELLINI AND HIS MUSIC.

BY L. W. BISHOP.

Those who have never visited the Italian peninsula cannot form an adequate idea of that classic country, nor of the different features and moral constitution of its inhabitants. There is something so celestial in the climate, so thrilling in the varied scenery of its mountains, its lakes, its beautiful hills, which are in every season adorned with the most brilliant verdure and fruits, that it is impossible for the most lively imagination to arrive at the reality from a full description.—The softness of the Italian eye, and the voluptuousness of the ear even, no doubt, a powerful influence not only on the feelings of that lively and sensitive people, but also on their minds by transient external impressions. It is therefore not doubted that all the greatest men of Italy, whose names are now cherished and venerated by all the civilized nations, were more indebted to the benevolent genius of their country than to any other cause for their well-deserved celebrity. Such at least was the case with Vincent Bellini, a native of Catania, in Sicily, the sweetest and most romantic composer of music in our days.

Vincent Bellini was one of those sublime combinations which Providence sometimes presents to human kind to adorn it, and to throw the life of our existence upon this world. Bellini entered very young in the Conservatorio of Naples, where Rossini was the professor of contrabasso. We are not able to say whether, from the observation of this illustrious old master, or from his own mind, the young Bellini derived that refined taste which guided him in all his dramatic performances; but if we consider the striking difference between Bellini's music, and that of the ancient Italian school, we feel inclined to believe, that to his genius only we are indebted for those divine inspirations which captivate the most enlightened people of the world.

The style of Bellini's music is almost ineffable. As he wrote his operas from the deepest impressions of his soul, and very few acts are exempted of such strong impressions. I have always observed that at the first representation of an opera by Bellini, the audience was rather astonished, disconcerted, because the beauties of his performances are not such as to excite a sudden enthusiasm in a public set

yet accustomed to his melodies: but delight was gradually increasing among artists and enlightened people, and new triumphs, new wonders were discovered in all the subsequent representations; this was the case with the opera *Il Pirata* and even the *Norma*. Some excellent commentators, talking about Bellini's and Rossini's compositions, tried to make a comparison between these celebrated masters: but there is no resemblance of any sort between the style of the two. Rossini's brilliancy and good humour give a peculiar distinctness to his melodies. The soul of the world and all good company used to impress his works with the characteristics and purity of his fiery disposition. To him love was the matter of joy, and his music the expression of happiness; while in Bellini's compositions the religious feelings and the emotions, of which every human being is susceptible, are overpowered by the expression of a transcendent and supernatural inspiration. To him love was the whole poem of life, the highest emotion of human nature. I accompanied Bellini to one of the most splendid balls in Milan, a few years before his death. Every thing around was joy, glee, and voluptuousness. The young company only decreased in his elegant appearance the most profound sadness; and his eyes seemed hovering between a tear and a forced smile. I knew the secret of his heart: the poor young man was in love, and was infinitely tender in his passions, for the woman of his affection could never be his. I brought him home, where he immediately acted himself at the piano, and composed extempore one of the most applauded specimens of music of the Italian theatre, the air in the opera *La Norma*, since all after all *Verona*. Such were the spontaneous impressions which gave to Bellini's music the strong energy of *Haydn*, the expression of *Paradisi*, and the sweetness of *Cassini*.

Bellini wrote several pieces of sacred music, and a few operas of little importance at *Naples*; but he was destined to find the scene of his greatest triumphs on the stage of the *Teatro del Scala* in Milan. *Il Pirata*, *La Scarama*, *I Capricci di Silvia*, and *La Sonnambula*, had already raised the name of Bellini to the highest reputation, when the celebrated opera *La Norma* was performed.—The enthusiasm excited by this astonishing production is beyond all description. In a few months the *Norma* became the favourite performance of all the Italian and foreign stages, and crossed the immense distance of the ocean to delight the ears of the trans-Atlantic inhabitants. Soon after this new triumph, he was called to *Pavia*, where he wrote in the greatest style the opera *Il Puritani*. It was the last song of the Swan!¹ One morning in the month of October, 1835, the inhabitants of *Pavia* hastened to the theatre of that immense capital, to contemplate the concert and select crowd which were following a funeral procession. Some of the most celebrated living men in the centre of modern civilization, were amongst the crowd. Sorrow and sorrow were in the countenance of every one. A plaintive and moving music added to the melancholy scene. Death had reaped one of the fairest flowers of nature. The funeral procession stopped at the cemetery of *Pura in Chiesa*, where the coffin was deposited, and one hour after a modest cross was raised on the ground, with the following inscription—"Pray for the peace of *Federico Bellini*." Bellini was only twenty-nine years of age when he died. His disposition was good, though exceedingly passionate, his appearance was noble and elegant, his genius vast as creation, and his soul innocent and gentle as the first sigh of love.

CONCERTS OF THE SEASON

The following are the dates of the principal Subscription Concerts, &c. which have been already fixed to take place at the *Haymarket Square Rooms*:—

ARRANGERS.—Wednesday, March 10, 18—April 6, 20—May 4, 17, 30, 37—The Month, June 3.

PATRONAGE.—Monday, March 9, 21—April 4, 17—May 11, 18—June 1 and 22.

QUARTERS.—February 13, 27—March 13, 18—April 20 (the sixth is not yet fixed).

NUZZI'S SOLENS.—May 12—June 11, 18.

Days and dates of the above concerts as they occur—

February 12.....	Thursday.....	1st	Quartet.
17.....	Days.....	2nd	Diets.
March... 9.....	Monday.....	1st	Philharmonic.
11.....	Wednesday.....	1st	Ancient.
12.....	Thursday.....	2nd	Quartet.
21.....	Monday.....	2nd	Philharmonic.
22.....	Wednesday.....	2nd	Ancient.
26.....	Thursday.....	3rd	Quartet.
April.... 6.....	Monday.....	3rd	Philharmonic.
8.....	Wednesday.....	3rd	Ancient.
10.....	Monday.....	4th	Quartet.
			(The 6th probably the 10th of May).
17.....	Monday.....	4th	Philharmonic.
20.....	Wednesday.....	4th	Ancient.
May.... 6.....	Wednesday.....	5th	Ancient.
11.....	Monday.....	5th	Philharmonic.
12.....	Wednesday.....	5th	Ancient.
18.....	Days.....	7th	Diets.
24.....	Monday.....	5th	Philharmonic.
27.....	Wednesday.....	6th	Ancient.
28.....	Thursday.....	1st	Stolt's Service.
June.... 1.....	Wednesday.....	6th	Performances of the Mendels.
8.....	Monday.....	7th	Philharmonic.
11.....	Thursday.....	2nd	Stolt's Service.
18.....	Monday.....	5th	Philharmonic.
22.....	Thursday.....	3rd	Stolt's Service.

The rehearsals of the Ancient Concerts take place at twelve o'clock on the Mondays preceding the performances. The Philharmonic rehearsals take place on the Saturday evenings preceding the concerts. We have not been able to ascertain whether the concerts of the Societa Armonica have been fixed or not. The Glee Club meets every Tuesday at the Thatched House Tavern; the Glee Club every other Saturday at the Crown and Anchor, the Melodist's Club, the last Thursday in the month at the Freemason's Tavern, and the Madrigal Society on the third Thursday at the same place.

REVIEW.

INSTRUMENTAL.

Prelude and Fugue for the Organ, with Prelude obligato, by Thomas Atwood Walsley, Mus. Soc. Cantab.—(Novello.)

This is a very favourable specimen of Professor Walsley's compositions for the organ, and will supply admirable practice for both hands and feet. It is written in the beautiful key of E major. The prelude lasts 4 mins. and, after a few bars of introduction, with which it also terminates, gives out a subject with the right hand in crotchets, accompanied with the left by a running bass passage in quavers, this subject appears throughout the prelude, and each time with increased effect. The fugue is written in four parts, the subject is good, and has met with skilful treatment in the hands of the Cambridge professor.

Mozart's Grand Chorale. "Chorus in D. Sol Fugue," from the Concerto of David's Precedents. Arranged for two Performers on the Piano or Organ, by Charles Evans.—(Novello.)

This magnificent fugue is here brought within the sphere of our easy capacities; none but very expert performers can play it singly. We do not think Bach or Handel have ever surpassed it.

Impromptu for the Flageolet, by John Alexander Fothering.—(Chappell.)

This is a delightful little piece, and just the thing for young ladies to consult

to memory and perform with effortlessly poised. After an hour expended in arduous sentences and coy refrains, it is usually the fate of exaltation to be bowed to death with one of Herr's "Aren de Balle mit Vinsansen," the puerility of the language becoming exhausted long before the end of the night. Now this piece is easy, short, and charmingly maintained, and will be relished both by the superficial and profound.

Les Dilemmes agréables, Chapeaux brillants et Fautifs pour le Père, by Philip Kuhn.—(Parody).

These are very good quadrilles, written in the style of Herr. Some of the variations require a smart finger.

Vocal.

Revolving Dith. Arranged with an Accompaniment for the Piano, by Edwin Maxwell.—(Comer).

If the modulation in this piece be the cause of Dith's revolving, we cannot compliment her on her taste. We perceive it is an arrangement only, but how we gettling of the sea. The setting, however, is all wrong. Beginning in F major, it soon makes a pleasing progression into G sharp major! on which the first part closes. Why the sharp keys should have been taken instead of the flat, we are quite at a loss to divine. Be it so it may, the modulation at the top of page 3 is such a glaring violation of all law and procedure, that the sanity of the author may be fairly suspected.

Come, hear thy lyre. Duet for two voices. Words by Thomas Blake Esq. Music by Mrs. M. Weston.—(Comer).

This is rather a pleasing trifling; the words being better than the music. Unless the second part be sung we achieve lower the melody is not established. The G's for the second voice at the top of page 1st are very loud.

O Fragrant Valley. Words by Dith. Music by Sarah Taylor.—(Comer.)

There is feeling and taste in this production, but it wants variety, and is too protracted.

O remember the River. Words by Dith. Music by J. B. Clough.—(Comer).

This is cleverly written, but too nearly related to Bishop's "Corymbia."

Will thou remember me. Words by Dith. Music by Sarah Taylor.—(Comer.)

Simple and unpretending.

I Love to Seek. Words by Dith. Music by E. A. Weston.—(Comer).

Much the same as the last.

Alone in the Valley. Words by Dith. Music by Thomas Moore.

A reproduction of "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning," or some such popular ditty; yet this is by a member of the Royal Academy!

We perceive that the words of the last six pieces are by the same individual, and beg to congratulate him on his poetical talents, to which his musical partners have not written up.

Six Canzonets, by Charles Salaman.—(Officer).

No. 1.—This Rose to calm my Brother's Grief. Poetry by Lord Byron.

No. 2.—The teaching Father of thy low sweet Voice. Poetry by W. M. Frazer, Esq.

No. 3.—Oh! there lies such depths of Woe. Poetry by Mrs. Hemans.

No. 4.—Think't Thou on Me! Poetry by Chasmary H. Townsend, Esq.

No. 5.—The Sun has set.

No. 6.—Are other Eyes beguiling, Love! Poetry by L. E. L.

We were getting bilious, and stood in need of some cooling restorative in the shape of good music. We find it in these canzonets. They are lively compositions; refined taste and powerful expression are conspicuous in every line. The poetical names appended are a sufficient guarantee for the excellence of the

History part, and did space allow, we should be inclined to quote largely. But Mr. Solomon has deeply imbibed the spirit of his authors, and his musical interpretations are ever appropriate and sympathetic.

The pieces are perhaps a little too long, and the style is occasionally too pedantic for uninitiated ears, but there are very trifling objections. With a literature abounding in poetical gems, we were longing for some French Schubert, and do not despair of finding him in Mr. Solomon.

No. 1, 2, and 3 are the best, but all are well worthy of study.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

Morriett's Second Set of Evening-Song Melodies, with Antheletments for the Piano.—(Cramer).

Queen Victoria's British March, by Dallo.—(Cramer).

Le Dieu Peuple—a Suite for the Piano-Forte, with a Pastoral Suite for the Harp, by the English Harpist, Master Legend.—(Cramer).

Erratum in the last Review.—Page 25, line 26, for "holdings" read "holdings."

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

PARIS.—Donizetti's new opera the *Martyr* will be produced at the opera about the end of this month. The principal singers know their parts, and the choruses which occupy but a small portion of the opera, will soon be ready. Great attention is being paid by M. Deshayes to the mise en scène of this work, to which he attaches much importance. Adèle Nathalie Fingemore, will appear shortly at the Académie in the ballet-opera *Le Dieu Peuple* both as a singer and dancer.

A new opera by M. Hilary, the libretto by Sardis, has been produced at the Académie Royale. It is called *Le Drapeau*, the plot is as follows:—A certain Master Bera is deeper and fiercer than the city of Chartres in the time of the League, he has a daughter, called Jeanne Béra, and wishes her to marry the chief bell-ringer, named Urbain, but the demagogue prefers a young student called Urbain; moreover there is a monk, called Brother Béraud, and a certain mysterious Captain Delacour. The deeper and bell-ringer, public functionaries of the League, are executing a little bit of treason for the benefit of Henry 3rd. Their plan is to deliver up the gates of the city to the mysterious Captain Delacour; for which service they demand presents of nobility. It is night; while the old folks are discussing their bargain on the first floor, Urbain knocks at the door—

"Jeanette, ouvrez-moi!"

De gâtes, ouvrez-moi."

Jeanne admits her lover, and an amorous colloquy ensues, Jeanne says—

"Ah! je t'aime, je t'aime

C'est toi plus que mon amour."

Urbain replies—

"Quoi? te m'aimes, te m'aimes;

Non, j'aime mieux ton amour,

Et tu ne veux pas

Être épousé par mon pas?"

Jeanne (Béraud), à tes fois répètes,

Non, j'aime mieux ton amour mieux.

J'aime mieux, mieux!

Et toi, tu te m'aimes

Et tu m'aimes pas?"

The old folks departed, Urbain conceals himself under the staircase; but Brother Béraud and a whole mob of Leaguers break into the house of Master Bera, in quest of an emissary of the King. He has escaped, but Urbain is discovered,

after comprehending the whole plot from his hiding-place. Finding that his resolute intentions to desert are in danger of being discovered, he generously resolves to devote himself as their substitute. His passage for the railway, and release from his accomplices. The Baron returned and the first act concludes. Urbain is of course condemned to death. He appears, however, to be in surprising spirits under sentence, and gives vent to his feelings of the death as a variety of keys. The old Baron is commissioned to put him to the torture, but nothing disturbs his equanimity. How will the old Baron get out of the scrape? Urbain makes this proposition to him, "Give me your daughter, and to-morrow I will be as well as long at mid-day without denouncing you, or answering any question whatever." King accepts, and the ceremony is performed. Gustave, the real, carrying as bridesman to Urbain. A chorus sings, "Dun Foubes et le mystère;" the Baron is again used, and a third act is the inevitable consequence. Notwithstanding all this, old Baron and the bill-ranger are far from tranquil the next morning. The conspiracy still proceeds, and the unknown has written a letter to inform the Baron that he is ready, and that in the first stroke of twelve he will make an assault on the city. Gustave, who has not been informed of this project, is impatient to get rid of his rival, and thinks of nothing less than slipping twelve at ten o'clock. Urbain is led to execution. But the royal troops commence the assault; the key is taken; Urbain is delivered, to continue the husband of Louise Baron, and the latter finally solves their patterns of mobility. The carriage and mine as mine are used to be magnificent, but the music of unrequited love.

PARIS.—Hart gave a concert on the 4th inst. which was most successfully attended. He played several pieces of his own composition with the greatest success.

ITALY.—The theatres have here nearly all commenced the Carnival season under the most unfavourable auspices. Montebello, after having failed at Milan was unsuccessful at Venice, in his opera entitled *Emma*, and at Rome Ferris produced a new work, *Fazio Corsillo*, which the worst talents of Mas. Ughes and Donelli could not extricate even from condemnation.

MILANO.—The management has expended a large sum in the dresses and decorations of *L'Espresso Serpico* which has obtained great success.

METROPOLITAN.

DAILY LUNCH.—Chiodelli, with the opening chorus from *Arnoldo*, and the ballet scene from *Giulietta T&C*, gave a very pleasing evening's entertainment. The performers start themselves creditably, and Charles Rossini's accompaniment as far as English concertists will allow. The band, however, should be trained to accompany more with ease, we were more than once struck by the inefficiency of the voices, arising in vain, or *flourish* just, through the din of the orchestra. On the Italian touch the parts are in better keeping; there is greater vocal power and a more unified accompaniment. Perhaps played *faster* in an orchestra have been often introduced by Rossini as accompaniment, but of course should not, in the latter case, be given with equal power, we may increase the due "Eh! per me momenta," in *La Gioconda*. Miss Levy is a very attractive *Josephine*, and sings her majesty's English very prettily. Her singing is occasionally delightful; there is still a want of finish and perfect command of tone. Thus the charming duet with the tenor, "Un' donna non se che," produces but little effect; and other passages of rapid articulation do not come out with sufficient clearness and precision. The concluding air, "Non pu' morire," is given with much taste and delivery, and commands an ovation, still it will not bear comparison with the fire and brilliancy of Mrs. Wood. Phillips, Fraser, Maudslayi, Messieurs Bello and Collett, are very satisfactory representatives of the other characters, nor should we omit to notice Mr. Garbutt. For steady husband

improvement compared to its first production; we remember how some five and twenty years ago respectable as a singer, as an actor and *vaudeville* composer. Since this period he has been increasingly collecting a vast of light comedy, and is now as good as Kealey in his way. The programme at this theatre is interesting only to those who have read Mr. Anonville's novel. We saw but few juveniles; girls appear are instances of fundamentalising their progress with the face of the *Nightingale*. But the dramatic redoubt everything and leads the actor to some better. Everybody should take an opportunity of witnessing W. the *Cressman* history and showing of *Gloucester* in more regard.

PROVINCIAL.

[This department of the Musical World is compiled and edited from the provincial press, and thus the views of any composer, commentator, the editor of the *M. W.*, and the reader are subject to the same as those of any other, beyond what is stated in the original.]

BIRMINGHAM.—On Friday evening last a concert by the performing members of the Philharmonic Society, was held in the Town-hall, Little Britain. The first part consisted of vocal, and the second of instrumental music. My Admiration was "Conduct ye my people," and the air, "Kitty valley," in a rich tone of voice, and with much taste. Miss Jackson and Miss Young, and Misses J. Greenhalgh, Dickinson, Johnson, Wood, and Tevel, all acquitted themselves in a highly creditable manner, and several of their songs were successful. The choruses, "Let them sing all nations," and "Gloria in excelsis," from Mozart's Mass, No. 18, were both admirably executed. "Let the angels sing," was well sung by Mr. J. Greenhalgh, and excellently accompanied on the organ by Mr. Fisher. "Angel of the Lord" was given with much effect by Mr. Tevel. Mr. Thomas succeeded our of No. 18, which was warmly applauded throughout. The band and choruses were complete and highly effective, and the whole was very ably led by Mr. Howells. The concert was numerously attended.

EDINBURGH.—The *Notes of a Polyanthus* is composed by the number of commentaries by our artist. Long did he of Kealey's, who had studied in the first unapproachable manner of ability, and the wonderful power, with a new elegant array also, by jumping high, jumped into the artist's hands, and under that night at once took into a small room, kept himself being deemed to a few short years to knock under to keep two, the present more with advantage in the art of high walking. Such just as speak it profusely, the profusely we do not mean to, in, in fact, the history of the distinguished painter who has of late years embarked Kealey, the son of whose strength has been while of them should have the most commentaries on his instrument. "What are your thoughts and feelings regarding the showing of commentaries—seeing up difficulties in the literature the power of necessity them?" We attribute this book, if kept it can be called, and in the arena, but to their statement of art, which is not capable of producing a combination of words that will not simply the musician, but which affects great bounds for the display of facility and capacity of execution. We would not be understood to say, that this thing is done to be adapted for the student's collection, if we may so speak, in which he holds his instrument, or that he must in at all limited to the department which is most fully expressed by the term *commentary*. On the contrary, we are convinced that he possesses a mind of great and intense musical genius; but good will occur with as the *commentaries* in the "professional" feeling which his performance wants. Last night he actually displayed his system. The large Assembly Room was crowded in overflowing, by one of the most brilliant collections that have ever been drawn together in Edinburgh. The vocal performance gave the highest satisfaction, and some of them were warmly received. Madame Belli, Signora Biondi Orsi, and Mr. Belli, have fully equalled the independent level of them. The upper notes of Madame Belli's voice are particularly sweet and resonant, while the lower notes of Signora Orsi have a power and resonance that cannot be matched. The former sang the ballad, "When first I saw the mountain tread," with exquisite taste, while the deep and sweet feeling infused by the latter into the beautiful *Aria*, "For the night," from the *Norman Conqueror*, called forth a superlative success. We need not need to mention that Madame Belli, too, was crowned in the ballad which she sang. Mr. Belli has fine baritone voice, and added greatly to the attraction of the evening.

GLASGOW.—The Glasgow vocal and instrumental concert took place on Tuesday evening. The vocalists were the Messrs. Stewart, and the instrumental the Messrs. and Miss.

MANCHESTER.—Mr. N. Lambton concert on the 19th inst., was extremely well attended, and his performance as the *vaudeville* was deservedly received with the greatest applause. The Messrs. Lindley, and Blagrove had their powerful aid, as did Bryant,

the holder of one certificate, and several other professors and assistants. The students were Messrs. Jones and Mr. Perry, jun., who, with Buggins and Lindsay, are from hence to New-marks-under-Lynn, Longwight, Weynal, and Gillingham, where they will give lectures.

Professor Poirer's Lecture.—The fourth lecture of an interesting and attractive course on Indian Vocal Harmony, has been lately delivered by Mr. E. Taylor, at the Metropolitan Atheneum and the Royal Institution; and on both occasions, the lecture was attended by a very numerous and select auditory. The lecture has been printed at length in the *Monthley Courier*, and from it we give such extracts respecting the early Indian Vocal system as will be interesting to our readers, without too long occupying too much of the space devoted to our provincial intelligence. "The father of the vocalisation of music is Yama;" observed the lecturer, "was a Fleming, Adriaen Willaert, a native of Bruges, between whose age and Yama the time of centuries and centuries were very close. The Flemings at the time, possessed a talent of high musical reputation, and these circumstances will account for finding a Fleming rather than an Italian at the head of the musical school at Yama. Adriaen Willaert was master of chapel at the church of St. Mark's at Venice, and, in point of time, ranks before Palestrina; but this was his only priority. He was a learned and laborious man, well skilled in the apparatus of the voice and the other organs of the ear, but scarcely coming to impact to his contemporaries any farther than to instruction, so long as they possessed God, which, in his judgment, constituted their highest. During the early part of his career, probably the tones had not been elevated by Falsetto, that musical condition is but the means to a greater end. The powers of the great master were not developed by the neglect of the great rules of musical science, but by rendering them tributary to their legitimate purpose. And, in like manner, Louis Moreau displayed considerable attainments of style, with a singular facility of invention. This happy union was not meant, fitted to the compositions of Adriaen Willaert. In his compositions which I have adapted in the following words, from the Psalm: "Praise thou my name O Lord with them that draw upen us," and in others of the same school, we find the powers of his own individual mind, which is entirely derived from the method of the early Fleming and Italian sacred voice. Now, Tylla, and Colardo Gibbon: found their styles in the models which the early British masters furnished, and most remarkably they followed them. The most conspicuous of the two, therefore, derive an additional interest and value by our eyes, as contemporaries of those forming the tones and foundation of the new collected school of music. The highest exponent of the early Venetian school, Giovanni Croce, is who by me adopted by Dr. Harvey, who seems to have heard them or other European works of his countrymen than Adriaen Willaert, although Croce was sung out by two of our own-countrymen. One, the most eminent composer of his own time, Morley, belonging to the same field, and living at the same time, recommended to all musical students the works of the Italian school, especially those of Palestrina, Luca Marenzio, Giovanni Gabrieli, Orlando Lasso, and Giovanni Croce, adding, "There are diverse others, which are good, but none so good in general as these." Presuming also speaks of Giovanni Croce as second to none for a full, lofty, and spiritual voice; following composers, however famous, and which ran after him and have composed at the same. Giovanni Croce succeeded Willaert as master of chapel of St. Mark, at Venice, and Sir John Herring, I suppose from this circumstance, says that all his compositions are of a serious and devout kind. This is clearly a mistake. Croce worked as a musical artist, and it is to be regretted that so few of his compositions have found their way to England; and the most of these are deposited in the church where in which our former resident chose to deposit them. Some of them appeared in Young's *Musical Transcriptions*, which was published in 1764, in England, and was the first attempt to make the English people acquainted with Italian contrapoints. This the compiler did by proposing a translation of them; a *Method of Giovanni Croce*, appears in that valuable display of the talents and genius of high masters, in letters of their patroness Queen Elizabeth, to whom belongs the military honor of having designed or first set things to their the talents of her subjects in their art. The work in which I refer was entitled "The Strength of Croce," and was the production of no less than twenty-two composers of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who all agreed to wear the musical garland to her praise. Why this language former was recourses to in the English period does not appear; but Morley, who was the editor, appears to have been unwilling that the praise of his patroness should be sung in words of his own language, and therefore to have translated a translation, and certainly to regard no dissent from the speaker with his accomplished Italian contemporary. The authors of every method in this collection are the same:—

"Then sang the nymphs and shepherds of Dora,
Long live the fair Queen."

Amongst the earliest disciples of the Venetian vocal school were the celebrated Giovanni Zarlino, one of the most laborious and exact theoretical writers of his time. He was the scholar of Adrian Willkott, and seems to have followed the example and work of that eminent harmonic. He wrote many excellent works of the theory and all necessary to their composition, standing then in striking contrast to those of Palestrina, whose fugues and masses were carried on without seeming restraint or difficulty. His works are little sought after or preserved amongst English musicians, but the way in which he is mentioned by his contemporaries shows the esteem in which he was then regarded, and which he appears to have deserved. Although I am inclined to ascribe to the latter writer a more perfect command, as well as a more correct perception, of the true structure of the vocal harmony, than either Willkott or Zarlino, he is surpassed by Doctor Burney or Sir John Hawkins. From Zarlino published three books of masses at Venice. The last composer of the Venetian school, who at this period retained celebrity as well named and extensive as any before named, was Giovanni Pericoli. Some of Pericoli's compositions which have come down to us, although possessing many characteristics in common with the foregoing, yet being rather in the manner Filippeschi or Pallavicini than Napolitano. "The short compositions (such as Italian waltzes) originating at Naples, soon became so popular, that the Germans, especially Geminus of Vienna, were incessantly occupied in multiplying copies." The same writer says, "The art of singing has more rapidly declined since that period, in consequence of the general introduction of masses as a vocal education," and no period can be pointed to as either more or less so, unless we wish to make rapid progress. These waltzes were sung about the streets of Naples, and as they were little adapted to the locality of Venice, a city without streets, we find that Pericoli's compositions were adapted to the peculiar circumstances of the inhabitants of Naples, and that while the dark gardens of the squares of his adopted city along the banks whence the waters, under the direction and glowing reflexion of an Italian sky, the wretched suburbs of the gulf resounded to the strains of these powerful masses. Their characteristics in such a city. The effect in itself of any increased display of the human voice, they stand in this respect in striking contrast with the early compositions of Italian vocal composers. The points or subjects of the songs are thus as I say, and the nature of the simple melodies good equally. The words of the melodies were frequently, indeed generally, of a pastoral character, such as the praises of Flora or Cynthia, ranging in group pleasant and voluptuous. Sometimes the poet was considered as writing at the request of the fair sex; but no offence was intended or taken, for ladies as well as gentlemen were accustomed to pass in the streets, at the command of which we may imagine the choice of the Venetian singer often selected with their strains of music and laughter. The words although for the most part displaying a general vacillation, are yet frequently distinguished from each other by local allusion. Thus of the Roman school mentioned the shepherds on the plain banks of the Tiber, and invoked the aid of the nymphs and dryads of Arcady, while the Venetian lyrics had the more on the banks of their beloved Adriatic. The melodies of Venice have no such allusion. The city sang about from the waters, in the middle of the deep mud of the Adriatic, nothing could be known, by its dwellers of the pleasures of a pastoral life, but from the writings of poets, or from visits to the other coast and republics of Italy. The sea loved them as on every side. It is in this sense to be understood, that all pastoral allusions are unknown in their music, such as the games of spring and other like topics, which form the very staple of the Roman Plebeians, and other Italian melodies. In this we find a striking illustration of the corruption, however the mind those of this age, and the peculiar habits of the different nations by which it is cultivated." The lecture was received with the deepest attention, and the most unexpressed marks of high satisfaction, by the respective authorities of the two institutions at which it was delivered.

CONCERT.—Thalberg's Concerto at the Coffee House Assembly on Monday and Tuesday, last week, were very extensively attended. Thalberg's wonderful execution on the piano forte occupied all present.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PERFORMANCE.—Two symphonies by Spohr, will be rehearsed on the first trial night (February 1st) also a symphony by Professor Waldteufel of Cambridge. Holman, the celebrated violator, will be engaged for two of the Philharmonic Concerts.

THE ITALIAN OPERA it is said will open as early as the third week in February, with Gius. Maria, and F. Lablache.

ANCIENT CONCERTS.—Her Majesty, the Queen Dowager, will preside in the performance of ancient music this season, and also honour them with her presence. Nothing, as yet, has been settled in regard to the conductors, but rumour says, that Mr George Smart and Mr Bishop will be engaged alternately. Competent persons are busily employed in examining the library, which contains many most valuable works of the old masters, never yet heard in this country. This season will be the property of those, the most classical and interesting concerts given in England.

MARINE FRIDLANDY.—This celebrated lady died lately—she was the second daughter of Dr. Burney, and was born about the year 1754. She was the author of many excellent novels, among them were *Evilias*, *Orilla*, the *Woodmen*, &c. &c. she was a composer, and a great favourite of Dr Johnson; her father, the talented Dr. Burney, died at Chelsea College (of which he was organist) after a residence of twenty five years there, in 1834, aged 82.

THE GERMAN PRIZE MUSIC has been awarded to Mr. J. K. Fyfe, jun., the talented organist of Bath Abbey Church.

THE GERMAN OPERA. We regret to announce that there is but little hope of the German Opera taking place this year; the terms demanded were too exorbitant to warrant Mr. Mitchell in doing with Schumann, who must really think the streets of London paved with gold.

THE FRENCH AND GERMAN continue to attract crowded audiences every evening. During the past week a selection from Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*, arranged especially for these concerts, has been performed, in which the brilliant playing of Liszt was most deservedly warmly commended. The orchestra consists of sixty performers, amongst them are Gustav Cooke, Harper, Richardson, Wally, Platt, &c.

THE DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF MUSIC was conferred on William Marshall, of Oxford, on Tuesday last, by that University. Dr. Marshall succeeded Dr. Croft as organist of Christ Church, which situation he still retains.

MEMORIAL TO BEETHOVEN. A short time since we observed a paragraph in the newspapers, asserting that Liszt had given the large sum of two thousand pounds towards the Beethoven monument; we retained from copying the paragraph in question in consequence of a doubt as to its correctness. The following translation of a letter from Liszt, to the committee for erecting the monument, will best explain the facts of the case:—"Gentlemen, as the subscription for Beethoven's monument advances but slowly, and the completion of the undertaking seems remote, I take the liberty of submitting a proposition to your notice, the acceptance of which will give me pleasure—I offer to contribute personally whatever sum is yet wanting to complete the estimate, and under the single condition of being allowed to name the artist, it is Bartolli, of Florence, generally known as the first Italian statuary. I have already spoken with him, and he explained that a monument in marble might be finished in two years, and would cost from 50 to 60,000 francs. He is ready to undertake the work. I leave the honour to be, &c. &c. F. Liszt."

MR. CHARLES POPELLO, has been delivering two interesting lectures, at the Wicklife School Room, Commercial-road. Illustrations were given by the Misses Honey and the brothers. Mr. Nelson presided at the pianoforte.

A SCENE OF FORTUNE.—A cardinal being desirous to obtain a good organist for his chapel, requested Poppeo to attend the service for the purpose of giving his opinion upon the probationary performance of a candidate, who had been especially recommended to his attention. In an attempt to anticipate at the opening of the service, Poppeo suddenly discovered the organist's superficial knowledge of the service. The cardinal, after the same, inquiring with much civility Poppeo's opinion of a person so favourably introduced to his notice, received this reply,—"He must needs be a man of unbounded stupidity."—"Well, well, but I want to know your opinion of him as a musician."—"I have already given it," said Poppeo, "for he holds not his left hand above what his right doeth."

Dr. PAUL HAYES made a time when the facilities of coach travelling were not so great as in the present day, it was common to see upon the railway-stairs of the public rooms of an inn an announcement of "the wind of a companion in a chair." Dr. Philip Hayes, of Oxford (whose amiable person rendered his travelling to one of the "six wastes" of the time a matter of considerable inconvenience) contemplating a journey to London, accepted the best companionship that offered at the time, and to avoid the toil of a walk from his home in Shipwell, it was arranged that he should be taken up there. On the morning appointed, the acquire for a companion jumped into the chair—Luggage all right, and starting up to the doctors door, he saw a figure little less than the great Daniel Lambert, supported by a servant on either side, slowly advancing from the wall, in amazement, he hastily lowered the front glass, raising out "Post Boy—Boy, is that the profession we are to take up?" "Yes sir, that is Dr. Paul Hayes." "Fill change up—," replied the traveller, "he shan't come in here; drive on, drive on," thus leaving the poor Dr. to get on his journey as well as he could.

LEGALLY WOUND.—The late Alexander Barry, Esq., who effected a loan, ledge of money and patronage of his profession, one day meeting E. Whistley, said to him, "Your brother Charles is coming to one of my little medical parties to-morrow night, and I should be delighted if you will also favour me with your company." Sam knowing pretty well the sort of treat he was to expect, and thinking the amount unreasonable in requiring the assistance of two such men upon the occasion, replied, "Why, my dear Sir, you cannot want us both, for our Pains you know is enough for a paralytic."

REMEMBRANCE FORGETFULNESS.—At a recent rehearsal of *Dear St. George*, Madame Martin was so much affected by an error that she had committed, as to fall into a fit, from which she recovered with difficulty.

TO OUR PHYSICAL FRIENDS.

It is our wish to make the *Practical Department* of our *Monthly* as perfect as possible, and with this view we make necessary readers (in consequence of our limited intelligence, either by letter or newspaper), we must, however, request their early transmission. In the *practical* part we have to return our thanks for the kind notices of our periodical which have appeared from time to time, and trust for a continuance of that kind.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

It is our intention to publish in future, a Classified List of New Books; but we have determined upon first a catalogue that it will be useful and interesting to our country Readers.

A MONTHLY REVIEW.

A *Monthly Edition* of the "*Medical World*" is published every Thursday Afternoon in time for you, the subscription in which is only seven shillings per annum, payable in advance, and a post-office order, making the amount payable in London, may be procured for expenses of every Post-office in the United Kingdom.

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The next *Monthly Part*, on the Whopper of which Advertisement are inserted, and will be published in, will have an increased circulation. They should be sent by the 15th inst. to arrive their meeting.

Advertisements for the *Monthly Number* to be sent by every Wednesday, and those for the *Monthly Parts* by the 25th of each Month, to

H. ROOPER, 15, FLEET HALL, EAST.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We hope to thank the Galleries of "The Year" for its interesting communications. We are quite aware of the difficulty of sending typographical notes.

"What a Year" should be ready bound in the spring book. Who the printer is to be, and what else he requires, &c.

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PERFORMED BY THE ARTIST AT HIS CONCERTS IN LONDON, PARIS, VIENNA, &c.

Grand Concerto	2 0	Grand Caprice	2 0
Grand Sonata in G Major, Tr. 1	4 0	Two Sonatas	4 0
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BY HENRI HEINE.

Grand Sonata in G Major, Tr. 1	4 0	Grand Sonata in G Major, Tr. 1	4 0
Grand Sonata in G Major, Tr. 1	4 0	Grand Sonata in G Major, Tr. 1	4 0
Grand Sonata in G Major, Tr. 1	4 0	Grand Sonata in G Major, Tr. 1	4 0
Grand Sonata in G Major, Tr. 1	4 0	Grand Sonata in G Major, Tr. 1	4 0

"This publication of the present work is an excellent proof of the Pianoforte music, and has, in fact, become a masterpiece. It is the best of its kind, and has been called the 'Greatest of all Pianoforte Music,' and which gives the latest progress of the art of the Pianoforte in the present day."

BY KALEBHEIMER.

Grand Sonata in G Major, Tr. 1	4 0	Grand Sonata in G Major, Tr. 1	4 0
Grand Sonata in G Major, Tr. 1	4 0	Grand Sonata in G Major, Tr. 1	4 0
Grand Sonata in G Major, Tr. 1	4 0	Grand Sonata in G Major, Tr. 1	4 0
Grand Sonata in G Major, Tr. 1	4 0	Grand Sonata in G Major, Tr. 1	4 0

"This work is a masterpiece of the Pianoforte music, and has, in fact, become a masterpiece. It is the best of its kind, and has been called the 'Greatest of all Pianoforte Music,' and which gives the latest progress of the art of the Pianoforte in the present day."

BY CZERNY.

Grand Sonata in G Major, Tr. 1	4 0	Grand Sonata in G Major, Tr. 1	4 0
Grand Sonata in G Major, Tr. 1	4 0	Grand Sonata in G Major, Tr. 1	4 0
Grand Sonata in G Major, Tr. 1	4 0	Grand Sonata in G Major, Tr. 1	4 0
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BY BERTINI.

Grand Sonata in G Major, Tr. 1	4 0	Grand Sonata in G Major, Tr. 1	4 0
Grand Sonata in G Major, Tr. 1	4 0	Grand Sonata in G Major, Tr. 1	4 0
Grand Sonata in G Major, Tr. 1	4 0	Grand Sonata in G Major, Tr. 1	4 0
Grand Sonata in G Major, Tr. 1	4 0	Grand Sonata in G Major, Tr. 1	4 0

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BY DEBNER.

Grand Sonata in G Major, Tr. 1	4 0	Grand Sonata in G Major, Tr. 1	4 0
Grand Sonata in G Major, Tr. 1	4 0	Grand Sonata in G Major, Tr. 1	4 0
Grand Sonata in G Major, Tr. 1	4 0	Grand Sonata in G Major, Tr. 1	4 0
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which have all the latest improvements... which have all the latest improvements... which have all the latest improvements...

Also their NEWLY INVENTED... Also their NEWLY INVENTED... Also their NEWLY INVENTED...

Table listing prices for various piano models such as 'Grand', 'Upright', and 'Square' in different categories.

Table listing prices for various piano models such as 'Grand', 'Upright', and 'Square' in different categories.

For further particulars... For further particulars... For further particulars...

MERRIOTT'S BAND

From Albert Webb, *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*, London, 1884, p. 100.

From William the Fourth's Band, *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*, London, 1884, p. 100.

From the French Band, *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*, London, 1884, p. 100.

From the Italian Band, *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*, London, 1884, p. 100.

From the Spanish Band, *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*, London, 1884, p. 100.

From the Portuguese Band, *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*, London, 1884, p. 100.

From the Greek Band, *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*, London, 1884, p. 100.

From the Russian Band, *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*, London, 1884, p. 100.

From the Prussian Band, *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*, London, 1884, p. 100.

From the Austrian Band, *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*, London, 1884, p. 100.

From the Hungarian Band, *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*, London, 1884, p. 100.

From the Turkish Band, *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*, London, 1884, p. 100.

From the Egyptian Band, *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*, London, 1884, p. 100.

From the Indian Band, *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*, London, 1884, p. 100.

From the Chinese Band, *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*, London, 1884, p. 100.

From the Japanese Band, *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*, London, 1884, p. 100.

From the American Band, *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*, London, 1884, p. 100.

From the Canadian Band, *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*, London, 1884, p. 100.

From the Mexican Band, *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*, London, 1884, p. 100.

From the Argentine Band, *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*, London, 1884, p. 100.

From the Chilean Band, *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*, London, 1884, p. 100.

From the Peruvian Band, *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*, London, 1884, p. 100.

From the Bolivian Band, *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*, London, 1884, p. 100.

From the Paraguayan Band, *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*, London, 1884, p. 100.

From the Uruguayan Band, *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*, London, 1884, p. 100.

From the Brazilian Band, *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*, London, 1884, p. 100.

From the Argentine Band, *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*, London, 1884, p. 100.

From the Chilean Band, *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*, London, 1884, p. 100.

From the Peruvian Band, *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*, London, 1884, p. 100.

From the Bolivian Band, *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*, London, 1884, p. 100.

From the Paraguayan Band, *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*, London, 1884, p. 100.

From the Uruguayan Band, *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*, London, 1884, p. 100.

From the Brazilian Band, *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*, London, 1884, p. 100.

The above list is taken from the *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*, London, 1884, p. 100. It is intended to be a complete list of the bands mentioned in the text.

CATHEDRAL MUSIC

OFFICER SHALL WINDOM
 BY HODGKIN, of Angles in the West. A volume of 128 pages, containing a full and complete list of the Cathedral Music of Angles, from the reign of Henry, by FALCONER, Esq.

This is the only arrangement of the Cathedral Music of Angles, and is a most valuable addition to the list of Cathedral Music. It will be found in every library, and is a most valuable addition to the list of Cathedral Music.

The following list is taken from the *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*, London, 1884, p. 100. It is intended to be a complete list of the Cathedral Music of Angles, from the reign of Henry, by FALCONER, Esq.

OFFICER SHALL WINDOM
 BY HODGKIN, of Angles in the West. A volume of 128 pages, containing a full and complete list of the Cathedral Music of Angles, from the reign of Henry, by FALCONER, Esq.

STRAKER'S ROYAL BAND
 BY STRAKER, Esq. and published by the Royal Society of Medicine, London, 1884.

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JEFFERTS and Co., 21, FINE STREET, LONDON, have just published the following list of Music, selected by the late Prince Albert, and is a most valuable addition to the list of Cathedral Music.

THE QUEEN'S BRITISH BAND
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CATALOGUE of Miscellaneous

A Catalogue of Music, selected and published by the Royal Society of Medicine, London, 1884. It is intended to be a complete list of the Cathedral Music of Angles, from the reign of Henry, by FALCONER, Esq.

Printed and Published by FALCONER, 3, Old Broad Street, London.

THE
MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF
ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,
AND WEEKLY RECORD OF
Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

"*Et sic dicitur dicitur et sic dicitur,
et sic dicitur et sic dicitur*"

PLAT. *Phaedr.* c. 227.

Music is a something divine and heavenly,
an all-godlike and a God-like thing.

JAN. 12, 1854.

No. CCI.—NEW SERIES, No. CVIII. 2

Price 25¢
Number, 44.

Our attention has been called by a correspondent to the musical education of young ladies as at present conducted, and to their general ignorance of the first principles of harmony and modulation. A glaring example came recently under our notice.—A lady had been performing one of Herz's operatic airs with variations, in the execution of which her digital power and facility had excited something like enthusiasm. The same individual was afterwards requested to accompany, at sight, a simple ballad, and if possible to transpose it a tone lower. The latter proposal was received with a look of horror and consternation, and avowed as altogether extravagant. The accomplishment was accordingly perpetuated as planned, in a manner evincing almost utter helplessness, and a gloomy contempt for her conductor; the final chord descending with a crash on four notes of a magnificent cadence, and leaving the dismayed vocalist in the highest regions of *Siesta*, with the necessity of making a parachute descent upon *Terza Firma*.

For all this we do not blame professors. They of course teach only what they are required, and in this case not of ten that is execution only. Ladies in general are scared, or flustered, by the apparent difficulty of the study of harmony, and not finding science requisite in the decyphering of popular music, flatter themselves that it may be dispensed with altogether. To all such it may not be unappropiate to offer a few words of advice.

VOL. XLII.—NEW SERIES, VOL. VI. 2

Though the theoretical education of a sound musician may not be completed in less than two or three years, there is, nevertheless, a mastering of science which may be learned in a few weeks, adapted to almost any capacity, and affording advantages more than commensurate with the trouble of acquisition. Of all elementary books,* we are inclined to recommend *Buxtehude's* thorough Bass Primer, in which the rudiments of harmony are commensurated with great simplicity and clearness. Many young people have a very erroneous idea of the difficulties of thorough bass. What would they say, were we to assert that there are but two fundamental chords to be learned. Yet this is not far from the truth. There is the common chord and its two derivatives, and there is the dissonance of the 7th and its three derivatives, to which the 6th may be added. What is all the rest but suspension and inversion? So, in, all eyes, denounce me! study and comprehend *Buxtehude's* thoroughly, and these will be the fruits:—

1. You will read music at first sight with far greater ease, by being enabled to recognize chords at a glance.

2. You will be equal to transposing songs: a talent that will cause you to be valued by amateur vocalists; and you will accompany with professional assurance.

3. You will be able to play *Harpsichord* with intelligence, and fill up the harmonies in psalms and other vocal music.

4. Though unequal to the composition of an opera or symphony, yet having an inventive turn, you may write lighter vocal and instrumental pieces with confidence.

Lastly, your capacity for musical enjoyment will be increased tenfold. You will perceive that music is indebted to harmonic combinations for the better and more enduring half of its attractions, and when melodies lose their charm, you will find it a never-failing source of gratification.

THE MUSICIAN'S ABOUT TOWN.

We have just received the last number of the *Analyst*, a provincial publication, which appears quarterly; it is most ably conducted by Edward Munnatt, Esq., and besides many interesting articles on various subjects connected with Science, Literature, Natural History, and the Fine Arts, it contains one, under the above head, on the "musical doings" of the preceding three months. From this article we purpose making a few extracts:—

OPERA.

"After having for years enjoyed the reputation of being one of the most (if not the most) intellectual vocalists, and composer for the instrument, of his day, Spohr now enjoys the distinguished honour of being esteemed a first-rate dramatic composer; and an exquisite writer in the same rank with Beethoven. He has displayed his genius in a large number of concertos and other compositions for the violin; and his knowledge of the powers and combined effects of an orchestra is not exceeded by any living musician. His operas of *Abel* and *Zelmira*

is the only one of his dramatic works that has been brought forward on the English stage; and although this was effected with an ordinary cost and cast, attended by grossness scenery, it did not receive that patronage from the public due to its merits; while the dramatic craft was not benefited by the experiment. A total revolution must take place in the whole European taste for vocal music, which, even in the recesses of Germany, is fast welcoming the modern Italian school, before the opera music of Spöck becomes what may be called the stock property of the theatre. Even in his own country, his vocal art was not thought to be less dramatic and instrumental in character, and it must be acknowledged that multitudes of passages might be quoted from his works which are essentially instrumental in feature and construction. Great he is, nevertheless, in dramatic conception; and yet he is, in his "heart of love," an instrumentalist. His great sympathy is, perhaps, the firmest mark and promatory of his position. His overtures to his last operas, *Die Letzte Nacht*, the *Meist*, the *Sergjant*, and the *Jesuade*, are all fine in conception and great in achievement. In this walk of his art he appears to be wholly unparalled, but in his conduct, although there are isolated moments which in themselves are sufficient to draw criticism, yet we cannot but feel that, in their general style and treatment, Spöck does not maintain the rank among serious writers that he does with the dramatic and instrumental composer. We prefer the principal acts, and even the best choruses, to be traced to his several operas, to those of the same standing in his sacred works. In the former, both classes of movements are more free, natural, and energetic. The prevailing characteristic of this composer's mind appears to us to be security of expression, plainness of aim, and earnestness, amounting to hesitancy even his most spirited movements are not sustained with due depression, when compared with the same class of writing by the other great musicians. Energy, and even vehemence, he has, doubtless, manifested upon occasions, as may be noticed in the choros and over-riding symphony in his first oratorio, describing the last convulsions and rage of all things, and in the storm scene in his second, of both which it should seem that Beethoven was his model. But in his greater productions we never entertain the feeling that Spöck is of a piece, still less an exuberant nature; and even the very character and combinations in his accompanimental part tend to verify, but in another his medicine. They are severely scientific, and yet even to working; but they appear to be the effluence of a deeply contemplative, and not of a hasty spirit. We cannot immediately trace a single movement in all his works that would convey the idea of Spöck's ever having been betrayed into a soaring flight.

Spöck is not only one of the most distinguished manuscripts of his age, but what must have struck all who see in any degree familiar with his own position, particularly his later ones, and what must immediately present itself upon hearing his last oratorio which was performed at Norwich, is, that it contains much which he has before written, and little that is either original or common, as valuable in his own opinion. No fresh occasion or trial occasion is excited in the mind of the author: it is a twice-told tale. This does not indicate the hollow order of progress; but Spöck has long been susceptible to the change of repeating himself; and although we honestly acknowledge that the peculiar direction of his style and the force of his phrases, with the marked character of his harmonies, all tend to keep him distinct from other composers, still it must eventually, and at no distant period, determine his reputation, his frequent recurrence to his previous successes, repeating not merely the imitation and details of movements, but even, in some instances, phrases of melody. All these objections, with others to be presently ascribed, were the causes that the various concert-givers very reluctantly or sceptically when it was first performed in this country, at the Blenheim-square Rooms in 1837, and that was the prevailing opinion among those of the professors who were present upon that occasion. For the production of an original work, it was considered with indifference; and this circumstance may account for the English version of the work being changed. It was then entitled *The Crucifixion*; whereas, when it was again heard at the Norwich Festival, it was called *Calvary*.

"It is not correct, as was stated in one of the articles in the morning paper, preparatory to the performance at Norwich, that from the time of his first oratorio being performed in this country, the reputation of the author has been "steadily increasing." For a few years after that event, and at the time of the production of the *Deer and Zebras*, some interest was excited in favour of the Spoker school of music, and a few imitators were found among our native composers; but at no time could the progressor of it have been designated a popular composer, nor do we believe [for the reasons herebefore alleged] that he ever will be so. He will continue to be the idol of the naturalist and the amateur amateur player; but so long as the taste exists in favour of the simple and severe style in musical writing, the oratorios of Spoker will be resorted to at intervals only for public performances.

"Another obstacle to the general popularity of the work is, that it is dramatic, and more than dramatic—it is *theatrical*, and, like many theatrical adaptations of a point in history, the author of the words has taken the most (nocturnal liberties with the sacred text. We object as Puritans to those needless allusions, from a principle of taste, we object the impertinence of paragraphs of *Deity Writ*, [but the greatest Unitarianism must feel affected at an imaginary person named Philo being introduced to preside at the trial of the Saviour, instead of Pilate, who is not even named; and there can be but one opinion respecting the propriety of a long oration being put into the mouth of the master while hee was in hanging upon the cross. By selecting this subject for musical treatment, Spoker has brought himself into direct competition with the most complete of Handel's oratorios, and if Handel ever elevated himself in power and pathos, it was in the *Messiah* (the choruses of *Israel in Egypt* alone excepted, which constitute the nucleus of his power). He has also brought himself into a comparison with Haydn, in whose *Passion*, or *Seven Last Words of the Saviour on the Cross*, the suffering and resignation at that dreadful period are developed with an intensity and grandeur achieved in no other of the compositions of that great master. Moreover, he enters the lists with Berthold, who, in a similar dramatic treatment of the subject, brings before us the scene in the garden of Gethsemane by night, and this so vividly as to pre-occupy us, and induce us to look "with indignance eye" upon any subsequent representation of the event. Lastly, by the way in which the story has been arranged, Spoker has been brought into competition with himself, the substance parts of the Crucifixion being, as we have said before, more or less reminiscence of those which distinguish his last work, hence the extraordinary self-contemplation of this part of counsel; hence, also, the self-reproaches; and hence the (as it were) dying-in-grave of that manuscript which at once produces the composer, after the hearing of a single phrase. With these drawbacks, it will be immediately comprehended why his second production did not take the same rank in public opinion and favour with his first. Had it not been brought forward, with so new life, this year, the performance in 1837 would have been deemed sufficient, for it had passed from the minds and recollection of those who then heard it. The *Seven Persons are*, the *writers*, the *seven scenes*, and the *covered music for the women*.

"The oratorio, and, indeed, the whole festival performance, was got up with a flourish and an anxiety. For weeks before the event, the whole stream of punning, and anouncing, and pulling, was led on from the press, and the steam-press pumps were kept constantly going, not judiciously, however, for they were overworked, and thus the main-spring and interest of the whole machinery became apparent to the most obtuse intellectual vision."

[We think venture our Extracts in a *Notary Number*.]

MOZART'S OPERA OF "NOZZE DI FIGARO."

When Mozart was engaged at Vienna in bringing out the opera of "Le Nozze di Figaro," which was rendered into Italian, from Beaumarchais's French comedy, with great ability, by Da Ponte, there were two others on the tapis, and nearly ready for representation at the same time: one by Regni, and the other, "The Goats of Trophimus," by Saloni. Each composer claimed his right of producing his opera for the first; the contest turned much disorder, and justice was denied. The characters of the three men were all very different. Mozart was as ready as a quipster, and declared he would put the score of his opera into the fire if it was not produced first; his claim was backed by a strong party. Regni was working like a mole in the dark to get precedence. The third candidate was Maestro di Capella in the opera, a clever, shrewd man, possessed of what Regni called "cocked wits;" and his claims were backed by three of the principal performers, who formed a cabal not easily put down. Every one of the opera company took part in the rough contest, which was put to rest by his Imperial Majesty issuing a mandate for Mozart's "Nozze di Figaro," to be put instantly into rehearsal. At the first rehearsal of the full band, Mozart was on the stage with his crimson pelisse and gold-laced cocked hat, giving the time of the music to the orchestra. Figaro's song, "Non più uoiu farli che amano" "Enough give with the greatest affection and power of voice; Mozart repeatedly cried out, "Bravo! Bravo! Bravo!" and when he came to that fine passage, "Cherubini, ah, vittoria, ah, gloria militare," which he gave with electric lungs, the effect was electric itself. In the whole of the performance on the stage, as if actuated by one feeling of delight, vociferated, "Gloria! Gloria! Maestro, Viva, viva, grande Mozart!" And the little man acknowledged, by repeated bows, his thanks for the distinguished mark of enthusiastic applause bestowed upon him. The same word of approbation was given to the band at the end of the first act. At the conclusion of the first public performance of the opera, the audience seemed as if they would never have done applauding and calling for Mozart; almost every person was excited, which prolonged it nearly to the length of two operas, and induced the Emperor to issue an order, on the second representation, that no piece of music should be executed. Never was anything more complete than the triumph of Mozart and his "Nozze di Figaro," to which numerous overflowing audiences have been witness.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF ARCANGELO CORELLI.

GIULIO D' ANTONIO, at the end of the year 1683, made the important discovery of adding thirds and sixths to the *trichords*, or Church stopping, upon which discovery modern harmony is founded. Marchetti of Padua craved his talent in the gallicantos and diatematic departments, introducing the use of notes. To these last Giuliano added others—namely, those which have given to counterpoint the splendor of notes. At this, however, was employed merely in popular songs and airs, its name became an object of scorn and ridicule. The great merit of creating a musical system, by the aid of which interesting compositions might arise of glory and perfection, is due to Arcangelo Corelli.

He was born at Fusquinia, a small town of Lower Romagna. From his infancy he exhibited a decided inclination for music; he was successively sent to Bologna, to receive instruction upon the violin under Gaspari. Having quickly acquired a taste for concert-point, he applied himself to the study of it. Pietro Bononcini, of the Pope's chapel, being his master; and his progress was so rapid that he soon began to distinguish himself in composition.

As we are not in possession of any circumstances connected with his relations or the early part of his life, we shall content ourselves with giving an account of those musical principles for which the world is indebted to him, and of that prize as a composer, which procured him wealth, honors, and renown, to which was added the friendship and access of many illustrious persons, an advantage, no doubt, owing to his wit, politeness, and piety.

It is clear that, as Corelli appeared at a time when the capabilities of the bass and the melody of the treble were unknown, and when chords were not admitted, his works must have been regarded as a mass of musical beauties, however, it was by him first introduced or led variety into the formerly monotonous bass, and who substituted grace and respect *Larghetto*, added to a pleasing contrast of parts, for the *Figuras* of more ancient times. Immediately after having invented and corrected the *Strada*, he applied himself to the production of the *Concerto*, which Haydn has more copied closely in his overture: and hence it clearly appears that the invention of this species of music, in which many Germans have excelled, belongs to him who is the subject of this memoir.

How much is it to be regretted, that after every species of vocal composition has been carried to such a degree of perfection, various Masters, endeavoring to combine the former and richer style of the writers, in the arrangements of songs, have rendered the voice merely an accessory part of the orchestra, when it should be permitted to lead the whole, consequently, the primary and simple art must be swallowed up and lost under the noise and uproar of powerful instruments!

The fame of Corelli's extraordinary talent was now spread throughout all the civilized nations of Europe. While travelling through France and Germany, he was everywhere received with acclamation. He at length entered into the service of the Duke of Savoy; but desiring to revisit his native country, he returned into Italy, and went to live at Rome, in 1680. Six years after, while still in that city, he superintended the music of the drama which was composed for Queen Christina of Sweden. This piece is known to have been performed by one hundred and fifty musicians.

The exalted rank to which Corelli had attained in his art, of which he may justly be considered the creator, procured him the surname of *Olympe*. The Cardinal Orsini engaged him as director of the Musical Academy of Rome, which appointment he held till his death, which took place on the 16th of February, 1713.

Corelli's first production was published at Rome, 1684, and consisted of "Sonatas arranged for a Trio," (*Sonate in Trio*). The second appeared in 1685, containing "Ballads for private Society." In 1690 appeared his "Sonata." A fourth production was printed in 1694, consisting of more "Ballads." The 5th contains "Sonatas for the Violin." Finally, six weeks before his death, he published a "Set of Great Concertos." The works which Corelli has left us must always be esteemed as master-pieces, and more particularly so, when they are viewed in connection with the character of the times in which they appeared; we find in them a depth of knowledge which few can reach, joined, for the most part, to delightful melody, sometimes we are obliged to admire the sagacious choice of the parts, and at others, the talent with which the passages are interrupted, for the purpose of introducing a musical exclamation. It may, indeed, be easily discovered, that he carefully studied that prompt, which teaches, that instrumental sound is as capable as song itself, of raising those images in the mind, which are so easily produced by means of words. A singer who does nothing but murmur through a *collyre*, though in a sweetly manner, can never hope to move the passions; so, likewise, when silent does not seek to express the meaning of words and of thoughts, it naturally becomes unprofitable and wearisome. We shall conclude this biographical notice, by testifying the warmest words, that no artist has more done of what was due to the genius of this learned composer, who was a philosopher in his art, than the honored him with a marble bust, placed in the Pantheon, near to those of *Mirapapa*, *Raphael*, and *Galileo*, and decorated with this inscription:

"CREATI PRIMUM MUSICOBVS."

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—Your correspondent "Selvius," is evidently an amateur of the dolls who likes to hear himself play better than his young female acquaintances. But he is also, I imagine, a very mean sort of a scholar, at least, if I may be allowed to judge by his remarks. What are we to understand by such a sentence as the following? "I looked at them" (that is the members of the "Clarendon String") "and found that the attempts consisted of the key being for nearly lost together."

What are key bars! This observation of our friend Selvius, makes me smile in the opinion, that he knows very little more of music than the young ladies in an ordinary school. A collection of such remarks about them, and their opinions concerning Handel and Beethoven, (good Heaven! that two such men should be chased together!) by no means prove Mr. "Selvius" to be a very acute critic, but rather expose him to the suspicion of being one of those ancient gentlemen, who are understood to smile at all but their own merits, in which they are at liberty to display their incapacity at leisure in the other moments of any real hour of music who may be present. And perhaps you have your old opinion, sometimes, who are the most commonest name that can be well put with in society. I must excuse at young ladies professing Maria's "virtuous blindness." ("Selvius" should break up his French a bit, in the German affluence of anticipated delirium, as incapable of appreciating the holy imagination of a Beethoven, the existing realness of a Mendelssohn, or the heroic fancy of a Mozart, as these same young ladies are incapable of feeling interest in the mathematics, arithmetic, astronomy, calculus, geology, botany, &c. &c., of a flourishing old amateur of the violin or violoncello. Each young lady so have really a feeling for music, will, I imagine, require very little instruction from old "Selvius," or any such such quack teacher. In the usual circle of my acquaintance, I can never find or find ladies, in whom Beethoven, Mozart, Meyer, Handel, and what is more, Mendelssohn, Schubert, and Strauss, (of whom the latter know nothing), are so well known in the new movements of Thal's exercises and Pleyel's queries, in your correspondents. Such young ladies, on the other hand, as have no taste at all for music, will only see "Selvius" as insensible being, and hardly worth his, for music, his slow progress and his pedanticism at Jembo. I am an admirer of Mrs. Thelwell, Casey, Haines, Rogers or Lambert, but I infinitely prefer them to receive elogia and such like epigrams. Why did not your correspondent call himself by some other name than Selvius? He is by no means either a playful or a great individual—but on the contrary a very slow coach. I should imagine Miss Europa, or Adeline Frances, would be a much better opponent for him, or if he will be called "Selvius," let it be Selvius not Selvis pres. — "Selvius & Co.," or "Selvius multi albuminarum," (I do not, very sorry "Selvius.") How many play the violin? How few know the real history and progress, of instrumental music? These remarks have been prompted by a parcel of Mr. "Selvius's" very dry, and very slow, musical services, in your list.

I am, Mr. Editor, respectfully yours,

INDICATOR. |

THE LIVERPOOL BOOZING CLUB, AND ITS PRIZES.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—As the Liverpool Boozing Club have upon several their prizes,—even to Mr. George Hobbs, and the other to Mr. Clark, I should feel obliged if you will permit me, through the medium of your highly respectable journal, to inform the public, and particularly strangers, who may have been competitors, how the delinquents of the Club, as in the name of competitors are named at.

In the first place, there is not one member, except Mr. G. Hobbs, who has any knowledge of music, and who can take a part in a play; or, say, the whole body are an ignorant of music to the highestness, more of wooden legs before Captain Sam. enlightened them. The delinquents and being members of the Club, but (not) as poets, have not any reason deciding upon the merits of a composition. Any composer, therefore, writing for the Liverpool Boozing Club may be judged by the ignorance of its members, or by a better competitor, in the person of Mr. G. Hobbs.

In the second place, the prizes can not given by the Club, but by individual members

* George—Where is the delinquent interest listed and papers?—P. 111 on a DAY.

of it. One offers \$50 for the best glass with accompanying analysis, another \$25 for the best glass without, and a third, \$20 for the best soap. That is the best according to their notions. Thus, competitors cannot be well or truly for the Club, but for Mr. Anthony who chooses to offer a prize, so those paying members of course do not meet with any great opposition in their selection, from the non-paying members, and it is those professors as I have before said, who, without the slightest knowledge of music, presume to constitute themselves judges of the works of the best writers of the day.

In the third place, Mr. George Holden is certainly the accompanist to the Club, and every one makes it one of the great advantages a writer presents in conducting his own compositions, besides which, all the papers, being members of the Apollo Club Club, held at the house of Mr. G. Holden's father, Mr. G. Holden is of course well acquainted with the taste and capabilities of those he writes for, and moreover, can have as many private rehearsals of his own glass as he thinks fit: the result is, that when called before the Club for the first time for the glass he every justice done to it, whereas, competitors by other writers being sent in cold, have not of course an equally fair chance. For this is not all, Mr. G. Holden has a very influential position in one of the most active members of the Club, whose very object in offering prizes is that Mr. G. Holden may be the witness. In fact, in such an extent was this carried on one occasion, that the delivery of the prizes were postponed, because Mr. G. Holden had not seen, in any glass, and the Club would come under other all the others were obliged to be sent in or rejected, during which time he had again probably given to the compositions of his competitors. No afterwards came a glass, and obtained the prize. Indeed, the number before alluded to, has been heard to declare, previous to the late decision, that Mr. G. Holden should get the prize if he could possibly manage it. Now, I would not if he did not previously know which was Mr. G. Holden's Glass, how could any member influence the decision?

My object is not to detract from the merits of Mr. G. Holden, but merely to show the great disadvantages under which those composers who compete with him labour. I consider it very desirable and liberal in the Apollo Club to give prizes, but, as they are no judges of music, I think they ought to have the decision to some parties who are, which would give the competitors a more equal chance. I will however, not care to show the absurdity of the manner in which their decisions are arrived at. The last year that prizes were offered by the Club, one was \$5 for the best song, the members met at a private house to hear the compositions rehearsed, it being long before they had sung over the glass, only five songs were tried, very supper was announced. The Club then hastily adjourned upon one of those first, leaving about twenty unheeded. These facts I have been authority which I cannot doubt.

I have never been a competitor for any prize, and my sole object in submitting the foregoing statement, is merely the information of the profession.—I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

January 12th, 1821.

A CONSTANT STRUCKER.

To the Editor of the Medical World.

Sir—You would much oblige a subscriber to your Journal, by telling me where I could give information as to the different papers offered by American for glass, &c. I am, every now and then, notions of paper wanted, but never, that I remember, any notice or instruction to those who would be candidates. A complete list, if such could be had, of the Graham, Dublin, &c., would be acceptable to many of your readers.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

[We are constantly receiving similar communications; we will certainly if it be possible, to comply with our correspondents' requests; but the different Societies offering prizes should send descriptive of our advertising columns.—Ed. M. W.]

MEDICAL INTELLIGENCE.
METROPOLITAN.

THE MARRIAGE LICENSES INQUIRY gave its third concert last evening, when the following selection of music was performed:—

PART I.

Soprano—Mrs. A. C. Major (the favourite)	Andante
Alto—Mrs. C. C. Major (the favourite)	Andante
Tenor—John C. Major (the favourite)	Andante
Bass—John C. Major (the favourite)	Andante
Violin—Mrs. C. C. Major (the favourite)	Andante
Violoncello—Mrs. C. C. Major (the favourite)	Andante
Contra-bass—Mrs. C. C. Major (the favourite)	Andante
Organ—John C. Major (the favourite)	Andante
Harmonium—John C. Major (the favourite)	Andante
Trumpet—John C. Major (the favourite)	Andante
Drum—John C. Major (the favourite)	Andante
Band—John C. Major (the favourite)	Andante

PART II.

Organist— <i>John Jones</i> (Soloist)
Soprano— <i>Miss G. G. G.</i>
Alto— <i>Miss H. H. H.</i>
Tenor— <i>Mr. J. J. J.</i>
Bass— <i>Mr. K. K. K.</i>
Chorus— <i>Chorus</i>

We regret that we were unable to be present. Mr. Watkins was the leader, and Mr. Stradale directed the orchestra.

SOCIETY HARMONY SOCIETY.—On Tuesday the annual business meeting of this gigantic choral society, was held at Exeter Hall, when it appeared from a report of the state and transactions of the society, that nature's concerts had been given during the past year, and not forgetting several of them had been attended with considerable loss, in addition to which the funds had suffered by the unfortunate failure of the bank of Messrs. Ashley and Co., the balance-sheet presented an appearance favourable to the stability and increased efficiency of the society. The library also had been enriched by numerous purchases and donations. The four gentlemen serving by rotation from the committee, Messrs. Corwell, Gammack, Poulter, and James Taylor, were appointed to duty respectively officers. The members present appeared much gratified by the flourishing condition of the society, and after passing votes of thanks to the committee and officers for their past exertions, retired to the large hall, to inspect the new organ, on which some strange performances were given by Messrs. Perry and Miller.

CANTATA HARMONY SOCIETY.—The third of these highly classified concerts took place on Monday last. The selection was—

PART I.

To Be Done
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PART II.

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Handberg's 2d does in an excellent competition, and well adapted for choral societies, it was on the present occasion admirably performed. By some mistake, which it would be well to avoid in future, the performance began five minutes before the usual time—half past seven—the consequence was that three of the principal instrumentalists did not make their appearance until the middle of the opening chorus. The mass, by Handel, which was performed, we believe, for the first time in this country, is a charming composition, abounding in beauties. We were much pleased with the *Allegretto*, and the *Andante*; the *Andante* is especially it is elegantly written, and its features are all chaste and flowing. The quartet has a violin, horn, clarinet, and viola, obligato accompaniment, which was done simply justice to, by Messrs. Davis, Harper, Lewis, and Decker. The same praise is also due to the vocalists, Miss Birch, Miss Dolley, Mr. Bennett and Mr. Newell, who throughout the evening's performance, were respectively much applauded. The chorus is written in a very familiar style, abounding in counterpoint and fugue, interspersed, especially the *Adagio*, with some old Gregorian *clausulae penitus*. Miss Dolley sang Handel's song, "What though I trace," in a very chaste and feeling style; but it would have pleased us more had it not been transposed. There is a peculiar character in its original key, E major, not to be found in any other; besides it is always well to avoid transposition, which generally defeats the intention of the composer. We have no recollection of ever having heard Mr. Bennett before in the fine song of Handel "Droop and deeper evil," he sang it with great feeling and pathos, and the manner in which he gave the recitative, we thought superior even to Bachan. By the bye, our enjoyment of this beautiful piece was interrupted several times, by a pious attempt the lower chorus, who confused a conversation, in an under tone, with several persons around him, so the great satisfaction of the whole audience at that side of the scene, nearly such conduct

should not be permitted by the committee. *Harriet's oratorio*, *Miss Faye*, finished the first part of the performance. It was rumored, in the early part of the evening, that Miss Faye was very ill; but the report was fully contradicted by the manner in which she sang the different compositions—nothing could be done. After tea and coffee, which the society provided for all present, between the parts, we returned to the concert-room, to hear the *Madrigal*, by Cass, it was admirably sung twice over, and the overture, by Bachmann, which was finely performed. The performance concluded with "Autumn and Winter," from Haydn's *Seasons*, which proved a great treat to the whole audience. It is seldom our good luck to be present at a society performing the best music in an admirable manner as the classical harmonists; and, above all, in an edifying as attractive.

MANAGERIAL MEETING. The sixty-ninth anniversary festival of the society took place on Thursday last, at the Freemason's Hall, when the following selection was performed:—

PART I.

1. <i>Procession</i>	100	10. <i>Chorus</i>	100
2. <i>Let us give thanks to God for His goodness</i>	100	11. <i>Chorus</i>	100
3. <i>Thy grace dropped down</i>	100	12. <i>Chorus</i>	100
4. <i>Thy grace dropped down</i>	100	13. <i>Chorus</i>	100
5. <i>The Lord's prayer</i>	100	14. <i>Chorus</i>	100
6. <i>When all shall</i>	100	15. <i>Chorus</i>	100
7. <i>Let us give thanks</i>	100	16. <i>Chorus</i>	100

PART II.

1. <i>Let us give thanks</i>	100	10. <i>Chorus</i>	100
2. <i>Let us give thanks</i>	100	11. <i>Chorus</i>	100
3. <i>Thy grace dropped down</i>	100	12. <i>Chorus</i>	100
4. <i>Thy grace dropped down</i>	100	13. <i>Chorus</i>	100
5. <i>The Lord's prayer</i>	100	14. <i>Chorus</i>	100
6. <i>When all shall</i>	100	15. <i>Chorus</i>	100
7. <i>Let us give thanks</i>	100	16. <i>Chorus</i>	100

The company, amounting to nearly 100 persons, sat down to an excellent dinner, at half past 8 o'clock. After the removal of the cloth, the professional persons arranged themselves at the different tables, according to their vocations, when *Nova Nihil Doctor*—the Latin game—was going with a profusion and power we never heard before. Mr. Huron directed the selection, which was admirable, every game told, and several were repeated. Sir John Rogers, the worthy president, and Mr. Capel, the vice-president, were present, with a large party of friends. Mr. Olyphant, in a brief speech, pronounced the health of Sir John, which was most warmly received by the company present. We observed several provincial professors amongst the invited guests, who appeared to enjoy highly the rich Madrigalian treat. Next year will complete the Madrigal Society's anniversary, which it is intended to celebrate on a grand scale.

PROVINCIAL.

The department of the Madrigal World is completed and abridged from the provincial press, and from the files of our country publications. The editors of the M. W. are therefore, and rejoice that the requirements of their country are fully answered.

Liverpool.—The annual grand jubilee concert for the present season was given on Tuesday evening the 17th inst., at the Theatre Royal. The house was filled with a splendid assemblage of rank, fashion, and luxury. The selection were of a light and pleasing character, many pieces having been carefully selected on favour of their most sparkling compositions which are at the present day so universally popular. The audience was at first, in the Liverpool musical audience hypothesis are, rather Royal, but they warmed under the influence of the evening harmony as the evening advanced. The selection was admirably led by Mr. Warrington, a performer of high repute whenever working master talent is advanced. Mr. George Borden presided at the pianoforte. The evening symphony was performed in excellent style notwithstanding its more difficulties. Mr. Borden was in fine voice, and distinguished himself greatly both in the solo and concerted parts. Henry's "La Vedette" he gave with great power and skill. The most delightful, and, we may add, surprising performance of the evening were those of Mr. J. F. Chatterton on the harp. His style is essentially different from that of Borden, but we may, so far as our poor opinion goes, award him the high praise of saying that he is

if anything superior to their ordinary performance. His first feature was a splendid display of taste, skill, and execution. The themes were "Bells Bristled," "God Save the Queen," "The Last Hour of Innocence," and other airs the difficulty of which to arrange on such an instrument as the harp with any degree of effect, will be at once acknowledged. Mr. Clouston, however, drew out abundance of music from his instrument, and made the heaviest scale necessary in a piece of modulation. His second feature, an arrangement of his own, was not less brilliant. Mrs. F. Lathrop (Miss Miss Wyndham), sang several of those sweet pretty songs for which she is so famed, with sweetening grace and simplicity, and Miss Woodford gave the choruses "Let us worship," and the latter, "Oh! I say we never love" delightfully. On the whole the concert gave great satisfaction.

CONCERTS.—St. Paul's harp concert, owing to the want of sufficient publicity, was not by any means so successful as the two previous ones, but what was wanting in numbers was amply made up in enthusiasm, which, in truth, was very refreshing, after the deplorable absence of the former Concerts. The first performed, for the first time here, the "Divertissement au Thème de l'Air d'Alceste." Of the composition, we had ourselves formerly composed to speak, as an extraordinary merit deserves: for it is not to be found almost unless below any musician our approach fully as numerous features. As a piece of writing, we have no hesitation in pronouncing it to be superior to anything that we have yet seen or heard of Thalberg's. The music in which the two themes are worked up and interwoven throughout, is completely skilled and brilliant. The imaginative tone of thought is very pleasing, tender, and beautifully developed; and the rapidity indications of the two themes, afterwards rendered prominent, were very effective. The pace of the piece, however, appeared to us to be too fast for the treatment of the harmonic. In every respect it is absolutely without a parallel. It abounds in passages quite new, and is effective equally beautiful and original. As one specimen of the successful number, such were playing and listening to as collecting their impressions, our excitement rose to a high point what we had hitherto felt, even under the magic power of Thalberg. Certainly nothing in the whole range of pianoforte writing can surpass the beauty, brilliancy, and effectiveness of this wonderful effort of genius and power, taken it to be the treatment of the subject which immediately succeeds. This, again, was of a totally different, but not less extraordinary character. We have heard of water being run out of the key-board to the other without interruption, and yet the concert stands out from the work-like brilliancy, distinct, graceful, and inspiring, as if the performer were directing all his attention to it alone. This effect is so wonderful as it is daring, while the white piece must ever command the admiration, wonder, and delight of audiences. We were especially engaged and delighted with several improvements on the "Marche au Dieu sur les Ombres," from especially a new variation on the Andante in the nature of the extraordinary Solo played by Thalberg at the previous Concert. The magnificent "Missa" was presented on this occasion, and what as we have now heard it, we believed to be never executed with splendour, or rather surpassed, daylight. Thalberg was twice invited, at the request of the concert, and with great facility and good nature, gave us, instead of a repetition of what he had just played, first the exquisite Andante, and afterwards the Russian Air, which he performed with prodigious energy and vigor. Madame Ball, who has been very ill, sang, during the first act, with her accustomed energy and feeling, but after a single song in the second, was under the necessity of withdrawing. Emma Child's impressive voice is unquestioned. Everything she sang was creditably studied and effective—more particularly the scene from *Hamlet*, which rendered us in its delivery her highly-gifted relative. Mr. Ball sang several of his own talents with commendable taste and expression, and treated to some more to his admirable "Fairy Song," which he gave with his usual beauty and effect.

Notes.—St. Paul's, the request of the Abbey Church, gave an evening concert on Thursday last. It was assisted by Mrs. Clouston, Mrs. Radstock, Mr. Gordon, and Mr. Clouston, who performed a very good selection of music.

CONCERTS.—St. Paul's gave a concert on Saturday evening at the Assembly Rooms. Dudley and Rogers were the instrumentalists, and Miss Bruce and Mr. Perry, jun., the vocalists in the choruses.

Harvard News.—A new concert entitled "Israel in Egypt" has been lately performed by the Boston Choral Society. It is the composition of Mr. Miller, and is well spoken of. The performance was under the superintendance of the composer.

Notes.—The third Subscription Concert took place on Monday, the 12th inst., and was more distinguished by the work and talent appearing in it, than by a numerous audience. The separate volume presented from Moore's Symphony in E flat, was at once a musical triumph, derived on by the various instruments, as we shall detail on it completely under the post's description:—

"The silver hair sinks to the forehead,
The infant and the frog hold secret converse,
Till all, with one accord, look up the swelling stage."

Miss Hussy had, on a former occasion, given the place, "With slight sweet flow," a character, better well known, which no throat could ever forget. Its charms, though lost, were fully restored in this instance, and it was crowned by acclamation. "How gentle grief" (in comparison [in which Miss Hussy also took a leading part with great distinction and taste] afforded to Miss Brown another opportunity of displaying her splendid contralto voice, and this she was crowned with repeated applause. "The confidence and air" (after a pause) comprising, amidst much sweetness, almost all the vocal beauties of the Italian school, were managed by Miss Hussy with great effect and brilliancy, as the most confident and long-continued applause of the class clearly evidenced. "The new teacher, Miss Adeline Cooper, sang two songs in admirably pleasing style, "Lord here come my own me" and "Fare ye well." It is a gratifying step to call her as a singer whose characteristics must win her great and deserved popularity. Her pronunciation is especially distinct, intelligibly clear—and her song-procedure by the most rapid runs and modulations, is equally easy, and these are also sufficient to make an indifferent singer tolerable; but, when coupled, as in the case, with vocal sweetness, power, flexibility and appropriate expression, they constitute all the essentials of the art. She was confidently applauded on both songs, and received in the second. Next time we had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Bennett, did he merit himself with more due than on this occasion. His voice, always good, is wonderfully increased in power and richness, and when put forth to its fullest extent, there is no room, a sign, an apparent freedom from labour, which is highly pleasing. His songs were loudly applauded, and one of them especially so. Mr. F. Bennett's own fantasia was a brilliant performance. Mrs. K. Lister, Mr. D. Taylor, and Mr. Lister, who united in the concerted music.—We notice the pianoforte performance of Miss Kate Lister last, because we deem her drawing of a separate notice. She is a more skilful, wise, by dint of wonderful mental power, responsible to the most delicate exercises, applications, and apparatus practice, has obtained high honours at the Royal Academy. She executed a composition of Thalberg's, which wanted all the brilliancy and all the delicacy of the instrumental. The graceful and fine action of her arms and hands, her delivery and disengagement of touch, were greatly admired by the worthy judge, while her entire simplicity of manner, and the total absence of all pretentious display of style, was for her the charm and praise of every hearer. The delicate touch was made her path to fame is smooth, and we warmly wish her the most auspicious attainment of her ambition.—Mr. Lister led the band.

PROGRAMME.—Mr. Ross's great Subscription Concert took place at the Royal Hotel on Friday evening last. Miss Clara Novello and Fanny were the vocalists. A charming concert was distinguished by the most perfect on the following day.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Laporté has published his premier for the forthcoming season. It appears the Hippodrome is to open about the time we stated, the middle of February, but not with either *Orni* or *Maria*. Donizetti's opera, *Tyrants Fall*, will be produced for the first time in this country with two new songs, *Madameville Emilia*. Two and *Signor Cobito*, the latter is announced as the celebrated prima-ladde from Lintex.

In March (Parisian) it is "arrivé en terra," when, "in addition to her well-known range of characters," she is to appear in Bellini's opera, *Beatrice di Tenda*, and her husband's opera, *Don Quixote*, the re-production of which at Paris has been lately noticed in the foreign department of our miscellany. *Beatrice* and *Le Comte* are also announced to sing in their operas, *Giulio*, it appears, instead of being here in February, as not "by the terms of her engagement to leave Paris for London until the first of April," when two new operas, highly successful in July (so says Laporté), will be produced—*Mirandolina* of *Il Giuocatore* and *Il Reo*. Negotiations are said to be pending with *Maria* and *Franco Garcia*, the engagement of the latter, Laporté adds, "is dependent upon his being able to offer in one opera, the extraordinary success of the three last talents in the world." *Fanny Elser* is to be here in March, and *Togliani* on the 11th of May. These are premier.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PAGANINI.—The proprietors of the Casino Paganini having brought an action, some months since, against the celebrated Paganini, for refusing to play at their concert, after promising to do so, he was fined 20,000 francs (300*l.*) damages. This decision so much displeased both the plaintiff and defendant, that they both appeared against it, and the second hearing of this interesting case came on before the *Casa Royale*, at Paris, on the 2d instant. M. Choiseul-Fol-Aignan, counsel for Paganini, stated the case at great length. He described the progress and reversal of the proprietors of this gambling establishment to induce the great musician to lend his empty ears and come to their spectacle. Paganini at length assented to their demands and accepted their offers, and gave his promise in writing that he would play nowhere but at their concert. From ill health, and steady mis-undertakings, he was, however, prevented from keeping his promise, and the proprietors having brought an action against him, he was condemned to 20,000 francs (300*l.*) damages. Now, continued the counsel, though Paganini had promised to play but at the Casino, as he did play nowhere else, of course the proprietors could have no legal right of those immense damages. M. Barillon, on behalf of the proprietors, declared, that as Paganini's defiance had caused the speculation, damages ought to be given in proportion to his transcendental talents. The counsel they entered into debate, describing how the proprietors were absolutely ruined, having embarked their all in the speculation; that Paganini was matched in a splendid suite of apartments at the Casino, one bedroom being lined with velvet expressly for him; and that when by way of complaisance of his wretched health, he accepted a dinner offered him by the musician of the registers, and gave treats, &c. in both French and Italian. After this, he allowed bills to be printed, announcing that he would play at the Casino concert. Hundred of tickets were dealt out to the eager dilettanti at twenty francs each, when suddenly Paganini refused to play. It was vain to describe the grandeur, progress, reticence—all in vain. Paganini hid away in his own room with closed doors, but positively adhered to his obstinate resolution not to play at the concert. In this dilemma the proprietors had recourse to the assistance of the Grand Opera, so as not to disappoint their audience; but the perfect of justice would not allow the employer of the opera to be taken away from their theatre, and therefore ordered the Casino to be shut up. His claims had, therefore, run against them in the fact, and the court had only awarded them 10,000 francs compensation, &c. The court reversed the former decision, and condemned Nicolo Paganini to 50,000 francs damages (7500*l.*), and ten years imprisonment in case the fine was not paid.

MUSICAL NOTES.—Many persons imagine, that no music can be composed without the aid of an instrument. Beethoven was deaf, yet he was the author of some of the most divine harmonies that ever were heard. A musical doctor of the present day, a countryman of our own, has been long bed-ridden; he has had a little table so constructed as to enable him to go on with his composition as best. The doctor works with two pens, one in his right, the other in his left hand, with one he notes his bass, with the other his tenor, &c. It is very laughable to see him, when the bass pen is dry, dip vigorously the tenor pen, already full, into the ink-stand, or vice versa. This is continued sometimes for a month, and the changed position, unable to contain himself longer, throws both pens away. Another musical genius of the present time, when composing, has been known to leave his table, and deliberately dip his pen in the wash-basin basin. Both of these gentlemen compose "most delicious music" without the help of any instrument.

The Liverpool, East-India Club has lately awarded its prize to Mr. George Holden, for the best play written for sabbath, school, and class societies; and to Mr. Francis Chinn, for a vocal quartet, with pianoforte obbligato accompaniment. The following are the words of Mr. Holden's play, they are from the pretty pen of S. Lover:—

How sweet 'twas to return
 Where once we've happy been!
 Their pale new life's lamp may burn,
 And years have roll'd betwixt us.

And if those eyes beon welcome yet
 That nee't our parting thro',
 Oh! in the smiles of friends that met,
 We live those years again.

They tell us of a land that flow'd
 In happier days of yore,
 Whose waters might look youth bestow'd
 Alas! the land's no more.

But smiling memory will appear,
 Presents her up, and when
 We see the sweets of wak'ful years
 We live those years again.

THE FINESTONIAN CONTEST. It is rumored, and we fear with much truth, that the members of this orchestra have discovered a device which is not likely to be revealed without an appeal to some legal tribunal.

LINDLER, we regret to hear, has been suffering from an attack of good.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We were compelled to call several other correspondents to our last Number, in which our Friends must not be angry with us, as but we could not find sufficient space.

We did not send Miss Gayer's paper, some time ago we had, in consequence of its being too sent to her house, instead of to Post-Box 1200.

We have several who apply for papers, which will be noticed in our next.
 Mr. Murray's list, shall be transmitted to Mr. Lindler in a few days.

Thank you &c. for the communications: we continue them as usual, &c.

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Persons who are engaged that the "List of New Music" will be contained in the future numbers of the "Musical World." The arrangements are made to see, and the subscription is closed at once, if you prefer to do so.



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"*H plus ultra superius ultra et ad deurgora,
non superius et non ultra deus.*"

PLATT. *Plato. an. an.*

It is a something divine and immortal,
an allegation and a God-like thing.

JAN. 20, 1882

No. CCL.—New Series, No. CXL.

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At the Parisian Conservatoire a committee has been sitting in judgment on a new flute invented by a M. Böhm. Among the members present were Masset, Halczek, Tertou, Chevillon, Despont, Vogt, Dourlan, Desvilles, and Lohren, but not a single professor of the ordinary instrument. It is supposed that they may have felt aggrieved by the verdict above heaped upon it by the innovator, and indignant at hearing it charged with defects and difficulties existing only for the laugh. The result of the trials seems to have been unsatisfactory.

On a future day we may explain the nature of M. Böhm's improvements; but certain ourselves no very devoted admirers of the instrument in question. Excellent in its place in the orchestra, it is weak and inefficient as solo, and quite unadmirable of the obstreperous plaintive that we have heard levailed on it. Chevillon was once asked to delay his departure from a concert in order that he might hear a duo of flutes. "Monneur," he replied, "*je ne voudrais pas être avec un monde plus détestable qu'un solo de flûte: c'est un duo de flûtes.*"

We remember once hearing a flute with delight as an accompaniment to the piano and voice in an exquisite little romance by Puccini, entitled *Palomola*. The singer calls attention to the nightingale in the distance, and the part of the bird affords scope for a first-rate performance, which should take place in another apartment.

CHARACTERISTICS OF DUPREZ.

(From the French.)

GERMAIN DUPREZ was born at Paris, on the 6th of December, 1808. At the age of 19 years, he was admitted at the Conservatoire. In 1827, he presented himself as a candidate for admission to the institution of M. Choron; but was rejected by the committee. Far, however, from being discouraged by this repulse, he had the audacity to request from M. Choron a private examination, and succeeded in creating a decidedly favourable impression.

At the age of 18, we find him filling the post of organist at the Collège of Henry IV. At this period his voice was far from giving promise of what has since resulted. It was at M. Choron's institution that Duprez became acquainted with Mlle. Alexandrine Duprez, whom he afterwards married; but his friends not approving of the attachment, he was obliged to quit Paris in April, 1828, and took his departure for Italy.

After some fruitless applications for employment at Milan, he returned to Paris, and was engaged, on moderate terms, by M. Bernard, then director of the Collège.

At this theatre he made his debut, on the 3d of December, 1828, in the part of *Alfonso*, in the "The Barber." His afterwards performed in the *Alber Amoureux*, *Don Fern* and *L'Enchanteur*, of M. Prévost. His success was but moderate, or to speak more accurately, modestly contained. The reception of Mlle. Duprez, whom he espoused in 1827, was less successful, and fortune seemed smiling on the youthful pair, when the theatre was suddenly closed, by reason of the engagements of M. Sarvag, who succeeded M. Bernard in the direction.

About this time, the great Imperialie Barbaja arrived in Paris; but being in quest only of singers of established reputation, he contracted himself with barren success on the young artist.

In 1828, Duprez left Paris for Italy, accompanied by his young wife, and joined the company of a sterling manager. After a few successful representations in various towns, he made a debut at the theatre of San Benedetto, at Vicenza, in the Carnival of 1829. He subsequently performed at Milan, Genoa, and Bergamo, but his talent was not appreciated till he arrived at Turin. In the city, the singing of the two Duprez's, in the *Prova*, excited real enthusiasm, and during twenty consecutive nights, the husband had the happiness of crowning his partner with the wreath that fell from an admiring public.

From this time his reputation began to increase. Lyons, Treviso, and Florence were successively the scenes of his triumphs. In the latter city, he contracted a friendship with Hector Berlioz, then residing in Italy, as professor of the French Academy. The pupil of Lœwe predicted the future glory of his friend.

We shall pass over the remainder of his brilliant Italian career. In 1832, he returned to Paris, and on the 17th of April made his debut at the Académie Royale, in the part of *Frank*, in "Guillaume Tell."

Everything seemed favourable to the young aspirant. His education had just been completed in Italy. Accustomed to the fiercest cantatas and passionate melody of the Italian school, where the singer struggles a just pre-eminence; where the human voice is not considered only as a supplement to the orchestra; where mathematical combinations of instruments do not supply the place of poetical inspirations; where noise does not disguise a deficiency of ideas, nor the song wage an unequalled war with the avalanche of drums and trumpets. Duprez was entering on a new world, and, with a less energetic organization, might have needed time for difficulties that presented themselves in his path. With a tact, however, which did him honour, he started the chief-officers of *Requies*, at that time disgracefully excluded from our boards. His triumph is well remembered. His haughty carried to exaggerate each other on having found a native singer capable of contrasting the palm with the most renowned Italians; and prejudice at once succumbed to the undivided equality of his talent. It must be con-

found that Dupon, in this part, at once reached a pinnacle of excellence that he has never more surmounted. The magnitude of the work was, in fact, worthy of the artist. All was absorbed at his soul's pleasure of plowing the soil, at his capricious taste, at his sobriety in embellishment, at his perfect discipline in power and force, in crescendo and decrescendo, at his wonderful skill in carrying his tones and phrasing to the character of the scene, at his pure intonation, at his finished portamento and clear pronunciation, at his singular facility in passing from the chest voice to the falsetto. Finally, at his perfect command of tone, and judgment in developing or subduing its volume.

The chest voice of Dupon extends from E to C above the bass, and he reaches E in falsetto. Since his arrival in Paris, he has given birth to a remarkable repertory. An impression was prevalent, that Dupon had created for himself a voice unobscured by nature. The climate of Italy must have washed the vocalist. Whole masses of singers accordingly set out on an expedition to the land of promise, there to make conquests of voices such as none ever had before. These conquests little dreamed that neither the earth, air, or sky of Italy had given anything to Dupon. Previously to quitting France, he had done little but cultivate his head voice, which was naturally very beautiful, and was barely conscious of the possession of a fine chest register. Nature had been bounteous, and Italian training did the rest.

We have to signalize another means of equal celebrity. The C note, as given from the chest by Dupon, raised a storm of admiration. Every owner of a voice was fired with the ambition of doing likewise. The *art de peindre* was like the golden fleece, to the pursuit of which these Argonauts devoted themselves, notwithstanding that whatever talents powers they may have originally possessed. Nothing was heard but praises of Dupon—the *art de peindre* remained through every season, delivered in every possible variety of tone—shrill and yell became the order of the day, and our ears was harassed from our circles. None has this fall even yet entirely passed away.

Dupon is, at this moment, one of the main pillars of our first lyrical theatre. Whether he be *Albanais*, in *Le Martyr*, *Saxel*, in *Les Huguenots*, *Albanais*, in *Les Juifs*, or *Alfred*, in *Le Roi des Fies*, he is constantly admired and applauded. But *Joséph*, in *Guillaume Tell*, still remains his greatest triumph, and the creation of this part will form the most durable monument of his fame.

ON THE GREGORIAN CHANT.

BY JOSEPH WALKER.

The Gregorian Chant derives its name from Pope Gregory the First, who reformed the Chorus Ambrosianus, and added four neumes, or notes, making eight modes; the former being termed *antiphonic*; the latter *psalm*. The Ambrosian Chant has generally been spoken of as something different from the Gregorian; but what that difference is, it is now difficult to discover. The reformation which Pope Gregory effected took place about the end of the sixth century. Gregory is stated by the writers of the middle ages, to have borrowed from the church the Chorus Ambrosianus, as being too light and dissolute. The meaning of this term has been subject to much dispute, the most probable opinion being, that a sort of *choral* and measured, or *rhythmical* melody, borrowed from the temples as dances, had corrupted the severity of the Ambrosian Chant, the notes of which had no rhythm or measure, and the syllabic quantity of the words to which it was sung. Gregory appears to have restored the solemnity of the Ambrosian Chant, while he retained its *lyrics*, and the Gregorian Chant used in the Catholic church to this day, received the name of *Chorus Fereus* or *plain chant*, which it still retains, from the gravity and simplicity of its character.

The Ambrosian Chant was, in some manner, founded on the musical system of the Greeks, and the scale of notes, on which the melodies were constructed,

Musica de Capella, but it was not until about the year 1611 or 1612, that the beautiful masses of Naves and Haydn were introduced into the Catholic chapel at England (for which we are greatly indebted to the traitor Mr Vincent Novello), the Gregorian masses, or some short and easy masses that Samuel White, the glee writer, had composed, being the only masses used in that part of the service in this country. A greater portion of the Gregorian Chant is retained in the manner of afternoon service, this includes the opening intonation by the priest, "Gloria in excelsis," the "Benedictus in excelsis," the five psalms, the hymn for the day, sometimes the "Magnificat," and Hymn to the Virgin, including all the antiphons and responses sung by the choir, The Magnificat, Hymn to the Virgin, Litanies, Prayer for the Queen, *Tantum Ergo*, *O Sacramentum*, &c. being set by ancient and modern composers, selections are made from them. The psalms and hymns for the day are never modified with the Gregorian Chant being strictly observed by all choirs. During Lent, on Compline nights, the Gregorian *Miserere* is sung: in those who have never heard this solemn and sublime chant, its effect is most holy. The *Miserere* is sung in a slower, rather, and more impressive manner than the other part of the service, every alternate verse (as in the psalms) being sung by the congregation in relation to its words. In holy week, the Gregorian "Lamentations," and *Benedictus* were sung by the choir without the organ, as the *Widely*, *Harmony*, and *Friday*. The Gregorian tones do not exceed the compass of the human voice (or scale of six notes) most of them only having five notes in their compass, others only four (these, I apprehend, were the original Antiphonal Chants, as being formed on the ancient Greek *trichordata*, or tones of four or five, while others only have three notes in their extent, as in the instance of the first and seventh tones, both of which begin with, and on the key note G. The only difference between them being one note. In intoning these chants for the psalms, it is the custom for the cantor (or chorister) to give out the chant on the first verse of each psalm alone, beginning with an intonation: for instance, on the first tone which begins on the third B (of our major mode G), the intonation is on two notes D A preceding; or if the fifth tone is chosen, (which begins on the fifth B of our major key G), it is intoned from C, followed by E (its major third) up to G: but when such succeeding verse is sung to the chant, the intonations are omitted. These intonations were no doubt originally intended for the cantor to pitch the words (key) or tone. The Gregorian tones being originally (as now) sung in relation and unison. No instrument was used to guide or accompany the voice in the early introduction of the Antiphonal or German Chorus, it being long before organs were introduced in churches, which did not take place till about the middle of the seventh century. The custom is now for the chorist to give out the tone, and the cantor to take up the first verse alone, beginning with the usual intonation.

Such corruption has crept into the Gregorian Chants since the introduction of the choir to form the *antiphona*, or leading note, to the key; for on comparing the modern adaptation of the chants with two copies of the same, as an illuminated Antiphonal (Anglo-Roman), and a Gradual of the 13th and 15th centuries, I find that the last note but one, at the end of the second verse, from its final, and a *cruciate* means song. Also at the second ending on the fifth tone, I find that the last note but two is also a whole tone to its following note, and not as at present, a semitone, whereby the original character of the modes are subverted.

The same corruption is to be noticed in the hymns which succeed the psalms: for in the hymn "O sacred Name," the hymn to St. John, from which Guido took the *aplomb*—*aa, ee, h, oo, la*, from the first verse of that hymn, I find, on comparing the modern copies with the ancient hymn in the before-mentioned Antiphonal, that the second note at the beginning, as well as the last note but the final, is a whole tone to its next, and not a semitone as now sung. This hymn, which is constructed on the fourth ecclesiastical mode (our D minor without the C sharp, which is really copies this corruption), is sung now in its unaltered key, D minor, E flat major, F major, and ending on G minor. That, with the hymns, "Gloria *Alleluia*," are the two that most frequently occur; consequently, the more liable to corruption. The modern way of singing these

lyrics as in a measured time, the lyrics to St. John being sung in common time, the other in compound common time (3 in a bar), the organists being unmeasured, except to their syllabic quantities. To endeavour to reduce these lyrics, during their performance, would be like handling your head against a brick wall: you would only hurt yourself by it, because all the congregations sing these lyrics (being as well known), *F* sharps included. This is not simply tradition, although it has become so, but positive corruption, as it is well known all sharps are unrepresented from the ecclesiastical modes, and the only variations allowed, are from *E* to *F*, *A* to *B* flat (when required), and *B* (sharped or natural) to *C*.

The notation in which these ancient, but venerable, melodies were written, was multifarious. Gregory the Great first adapted them to the letters of the Roman alphabet, which were succeeded by irregular points just under the Greek accents, of which there was an extensive variety. Next followed the introduction of the red or yellow line singly, the first to denote the place of the *F*, the second that of *C*. Martinus produced several fragments from ancient church officers, with both a yellow and red line. Lambinus is to be read in the French copyist, as appears from an ancient MS. fragment preserved, by Odo, the monk, written about the year 1100. These were eight or nine in number. At first, the syllables of the psalm or lyrics were placed in the spaces between these lines. After this, an alphabetical character was placed at the beginning of each line, capitals for the grave accents, and minuscules for the acute. To this kind of notation succeeded the points above mentioned. Vincenzo Galilei* says that a little before the time of Guido, the points were placed on seven lines only, without using the spaces, perhaps in imitation of the seven strings of the ancient lyre. Points were first used singly, afterwards with tails—sometimes detached, sometimes confluent—and sometimes united and directed like hieroglyphics. "I collected," says Dr. Burney, "examples of this notation in the Ambrosian Library, at Milan; in the Vatican, at Rome; at Autwerp; and in the libraries and records of several other cities on the continent; many of which are, indeed, still visible at present in the most learned libraries and antiquaries I consulted. I have a specimen (with coloured lines) taken from the back of a Lutheran tract, formerly Melancthon's, in which are seen four coloured lines, the lowest line, blue (for *D*), the next, red (*F*), the third, green (*A*), and the fourth, yellow (*C*), the points are on and between the lines. This, although a very small fragment, is a very curious relic, as I do not find that either Martin, Burney, or Hawkins have mentioned any similar specimens as far as coloured lines. I find that in the succeeding centuries, in place of the many coloured lines, the simple letters *F* and *C* were introduced on their respective lines, which letters (each interrupted into the modern *F* or less dot, and the modern *C* dot) were composed according to the mode, or compass of the voice for the chant. Although specimens of five lines are to be found, previous to, and at the time the four red lines were used, yet the latter number was thought sufficient for the compass generally of the Gregorian Chant. The note itself, now known as the Gregorian note, is the black square, and large-headed note, to which (in all the illuminated books extant) all the clefs are written on four red lines, with the Gothic letters *F* and *C* on their respective lines, to indicate the position of the sensitive line. The most ancient fragments of these four-coloured notes, are to be found in the "*Præfixa Musica*" of Franciscus Colonus, the first edition of which appeared at Medisina, in 1495; the second, at the same place in 1497; the third, at Brema, in 1503; and the fourth, at Milan, in 1515. This valuable work (of which I am in possession of the first, third, and fourth editions) was the earliest work that emanated from the press after the invention of printing, containing six editions; the first above-mentioned, as well as the other musical examples to be found in that rare and curious work, were printed from wooden blocks—metallic types not being then invented.

* Encyclop. Mus. article No. 2. p. 10.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE LIVERPOOL BEEF-STEAK CLUB.

To the Editor of the *Standard Weekly*.

Sir,—My attention has been directed to a letter in the *Standard Weekly*, by an anonymous correspondent to the members of the Liverpool Beefsteak Club, and, let me add, in those magazines who have granted the prizes offered by it.

In the first place it is certain that the prizes are not given by the whole club. Every year since 1855 the prizes at least has been given by the whole club, and it was scarcely to be considered a reproach that, in addition to these, liberal sums have been offered by individuals, subject to the sanction of the whole society.

I find that in this period the prizes have been granted by—Dr Smith, three times, Mr. John Perry, twice, Mr. T. F. Wainwright, once, Mr. Cornelius Ward, once, Mr. John Hutchinson, Liverpool, once; Mr. George Bagshaw, Liverpool, once, Mr. Francis L. Hunt, Liverpool, once; Mr. George Holden, Liverpool, twice, your being for a year entitled to "arbitrary discretion." Of the other gentlemen, resident in Liverpool, but at least were personally unknown to any of the members.

It is given in an instance of the meals in which the decisions are arrived at, that for a year offered (in 1825) for the best soup, only four were heard, and three of a private house, whose names never having been performed at all.

On reference to the minutes, I find that twelve sittings only were held in for the prize, which were referred to a committee, who met where and to what as they pleased, but that the club finally decided the prize at the usual place of meeting, the "*Salopian Room*." To show the great partiality of this decision, addressed by your correspondent for the special purpose, I may mention that it was in favour of Mr. John Perry.

So much for facts. It certainly does not appear that Mr. George Holden has had the best share of the prizes, that he has of the labour of preparing them well known.

As your correspondent is, as he was showing, neither a competitor, a member, nor a guest at our table, I will take my leave of him under the impression that, from the hints now and then which he indulges in letters, he must be a poet. Whatever faults he may commit to the members of the Beefsteak Club, the professions will never by passing word of himself to the members, but, whatever they may be, they cannot have done such wrong by an anonymous writer from a public paper.

The writer is, I believe, known here, and his name would add little to the notoriety of his letter—and please, your obedient servant.

THE SECRETARY OF THE LIVERPOOL BEEF-STEAK CLUB.

Liverpool, January 2nd, 1855.

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

To the Editor of the *Standard Weekly*.

Sir,—Will you please me to ask the directors of the Philharmonic Society why they are granting their greatest prize of reward? Perhaps one of them will have the courtesy to reply to this. My principal reason for addressing you is to urge upon members the necessity which exists for the formation of symphony societies, for unless something of that kind is done we shall altogether lose the chance of having the great instrumental works. The high subscription to the Philharmonic orchestra alone, I may say all but the wealthiest class; and the only concert houses, where a sympathy is given, are those of the "*Society Association*." For long the rage taken in the Philharmonic will reduce the directors of the Society Association to give two other symphonies, whatsoever will be our a floating great gratification to their subscription, and will distribute well their notes with members from the Philharmonic. What I conclude is that the public will flock to the only place where such things are to be heard. The more they are known, the more they will desire to hear them over and over again. Even the influence and it gradually falls away, while there are more to take the place of those who leave. This has been the fate of the Philharmonic Society, and will always be that of any attempt at organization and secret management—I am your obedient servant,

A. S. HARRIS.

PRIZE GIVES, &c.

To the Editor of the *Standard Weekly*.

Sir,—For the information of your correspondent Sir, I beg to say that the medals for the prizes offered by the London Club Club, the Glass Club, and the Methodist Club

are confined to the musical members of the respective societies, consequently they are not publicly advertised; but the prices offered by the Manchester Glee Club, the Liverpool Foot-stick Club, and the Glee-men, Dublin, &c., are always introduced in the *Musical World*, and the best papers, as No. 2—must have a strong look out.

The remarks of your correspondent, "A Constant Subscriber," relative to the advertisements of the prices offered by the Liverpool Foot-stick Club, shows the best qualities of those gentlemen who enter the list as competitors, for it appears "that there is something wrong in the state of Denmark."—*Travis, &c.*

FAIR PLAY.

REVIEWS.

Yours,

Oh, Nature, let me dwell with thee Words by the Countess of Blessington. Music by E. H. Bennett, Esq.

Ms. Bennett has set her ladyship's poetry to a sparkling melody, in a major; displaying a fine specimen of originality, and much taste in the symphonic and accompaniments. It is calculated to please universally, and produces a brilliant effect, at little cost, in point of execution.

Three Songs, by William Tharold Wood. (Sonnets)

No. 1. *Perchance, ever-mine.* Words from "Shakespeare and his friends."

No. 2. *Shall I yield.* Words from "The youth of Shakespeare."

No. 3. *Little waves upon the deep.* Words from "The Seven Years' war."

There is no want of force and taste in these songs, but they are without so quaint and curious, that we know not what to make of them. We must add, that there is some very creditable modulation, and the rhythm is often qualified by recedant measures.

The latter land. Words by Mrs. Newman. Music by Charles Hempel, Jun. (Folk-song.)

Everybody knows Beethoven's arrangement of Goethe's "Kunst der Land." The partial change of this is worthy; but the musical interpretation is very unequal. The opening symphony is striking and expressive, and led us to expect better things than we find in the three or four last pages.

Three Quadrilles.

Les Fils d'Algerie. Quadrilles de Contradance. Composed by F. K. Llop. (Duet)

Why not "The Village Festival?" A French title may look more ridiculous if cursorily spelt, but certainly not otherwise. These quadrilles are smooth and flowing, and well suited to beginners.

STANZA FOR MUSIC.

The length'ning shadows of the trees,
The falling light, the fresh'ning breeze,
The rising dew—the closing day's
Fountain o'er the evening hay,
In the bright west, the parting smile
Of daylight lingers yet awhile—
And hush'd in silence soul in peace
The busy sounds of to-day cease.

Sweet scenes of tranquillity,
How dear to all, but oh! to me
More dear than to the thirsty earth
The dew, which call her flow'rs to birth;
More welcome than the gentle west
That bring'st to many a till-worn breast;
For oh! all gently pass along,
This hour will bear me to my love.

M. A. C.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE. METROPOLITAN.

THE NEW ORGAN erected in Exeter Hall, for the performance of the Choral Society, was exhibited to a large audience, on Thursday evening last, when Mr. Thomas Adams performed the following selection in his usual admirable manner:—

PART I.

1. <i>Andante</i> — <i>Marche des Nations</i> —M. Adams.	Voluntary
2. <i>Andante</i> — <i>Marche des Nations</i> —M. Adams.	Andante
3. <i>Andante</i> — <i>Marche des Nations</i> —M. Adams.	Andante
4. <i>Andante</i> — <i>Marche des Nations</i> —M. Adams.	Andante
5. <i>Andante</i> — <i>Marche des Nations</i> —M. Adams.	Andante
6. <i>Andante</i> — <i>Marche des Nations</i> —M. Adams.	Andante
7. <i>Andante</i> — <i>Marche des Nations</i> —M. Adams.	Andante

PART II.

1. <i>Andante</i> — <i>Marche des Nations</i> —M. Adams.	Andante
2. <i>Andante</i> — <i>Marche des Nations</i> —M. Adams.	Andante
3. <i>Andante</i> — <i>Marche des Nations</i> —M. Adams.	Andante
4. <i>Andante</i> — <i>Marche des Nations</i> —M. Adams.	Andante
5. <i>Andante</i> — <i>Marche des Nations</i> —M. Adams.	Andante
6. <i>Andante</i> — <i>Marche des Nations</i> —M. Adams.	Andante
7. <i>Andante</i> — <i>Marche des Nations</i> —M. Adams.	Andante

When we heard the instrument at Mr. Walker's manufactory, we stated that we could not form any correct opinion of it in that situation, as we then heard but little of it,—being present only for a few minutes at the performance on the Thursday, and being unable to gain admittance on the Monday. On Thursday evening last we attended the performance in Exeter Hall, and were much disappointed with the instrument, which appears ill-adapted for the purpose of its erection—the support of the finest choral band in the world. There is a total absence of that weight of pedal organ so essential. This is the more remarkable, as we well know the builder has spared no expense to enrich the scale or material of his pipes. But for the long list of stops contained in the description alluded to, we should have supposed the instrument to be of ordinary dimensions. A correspondent, who is quite honest—"an Organist," inquires—how a pedal organ can be complete with only 17 pipes to each stop? The description of the instrument distributed in the Hall does not mention the number of pipes, but we presume, an "Organist" must be a man, for we believe there are two articles of pedals. We will, however, make inquiries on this point, as we have every wish to be correct.

INTERIOR LANGUAGE AND SCIENTIFIC INSTRUCTIONS. The second concert took place at this institution, on Monday, the fifth inst. In addition to an efficient band, led by Mr. Wilby, Miss Cobitt, the Messrs. Price, and some gentlemen from the German Club, lent their assistance. The selection was miscellaneous, including a duet for the first and second, performed by Messrs. Dwyer and Corrick, &c.; and a solo on the clarinet, by Mr. Lucas. The audience, by whom the theatre was crowded, appeared much pleased with the list of three, and especially testified their approval of the various performers, particularly the pensive Miss Price, both of whose songs were recorded.

THE SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY have in contemplation, for their next concert, a selection of anthems and solos, calculated to display the powers of their new organ, to take place, if possible, on the first of next month, on which occasion the services of the band will be dispensed with, the only accompaniment required being that of the organ.

CHORAL HARMONIC SOCIETY. On Tuesday, the 11th inst., a concert was given at the Harmonic Opera House by this society. The duet, "Mighty Arm," sung by Messrs. Leffer and Fooks, and the madrigal, "Home shall care," were received by a crowded room.

PROVINCIAL.

(The programme of the Musical World is accepted and adapted from the provincial press, and takes the form of our country correspondence. The names of G. M. M. are descriptive, but convey not the true nature of persons if very desirable, by and with their editorial approval. It appears in.)

MARLBOROUGH.—On Monday evening, the 25th instant, the members of the society gave their first public concert in their new room, at the Nile House, which was attended by a very numerous and highly respectable company. The principal vocalists were—Miss Harrison, Miss Graham, and Messrs. Darby, Harris, James Stewart, R. Cooper, Clough, Shadlock, Galt, and Haydon. Miss's progress and choice, "Should I be?" commenced the first part. The quotations were assigned to Messrs. Haydn, Cooper, Clough, and Shadlock, and were executed in a very spirited manner. The beautiful piece of "Where the two met" (Amen and Justice) was pleasantly sung by Miss Harrison, Miss Graham, and Messrs. Clough and Shadlock. Mr. F. A. Johnson performed a fantasia on the piano-forte in a masterly style. "The Battle of Hohenlinden," by Mr. James Shadlock, was particularly effective, and the first part concluded with some selections from the music in *Madame*. The second part opened with the chorus, "Allegiance we swear," and did not fail to be performed. Miss Graham sang "Helen Adair" with variations by Pleyel, which was prepared from the first part in consequence of the absence of Mr. Wallace, who was answered by "Why are you weeping, dear mother?" She was much pleased with the approval and character of manner with which she accomplished her task, and we doubt not, ere long, she will attain an eminent position in her profession. Miss Harrison was particularly fine in the song, "On the rock where hangs the willow." Messrs. Darby, Clough, Shadlock, and Shadlock, afforded a rich treat in "Lizette's Wild Hunt." The lines—

"And woe not for us, if our country we love,

Although we have need of it by dying!"

were splendidly given, and the company marked their sense of its merit by loud applause. The quartet, "The Sun jumps over the parson's gate," from *Cap. Maccarty*, elicited an encore, the audience being highly delighted with the singing of Mr. Cooper, as the Soloist. The chorus closed with Darby's "Merry boys, sing! sing!" which the vocalists went through with all the fervour of true harmony. By repeating the soloists, "And now the Deers" was sung by the whole strength of the musical party, and the company departed highly gratified with the result of the night's entertainment. Mr. Graham presided at the piano-forte with his accustomed ability. To the courtesy of Mr. Darby and Mr. Shadlock, the society and friends of the society, may be attributed the comfort afforded to the company, and the success of the evening's entertainment. This society is rapidly increasing in numbers, and it reflects great credit on the professors connected with it as instructors.

BRANFORD.—On Wednesday evening, the 25th instant, the members of the Gentlemen's Glee Club held their 25th meeting of the season, at Mr. Wainwright's, Commercial Inn. The vocalists present were—Miss Strickland, and Messrs. Harris and Shadlock, of Marlborough, and Messrs. Lupton and Greenleaf, of Boston. Mr. T. Russell presided at the piano-forte with good taste, and Mr. Ford, soloist, afforded an excellent treat. The given were beautifully executed, and gave great satisfaction in a numerous audience, except a few who were absent either of the 25th instants.

NEWYORK.—On Thursday evening, the 26th of Thanksgiving's concert took place in the Large Assembly Room, and was attended by a numerous and highly respectable audience. The vocal department was conducted by Ernest Gris, Madame Dells, and Mr. Dells, and gave general satisfaction. Madame's duette, "La statue de marbre," in particular, was beautifully executed by Gris and Dells, and warmly received. The great pleasure of the evening, however, was Thaddeus himself, who it is almost needless to say, is followed by competent judges to be the best pianist in Europe, and whose performances on this occasion were throughout as brilliant and correct, as to all, if possible, additional notes in his well-known *harps*. The vocal concert took place on Friday evening, and as it is understood Thaddeus is returning from a public life—the opportunity of stopping at present a great was embraced by all lovers of music in this town and neighbourhood.

BOSTON.—On Wednesday, 25th instants, Handel's oratorio, the *Messiah*, was performed in the above parish church in aid of the funds of the local Education. The principal performers were Miss Birch, Miss E. Byrne, Messrs. Hays (soprano), Wrentham, and Tenor. The choir consisted of 100 performers, the leading members being selected from the Ancient Concert and Sacred Harmonic Society. My services conducting, and Mr. Frye presided at the organ. The performance was divided into two parts, between which Miss Birch introduced "Let the lights shine" (Soprano), accompanied by Mr. Hays. The only drawback was the limited capability of the organ, and although

Mr. Perry did all that could be done under the circumstances, the feeble powers of the instrument were fully subservient to the task of sustaining the weight of a powerful chorus. We are always glad to meet instances of genuine feeling, and must not fail to mention that of Lord de Gooz, who on being applied to for his patronage cheerfully gave a donation of £100, trusting a work that the performance should be repeated annually.

News.—A fine collection of wined voices was performed in the Assembly Rooms, on Wednesday evening, the 23d inst., under the management of Mr. J. Mann, the talented leader of the Harmonic Society. Witnessing the brilliant selection of pieces, and the great concentration of talent assembled, we regret to state that the audience was the most average to be met with here ever seen upon such occasions. Scarcely a limited circle could be considered, and when we reflect how much of Mr. Mann's valuable time and services are devoted to the Harmonic Society, which is established for the noble purpose of educating the people of Bedford, we must be permitted to state that they display anything but gratifying feelings. At the usual concert where the tickets are inexhaustible, we have seen 500 in the same room, to witness inferior performances, and we must add, that but little encouragement is given to a man who exerts himself so much for the public amusement. Mr. Mann states that he shall have no less a price than £100 by the effort. The performance throughout was of a most brilliant character. Mr. J. Mann sang "Glad to see my people," and "Lord remember David," in the most pleasing style. Mr. Ling, of Cambridge, a fine counter-tenor, sang "Behold a Virgin," and "We will depart," in a masterly manner, and was loudly applauded. Miss Dutton, a very talented singer, and pupil of Mr. Robert Young, of West H. Edmunds, who was lately awarded on this occasion, was warmly received, and executed in "O magnify the Lord," and "Ye men of Gath," which she sang most respectably. Miss Allen was loudly applauded in "But their shafts are true," and also took a prominent part in some of Handel's and Keiser's choruses, which went off exceedingly well. It is but justice to remark that great credit is due to the chorus singers for their persistent and stout attendance for the better of the conductor. In the evening a miscellaneous concert was given, when, after a symphony of Haydn's had been performed, the piece "Come let us sing," was beautifully sung by Messrs. Ling, J. Mann, Riley, and Robinson. Miss Allen sang "In Johnny" very delightfully, and was warmly applauded, and Miss Poole obtained the applause with "Where do the best men," and the brilliant song, "O let your hearts be glad," both of which were warmly applauded, and deservedly so. We cannot conclude our remarks without mentioning two pieces which formed part of the programme for the evening, namely, "Shall not your sword" (Wick), and "Put my boy" (H. Cooke). The former was sung by Miss Rogers, Mr. Ling, Mr. E. Mann, and Mr. Robinson (a gentleman who truly lost his valuable services), and, as a proof of the interest and purity of taste on which this was given, we have only to state that it nearly went with a round cheer. Mr. Ling is one of the first class singers of the day, his intonation is very correct, he sings with extraordinary accuracy, and is well adapted for the delightful style of vocal writing. The audience appeared highly gratified at the performance, and the late support Mr. Mann received from the inhabitants of Bedford reflects the greatest degree on the musical character of that town and neighbourhood.

Continued.—The Organ in Christ Church.—We have received three different accounts of the opening of the instrument, as follows, that for the edification of our readers we have deemed it best to print them all.

From the Christianian Chronicle.

"The organ is a splendid specimen for purity of tone, arrangement, and power; and is in every way worthy of the high character of St. Hill, the organ builder. It is, we are told, one of the largest church organs in the kingdom; it stands on the tower, surrounded by the choir and children's seats within a square timbered tent. At the back is a parallel ascending board, showing the organ to a great extent in the body of the church, without the slightest obstruction or deprivation. Mr. Morgan, the organist appointed to the church, pointed with great ability and effect, in that the whole choir sang with very great judgment, and evidently great satisfaction."

From the Christianian Register—On.

"The organ, built by Mr. Hill, is said to be one of the finest as well as the largest in this part of the country. It would not be fair to judge of the quality and power of this instrument by the performance of Tuesday, for, aided by the assistance of six boys, the first run of the day slipped upon some unaccountable slip of the carpet, which caused without interruption during the whole of the day, frequently rendered the organ almost impossible to enter parts of the church."

From our own Musical Correspondent.

"On Tuesday, January 21st, the instrument, built by Mr. Hill, was opened at the sanctuary of Christ Church. An event has been looked forward to with great interest, as

Mr. Hill's instrument was but little known in Gloucestershire; this, in fact, being the only organ in the county of the same make. It consists of the 16 rows of keys, the organ of the Great and Choir organs from C to F in all, the Small from G to C in F, an octave and a half of pedal pipes from C to G. It contains eight stops in the great organ, seven in the choir, and five in the small. The structure of the instrument is at the west end of the gallery under the tower, and great pipes and organs have been erected to its fronting a "portable sounding board," as the last pipe has to "throw the sound to a given place in the body of the church." When the west place is, as at present unknown; at all events the effect, of either the west of effect, has shown some degree of impure stringing heard elsewhere, and requires here has mentioned, whether the defect is attributable to the insufficiency of the organ, or the incompetency of the organist. This point must be settled amongst themselves, unless it to say, that it could not be ascertained whether the organ had good pipes or not. Having spoken of the last organ of the instrument, it is but fair to point out some redeeming ones, the soft stops in the small are of good quality, so also the open diapason in the great organ. To bring an indifferent musician into a town which already contains a fine specimen of Gray's organ building (particularly in gold pipes), a subjecting such instrument to a heavy tone mixture, which has been mostly left to the east. The vocal department in the service was performed by the choir from Gloucester Cathedral, and in another manner as to select the greatest amount on that body, the separation of the vocal's services was degrading, but they had made of former failures they would have looked quite as well. Now a word or two concerning the organist. Great things were expected from his hands, inasmuch as the appointment of Christ Church instrument has to the west in the province of the smallest disengaged organs, who were not thought sufficiently talented for the situation, although one of them also applied for it is of unimpaired talent, both as a performer and a theorist, whereas the gentleman introduced as to the left of the altar already in Gloucestershire, as Christ Church is, in an unobtrusive point of view, behind Gloucester Cathedral. The introductory voluntary, or an extraordinary performance was rather distinguished in various respects, but only for a most extensive modulation, which the principal chorist in harmony might have executed. The concluding voluntary was Handel's "Fugue in his existing era," which was being machine done, and, from the deficiency of the pedal pipes, was a very unimpaired performance.

[Some years since we happened to be at Gloucestershire for the improvement of our health, during which time the Gloucester offered an frequent subject for remark. The voice, a lady, brother-like perceptions, might be such leading steps to her more complete recreation—the gathering of the soul. In the morning upon several matters was happening in the extreme, we remember reading a description of the opening of one of the principal organs in the town, wherein the following passage occurred, which stands as most loudly, "the soft deep rolling timbre of the full low one magnificent." From the comparison of our correspondent we should infer that "the timbre of the full low" of the Christ Church organ was probably distinct, the London-Or, it will be seen, attributes the most of power in the organ of the more without, and would instrument something like existing upon the instrument itself at a first trial: this was not the case of our great old English organ under more appalling circumstances than a great pipe of which, for its first rise and existing look, "Moses's Musicians, by our Master Stone, of York," writes in the time of the first Charles, it is recorded (we have not the book under such and therefore cannot quote exactly) "that the organ of York by the performance being commenced on a Sunday during divine service, and Master Stone religious in playing terms the 'everlast, deep, plump, deep, full sounding Organ,' as writing forth his powerful tones as it were as defiance of the din of war without." We will not in "Master Stone," and may find these something interesting to our readers.—Ed. S. W.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

TRAVELERS, with Ernests Grieb, Dicks and his own organ, conclude their provincial tour at Loughborough, on Saturday. Theberg and Gray will then come to town, and Mr. and Mrs. Dicks set off immediately for Dublin, where they are engaged at the Theatre. Theberg will only remain in town until after Monday's concert, when he will start for Greenwich.

MARRIAGES.—The report that M. Haydn has written a mass, to be executed on the occasion of the marriage of the Queen of England, is altogether erroneous. We have authority for asserting, that the eminent composer has been exclusively engaged in finishing his new grand organ.

Mr. Dana's Stripes, advertised in the present number, appear, from the testimony of several professors who have tried them, to be well worthy the attention of straggled-instrument professors generally.

WITNEY and Co.'s City quartet concerts commenced on Monday next, at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate Street; the remainder of the series are announced for the 17th of February, and 2d and 15th of March.

New Organ, ALL SAINTS CHURCH, Hammersmith.—The Committee met on Wednesday evening, the 23d inst., when Mr. TOWNES very kindly presented them with a beautiful picture, being a landscape representation of his own painting, which the Committee decided should be drawn for its notes above all five (all things yet done). The picture is to be applied in and of the subscription, and the picture will be drawn for at the next meeting of the subscribers. If all the objects are taken. A letter from Mr. GARY, organ-builder, 5, New road, Fitzroy-square, was read, accompanied by a list of fifty organs which he had built for churches and chapels in and near London, and a request which a professional gentleman has made of having tried several of Mr. GARY'S organs was satisfactory. The Committee adjourned to the Tavern Hall on the following Wednesday at one o'clock, when a general meeting of the subscribers was held, and which Mr. GARY was requested to attend. It will be thus proposed that the organ be of such colour.—*Merford Paper.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS

We have to beg, of all our correspondents to write on the right side of the paper, and to send their communications to the Editors of the Medical World, or to the Editor of the Medical World, or to the Editor of the Medical World, or to the Editor of the Medical World.

List of New Publications

FRANCIS & CO.

Table listing medical books under the heading 'FRANCIS & CO.' with columns for author and title.

GILKS

Table listing medical books under the heading 'GILKS' with columns for author and title.

ANGLO-ROMAN STRINGS.

The superiority of the **ANGLO ROMAN** strings is a quality which is known to every intelligent musician in the world, as well as a necessity for all who play a stringed instrument. The **ANGLO ROMAN** strings are made of the finest materials, and are carefully prepared by the most experienced workmen, and are therefore the most reliable and durable. They are made of the finest materials, and are therefore the most reliable and durable. They are made of the finest materials, and are therefore the most reliable and durable.

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"Mr. W. J. Willy says he believes Mr. Smith, that he has used the **ANGLO ROMAN** strings, and that they are really good, and equal to the best strings of any make. I have played a length of time with **ANGLO ROMAN** strings, and I cannot say but that they are really good, and equal to the best strings of any make." (Signed) **W. J. WILLY**.

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Plain Major	50	Plain Major	42	Plain Major	50	Plain Major	50	Plain Major	50
Chromatic	50	Chromatic	42	Chromatic	50	Chromatic	50	Chromatic	50
Chromatic	50	Chromatic	42	Chromatic	50	Chromatic	50	Chromatic	50
Chromatic	50	Chromatic	42	Chromatic	50	Chromatic	50	Chromatic	50
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Chromatic	50	Chromatic	42	Chromatic	50	Chromatic	50	Chromatic	50

W. J. WILLY and Company's objects in buying all instruments mentioned above in this list for the Month, but of course in London, and in exchange there, it remains to your care of our agents, who are ready to assist you.

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THE
MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF
**ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,
AND WEEKLY RECORD OF
Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.**

"*Hic puer dixerat dixerat et non desiquere,
non desiquere et non fuisse forte.*"

PLATE. Pluck an arrow,

*Music is a something divine and incomprehensible,
an all-glorious and a God-like thing.*

FEB. 2, 1862.

No. CXXII.—New Series, No. CX.

{*price 25,*
{*per month, 40*

In our last number we announced the intention of the Sacred Harmonic Society to give a selection of anthems to be accompanied by the organ alone. This society, by its choral exhibitions, has already re-animated the taste for choral music to general throughout the country, and we would firm hope that by the contemplated application of its gigantic powers it may arouse the long-slumbering spirit of church music in particular. We have frequently taken occasion to lament the present neglected state of music in our Protestant Churches—in our Catholic Chapels neither are otherwise ordered, and the consequence has been that many members of our establishment, influenced by the rapidly-increasing taste for sacred choral music, are induced to assist in the service of the Catholic Church. There is hardly a Catholic Chapel in the metropolis which will not exemplify the truth of this statement. Provincial churches might traverse all our great metropolitan churches without finding ought worthy of mention. There will shortly, however, we trust, if the efforts of the Sacred Harmonic Society are attended with their usual success, be an impulse given to all our churches, and at the same time a guide and model furnished them, which will put to shame their present slovenly and degraded exhibitions, and eventually work a total reformation in the performance of our church music. With regard to the music itself the following spirited letter appears to us to contain many valuable remarks—

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—I hear that the vocal portion of the Sacred Harmonic Society's next performance will consist of anthems selected entirely from English composers; and as this performance is intended to be one only of a series, all who are acquainted with our national music must anticipate for it a triumph

Indeed, though connected with that society, I have no authority or influence in the direction of its affairs, or the choice of music to be performed, which are very properly left to a committee of management. Will you, therefore, allow me, through your pages, to call the attention of the gentleman to the numerous productions of the old British masters in church music? They will find among these works of a kindred spirit with those of our Gibbons's and Purcells, and Crofts—works too, like their's, upon which the dust of years is fast collecting, and which are unknown but to the coldest few.

Let the necessities, in their next programme, insert the names of Palestrina or Gabrieli, or Fara, or Orlando di Lasso, or Carissimi. By all these, in connection with our own composers, has the true old English style been cherished.

Into the arena of this society the genius of ecclesiastical music seems now to have thrown herself. How long, before and confessions has she inspired among the decorated choirs of our cathedrals, keeping watch over the shades of her gifted children, whose efforts she had so often crowned there? But those children are forgotten—in spirit, if not in name—their works thrown by, and her beams polluted by the thimble and the concert-room.

What a scene is the musical portion of the service in the Metropolitan Cathedral. A service by King or Kent is brought forward;—inspires the assembled multitude with the greatness of England's awe in the divine art. How well the elegant pretensions of this music accords with the grandeur of the building it is performed in! Listen! the anthem is given up. You hear a low rumbling noise, which at first you are at a loss to account for, but, as it increases, you recognise it—proceed from the organ—chord piled on chord, till the bewildered ear almost refuses to perform its hitherto office, would indeed soon remove your doubt, if it could have more than a moment's existence. Gradually this "power of sound" decreases, and in about five minutes we are again at peace. If the expression be not precise, I would say that an almighty thanksgiving descends from that sacred base tone that which the intonated anthems pour forth when he is once again conscious of the bliss of silence. Alas! he knows not yet the extent of his suffering. The anthem is full. After a short chorus and a shorter verse, again leaves forth the organ, accompanying (as it is frequently called) the anthem to its conclusion. The struggle between a lone voice and five thousand organ-pipes cannot be long at doubtful. And how the organist creeds in his victory! Truly he was no mean.

For all this we cannot blame the choir-men—their duties, as the whole, are well performed. It is a misfortune to be sure that they are not all English. But who has the choice and direction of the musical portion of the service? with him the discredit of such ridiculous substitutions lies. Enough he never shall be his an unexcusable stock of some anthems worthy of any Cathedral, and suitable to a choir choir of its glories like that at St. Paul's. Has he neglected these? Not if he have a verse anthem, Messrs. King and Kent are called into requisition, and it is not worth hearing—if it be a full anthem, it is not to be heard. Sometimes the gentlemen of the choir, in the excess of their jocularity, will open their eyes to selections from the Messiah with a chorus of one to a part. This is truly heavy. The sublime is a trifle.

How long, or, say we to suffer that! How long is the melody of gratitude—their pretensions of holiness to admit? Are these offerings made by a richly-dressed nation to a grateful Deity? Are these fit sacrifices at his solemn shrines? these petty workings of the sublime in art?

The case of the cathedral choir is hopeless. To the universe must we now look for the representation of the set—and may God prosper their efforts in the name of sacred music. Your obedient servant,

PHILHARMONIC NEW ORCHESTRA.

The following sketch will convey a better idea of the new arrangements in the orchestra of the Hanover-square rooms, made by the directors of the Philharmonic Society, than any written description that we could give:—



It will be observed that the leader, conductor, and singers, are brought close together, which cannot fail of proving highly advantageous. The violins are rendered more prominent, and the basses are more subdued; while the latter and the tenors are arranged together, making a sweep from the centre to the top of the orchestra on both sides of the principal violoncello and contra-bass, which are placed on an elevated platform, immediately behind the pianoforte. The band assembled for the first time this evening, on Saturday evening, when the following composition were tried:—A characteristic symphony in G, by Spohr, led by Mr. Cooper, and conducted by Mr. C. Potter. The first movement is after the style of Beethoven and Mendel, in 1792. The second is modern, after Haydn and Mozart, 1793; the third a scherzo à la Beethoven, 1810, and the last, evidently a satire on the march and rattle of the modern French overseas. A new symphony, by Frederick Winkley, of Cambridge, led by Mr. T. Cooke, and conducted by the composer. This symphony consists of an introduction in C minor, a spirited movement in E flat, (much too long), an adagio in E flat, scherzo in G minor (very clever), and finale in E flat. As a harbinger of compositions of the higher order for instruments, it reflects much credit on the composer. A symphony in G minor (No. 5) by Spohr, led by Mr. Leader, and conducted by Sir George Smart. This symphony was originally an overture only; but Spohr, being rather partial to it, gave it a more substantial form, and published it at Vienna lately. It is by no means one of his best works, nor did it make the best impression on this occasion: should it ever be performed in public, we shall give a detailed account of it. Managers will no longer be permitted to attend the rehearsal, for the tickets allotted to the directors and members will not be granted; nor will there be any single tickets issued for the proceeds, consequently, we may expect but a scanty attendance; for the subscription tickets taken up do not exceed three hundred; to these must be added, the members' associates, and their families, making a total of about four hundred.

THE MELODISTS' CLUB.

In a former number of the "Musical World," we presented our readers with a sketch of the rise and progress of the Melodists' Club, which was established in 1870 for the promotion of Melody and Sacred Compositions, in contradistinction to the Madrigal and Concertina Societies, the Catch and Glee Club, the object of which is the encouragement of vocal music in parts. The Melodists give prizes annually to the composers of the best approved songs; the candidates being confined to the honorary members of the club, consisting of Messrs. Braham, Ballany, Bennett, Bedford, Bell, Brown, Farnham, Haines, Handley, Houghton, Holden, King, Perry, Perry, jun., Stanbury, E. Taylor, J. Tarrant, J. Wilcox, and Sir George Smart. The prize this season will be given to the composer of the best national song, in the style of Kate Brabant; the competitors to provide the words from any source, ancient or modern. The musical entertainment which the members and visitors of the Melodists' Club enjoy, consists of a vast deal more variety than any other of the kind given in the metropolis; for, besides the classical plays, operas, and songs, instrumental performances are regularly introduced after dinner, and the following list of eminent artists, who paid the club a visit during the last season, will give our readers some idea of the superiority of the entertainment.—Messrs. Moschies, Ferris, Schatz, Nantz, Gaudard, W. G. Bennett, and Kellman (concertina); Messrs. David, Men, jun., Paschina, and Hargrove (violin); Messrs. Richardson and Bellatast (bass), Mr. Lindley (soprano-cello); Mr. G. Cooke (piano); Mr. Wigham (clarinet); Mr. Burges, jun. (cornet & piston); Mr. Wright (sax); Signor Rogood (concertina), and Signor Fum (horn). The first meeting of the present season took place on Thursday last, at the Freemasons' Tavern, E. Goldfield, Esq., in the chair, when the following pieces were sung in excellent style.—"Come, beautiful May," "Sleep, gentle lady," "Dorothy, have you seen a boy," "Myrtles Van Dordt," and Dr. Aron's "Parthen," solo by Mr. Bellamy, interspersed with a variety of songs. Mr. Nantz performed "Rais Brabant," with his own variations, in the particular, in a masterly manner, Mr. Richardson played *Nel no pin*, with Nicholson's variations, on the flute, in a most brilliant style, and Mr. Haines gave a beautiful romance of Berthouze's on the violin, with infinite taste and expression. Sir George Smart presided at the piano-forte; the other professionals present, were Messrs. Bellamy, Tarrant, Handley, Mobery, Collyer, Handel, Blevitt, Walsley, Perry, &c. &c. &c. The secretary (Mr. Perry) presented to the Club, on behalf of Mr. Bishop, six handsome volumes of plays, composed by the latter, and which form a portion of a complete collection Messrs. Phil. Colver and Co. are in the course of publishing. The donation was accompanied by a letter from Mr. Bishop, from which we have been favoured with the following extract.—"I beg, very respectfully, to offer this trifling tribute to the Members of the Melodists' Club, as a small token of the regard I entertain; that the formation of that society has tended greatly, and will continue to promote, the cultivation of pure melody in the music of our native country. In my own humble efforts in musical composition, I have ever (whether consciously or not) aimed at the production of melody, and have invariably considered it as my 'leading star,' and it is from my perfect conviction that good and appropriate melody is the chief attribute of excellence in music of every style, from the simple ballad to the most elaborate composition, that I had the establishment of the Melodists' Club, from its patronage of native genius, and its encouragement of melody, as essentially calculated to aid the cause of the national art in this country." Mr. Bishop's heart was drawn with unusual interest, and it was observed that we ought to feel proud of a man, whose name as a dramatic composer was held in the highest estimation throughout Europe. The evening passed off in the most delightful manner, and those gentlemen who had been introduced as visitors for the first time, expressed in the warmest manner the high gratification they had enjoyed. The Melodists' Club is by no means an exclusive society, for every member has the privilege of introducing a visitor

(subject to certain regulations) to its festive and harmonious meetings, which take place the last Thursday in the month, from January to June. Among several contributions of music to the society's library, were copies of the various plays which had gained the prizes offered by the Liverpool Bazaar Club.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

METROPOLITAN.

New Organ.—St. Mary's Cathedral Church, Catania.—A new organ, built by Bishop for this chapel, was opened by the organist, Mr. Joseph Warner, on Monday last, being Candlemas-day—the Purification of the Virgin Mary—when a solemn high-mass was sung by the Rev. L. Abbe Veronesi de Frances, assisted by the chaplains, the Rev. T. Sisti and the Rev. Mr. Salomon. The mass selected for the occasion was Haydn's *Missa sine Di*, which was sung by the vocal choir, &c. The Organ is beautiful in quality, and sufficiently powerful for this chapel: it has two rows of keys, five stops in the swell, including couples, and seven in the great organ, an octave and a half of German pitch, and four composition pedals. A curious custom is observed on Candlemas-day in the Catholic service. Brandings, "The names of Candlemas is evidently derived from the lights which were then distributed and carried about in procession." Pope Eugenius commanded that all the people "should go in procession on Candlemas-day, and carry candles about with them burning (burning) in their hands, in the year of our Lord, 1551." In the first volume of *Præsentationes* manuscript in the archives of the Society of Antiquaries of London, is preserved an original one, printed in black letter, and dated 20th of February, 20 Henry VIII., "concerning *Missa* and ceremonies to be used in the first in the Church of England," in which we read as follows:—"On Candlemas Day it shall be declared, that the language of candles is done in the memory of Christ, the spiritual light, whom *Servus*, *tyd* prophete, as of a roble in the Church that day." In some of the ancient illuminated calendars, a woman holding a taper in each hand is represented in the month of February. "On the Purification of the Virgin Mary says Doutra, in his *Concord of Monaster Rules*, The monks shall go in procession to the church for candles, which shall be consecrated, sprinkled with holy water, and blessed by the abbot, let every monk take a candle from the altar, and light it. Let the procession be made *Missa* and mass be celebrated, and the candles after the offering be offered to the priest. In Roman Catholic countries it is the custom, on that day to present the organist with four large wax candles sufficient to last him a year."

PROVINCIAL.

[This department of the *Technical World* is compiled and abridged from the provincial press, and from the papers of our country correspondents. The editors of the *W. W.* are, however, not responsible for any errors of omission it may contain, beyond what their editorial department is supposed to.]

News.—A Yearly Meeting was held at St. Lawrence's Church, on Monday last, for the purpose of electing an organist, in the room of Mr. Beufield, deceased. The society was compassionately visited, most of the respectable mis-appears being present. After the expression of the loss the parish has sustained by the death of an independent individual, and their sympathy with his family had been expressed in suitable terms, T. Ward, Esq., proposed, and T. Gower, Esq., seconded the nomination of Miss Hannah Beufield as organist in the place of her parent. In making this proposition, Mr. Ward stated he felt more than usual interest in the proposal, as he had associated the late Mr. Beufield in the office nearly forty years ago. Miss Hannah died in appropriate terms in the middle of the twentieth, and passed a high and deserved reputation in the church. He noticed Mr. Beufield's extreme liberality in the case of supporting and repairing the organ, not only by supplying his own instrument on the concert, but defraying for last repairs incurred in restoring the work complete from his own purse. The reverend Vicar then put the proposition to the meeting, and all hands being held up in favor of Miss Hannah Beufield, that lady was declared unanimously elected. A motion was made by Mr. Herbert Lewis, seconded by Mr. Bailey, sen., and unanimously agreed to, that a medal containing

to the memory of Mr. Stoddard be erected in the church by subscription of his inhabitants; and a committee was named to carry this gratifying intention to the credit of an object well affected. Mr. Stoddard having attended the society, the several addresses alternately commenced the proceedings, and Mr. Stoddard, in feeling and most appropriate words, expressed his gratitude for them, and every other mark of kindness and sympathy manifested on his family during so many years residence in this parish.

CLARENDON.—The Union Family.—The talented and gently-collected family gave their first concert here this evening, in the Temperance Hall, on Wednesday evening last, the 20th ult., and nothing could exceed the success of the several performers, and the high gratification which the friends of music, and all who were present on the occasion. "The light of other days," played by Mrs. M. Smith as the parent and distinguished Cavatina, was given with such feeling and effect that it was warmly and unanimously received. Mr. Smith, on the trumpet, a bassoon, in which he executed the whole of the subject of "The Soldier's Tale," without missing a single measure in the difficult passages. On Friday evening he performed a Sonata equally difficult for that instrument, the whole part of "The spirit of my united soul." The Duettes were united in the vocal department, by the Messrs. Hylton (one of the Officers Royal Edinburgh), who sang "We're ever going to marry yet," "The last rose," and "I've wandered in dream," in a way which fully supported their deserved reputation as vocalists. On the whole, we have hardly ever been present at a concert where the audience were so unanimously expressed their delight.

MANCHESTER.—Mr. Wilson's Concert, on Tuesday evening, the 23d ult., was one of the most delightful concerts we have attended for some time. Its distinguishing feature was the admirable success playing on two wind instruments, but very rarely heard in perfection in this part of the kingdom—the clarinet and flute. There was a well-selected list of dances, led by Mr. C. A. Seymour, and the vocal instruments were played by a selection from the excellent military bands of the Fifth Riflebrigade and the 4th Regiment. The attendance was tolerably numerous, but, on first, not highly numerous in the kingdom. "What a pleasure to Dr. Freytag and Cavendish's concert in attendance very freely given, and much applauded. Bishop's quartet, "The Gray Friar," was well sung by Miss Edwards, Miss Graham, Mr. Sykes, and the Messrs. Johnson. Miss Harrison sang Bishop's "Tell me my heart," with much expression. Harriet's lovely quatern, no. 101, was beautifully played. Mr. C. A. Seymour, Mr. Curran, Mr. Sullivan, Mr. W. Lindsay, Mr. McJannet, and Mr. Wilson. Richardson delighted his audience in two solos of the flute, and was highly and deservedly applauded. Wilson also played a bassoon, introducing the air, "Come your dancing," in the most beautiful, and with Mr. Wilson, the able band master of the 7th Regiment, a concertante duet in his usual exquisite manner. The concert closed with "Oh! by your,"—Wilson and Smith, arranged by Bishop, which was well sung by the different vocalists. Mr. James Johnson ably accompanied the vocal parts on the piano with great taste, and sang with much feeling Harriet's song, "When first I met with thee."

WINDSOR.—The annual dinner of the Old One took place at the Green Island yesterday.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE MUSEE OF THE QUEEN'S MANSION which will take place at the Chapel-royal, St. James's, on Monday next, at twelve o'clock at noon, will be under the direction of Sir George Smart, the trustee appointed, who will preside at the entertainment, to which several alterations have been made by Sir George, under Sir George's direction, these consist of a variety of mechanical instruments by which he will be enabled to play in a temporary gallery erected in front of the organ. The performers will merely consist of the gentlemen and choir-boys of the Chapel-royal.

TWENTY completed his musical tour of the united kingdom, on Saturday evening in Coventry. In the course of this week a most superb and highly-ecumenical musical concert intended will be presented to Thiberg, by a few musical friends, in token of their admiration of his musical talent as an artist, and their estimation for his private worth; this elegant tribute of regard was furnished by Mr. Ellis, of John-street, Oxford-street, and is valued at upwards of a hundred guineas.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.—The hundred and second anniversary Festival of this most excellent institution will be celebrated on the 16th of April.

THE
MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF
ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,
AND WEEKLY RECORD OF
Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

"*Il più grande diploma in cui si diploma,
non risponde in cui s'ha lavoro.*"

PLATE PLATE are novel.

Music is a something divine and immortal,
an all-powers and a God-like thing.

FEB. 12, 1856.

No. CCIV.—New Series, No. CXXI.

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ANNUM, 5s.

THE universal topic of excitement is the celebration of His Majesty's marriage with His Royal Highness Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, which took place at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, on Monday last. We cannot let the occasion pass without extending our loyalty by chronicling so great an event, and expressing a heartfelt wish that it may be productive of happiness to both, and that peace and prosperity may attend the British Throne.

As the site of the Chapel Royal would have only allowed a few persons to be present at the interesting ceremony, it was judiciously staid up so as to afford increased accommodations to the many distinguished individuals who were invited.

The musical department was under the direction of Sir George Smart, who presided at the organ, to which a long movement was adapted by Gray, rendered necessary by the erection of a gallery in its front. The vocalists consisted of the gentlemen and choir boys of the Chapel Royal. On the entrance of His Royal Highness Prince Albert, Sir George Smart played a voluntary, and after which His Majesty appeared. After the psalm, "God the Father," the choir performed the *Deus servator Regis* in D-flat, the verse parts being doubled and sung by Messrs. Knyvet, White, Field, Tompkins, Cole, and Bradbury, on the several sides, and on the contrary by Messrs. Evans, Salomon, Hinemann, Roberts, Welch, and Clark. Kim's anthem, "Hallowed be the Lord God," concluded the service.

Our readers are perhaps not aware that Prince Albert possesses musical talents of a high order, and that at Saxe-Coburg a musical society exists, formed under his auspices, at the meetings of which His Royal Highness and Prince Ernst have always taken a prominent part.

VOL. XXIV.—NEW SERIES, VOL. VI.

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THE MUSICIAN ABOUT TOWN.

(Continued from page 88.)

SOCIETY OF FEMALE MUSICIANS.

Now we come to the notice of a Society which owes its formation to the indefatigable exertions of Miss Mason, a lady whose name will for ever dwell in the grateful remembrance of the female professor, who, strong as it may appear, is not entitled by the existing regulations of either the Royal Society of Musicians, or New Musical Fund, to that relief which the poet tells us both male and female professors, however eminent, may some day require; nor let us be misunderstood, in mentioning this circumstance, for both these Societies have at their various meetings, after the consideration of those cases which come immediately before them for relief, contributed most liberally to deserving objects; one in particular we mentioned—some weeks since—the case of Miss Salora, once so celebrated as a singer, and to whom the Royal Society of Musicians gave £20, at their last Christmas meeting.

We cannot forget the opportunity of a few remarks which will, we trust, induce many of the profession, the female members of it in particular, to assist in the formation of a Society so deserving of their support as well as the royal patronage already bestowed upon it.

It is a society for the relief of deposed female musicians, formed upon the principle of the Royal Society of Musicians. The number of the professional workhouse already provided is considerable: Her Majesty the Queen, the Queen Dowager, their R. H. Hs. the Duchess of Kent and the Duchess of Cambridge, and many of the influential nobility have granted their patronage and support to the mercenary institution; and the result will be, we have no doubt, that in a very short time a large fund will be accumulated ready to afford casual and permanent relief to a class who have hitherto had no city of refuge in adverse times, no public storehouse to apply to in the winter of life. Previously to the formation of the society, Miss Mason issued an application to be made to the brother institution, for the purpose of ascertaining whether the members were inclined to revise the laws of the society, for the purpose of admitting the female members of the profession, upon paying the usual annual subscription; and their declining to entertain the proposal led the way to the instant formation of the new society. We are unacquainted with the reasons which led to the rejection of so plausible a proposition that a married female professor or widow, with perhaps a family dependent upon her individual exertions, or deprived of them by sickness, and who would personally contribute her subscription to the society the same as a male member, should be refused the assistance to which such a one would be entitled in case of necessity. It is true that the Royal Society, in a last of instances, gives relief to the needy widows and children of their own members; but why refuse a double subscription from families where both the heads of it are professors? and, still more, why refuse to admit female members who are single? Had the late Miss Cecilia Davies, who was the most celebrated singer of her day, who had been a favourite at several of the European courts, and had been industrious to more than one of the systems, been a member of the Royal Society, or had the Society of Female Musicians been in existence, she would not have been reduced to the deplorable necessity of relying upon the casual bounty of the humane, and finally to have died in poverty. It is not unworthy of remark that, at their annual benefit concert, the Royal Society expect and receive the professional assistance of all the female professors they may require; and yet, should the half of their talents be lost, their services for twenty

years, remaining unmarried, and in advanced life be deprived of the means of self support, they must retire to a native poor house. But, by its laws, the Royal Society would not be authorized to indefinitely charge for the benefit that had accrued to their institutions by their services for so many years. For these reasons, therefore, we earnestly hope for success, and will continue support to the Society of Female Musicians. Of its ultimate prosperity we have no fear, having had occasion to witness the cheerful and clear understanding of its acting—or rather acting—body president and director; that which would give us pleasure to witness, in its present infantile state, is, the encouragement and support of the influential and the opulent.

THE LATER BACHSCHE SOCIETY

It inspired by an excellent spirit and energy, and they have attained to such perfection in choral singing, that we have little doubt, if they apply their facilities to the task, they could accomplish Bach's great mass in a, and let them meet where the gigantic work and they may throw down the gauntlet to all Europe; for even throughout Germany there is not the same body of singers that can compete with them. A greater facility does not exist in this country than the belief in the high and classical state of musical cultivation in Germany. The professors, it is true, maintain their sacred supremacy; but the music of the general population is all but confined to quadrilles and waltzes; and the majority would rather at any time hear the *Sempe diu* of Paganini, than the *Missa pro die Jovis* of Mozart. If the science of music formed but a division of our national education, as it does in Germany, the English, with their intellectual native power and restless activity, would overtop them in the course of a very few years. The best of the German professors privately acknowledge the declension of classical taste among their countrymen; and it is constantly evident to every educated musician who travels through their principal towns, Berlin, perhaps alone excepted, where the best music is still to be heard. When it is considered what has been done for musical taste in this country during the last twenty years, by individual exertion, assisted by the court, the legislature, of the educational body, and what is still doing; when we see the best of musicians in Eastern Hill performing, and the 2,000 listening with gratified contentment to music of the highest class; when, in one factory in the south, you shall witness one or two hundred people turn out, and, at a moment's notice, sing you a chorus from the *Servant in Egypt*, and in an iron foundry (as we know you shall hear the best fated operators play an overture of Weber's, if not with professors like Bach, with *London* quartettes; when it is considered, we repeat, what has been done, and is still doing in England, in behalf of the sciences, the French, with their opinions of facts, and their persons, may go on as writing, till they are weary, that we see not a musical nation. But where is the proof that they are such? Where are their choral societies? where are their amateur societies? where are their festival meetings? where do you conduct their patronage of the art, but at their theaters, and in their halls? What nation can, *ceteris paribus*, as London was ever known to care her leisure by playing quadrilles at a private hall? This is not subsequently the case in Paris. More than half the expense, and all the ignorance of the Parisians, consists in amusements and singing; the other half of their success arises from their local position in Europe."

PROCESSIONAL CONCERTS.

The most agreeable mode of entertainment, and consequently the most profitable to the authors of them, have been the quadrilles and waltz dances, which commenced at the English Opera House after the close of the last season, and have continued their performances every night to the present time. The band consists of sixty musicians, many of them principals at the Philharmonic concerts, all of them excellent players, and for one shilling admittance the audience is entertained with two of the most favourite dances, an instrumental concerto, and a selection of the best German and other waltzes and quadrilles. From their constant practice together, the performers have attained an well combined a

more, and as such a discrimination of the lights and shades in sarcasm and effect, than it is due to them to say that their concerts have been an intellectual treat to the cultivated musician; while the large, and respectable, and attentive audience, that walk right through the house, render the popularity of these musical and delightful entertainments.

CORRESPONDENCE.

GOD SAYS THE KING.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Dear sirs:—The Rev. James, Dr. Hall, William Byrd, King James the First, Works of Tallard Hall, the Poetical Part, contains the entry, who must now go hand in hand together.

As, —in my second account I produced some further facts respecting the National Anthem down to the time of King Charles the Second, and proved that the same melody, now for ever, which is sung at the time, was known to Purcell. At page 47, my book, it was also known to Dr. Blow, long before the time of King James the Second.

Nothing could have been more grateful to the ears of King Charles, than to have heard played by his own hand the same melody which had been composed on the temple of his grandfather, King James the First, and dedicated to him, so soon after the Restoration, because the same must have been known to him, which Purcell (you don't) knew, and therefore, nothing could have been more legally, or better chosen, for almost it was, according to Purcell's practice (and not composed by him); which fact can be proved by referring to his sixth volume, first and beginning with a strain by the said representation.

In my first account published in 1810, page 47, mentioning "James' Records," "the John Sebastian, side-man, and excellent fellow, was employed in order with Rev. James, to write something in praise of his Majesty, to welcome him to their hall."

The King, Prince Henry, and many honourable persons did attend, and given in the account of reading the new music, Divine service was performed, the organ was removed from the Chapel Royal to this hall for that purpose, and the ministers, as usual in my book, at page 48, did attend in that magnificent and solemn manner. The service was performed, Dr. Hall did compose, Rev. James did write, the speech consisting eighteen verses was spoken, and the whole ceremony, as intended, took place.

I have before stated in my book, at page 100, respecting Mr. Ben. James's, which cannot be found, might have been destroyed in the great fire of London (part of "Marston Taylor's" Hall being destroyed at that time). It is it is worthy of remark under various, that Rev. James who had killed Christopher Marston as a dog, for which crime he was executed, (and placed at the gallows) wrote by means a paper, through a priest who called him, and he submitted a paper, for twelve years, but afterwards was returned to the Church of England, and at his last communion, in token of his remembrance, he drank the whole cup of wine.

On his return from Scotland he had the Deacons, of Haverthorpe, many of his poems and other works were destroyed by an accidental fire which happened at his house. The last being written in commendation James's escape from the Powder Plot, the same might have been treated with others of his works in the said fire, or he might have purposely destroyed the same while he remained a papist. Whatever may have been the case, certain it is, there is much difficulty in securing such valuable papers by Rev. James on that great occasion. I am, therefore, well led by the strong chain of circumstantial evidence, the many facts, and the regularly breather produced, between the papers for the Use of Newcastle, the National Anthem, the Queen, &c., connected with other circumstances, to say, "It is nearly impossible that the National Anthem could have been written or composed on any other occasion than the Powder Plot." It might as well be attempted to make the papers for the Use of Newcastle apply to James the Second, as the National Anthem, some of which sentiments can in any possible way be made to apply to him, in any part of his three year's reign, without accusing the Protestants in the following strain:—

"Confound their politics,
Protestant true Church faith."

Whom? All James's debts were of his own making, he voluntarily abandoned his throne, and disgracefully left his Kingdom in chaos. How then could the following lines possibly apply to him?—

"May he defend our laws,
And ever give us grace
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King!"

For what? Again.—

"Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us!"

James had left his people in any shape. How could he be victorious, happy, or glorious? The Parliament, by statute, had in Elizabeth's reign of Orange to take the name of parliament, the three having been declared united. The following will serve to show that the same sentiments were contained in the Chapel Royal in the ancient manuscripts, and in the writings necessary at White Hall of James's only daughter, two years afterwards, also that the manuscript of the chapel were genuine, which is evident from the manuscript they received for their altitudes, viz., 1680 Jacobus.

I have reproduced these cantatas because they breathe probably the same national sentiments and religious loyal spirit as the sacred legal National cantatas, (though too often sung like a common ballad, both at public concerts and public dinners, which I have alluded to before). The Anthem was proper offered up to God for a blessing and protection in the Queen and country. The Chorus is a solemn and grateful prayer and thanksgiving, not intended to excite applause, but to express the heart with gratitude.

The following compositions by Bell, Hyde, and Collins likewise have the sentiments of the Anthem in question in every verse. I have only been able to meet with the music of one of these compositions, which is by Hyde—“O Lord, make thy answer to prayer.” I can only account for the loss in the following way.—Many of the organs and some of the music-books of the cathedral were purposely scattered, or entirely destroyed by the soldiers and adherents of the revolutionary usurper (and his paragonical and rebellious son), Oliver Cromwell, especially in Westminster Abbey, where the soldiers sold the metal pipes for beer, and it is said that the number of the new church to pay them.

The following are the words of these cantatas which were composed by Bell, Hyde, and Collins, and it appears evident that the words were not selected by the composer themselves; therefore, it is an great mistake of imagination to say that it is more than probable that Ben Jonson wrote the words of these cantatas, because nothing at that time about the court was or could be done without Ben Jonson, for which he was amply rewarded, as the following very curious and sufficient statement will fully prove. Moreover, he was Poet Laureate, and therefore properly his business, especially as they are all in praise of the King, the Queen, the French, and the Court, and against the common Heretic, exactly with the National cantatas, and of the same national sense. I may ask, then, if they are not by Ben Jonson, who are they written by those who would James have given place to?

Ben Jonson received an annual pension from King James the First and King Charles the First. As the pension of Charles the First is recorded in a very correct manner, it is here inserted (English authors) (as was said by Ben Jonson at White Hall, to King James, the Queen, and others present.)

King James, by letters patent dated February 2nd, 1624, granted Ben Jonson an annuity or yearly pension of 100 marks during his life, in consideration of the good and acceptable service he had done, and hereafter to be done by the said Ben Jonson. On the 15th of April, 1628, King Charles the First, by letters patent, renewing the former grant, and that it had been discontinued, was pleased in remembrance (says the patent) of the good and acceptable service done unto us and our father by the said Ben Jonson, and especially in encouraging him in pursuit of those inventions of his wit and pen, which we have approved unto him, and which we expect from him, to augment his estate to 1000, per annum during his life. Given Christmas, 1628. King Charles also granted Ben Jonson an of Chaucer party from White Hall (James's favourite legend). James was also allowed a pension from Henry of My work.

On the marriage of Prince Frederick with James the First's daughter at White Hall, 1612, Ben Jonson was recommended to attend and sing grace,

GRACE.

Our King and Queen the Lord God bless,
The Palatine and the Lady Anne;
And God bless every living thing,
That lives, and breathes, and lives the King,
God bless the Council of State,
And Buckingham, the favourite;
God bless them all, and keep them safe!
God bless us, and our sacred Faith. Amen.

"O my children! give to each
One share of good & joy—
And bless the King!"

The Bishop requested to know who his Grand Nephew was, and was told by Sam: that he was the younger of the Great Towers, at Clonsilla, who drew him good Carrots. The King presented Sam: with 100*l.* for the price of spontaneous theology.

ON THE KING, QUEEN, PRINCE, PRINCESS, AND THE POWDER PLOT.

Antient, composed by Dr. Hall.

First Verse.

O God, best guide, best guard, with King of Kings,
 Master, Preserver, Father of all things;
 All praise, all thanks, all thanks to thee sing:

Chorus: All praise, &c.

Second Verse.

Thou hast preserved, protect thy Name alway,
 Now praise (good God) us ever pray;
 Our King, Queen, Prince, Princess, leave all rest us;

Chorus: Our King, Queen, &c.

Third Verse.

Three haunts, like haunts, the haunts of monstrous men
 Frighted, surprised, pursued, when and when
 To speak; but (hard) still rest, all my, Amen.

Chorus: To speak, &c.

Fourth Verse.

O still maintain our peace, our law unshaken,
 Preserve our Crown (O Lord) and save the land;
 So shall we timely praise thee, best and best;

Chorus: By Hall, &c. Amen.

ANTHEM.

Composed by Dr. Hall.

First Verse.

Praise (most mighty God)
 The Great Britain land
 Blessings our peace,
 With all content,

That reach from thy hand
 From all successful thought;
 Our Faithful King defend
 With grace of thine
 In his great love

Worshippers may never end.

Second Verse.

Let your voice be the breath
 Of all his subjects' prayer;
 And thy love send,
 With our accord

Glance us may ever sing
 Our voice, O Queen, hear
 That praise thee ever sing,
 Lord, love thee ever,
 And ever hence:

Our King, Queen, Prince, Princess, Amen.

ANTHEM.

Composed by William Hall.

First Verse.

Behold (O God) with thy all-protecting eye,
 The happy state of our most blessed King,
 Preserver (Good Lord) the sacred Empire
 Who in his hand all happiness doth bring
 And ever bless with love and love
 Our Sovereign Lord King James of Britain!

Second Verse.

He [Lord] remember to pass thy heavenly grace
 Upon his Royal Laidie, our good Queen,
 And blessing with them all of y^r Good Name,
 That in their hearts all nations may be seen;
 You know (I say) that Great Princes
 Of Blessed James, Great King of Brittain.

ANTHEM FIRST.

Composed by W. Agate.—A Prayer for the King. Five Verses. *

* O Lord, make thy sweet ear attentive in prayer to thy strength, give us his love's desire, and keep us the object of his eye. But prevent his wrath thine ev'ning blessing, and give us a long life, even for ever and ever. Amen.

ANTHEM FOREVER

A Prayer for the King, composed by W. Agate.
 Thus God that god's in both heav'n and earth,
 On whom we all depend,
 Preserve our King in perfect health,
 And his eyes never defend,
 Conserve his life, his grace increase,
 Augment his power with all;
 Increase his friends, increase his joyance,
 And last us when we call
 He shall all us, that cherish us,
 Rejoice and praise thy name,
 O God, O Great, O Holy Great,
 Give us, and grant the same. Amen.

ANTHEM.

Composed by Orlando Gibbons.

First Verse.

Great King of Gods, whose goodness hath both led
 Our sacred Saviour's head,
 Out of his hands, our own y^r would have led.

Second Verse.

Oh, and these Angels in his blessed side,
 And all them three abide
 To be all ours by purchase and his guide.

Third Verse.

Dear to his life, all glorious be his done,
 And prospering all his joy;
 Late and thy last crown, to his power and grace.

Fourth Verse.

And when he hath our lives y^r world's long date,
 Let thy last change receive
 His strong faith, to thy Colours all state.

ANTHEM.

Composed by Orlando Gibbons.

First Verse.

Thus O God of wisdom and of might,
 Whose goodness cannot be expressed;
 Preserve our King to happy nights,
 Conserve his health till his period
 That he may prosper through whose reign
 Such happiness we do desire.

Chorus—do shall we sing due songs of praise
 While thy holy name all praise

Second Verse.

So then his mantle of defence,
 To whom he may his current sin,
 And through thy wondrous goodness,
 Defend him from all enemies.

Let his escaped dangers past,
Make all his enemies afraid;
Chorus—He shall not say, No.

Final Verse.

Preserve our Queen, our Prince protect,
Possess him with thy gift of grace,
Teach him thy laws, his heart direct,
Thy loyalty wisdom to instruct;
Bless all their noble progress
With health and long prosperity.

Chorus—He shall not say, No.

If the MR. headed "The King's Ambrose, Dr. Hall," stands his feet broadened in me for my response, he guesses, it is a further confirmation of what I have already stated of Dr. Hall. By the watermark in the sheet of music-paper containing the tune in question, the paper was made by F. Ballantyne about 1843, of which date I have made in my possession. If this old MS. be not genuine (which I much suspect), we shall learn something more respecting it soon.

I fear I have troubled you long on your space, I will therefore reserve the chief letter of R. H., with what I have more to say on the subject.—Yours,

RICHARD CLARK.

Livington Terrace, Chelsea, Westminster Abbey, January 25th, 1897.

THE LIVERPOOL BEEF-STEAK CLUB

To the Editor of the Medical World.

Sir,—I should not again have involved myself upon your notice, had I not seen a letter in your last publication from the secretary of the Liverpool Beef-steak Club, in which he has entirely cleared me of dealing in fiction, without, however, acknowledging any of my statements.

If the secretary considers a person who deals in fiction to be a poet, from his own incorrect statement I should take him to be himself a poet of considerable pretensions; the only wonder is, that no one has ever heard of him! But now to business in plain straightforward prose.

The secretary's first assertion is that the poems are not given by private individuals, but by the whole club, and in the same paragraph he tells us that poems are given by individuals—the club only granting one vote, thereby giving the public precisely the same information as I did, only, perhaps, in more pointed language. His proceeds to say that on consulting his minutes, he finds that in the year 1812 the poems were read at the usual place of meeting, the "Society Hall." Now, either his minutes concern, or he has wilfully given one of his proofs, that in *English* questions from them, as the poems were not read at the usual place of meeting, but at the Town Hall, in which place the Beef-steak Club, with many gentlemen who were not members, had been invited by the then mayor. The secretary also gives a list of the successful candidates, which, being order to the most exact state of his minutes, or to his own propensity to the proof, he also succeeds. But as he will, doubtless, on seeing his errors, give the public a correct list, I shall make no further comment upon this head. With regard to the exact number of songs sent in, in 1812, there appears to be some difference in our statements, but as he either contains the secretary's minutes here, but from which, it is not unreasonable to suppose that they may have done or is done, at any rate, whether the number amounted to forty or sixty poems, the essence of a storying a poet remains the same.

That Mr. Hedges does possess advantage and within the reach of other competitors, by taking the "line's share" in the collection, is fully acknowledged by the secretary, nor can I recollect without taking the opportunity of publicly thanking that gentleman for having the wit to say what is important to others, and for not considering me in any way.

I am, sir, your most obedient servant, A. CONSTANT SHIPPOWEN.

[We insert this notice, as we are certain that the secretary of the Liverpool Beef-steak Club is an honest and upright man, and that the profession and the public should possess every information respecting the poems awarded by the club, which object, we trust, will be fulfilled by the present correspondence, if the proceedings of the club are conducted in the manner alluded to by "A Constant Shipponen," the reason they are stated this time; if, on the contrary, his statements are incorrect, the club will feel obliged to us for giving it an opportunity to explain them. Perhaps, Mr. George Hedges on the next occasion he has an address to, will, if he wish for it shown, possess the communication.—Ed. M. W.]

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—Your correspondent "Indolence" has, it appears, entirely misread from the concluding part your idea about the Mozart controversy. If so be the name "Indolence," what a name for me! He is the Indolence of usually nodding but his own dissent remains.

However, I wish always to avoid personalities, and will content myself with asking you to do me the justice to refer to my hastily-written manuscript, where, I think, you will find "my notes," and not "my laws," as printed.

It was certainly surprising to me that you thought my remarks worthy of notice in your most leading article, my sole object being to attract attention to the subject, and with this intention I was not for the Indolence's pleasure. How should he have that I desired anything but slow movements. My signature should have told him a different story. I must infer that Indolence prefers the hopping and skipping to slow expressions, and even playing, which taste was certainly to be expected in a person who writes such letters.

I remain, however, as to your obedient servant,

SCARLETT

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

PARIS, Feb. 4.—At the Italian Opera Mozart's *Don Juan* has been revived for Tamburini's benefit, and played subsequently with great success, Grisi, Al. Bertani, Pirena, Robert, Labache, Tamburini, and Morici executing the chief parts. On the first night, Fieschi Garcia, owing to the sudden indisposition of Pirena, executed, or rather read, the character of Zerlina. Criticisms such as anonymous has no right, therefore, to be repeated, and I shall wait till she is duly chastised in it to have my say. I should mistake that Labache wounded his foot at the last representation of *Don Giovanni*, but, in despite of severe pain, he went through *Leporello*, and I am happy to state in new letters, Rosini's *Donna del Lago*, with Grisi, Albertazzi, and Robert, has been another revival. The singing by the latter of Paganini's *Stella*, rather ably introduced, by the way, has turned the heads of the Parisians, and they will not bear of his retirement, as threatened, at the end of this season. A passion is in course of signature from the most influential authorities to induce him not to leave the stage. Great success exists for to-morrow night, Fieschi Garcia's benefit, when she plays *Trovan*, for the first time, with Robert and Pirena in the same opera.

At the Academie Royale we are all on the yet river, in expectation of Donizetti's *Martha*, now in active rehearsal. Rossi's opera of *Le Fieschi*, not done to two acts, with Madame Stoltz as the heroines of Dupon, and Doris Goss instead of Madame Nathan, has met with no encouragement. The name is very strong, but it is situated in a radically bad libretto. I do not think anything was gained by the messengers explaining the cause, and in respect to lady archais. I would rather that they should remain although I am a very warm supporter. Madame Stoltz, who gave promise at her debut in Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*, having failed in the *Hippocras* and *Falcois*, *De St. Ois*, &c. I speak, of course, of the lady, for Dupon is still admirable in this masterpiece of Meyerbeer's. When will the time arrive that the *Hippocras* can be got up in London? The new ballet, *Le Diable Amoureux*, with Louise Gauthier as the heroine, will soon be produced. Fanny Eider's benefit was successful. She received 600*l.* from the proprietors, who must have netted at least from 700*l.* to 800*l.* by the speculation. The performance lasted till two in the morning, a seven hours' affair. There was Madame's *Stacy's* *Chastitudo*, with Sampson and the élite of the Theatre Français, the ballet of *Nana*, with Fanny Eider as the main heroine; Dupon and Madame Garcia, in the last act of Rosini's *Stella*; Tamburini and Dupon, in the celebrated duo from the same opera; Madame Doris Goss, Madame Pirena, Maria, &c. The departure of Fanny Eider is regarded as a great calamity, for who can replace her? A distance is talked of from Italy. Fanny Eider is to receive a nearly one hundred guinea per night for the time she will remain at Her Majesty's Theatre, prior to her departure for America. Mentioning the United States reminds me that Miss Augusta May-

wood contrabass her position at the Académie. She is popular, and her post-umous powers are shortly to be tested.

Nothing novel at the Opéra Comique. *Coste Danseuse* is the *Denise Mire*, Eugène Guéris in *Dieu*, and the new tenor Masset and Marie, continue to draw rightly. The Salle Favart is rebuilding rapidly, and will be ready in the summer for this excellent company. Donizetti's opera, *Le Fils de Raymond*, for the debut of Mlle. Duplant, will be the next novelty.

At the Renaissance, *Le Chœur Français* is the order of the night. A new singer, Mlle. Drouard, has appeared at the balcony. She has been brought out prematurely, and was a sorry substitute for our countrywoman, Madame Thibaut, the original of the part.

The Conservatoire concerts are now in full progress, and the number of concerts of variety as well as of numbers are unnumberable. Die Hall, the great violonist, is here, and appears next Saturday at the Renaissance. Fourn's bass performances are in great vogue also. Artés, the violinist, and Batta, the violoncellist, are also great hits. Debder is expected daily, after a trip of unprecedented success in Holland, where he has made more money than any pianist who ever visited the Dutch skilbush. The success of Lant, the pianist, in Hungary, has also been enormous, and almost royal honours have been showered upon him.

A grand concert was given by her Royal Highness the Duke of Orleans on Friday night, which was attended by the Royal Family and an immense crowd of the highest rank. The singers were confined to the artists of the Italian Opéra, with the celebrated Puzi, who accompanied Ballois on the horn solo, in an air of Teódoles's, with wonderful effect. A duo from *Il Fratello*, by Massé Goué and Lablache, one from *Tancrède*, by Emma Perrotta and Pauline Garrea, the duo from *Moss*, by Rodier and Tanchonin, and the *Sainte*, with chorus, to the *Cyprèses*, were among the morceaux which excited the warm approbation of the assemblage.

M. Kochschild gave upon his violon on Saturday night for a concert and soiree, which was very favourably attended, and last evening Baron Deimur's mansion, near the Champélysée, likewise presented a similar attraction for a crowd of rank and fashion.—*Wrenny Post.*

METROPOLITAN.

Mr. Bachmann's Grand Musical Soiree, which took place at the Honour Square Concert room, on Friday last, was attended by a most crowded audience, not less than nine hundred persons being present, to hear the last performances of the wonderful pianist, Thalberg, previous to his departure from this country. Of course this was the attractive feature of the evening's entertainment, which, as the first subject of the season, argues well for our "musical prospects." Thalberg performed the following selection from his compositions—Andante in D flat, Impromptu en forme d'Étude, new romance and study,—Grand Etournement au sixième and seventh in *Les Jeux*, and, with Lisabet,—the Grand Duo for two pianofortes, or thence from Bellini's *Norma*. Thalberg has only recently returned from an extensive tour throughout the United Kingdom, it is therefore, scarcely necessary for us to do more than enumerate the pieces he performed, as we trust most of our readers have not lost the opportunity of hearing him at some period of his lengthened visit to this country; to describe his playing is impossible,—a command over the instrument greater than any other pianist—we style quite new, and of which he may be justly considered the founder—such a perfect mechanism (by which we mean independent action of the fingers) that although we sat close to the pianoforte, and with a view of the hands, we could scarce believe that any human pair were figuring there, and the principal feature in his performance—wonderful, but without planning. The effects Thalberg produces on the pianoforte are as astonishing as those of Paganini on the violon—both are unexcelled artists on their respective instru-

ments. During his different performances on Friday evening, the most marked attention was paid, and all present seemed spellbound for the time; the beautiful Andante, in D flat, was the first piece he played, and appeared to us very appropriate, from its plaintive commencement, to its close—a long, and probably a hot farewell! Although part of his compositions showed a difficulty, almost insurmountable, the impromptu, which he performed immediately after the Andante, is an exception, and will be found within the scope of most players who meet exhibit in Thalberg. The next, for two pianofortes, played by Thalberg and Brendel, was, in every respect, an interesting performance, their different styles—the one all fire and brilliancy, the other quiet and unassuming—were apparent to every ear, and although the “king of the fleet” had the greater share, each had his admirers. The applause, after each of Thalberg’s performances, was most enthusiastic, and after his Grand Concerto he was obliged to return to the room, when he sat down and played a portion of his “God save the Queen,” which concluded his performance. We must necessarily be brief in the remainder of our notice of a very interesting concert. Mayrder’s Trio in B flat, was most admirably played by Brendel, Blagrove, and Lohse, and although well suited for the commencement of a miscellaneous concert in the absence of a band, it for a while was a competition to such well-considered music as that delightful school of chamber music, wherein so many fine specimens of art abound. The vocal pieces consisted of Beethoven’s beautiful sextet, “Adelaide,” sung with much taste and expression by Mr. Bennett. The next, “Serenade to a companion,” from Donizetti’s *Alfieri*, was sung by Signor and Madame F. Lablache, with great comic humour; the former has much improved in vocal talent since Rossini’s aria, “Gloria,” by Ernesta Orsi, without either voice or style, and so unlike the Orsi as possible (we will venture to say, that any English singer with as little pretensions as Ernesta Orsi would not be ordered). Becher’s pretty ballad, “Serenade of my youth,” nicely given by Mrs. Toulmin. A new German song, sung by Miss Northmore in her usual nice manner, who also sang, with Miss Henson, Haydn’s duet, “Eager Vesper,” which collected credit on both; the latter likewise sang Couperin’s ballad, “Kathleen Mavourneen,” Mozart’s beautiful aria, “Lindlin,” nicely given by Miss Lablache. A ballad, “I’ll speak of thee,” sung by Miss M. E. Haver, who accompanied herself on the pianoforte, the title of which reminds us that we have something to say on the subject to the young lady, who certainly sang it in a manner that we cannot find fault with, and we doubt the song (the composition of Miss Haver), as well as the singer has many admirers; this is all very well, but as we happen to be compelled, willing or not to pay a visit to nearly every concert, and as Miss Haver is a favourite distinguished singer, with a contralto voice, not to be matched by any English vocalist, we may expect to hear her often during the coming season. Now, did we still do with great pleasure, but the lady will excuse our mentioning the humble request we have to make, which is, that she will sing her ballad less frequently, and not lend herself to a repetition of it, as she did on Friday evening; the applause she then received was merited, but surely her own good taste should not be sacrificed, the composition is well suited for the drawing-room, but singing it here in a concert-room without even advertisement, is imprudential. Madlle. de Vauxy, from the French Academy, made her first appearance, and sang an aria by Mercadante, she possesses a soprano voice of good quality and considerable compass. Miss Clara Novello, in the songs “French per se,” the composition of Dr. Ferret and Brendel, and Meyerbeer’s “Robert tel que j’étais,” exhibited a decided improvement in her style since we last heard her; she has now lost that immature character which spoiled her best efforts. Notably rendered with a fair voice, she has now become one of the fine English singers, which the defect alluded to would have certainly prevented, were it not, happily for her, now removed. The irresistible comic singing of Perry, jun., with his imitations of Orsi and Lablache, was highly amusing, and drew forth our deserved, but vehement plaudits of the whole room. Several other vocal pieces were performed, which the lateness of the hour and the length of the programme prevented us hearing. We must not omit to mention a clever perform-

used as the guitar (an instrument most unsuitable to a concert-room), by Mr. F. Scholz, himself, in the absence of Costa, accompanied the vocal parts; the latter, we understood, had been prevented attending through the interference of Laporte.

CHORAL HARMONY.—The fourth meeting of this Society took place on Monday evening last, the 30th inst., at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate Street. The performance consisted of—

	PART I.	
The Last Judgment.....	Soprano
	PART II.	
Midnight.....	Elizabeth Cameron, Solo.
Midnight, the Witching Hour.....	Soprano
A Nightingale from Clonmore & Co.....	Soprano

The solo singers were Miss Woolgar, Miss Dobby, Miss Cole from the Royal Academy, Mr. Horneault, and Mr. Neville. We were in doubt on Monday evening, whether any performance would take place in the evening, owing to the ill-weather in celebration of Her Majesty's marriage on that day, but on entering the room, we were agreeably surprised to find it nearly filled. Spok's entrance proved a great treat to the audience, and we must say we never heard it go better. Miss Woolgar did ample justice to the part she took in the first, "Forsook me not," and the quartet. "Bliss are the departed." The rest of the solo parts were taken by Miss Dobby and Miss Cole, whose singing afforded much gratification. Miss Cole is a pupil of the Royal Academy, and we have no doubt, from the opinion we had of her abilities this evening, she will very shortly arrive at eminence as a concert singer; she possesses a voice of great compass and excellent quality, as well as a perfect musician. She appears to be not more than eighteen years of age. Miss Dobby's voice has improved both in quantity and quality. Her manner of giving the recitatives in *The Last Judgment*, and *Clonmore & Co.* was very striking and impressive. In her solo singing we think she wants a little more animation. The last recitative and song in *Clonmore* was perfect—both as regards her singing, and Williams's fine accompaniment on the *coro de basso*. Messrs. Horneault and Neville also did justice to the parts assigned to them. The room was crowded, and the performance concluded a few minutes before eleven.

GERMAN LECTURES. On Wednesday the 5th ult. and the following Friday, Mr. E. Taylor, the German Professor of Music, delivered his lectures at the City of London School. The subject was English dramatic music, being part of a series which will be continued and concluded next term. The illustrations were accompanied by Mr. Tuck, and admirably sung by Messrs. Hobbs, Young, Francis, the Westminster Abbey boys, &c.

Mr. Turner's Concert of Sacred Music took place on Wednesday, the 25th inst., at the Music Hall, in St. Paul's Church. The programme, which consisted in various selections from the "Messiah," embraced an almost endless list of compositions, in various styles, which were well performed by Messrs. Birch, L. and S. Pynn, Primmington, Messrs. Turner, Walker, Neville, and others under the able direction of Mr. Turner. Mr. Dando was the leader, and Mr. Sturgess presided at the organ. Wotta's beautiful glee "When would I breathe a sigh" was effectively sung, and fully appreciated by the audience, who heartily cheered it. Judging from the appearance of the room, the concert must have been as pleasing in its results to Mr. Turner as in its performance to his numerous friends.

MUSICALIAN LITERATURE AND SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENTS. On Monday evening, the 2d inst., the Music Class of this institution gave its first concert, at which Messrs. Primmington and Solis sang several vocal parts with much effect, and were warmly applauded. Amongst the gentlemen who contributed to the evening's entertainment, we may notice Messrs. Turner, Walker, and Edey, the former of whom gave a song, entitled the "White Squid" in his best manner. The theatre was entirely filled by a highly respectable audience, who appeared much gratified.

GAY QUARTER CONCERTS.—The first Concert of the series took place at the

London Tavern, on Monday evening, the 3d inst., when several classical compositions by Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, and Mozart, were most ably performed by Messrs. Widd, L. Demeler, H.R. Haasman, C. Brown, and Fendert, the latter presiding at the pianoforte. The vocalists were Madame Stockhausen, Miss Edithson, and Mr. Bennett, who sang several compositions with their accustomed talent. The concert was not very well attended.

CHARITABLE.—A Subscription Concert was given here on Thursday evening last, which was most generously attended. Mr. Shando led a good band. Edithson sang a solo on the flute, and Mr. William another on the same instrument admirably. Lindley had the misfortune to lose his violinistic broken, in going to Lithuania, but another was sent for, on which the concert displayed his unrivalled powers in a brilliant fantasia. The vocalists were Miss Birch, Mrs. Follen (late Miss H. Carter), Mr. Bennett, and Pury, jun. Miss Birch was crowned in a new ballad called the "Heidel Ball," composed by J. Pury, who was himself also crowned in his Trio Ballad-Italian. Mrs. Follen gave Weber's Mendelsong from *Olwen*, very sweetly, and Miss Birch the same composer's grand scena from *Der Freischutz*, extremely well. The National Anthem concluded the concert, with the following new stanza:—

"O! grant our earnest prayer,
Suffice us the royal pair,
Etern Power and Grace!
May Adorn a name so dear
To every Briton's ear,
The present and the past,
God save the Queen!"

PROVINCIAL.

[This department of the Musical World is compiled and abridged from the provincial press, and from the letters of our readers correspondents. The editors of the W. W. will be obliged to please direct for any matter of importance in every instance, beyond what their editorial opinions are supposed to.]

TRURO.—"Against Phœnixes."—Child three years old, possesses a clear, powerful harmonious voice of two voices in compass!—Thoroughly delighted with the dear little girl!—Favoured performance before the Mayor.—These are strange times! The following wonderful account appears in the *Carver's Gazette* of Thursday last, which a correspondent has forwarded to us with a request that we will insert it, not do so most readily, as we have been much amused by so personal, and are certain our readers will be so likewise.—The account, if correct, places Lucretia Young in the ranks of Mozart, Corelli, and Norley, who all exhibited a wonderful power for voices in their infancy as described by Daniel Defoe in his *Memoirs*.—"On Friday evening, Mr. Finlay gave a concert at the Assembly Rooms, Truro, under the patronage of the mayor, W. B. Edworthy, Esq. The company comprised the members of nearly all the gentry of Scotland in Truro, who expressed themselves as gratified with the performance generally, and was much gratified, but unqualified and unacquainted at the display of unusual talent by the little prodigy of the party—Lucretia Young—in virtue of three years of age. This extraordinary child, pronouncedly endowed with all the chief elements of musical talent, combines with them a grace and elegance of action and manner that seemed to facilitate the hearing of all her striking volucres. A formidable compass, it might be said, to be attributed to so young a debutante, but we appeal to justifications of ourselves in the numbers of the audience on Friday evening, among whom there will not be found one detached from the assembly we have made. Between her songs, she was expertly taught and fluently executed by all present—abilities and gentleness—she seemed to combine such other in attention bestowed on their little favourite.—But to revert to her musical capabilities. She possesses a clear, powerful, harmonious voice, of a compass of two voices, from C to C with her ear so perfectly trained, as was proved, not only by her just execution of a number of songs and airs, but also by a mean voice but applied to various intervals of harmony, and a modulation from several keys to their modulations. Her intonation was remarkably pleasing, in the illustration her apprehension of modulation. Her father limited the compass, instead of any great note, and introduced a modulation chosen on which the rubric, her ear being distinguished by the stepwise, would, required, about the limits of the chord which was to follow. This was repeated many times in various keys.—Again she accurately maintained the clear distinction between the notes of the common chord,

and the same with the deep and the sweet. But were extraordinary, perhaps, that even her voice and ear, in her appreciation and expression of varying elements in the music referred to her. This quality is also one of the most interesting traits in her performance, from her complete ability in imparting and giving relief to the impressions induced on her mind. She is very fond of a host of Italian music, and in the respect she sang an air with much taste and delivery, in which she combined with surprising correctness, a dramatic cadence. Of her facility in learning, the company had a striking proof. A lady named a strain of a song which she has just had never heard before, and in a few minutes she sang it correctly and beautifully. But we must not prolong too notice with multiplied proofs of Lucia Young's musical capabilities. Indeed, we had agreed that much of what we have written will be deemed unnecessary comments. We had, we confess, mutual feelings as to what report had afforded of the young lady. We did it possible that a romantic interest, awakened by the sight and sweetness of so young a female singer, might have served to throw too high a coloring on the impressions of her performance; but we were expressly cautioned of such a position. And not only so, but we heard many who had related high their experiences, declare that these expectations were more than realized. We assented momentally all the way, to hear for themselves. A second concert is advertised for Tuesday evening next, and in consideration of the young lady's tender age, the concert will commence at the early hour of six o'clock. Mr. Young intends proceeding westward, and from correspondents which we have here been opposed it is more than probable that his daughter will be accompanied by an eminent father-in-law, Mr. Mayday. Therefore, the concert party, has then expressed her feelings and opinions on hearing Miss Young, in a letter to her father.—

"Physicist, Dec. 11, 1835.

"Sir,—I expect exceedingly, I have not only now had a spare moment to fill my pen with writing to you, expressing the delight I had in having your dear little girl sing so wonderfully sweet, and with so pleasing a voice. She is indeed a most entertaining child, and I hope she will soon meet the patronage and encouragement which her extraordinary talent indisputably claims.—Yours truly,

"S. TRALBERG."

RECEIPTS.—Our third subscription concert took place at the Guildhall on Friday evening the 21st inst., and was most successfully attended. Mr. Wiley led an efficient band, who played several full pieces with highly creditable manner. Mr. Wiley himself performed a solo on the violin in a masterly manner, and Mr. Hochstetler played two fantasias on the flute in the best style of excellence. The principal singers were, Miss H. and Miss L. Fynn, and Mr. Perry, Jun. The young ladies met with the most flattering reception, and displayed talent of the greatest promise, particularly Miss L. Fynn, who appears to be about eleven years of age; with perfect correctness, taste, and pronunciation, the young lady will take of some future period a high rank among our native vocalists. Mr. Perry is an old hand at such an art, he was highly measured in one of the vocal pieces in the concert. These concerts were conducted principally through the exertions of Mr. H. K. Cole, to whom the subscriptions of the three towns are highly indebted. Great credit is also due to the exertions of the evening, Messrs H. Wilson, W. Wood, K. Wood, and S. Reynolds, for the arrangements they made for the accommodation of the company. The final concert of the present series will be given on the 21st inst.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FRANKLIN WILL leave for Paris on Saturday next; he will be accompanied by Bonaldi, who has an opera coming out at the Renaissance Theatre in that capital.

LEVIN has written a letter to a friend here, in which he states his intention of visiting this country in April next.

CLARA WILSON, the celebrated pianist, having taken into herself a husband, in the person of M. Schumann, the clever editor of the Leipzig Musical Gazette, will not play as a virtu this season.

SOCIETY OF FEMALE MUSICIANS.—It is in contemplation to give a concert, under the highest patronage, in aid of the funds of the newly-established society for the support of aged and indigent female musicians, to which, it is universally anticipated, every professor of gallery will render alike assistance in his power. Those who cannot take a part in the performance, may play another most essential part—namely, the disposal of tickets.

THE
MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF
ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,
AND WEEKLY RECORD OF
Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

*"M pax operibus dignetur et arte decoraretur,
non vilipendat et non dolo debeat."*

PLAT. *Placid. art. mus.*

Musik is a something pleasant and important,
An all-potent and a God-like thing.

FEB. 20, 1840.

No. CXX.—New Series, No. CXXII.

— { Price 2d.
Per Annum, 4s.

Any project tending to advance the art deserves favorable mention, and none more so than the "Academy of Vocal Harmony," lately formed by Mr. T. Cooke and Mr. J. Bennett. The prospectus issued by these professors states, that "its object is, to conduct the pupils through such a course of study and practice, as will teach them to read music with readiness and accuracy, so as to enable them to sing at first sight, and take their part in every description of vocal music, from the masses chorals, the opera concerted parts, the madrigals, and the glee, to the duet or ballad;" and goes on to say that, "In this country, as in Italy, vocal culture has been hitherto confined to the formation of the voice, and the acquirement of a good style in solo singing. But in Germany and France this is considered as only one branch of vocal instruction, an equal degree of attention being bestowed on harmony, or the art of singing in parts, and the consequence is, that skill and readiness in part singing are general among the Germans and French in a degree unknown in England. In the German "Singing Schools," the proficiency exhibited by the pupils fills an English visitor with astonishment, when he hears above four hundred voices and gutters, with no other accompaniment than a few chords occasionally struck on a pianoforte, execute the most difficult choral compositions of Handel, Bach, Beethoven, Spohr, Haydn, and Mozart, with a precision and effect that cannot be surpassed. And the celebrated "Vocal Academy" of Wilhelms, at Paris, is producing results not less remarkable."

The want of such an institution has been too long a desideratum in this country, and the establishment of the present academy will, we are assured, be productive of the greatest benefits to the art.

We have no hesitation in saying, that a hundred voices, cultivated after the

continental manner, would be more effective in a chorus, than five times that number without this necessary tuition. Who, that has heard a band of German chorus singers, can deny the truth of our assertions?

We do not believe that one-third of the Chorus at Exeter Hall can read the concert-stands in music, but that the majority depend upon each other for assistance. Now, were this chorus properly educated, what might we not expect?

We should be doing an injustice to Mr. Jackson were we not to mention, that he has been labouring in a similar field (the teaching of children in chorus) for some time past, and that his untiring exertions have been productive of the most astonishing results. At the meetings of the Finsbury-street Choral Society, formed by this gentleman, great and multiple are sung with great precision by nearly a hundred children.

We heartily wish Mr. T. Cooke and Mr. Bennett success in their undertaking.

A DAY REHEARSAL AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Of all regions of enchantment none are endowed with such a superabundance of charms to the millions, as the "behind the scenes of the theatre." The very circumstance of its being given out to be forbidden ground, renders it doubly attractive, and creates a sort of curiosity, which is increased by a variety of efforts to pierce the mystery.

These reflections have been called forth by watching the groups gathered round the stage door of Her Majesty's Theatre on the last grand rehearsal. The curiosity excited by every unwhiskered Italian was increased, even the fiddlers and Sparrows were prodigiously stared at. When there was nobody passing, and not a thing to be seen, a minute or two later, some of the wonder-loving innocents would stand ranged in rank admiration, stretching their necks into the passage or peering on the half-lamp, and inhaling the fragrances arising from lamp-oil and orange-peel, with which the atmosphere of a theatre is necessarily and remarkably enriched.

We, who are professionals, and have attended every rehearsal of this description since M. Laporte has been in possession of the theatre, find them all pretty much alike, consequently a description of one may be considered as a faithful representation of all. It certainly is an imposing exhibition, and to the youthful spectator after such enjoyment, the first sight must have produced a similar effect to his captured mind, to that experienced by the delighted Columbus on his discovery of the New World.

But, to our description—the stage is lit up, the theatrical arrangements are perfected; three very heavy things are given with a hammer on a log of wood. By the way, we, about very knowing, never could find out precisely how this operation was performed. Sugar Coats never has failed and away they go; the overture is performed amidst the clappings of choristers, the hammerings of carpenters, the vociferations of scene-shifters, and the strings and stampings of all the directors of the different departments of the dramatic business. These discordant sounds are occasionally interrupted with something between a yell and a yell, occasioned by some accident, or a scream from some superstitious lady of the ballet, on whom suddenly a piece of machinery has fallen from the fly above her. This concatenation of "sweet sounds" produces altogether a mass of unbearable and unaccountable noise to which the tumult of battle must have been modestly personated.

At length the overture is got through, and the rehearsal of the opera commences in, what is considered in this establishment, right earnest; that is, the choristers do their duty the same as at night, while the distinguished vocalists

all say as much or as little as they please, and as loud, or as gently indistinct as may be perfectly agreeable to themselves, and being perceiving the whole of this, namely, a French society to get over the other as quickly as possible, to sustain their language with the scraps of nobility and fashion that crowd the stage at every wing, who kindly but foolishly by being allowed the privilege of complimenting *prose deesse*, and of denouncing the declensions of some distinguished *deesse*, with some of the *langre-ns*, who are rewarded for the easiness of his lordship's unintelligible compliments by a champagne supper.

From this pitiful display it is quite cheering to turn one's gaze upon the brilliant company of the *louis*. Here, arrayed in beauty and the tasteful habiliments of costly fashion, may be seen the able of the female aristocracy of England. The splendid portion of the military here really come to hear the opera, and sit in exemplary silence, when there is anything going on worth listening to. Now and then, when friends or relatives are recognized, it must be admitted good-bowling is slightly interrupted upon by a few audible whispers, and otherwise are repressed, and require no exchange in a key a trifle too loud for confidential communications.

The rehearsal being concluded, the veterans of pleasure prepare for immediate departure. There comes the rustling of silks, the clanking of boot-leaves, and, above all, the clatter of tongues that have been compelled by courtesy to remain silent so long, and who deem it an absolute duty to themselves to make ample amends for their fortitude. The universal gossip generally takes place while some intricate passage in the overture which did not go quite smooth at first is being tried over again, thus rendering the termination of an opera celebrated as necessarily despicable and turbulent as the commencement. R. B.

OBSERVATIONS ON SOBERG

BY MR. HAYDEN.

There would not have recommended itself so effectively to the esteem of mankind, if it had always been merely instrumental. For, if I mistake not, the expression of music without poetry is vague and ambiguous, and hence it is, that the same air may sometimes be repeated to every strain of a long tale or ballad. The change of the poet's ideas, provided the subject continues nearly the same, does not always require a change of the music; and if errors have ever debauched otherwise, they were led into the mistake by supposing, what every musician knows to be absurd, that, in fitting verses to a tune, or a tune to verses, it is more necessary that particular words should have particular notes adapted to them, than that the general *tenor* of the music should accord with the general *tenor* of the sentiment.

It cannot be denied, that instrumental music may both excite our sensibility and give a direction to it; that is, may both prepare the mind for being affected and determine it to one sort of affection rather than another: to melancholy, for instance, rather than merriment, composure rather than agitation, devotion rather than levity, and content than rage. Certain tones there are, which, having been always associated with certain actions, do, necessarily from the power of habit, dispose men to those actions. Such are the tones commonly used to regulate the motions of dancing.

Yet it is in general true, that poetry is the most immediate and most accurate interpreter of music: Without this auxiliary, a piece of the best music, heard for the first time, might be said to mean something, but we should not be able to say what. It might indeed excite the heart to sensibility; but poetry, or language, would be necessary to improve that sensibility into a real emotion, by fixing the fancy upon some definite and affecting object. A fine instrumental symphony, well performed, is like an oration delivered with propriety; but as an unknown language it may affect us a little, but convey no determinate thought; we are agitated, perhaps, or melted, or excited, but it is very imperfectly, because we know not why. The singer, by taking up the same air, and applying words to it, re-

methodically translates the question into our own language; then all unnecessary verbiage, the theory is filled with determinate ideas, and determinate emotions take possession of the senses.

A great part of our fashionable music seems intended rather to flatter and astonish the hearers, than to inspire them with any permanent emotion. And if that be the end of the art, there, to be sure, the fashionable music is just what it should be, and the simpler and more expressive strains of former times are good for nothing. Now say I at least now inquire, whether it be better for an audience to be thus flattered and astonished, than to have their hearts impressed with heavenly images, and their souls melted with tender passions, or divined with sublime ones. But if you press me this one point, that music is more or less perfect in proportion as it has more or less power over the heart it will follow that all music nearly instrumental, and which does not derive significance from any of the associations, habits, or outward circumstances above mentioned, is to a certain degree imperfect; and that, while the rules hinted at in the following queries are overlooked by composers and performers, vocal music, though it may assume method, or afford them a slight proficiency, will never be attended with those important effects that we know it produced of old, in the days of simplicity and true taste.

I would beg leave to put the following queries—1st. Is not good music not to lead poetry to composition, and therefore to stand, as good poetry not to lead music, as an harmonious language without meaning? Yet the probability of meaning seems to be indifferent in regard to this matter. If the sound of the words be good, or the meaning of particular words agreeable; if they be a conjunction of hills and vales, dews and tears, sweetens and agonies, with a agreeable collection of garlands and perfumes, myrtle and roses, beryl and hyacinth, they are little objections about words or language. In this respect, they seem to me to reach their own language as little as the rational entertainments of others. For what is there to divert the mind of that composer who resolves himself to set music to insipid doggerel? Handel's genius never soared to heaven, till it caught strength and fire from the streams of inspiration. 2dly. Should not the words of every song be intelligible to those to whom they are addressed, and be distinctly articulated, so as to be heard as plainly as the notes? Or can the human mind be rationally gratified with that which it does not perceive, or which, if it did perceive, it would not understand? And, therefore, is not the music of a song faulty, when it is so complex as to make the distinct articulation of the words impossible? 3dly. If the singer's voice and words ought to be heard in every part of the song, can there be any propriety in noisy accompaniments? And as every performer to a conscious head is not perfectly distinct, and as some performers may be more sollicitous to distinguish themselves than to do justice to the song, will not an instrumental accompaniment be always essentially too noisy, if it is complex? 4thly. Does not the too frequent repetition of the same words in a song confound its meaning, and distract the attention both of the singer and the hearer? And are not long-winded divisions, or serrations of notes, writhed to one syllable, attended with a like inconsideration, and with this additional bad effect, that they impede the voice the expression by retarding its power? Is not simplicity as great a perfection in music as in poetical poetry? Or should we allow that a writer, who chose to express by five hundred words a sentiment that might be more emphatically conveyed by five? 5thly. Ought not the singer to hear as much, that he has sentiments to utter as well as words? And if so, should he not perfectly understand what he says as well as what he sings; and not only articulate his parts with the art of a musician, but also pronounce his words with the propriety of a public speaker? If he is taught to do this, does he not learn, as a matter of course, to avoid all grossness and formal pronunciation? And will he not then argue himself as singing like a natural creature and a man of sense? Whereas, by pursuing a contrary conduct, does he not expose himself to be considered rather as a puppet, or a wind-instrument, than as an elegant actor? 6thly. Is not church music more important than any other; and ought it not for that reason to be most intelligible and expressive? But will this be

the case, if the notes are drawn out to such an immoderate length, that the words of the singer cannot be understood? Besides, does not excessive duration, either in singing or speaking, tend rather to wear out the spirits, than to draw the faculty to warm the heart? It would seem, then, that the total part of church-music should never be so slow as to fatigue those who sing, or to render the words of the song in any degree unintelligible to those who hear. Thirdly, the finished cadences, whether by voice or an instrument, generally swelling, serve any other purpose than to take off our attention from the subject, and to set us a-staring at the beauty of the performer's voice, the softness of his fingers, or the sound of his strings? And if this be their only use, do they not contradict, instead of promote, the chief end of music? What should we think, if a tragedian, at the conclusion of every scene or of every speech in *Siddals*, were to strain his throat into a perfortional cry, make a hideous wry face, or set a caper four feet high? We might wonder at the strength of his voice, the pliancy of his features, or the springiness of his limbs, but should hardly admire him as intelligent in his art, or respectful to his audience.

But is not agreeable to hear a *divine* song by a fine performer, though some and then the voice should be drowned under the accompaniments, and though the words should not be understood by the hearers, or even by the singer? I answer, that nothing can be very agreeable which brings disappointment. In the case supposed, the tones of the voice might no doubt give pleasure; but from mere instrumental music we expect something more than mere sweetness of sound, and from vocal music a great deal more. From poetry and music united we have a right to expect pathos, sentiment, and melody; in a word, every gratification that the beautiful art can bestow. But as mere sweetness of tone, the best singer is not superior, any scarcely equal, to an *Alphes* harp, to Fischer's keyboard, or Gluck's violin. And can we, without dissatisfaction, ever become creature devils into mere wood and organ? Can we be gratified with what would tickle the ear, when we had reason to hope that a more powerful address would have been made to the heart?

But in speaking in this manner, by way of illustration, let me not be misunderstood. I barely acknowledge the truth, that of all sounds, the one which makes its way most directly to the human heart is the human voice;—and those instruments that approach the nearest to it are in expression the most pathetic, and in tone the most perfect. The notes of a man's voice, well tuned and well managed, have a sweetness, a variety, and an energy, beyond those of any instrument; and a fine female voice, modulated by sensibility, is beyond comparison the sweetest and most melting sound, either in or out of nature. Is it not strange, then, that the most musical people upon earth, distinguished, as it would seem, with both these, should have incurred a decided reproach, in order to produce a third species of vocal sound, that has not the perfection of either? For may it not be allowed with truth, that no person of uncorrupted taste ever knew, for the first time, the music I allude to, without some degree of horror, proceeding not only from the disagreeable ideas suggested by what was made before his eyes, but also from the striking comparison of tone that had standard his ear? Let it not be said, that by this disagreeable repetition characters are rendered more complete, and mistakes corrected, which before were imperceptible. Nothing that shows humanity ought to have a place in human art; nor can a good ear be gratified with unnatural sound, or a good taste with too intricate composition. Surely every lover of music and of his kind would wish to see a picture finished, which is in itself a disgrace to both; and, in its consequences, as far from being desirable, that it can at truly be used to do any thing more than diffuse a noble art into tusk and grime, and make the human breast a vehicle, not for human sentiments, but for mere screaming and swelling.

To conclude: a song to which we listen without understanding the words, is like a picture seen at too great a distance. The former may be allowed to charm the ear with sweet sounds, in the same degree in which the latter pleases the eye with beautiful colours. But, till the design of the whole and the meaning of each part be made obvious to sense, it is impossible to derive any rational entertainment from either.

I hope I have given no offence to the emulous by these observations. They are dictated by a hearty zeal for the honour of an art, of which I have heard and seen enough to be satisfied, that it is capable of being improved into an attainment of virtue, as well as of pleasure. If I did not think so I should hardly have taken the trouble to write these remarks, slight as they are, upon the philosophy of it.

CORRESPONDENCE.

YOU HAVE THE KING.

To the Editor of the *Merical World*.

Sir,—I know not whether it is owing to the important place occupied by your journal in the merical world, or any peculiar force in Mr. Ashley's piece, which I quoted so largely here, in my letter to you concerning "God save the King," but certain it is, that Mr. Richard Clark has shown great consideration in answering what he terms "a very rash statement." The letters put together by the worthy, independent, but as he is usually distinguished as the *Merical* Chapel Royal man, I will now have afforded great amusement to the numerous readers of your periodical. Your kindest hopes, Mr. Editor, could hardly have expected that your pages would have presented either walls, any, with through the way double and windings of the Westminster constitution, to the stronghold of *Livingston Tower* look. But you if you had any powerful has been the shock, that its every perch have given way; and in the announcement of its sudden, hasty, into the open field its toppling and flames consumed above you, he that is all his deliberate answer, like another "Man of Mars Hill," to attack the "Dragon of Vanity." How unlike the hero of that ancient fable, the knight of the tower stands in absence of coming off this time, his being vanquished of a very weak constitution: the present shock has so greatly weakened him, that he is well advised to leave the support of a few delinquent old women.

Mr. Clark may call this cowardly, if he will; but I certainly think his own letter exhibited a prying good story of that cowardly, in my nothing of answers, and statements supported by no chain of proof.

I wish, Mr. Editor, with your permission, say a word or two on the above-mentioned points.

In the first place Mr. Clark's date of the question is so very weak, that he is glad to wall himself of a greater error: for instance, the date of the National Anthem, as assigned by the author Mr. Clark, is 1605; which year precedes, in my belief, not only for 1627. This is easily proved by a reference to any text book, where it is printed correctly.

Now, mark the following extract from Mr. Clark's first answer on the subject, "These who take notice of glass should never draw screens." Next Mr. Sandford (Mr. Clark not having his spectacles on at the time, says his name Sandford) in only twenty pages out of his first strength; my answer is 1605, not 1627. Talk did about 1627."

It must be quite evident from the above, that Mr. Clark had not read the commencement of the present controversy, therefore, his very party alterations "these who have windows of glass," certainly would quit himself.

After getting over a great deal of nonsense, in which the above repeated tale is again told, viz., that Dr. Arne, Burney, and Cooke, had heard the National Anthem sung, when they, as comes at the following passage:—"I could produce many more accounts (Gerry—has he produced any?) against the statements brought in favour of Cowy, but I would be lost of time, as the *Merical* was scarce long before."

A very easy way, certainly, of getting over difficulties—use of time, I think! I wonder Mr. Clark would spare so much of his valuable paper to be misapplied in any way at all on the subject. One of the great secondary-Mericals would be removed, if he could prove that the present Anthem was known before Cowy's time. But he cannot do this, for it must be before the death of Henry Cowy, who lived in the year 1643, and lived in the reign of King Charles the Second, of King James the Second, of King William, and Mary, Queen Anne, King George the First, and of King George the second; consequently he might have composed it by the age of three months.

In his second answer Mr. Clark has the following passage:—"It then, the courtesy of Dr. Burney, Cooke, Dr. Arne, Dr. Burney, R. Taylor, and a host of others of equally respectable and undeniable characters, is true, viz., that they have heard the National Anthem, when they sang "God save our Queen James our King" (and their subscriptions are as recorded in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1766), they must mean James the First."

I think Mr. Clark would be pleased if he could blot out of the pages of history the name of James the Second altogether, and make us believe that we never had any such

King. The mysterious identity of "they must name James the First," needs no parading?

The whole of this gentleman's letters, with the addition of a certain odd leaf, are only equalled in accessible work, by the treasury put forth by the proprietors of Southey's "Rasselas," or any by all our books!—"My grandfather, whose name was Clark!"—"My grandfather sing the Lark!"—"My grandfather learned the words and melody from his father?"

O most surprising grandfathers! Yourself's name? Your grandfather named the letter that contains your poems by using the well-known story, beginning "My grandfather was a most wonderful man?"

With respect to the song itself,—"On the Coronation of Charles the Second," I cannot see why Mr. Clark should have taken up so much of your valuable space by introducing it, except it were proved that he did not understand it. It is quite evident that the concluding lines are

"Let slaves of man and spirits exchange stage,
The universal nation (oh!), God save their Kings!"

allude to the song itself, and not to any nation following it. That Mr. Clark, with his extremely fertile imagination, so freely flattered, after he had read the poem, that he found distant mean words up the very ear that we see now in the habit of leaving the praise of our own glorious sovereign Queen Victoria, was so

It never quite occurs, Mr. Editor, that we must have had systems of a similar nature to our present, for every king or queen since the days of William the Conqueror. In addition to the many instances already quoted by various writers, I shall bring forward one or two that have been overlooked. It is a very rare quarto tract, entitled—"A Tractate showing and declaring the profits and estate of various new-religions. Implicated at London, by Thomas Reynolds," or date, but from internal evidence written between Jan. 1543, and July 1544, may be found the following verse:—

"God save King Edward and his noble council,
And send his peace and rest,
And of his people and churches bliss,
Full soon to him return!"

There is also extant a rare little volume, entitled—"Flour Flourish," without date or printer's name, but being a satire on the Roman Catholics, no reader would hazard the putting of the name to it. The date, however, can be easily guessed, for Sir Thomas More is spoken of as being dead, and Henry the Eighth is still living. In this volume may be found the following lines:—

"God save the Kings and send the plough,
And send the prelates such enough
Enough, enough, enough!"

And without doubt, my poems of all in the habit of examining all books could perceive many other instances of the same kind. In one case I have seen, but have not in my possession, verses of the description, accompanied with the words "It was entitled—"A Tractate of Progress and Praise for the prosperous and good estate of our Sovereign Lord the King, his royal progeny, and the whole estate of his Majesty's dominions and people, Implicated at London by Edward Allin," or date, but it must have been printed in the reign of James the First, by Allin printed only in two copies, Elizabeth and James.

The Rev. W. L. Bowler's opinion concerning our present Musical Antiquary, was, I think, worth notice. "Antiquary," says he, "the song to have been originally 'God save Great James our King, a quarter verse.—When was it written? Who composed it? Who wrote the words? How came the name George to be substituted for James, and on what occasion?"

Now, "When was it written?" Some say on the eve of the contest with the Pretender, 1715. Carey was governor of St. J., in 1713, and in the year or the year before, Carey, a Jacobite, in concert with all who had their hopes on James, wrote it, and according to his constant practice, set his own name to the new words. But the hopes of the Jacobites were defeated, and the song sold by and forgotten till 1828-29.

It has been proved that the author sang it publicly, and with the greatest success, at a dinner given to celebrate the victory of Admiral Nelson, 1805, when Oliver's line (which was written—

"As now Carthage's lying, &c.")

On this occasion, Carey himself applied the words to George, in consequence of the recent splendid victory.

* In the library of the late Richard Baker, Esq.

"Sing the rithmost
Happy and glorious,
Sing to reign over us."

The original words were applied to James, "Soon to reign over us." Carey himself applied the words (altering "sing" to "sing") to George. Thus applied, it has become popular beyond comparison. This is the version given to by a widely and learned member of the church, the Rev. W. L. Burdick, (see his "Life of Thomas Fox, D. D." printed in 1830, vol. 3.)

Since writing my last letter on the subject of "God save the King," I have been fortunate enough to meet with a copy of the collection of songs spoken of by George Smith Carey, containing the words composed by his father. The work is entitled "A Collection of Songs for two and three voices, set to music by Mr. Handel, Dr. Blow, Mr. Leavells, Dr. Goussé, Mr. Boyles, Mr. Lampe, Dr. A. Purcell, Mr. Corle, Hen. Carey, &c. London, printed for John Arden, opposite New Church, Chancery." The edition in question is to be found at page 25, numbered, "For two voices." Carey's name appears on three songs only in the book, viz. "A drinking song, for two voices, by Mr. Carey," "A two part song in D-flat major, set by Mr. Carey," and "A two part song on the glorious Victory at Swilgragen." The words and music, by Mr. H. Carey, commencing:

"Britain's monarch is now most glorious,
George is with conquest crowned;
Sing the praise of a hero so glorious,
And his noble deeds record."

The second and third lines are repeated twice, and stopped enough for the accompanying "Sing the praise of a hero so glorious," is almost identically the same notes with the upper part of the air of "God save the King," and the whole song, both words and music, bears so strong a resemblance, that it is another proof in favor of poor Henry Carey's claim.

Instead of impugning the work on your valuable paper, Mr. Editor, I shall restrict the present letter by asking Mr. Richard Clark some simple questions, viz. Whose picture is that given by him at page 2 of his volume, under which of which is placed, not his name, but the words, "God save the King," and the gratifying information that it is "taken from an original painting lately discovered (perhaps before it was lost) and now in the possession of Richard Clark?" The person whose picture this is (and I presume it to be Henry Carey) has a right of claim to his name, with the score of our present national engraved hymn.

Now, if his name to be a possible point, and of Henry Carey, this fact alone would be a very strong proof of authorship in his favor, for no subject of this kind is a plume (says Mr. Chapman, in his account of New notes [London]) "almost invariably has authority to make use of the name of the person portrayed."

I hope Mr. Clark will set the point at rest.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

EDWARD F. EDRAULT.

St. Denmarkstreet, Whitechapel.

(To be continued.)

REVIEWS.

The Universal Singing Principles, containing a Synopsis of Harmony and Music; Instructions on the Formation of the Voice; the Production of a Good Tone; and a Method for Diffuse Articulation. Compiled, selected, and arranged for all Voices, by F. C. Mearns.—(Parley.)

This is a highly useful little work, and may be consulted with much advantage by the young vocalist; it is composed in thirty pages, published at a small price, and contains as much information as many works of a more voluminous character. It commences with the A B C of music, so that very persons ignorant of the rudiments may take it up, and after going through the work, be well furnished at the last page with a third volume, and this without being told to purchase works on the subject of a more extensive description—a custom, with some music publishers, both despising and disgraceful. The work concludes

* "The Mus. Herald," p. 24.

by merely advising "the medical student never to pass over any form of character as any musical composition, without satisfying himself as to the meaning of it," and that a musical dictionary may be purchased, possessing the required information, for a shilling, just half the price of the work under notice. This is as it should be. We subjoin an extract:—

"But there is a trade for voices which artists have provided for, formed which it is impossible to force the natural organ." And, says Mr. Chalmers, "the greatest neglect in our day of the true compass of voices of different organs, and of the management of them among teachers and singers, is too common. For instance, it is now the fashion to teach girls to become, for beyond the higher compass of their own and natural voices. This is an error to be corrected, much more in persons than in teachers. Impetuous parents will think that their daughters should be taught to sing much higher for the va. Elementary compass of voices possessed by eminent public singers. This is not only absurd, inasmuch as eminent teachers few such voices obtain, but highly injurious to the health of those victims of rapid vocalism. We know some clever and accomplished teachers who will not undertake to perform impossibilities of this kind. But what is their ground? Their general employers are no diffidence, and of the teacher himself provided it be not only and right voice, he is destined as a person who 'does not know the meaning of any of my daughter's,' and the poor girl is thrown into the hands of some quick teacher of singing, who looks no farther about the matter, and will not hesitate to teach her just into a consumption, if his only reason be money.—One great mistake which must sometimes fall into, is the presumption that they can sing the passages which they hear performed by the best vocalists; and, in making the attempt, the latter is so evident, that they get laughed at for their pains, not considering that nature has not furnished them with the power requisite for such performance. But as little do some persons imagine their natural vocal powers, that what they could perform effectively is overlooked, for the sake of the possibility of performing that which nature never gave them the power to execute.

"In every voice there are inequalities, and the inferior notes cannot be so equal in the formation of the various parts of the voice. The lower part is generally rough, and the two or three degrees above frettle hoarse, any excess or sudden variation in this part is extremely dangerous, a single note, forced beyond its power, being sufficient to injure the voice for ever: consequently, perfect cultivation is highly necessary.

"The notes in the middle range (meant the pitch used in speaking) are generally the best, and ought to have more than double position at first than others, being the most favourable in the management of the breath, and where exercise may be given without chance of injury.

"From the middle to the upper part, the voice gets gradually thinner, and the highest notes cannot be sustained by any totally unaided, but merely assisted by an instant, any effort here at an early stage of practice, would necessarily weaken the voice, and if persisted on, the highest note in vocal would be irreversibly lost, and the vocal organs relaxed, that the voice would be very often subject to hoarseness on the slightest exertion. The safest plan is to strengthen the voice by repeated practice from the middle upwards, ascending no higher than where the voice can be easily produced, and by descending the voice may be added with equal ease. It is advisable to raise the highest notes rather under their power as regards strength at first, and rather short, diminishing the practice on the slightest appearance of hoarseness, or hoarsening of the pitch. Hundreds of fine voices are destroyed by impatient students beginning to practice as though their voices were made of iron: they soon discover, though perhaps too late, that their case is as hopeless as that of an ironed, who waiting to cool off at once, restores the exhausted contents of a red vessel for a week's consumption.

"Much injury is done by the early practice of broken songs, as difficulties are there encountered which the unprepared concert-vocalist, besides suffering exercise in parts of the voice unprepared to meet it.

"The force the contractions of the vocal organs, the more flexible and yielding they stand to be, the more is their destruction by impetuosity to prevent. I have known a hard constitution voice give to treatment with little disadvantage, that, if devoted along a trained fine voice, would have ruined for all.

"The volume of each voice is found extremely useful when a voice with the natural voice with little change of tone, but with energy it is so flexible and skill as to render every impossible. The voice may be improved, in all cases by the same method as that used for the natural voice, but unless it have some assistance, its progress would be slow of time, and would weaken the natural voice, particularly in the lower notes. With proper attention to these remarks, the student may acquire the voice rapidly, and, if

the medical laid down to be considered antecedent; let it be remembered that ignorance, and amusement, must be the first duty; for, as a traveler who took up a high mistake (Scholar's) learned, proper gradually opening ground him, in the attainment of the few principles of art or leads to the delightful sciences that can alone bind instruction and amusement.

MEDICAL INTELLIGENCE.

METROPOLITAN.

PROGRAMME LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTRUCTIONS.—A grand Concert (the first of a proposed series) was given by the music club of the above institution, on Thursday, the 18th instant, at the Grove House, Gunpowder. To an efficient band, under the direction of Mr. Wally, was added the vocal assistance of Misses Clara Novello, F. Hudson, Dolley, Messrs. Furry, jun., Loftie and Horganath. Messrs. Lagrosca and Wally played solos on the clarinet and the violin. The excellence of the concert, which was under the patronage of several members of parliament, and other persons of influence, drew together a large and most respectable audience, whose plaudits were showered on the numerous exercises of the various performers, particularly those of Miss Novello, who has now learned to sing with great spirit and expression, and the laughable imitations of Furry, jun.

QUARTET CONCERTS.—Messrs. Higgins, Gates, Dando, and Lucas gave the first of their delightful quartet concerts on Thursday evening last, at the Haasem-square rooms, when the following classical selection was performed. —

PART I.

Quartet in G Major, Op. 24, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, Mozart.	
Higgins, Gates, Dando, and Lucas.	Violins
Lucas.	Viola
Lucas.	Violoncello
Lucas.	Contra Bass
Quartet in G Major, Op. 24, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, Mozart.	
Higgins, Gates, Dando, and Lucas.	Violins
Lucas.	Viola
Lucas.	Violoncello
Lucas.	Contra Bass

PART II.

Quartet in G Major, Op. 24, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, Mozart.	
Higgins, Gates, Dando, and Lucas.	Violins
Lucas.	Viola
Lucas.	Violoncello
Lucas.	Contra Bass
Quartet in G Major, Op. 24, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, Mozart.	
Higgins, Gates, Dando, and Lucas.	Violins
Lucas.	Viola
Lucas.	Violoncello
Lucas.	Contra Bass

When all is over, it is more necessary for us to particularize any individual performances; we must, however, mention the successful performance of a new bass player, Mr. Jassett, who gave a very favourable specimen of his abilities in the elegant arrangement to Miss Moore's song, and the singing of a very pretty German melody of Schubert, by Madame Southamers, which met with an ovation. The following are the words! they are extracted from Goethe's *Faust*, by Mr. Cliphant, and well worthy of attention:—

Let me weep again, my heart is sore,
 Since Nature hath bid me be evermore
 I sit alone,
 I sigh and moan;
 But all in vain
 In my grief and pain;
 This weary head finds no repose,
 This heaving heart no comfort knows!

Let me weep again, &c.

I run through the window the livelong day,
 In hopes that my love may hitherward stray;
 And busy thoughts each hour that is past,
 When I fondly believed the summer would last,
 I dream of that noon which my heart did beguile,
 That sunny form—that eye—that smile!

Let me weep again, &c.

Oh! then has let me to weep;
 Yet I'll not set thee again to weep:
 Some flurr' face hath caught thine eye,
 Some nobler maiden, of parentage high,
 Yet may'st thou be happy, while I deplore
 Thy cold embraces for evermore!

Let us weep again, &c.

The concert was most numerously attended, and every person present, from Lord Dunsford to ourselves, appeared gratified with the evening's entertainment.

A Selection of Sacred Music was performed on Monday evening last, at the Independent Chapel, Kentish Town, towards defraying the expense of covering an organ in the chapel. The solo parts were sustained by Miss Collett, the Misses Fynn, and Messrs. Down and Fynn. The selection consisted of the first part of the Creation, ending with "the Hebrews are talking," and a miscellaneous selection from Handel, Hummel, and other composers. We were much pleased with the singing of Miss Collett, and also the younger Miss Fynn, who appears to be not more than twelve years of age, she acquitted herself admirably, and was requested to repeat the "Indian's Prayer," by Novello, which she sang with great feeling; and it was very judiciously accompanied on the organ by Mr. G. Cooper. There was a very effective chorus well supported by the organ, such a one as it was, and we must say, we never heard choruses go with greater precision. We were much struck with the organ's accompaniment of Hummel's "Grand Quod in Credo," in which the soloists held their own very well. The performance was under the direction of Mr. T. S. Turner, to whom great praise is due for the manner in which he conducted the performance. We hope the committee will provide a better organ for their next performance, for Mr. Cooper, you must have been pained, at times, to produce the effects he did, on so inferior an instrument.

THE MARIANNEAN LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY gave us their usual and last concert of the season last evening, when a miscellaneous selection was performed under the conducting of Jeremiah Hanwell. The vocalists were Miss Birch, Miss Dolly, Mr. Allen, and Mr. John Perry, who sang several vocal pieces with their usual ability, and the instrumentalists, Mr. Richardson and Mr. Hutton, who performed solos on their respective instruments.

CITY QUARTET SOCIETY.—The second meeting took place on Monday evening, when a choice selection of music was performed by Messrs. Wilby, Hayman, G. Smith, &c.

CITY CHORAL HARMONIANS.—The second meeting of this society was held at George's Hall Tavern, Strand Lane, on Friday last, when Schiller's "Song of the Bell," Hummel's Mass in B flat, and several other compositions were performed.

THE PRINCESS DARE held its fourth anniversary at the Sauer Hotel, Beaufort-street, on Thursday evening last. Mr. Edward Taylor, the Gentleman professor of music, presided on the occasion. After the removal of the clock, the following selection, from the composition of Purcell, was performed:—

Sheep—Lambeth Pasture. In George the Fourth of our Isle there May'st thou see
 A flock of a thousand and fifty, gathered all way down the Lamb, Hole and Green—Following the Pro-
 phet, David, who they sing, Tell us how the Temple built—Where on a hill the Ark stood
 The church built they will sing, Commemorated as yet—Sing Away ye Harp-tunes, sing
 Hymns—Come with their voices sweet, It will be worth your work—Sing, ye Harp-tunes, sing
 the psalms loudly—Sing—Sing psalm, Sing psalms—My love, Amplitude, the Church
 and Town, Sing—Come to the psalmist, Tell us how, Tell us—O Lord, sing!

Fewer professional musicians were present on this, than on any previous anni-
 versary, and the absence of Hobbis, who had not returned from his engagement
 at Belfast, was unfortunate; yet notwithstanding these disadvantages, the
 several performances were very effectively given, and which the Lady Perry
 appreciates as the equivalent of Westminster Abbey at the highly-gifted Henry
 Purcell conducted with much ability.

PROVINCIAL.

[This department of the Musical World is compiled and abridged from the provincial press, and gives the views of our country correspondents. The editors of the "W." are, therefore, not responsible for any matter contained in any column, beyond what their columns represent. It is compiled by.]

CONCERTS.—The *Chambers' Church Organ* "does not appear to please everybody." So says the "*Chathamian* *Looker-On*," and our notice of this instrument in a former number places us in a similar predicament; for, unfortunately forgetting the words of the psalm, we made the attempt "to please everybody," by giving three distinct accounts we had received from "the place of action," which seemed especially to become "the seat of war;" for we had afforded all parties our opportunity. Two of these accounts, the "*Chronicle*" and "*Looker-On*," as they had the same object in view, should have occupied notice before publication, by which the objections of their respective correspondents of the instrument would have been avoided. Our readers will remember, the former declared the organ to be inadequately covered by a glass plate,*—the latter having nothing but the stone without. The "*Looker-On*" has taken our well-measured remarks in good part; for it is it should be. With regard to the efficiency of the "*Chronicle*"'s correspondent, inform us we accounted as error as supposing the general verdict of that publication to the Test-pipers, and that he attributed some time ago (having her Majesty's Exchange very much in view) to "the Lord of Belfrage for the Chronicle," under a supposition so unreasonable that our pen would grate in transcribing it. However, it is very evident that whoever is the great pen (or pens) of the "*Chronicle*," be it an editor qualified to meddle with matters pertaining to music, that he is a gentleman "in the robe, drag rolling Tumbler Man;" for his last issue has found vent in a storm of ridicule, with such "consequent music" as the epithets "conceited," "insolent," &c., aimed "all level at our head," to even declare that we had "been from his sight," should we presume in any way either to touch or touch Grey's organ; and by way of closing, ending the boobyism, "Organ-builders are divided into two classes—artists and workmen. Mr. Hill has long been placed in the foremost class by every musical professor. Messrs. Gray and Co., we presume, are in the latter, as we presume by their correspondence, they "keep a jealousy." This is delightfully surprising. We commend the remark, especially in the consideration of such of our readers as are organists, and shall feel particularly obliged by any one of them informing us where we can find an organ by an "artist" builder who does a "workmanlike." Every word we have written on this subject, is done with the utmost good nature towards Mr. Hill, whose ill-directed letter to the *Chathamian Chronicle* we have read, and of which we regret him of having written a single syllable, so we also in the editor of the *Chronicle* in the remarks inserted in it. The title of the article has been too long known to us to doubt as being of more consequence. In conclusion we are of opinion that in any case of the organ "conceitedly and unworkmanlike work" of the writer, and whose correspondence we are quite certain would never have appeared in the *Chathamian Chronicle*, did he either have the usual as well as an ill.—Ed. M. W.

REVIEW.—A concert of very singular character was given on Tuesday the 16th inst. under very distinguished patronage, at the National School, South, Chatham, for the benefit of the blind school of the place. Mr. James Malloy, Mr. Henry Hayward and Mr. George Hayward, kindly offered their artistic assistance gratuitously on the occasion, and must we need to mention another word, justice will be done to our musical friends (Mr. W. Hay), who also gave his services. The Messrs. Williams added the work of charity by having their lessons and charging only their expenses. Three concert performances, backed by an orchestra of great power and versatility, enabled the chorists to prepare a full edition of two-part setting. Mr. Hayward played the first of the Sonata, and he was beautiful "Venezian Serenade" in his very best style. A duel between him and Mr. George Hay (violin and piano) had a thrilling effect on the audience, and displayed the varied powers of the performers in a striking manner. Mr. W. Hay's songs were admirably given, and the songs and duets of the Messrs. Williams were performed with true taste and feeling. The piece "I love, love, love water when," and the Italian serenade, from Donizetti's opera of the *Strozzi's Spies*, "This night was good," were sung most successfully, and were fully appreciated. Last, not least, we must specify two songs sung by Mr. Malloy, who, not pretending to feel "his confidence in a world, yet carried with him both the applause and sympathy of his hearers. His song, "Ye mountains of England," was wonderfully enjoyed. The entertain[ment] was adjourned with national anthems, with commendable skill. The arrangements in the room were perfect. The results were entirely satisfactory to the benefactors, Mr. Malloy.

REMARKS.—Our Amateur Choral Society closed a brilliant but not very successful

* It has often been said by the Editor, and the difference in the various attempts is a good one—more successful for "PRACTICE ONLY."

gave us Wednesday evening the 19th inst. with an excellent concert. The nature of the hall rendered it full house and played the evening (*Sings' and Tenors*) with more than usual brilliancy and precision. Lucia, who was the "star" of the evening, delighted every ear with the following sweetest performances, especially in an exquisite accompaniment in "*Grief's Agony*," sung by Miss Lawrence. The other principal performers were Madame F. Kallischer (nee Miss Wyndham) her husband, and Madame Novello and Pagan. The organ was rendered as "*Army of Jericho*," and the hymns of that pretty Society belied, "*Light's' Anthem*." The company was very numerous—between 25 and 300 persons. As heretofore the subscription has always been too low, consequently the entertainers have got into debt, and have been obliged to conduct concerts. W. B. Phil. Jan. 6. & 6. In our next week.

Lecture.—*Discourse in St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Chapel.*—The novelty of an orator at Bellin, together with some matters of local nature, in which, as our readers are aware, the Right Rev. Dr. Mann, Protestant Archbishop of Derry and Connor, took a prominent part, attracted a very numerous, and certainly a most respectable audience, yesterday (Friday the 7th) to St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Chapel. The object, as we ascertained, in getting up the performance of sacred music, at the present period, was in consequence of a very splendid and expensive concert having been recently took expressly for this class of worship, and arrangement, for the first time, for public performance. This magnificent instrument, the masterpiece of Messrs Gray and Son, the richest and finest exhibition of London, is one of the most superb and powerful in the kingdom. It consists in five the two organs in Arnhem Cathedral, and has cost nearly 5,000*l.* The architectural design is others, and is harmonious having with the plan of the room in which it is set up, and with the nature of the chapel. The following included description of the instrument will give an idea of its compass—The Great organ contains ten open diapasons, stopped twelfth, fifteenth, seventeenth, second, thirteenth, trumpet, fourth, organ double diapason bass, double diapason twelfth, open Flutes, stop diapason, principal twelfth, fifteenth, seventeenth trumpet, fluting. Clear organ, thirteenth, stop diapason ten, stop diapason twelfth, stopped, like Cornetto, small copula, great pedal copula, three pedal copula, pedal pipes, small copula, fluting stops. The musical committee were desirous of giving the musician of other religions before an opportunity of being present at a pleasing and intellectual treat, without committing themselves to a sectarian character, and, therefore, they selected those programmes of performance from the masses usually given in the English Protestant Cathedral. We were glad to perceive that the feeling of good will, and true liberality, was fully appreciated, for no pretence in every part of the sacred music, numbers of Protestants and Presbyterians, of the highest respectability, and notwithstanding the variety of the work, many of them coming at a great distance from Bellin. The musical arrangements were made under the judicious superintendance of Mrs F. B. Lucas. The choir was strong in number, and several of the singers are well known in the musical world. In the early part of the performance, Miss Lupton executed the solo, "*Let the bright Seraphim*," with sweetness and feeling. The air required a greater compass and volume of voice than nature, or perhaps, the lady's faculty, allowed her to get forth; but she executed herself ably, and gathered confidence to herself, and admiration from her audience, to the point. Her quality of voice is of a very pleasing character—containing firmness with sweetness, with a highly cultivated vibration. The choir, from the last Judgment, "*Foraise me soil in the dread hour*," (by Mrs. Lennon and Mr. Holbe) was powerful and harmoniously sung. Mr. Holbe in a first-rate tenor singer, with a full rich voice, and enjoying all the advantages of deep study, long practice, and sound judgment. In the end, and in his subsequent solo, particularly "*God's Lament for Absalom*," he displayed powers of first-rate distinction. We heard a very good expression of approval, at the conclusion of the solo of Mr. Holbe's solo, and in that opinion we cordially agreed. Mrs. Lennon (Miss Canby) has cultivated, with a degree of care and application, which is most probable in her country, those musical talents which nature has bestowed on her with a liberal hand. Her power of voice is not very voluminous, but it is sweet, and perfectly suited her control; and she manages with an equal skill. This evening her husband will accompany in quality, for any defect in quantity. She and Mr. Holbe have the favour of the day, and remained so long with ability and success. Messrs Gray and Long presided at the organ, with great ability and marked effect; and Miss Bell, Miss Canby, and Mrs. Lovel, Messrs Stone, Mowbray, &c., also greatly contributed to the excellence of the concert. The principal part of the next evening was repeated on the following Sunday, in St. Patrick's Chapel, where Right Hon. was addressed. The Roman Catholic Friends, Dr. Coffey, assisted in the religious service. A collection was made, to aid in defraying the expenses of the next, provincial, and splendid organ.

Evening.—Drama and Master Quartet's Concert.—The first concert took place on Thursday evening, and though not so extensively attended as we could have wished, met still sufficiently respectably to encourage the orchestra, Mr. H. J. Hayward, and the promoters of the undertaking in their future efforts. Looking at this concert, and referring to the name of a first distinguished performer in this city, who has not been favored in this season, but who, we trust, will be induced to do so hereafter, we are more than ever convinced, that no city can boast of possessing more native talent, and we do think, that a spirit of local attachment and pride ought to induce the public of this county to encourage its development, not only here, but in other towns throughout the county. We cordially agree with the remarks of a contemporary on this subject. Had a *Sigurd*, *Agathe*, a *Barbar*, *Opéra*, or a *Three O'Clock* come among us, the attraction of their names alone would not have failed to bring together the masses of that selfish phalanx—babes, in an unreflecting crowd, while the masses, but sterling merits of our own performers, are overlooked, or despised. Why is England not a musical country? Because our native talent is visited by foreign trade, and native genius rather absolutely neglected, or like an ill-used, that it goes away in disappointment. If the music for future years of all kinds have stopped somewhere or other, we shall at least have our own *Three O'Clock* balls, which appeal not to an acquired and highly cultivated taste, but to the heart. We may be wrong, we doubtless are extremely liable to be, but we cannot help saying, that for ourselves, we prefer the simple purity of "John Bull's own, my Joe, John," or of "Alan Gray," loudly sung, and indeed here on these balls we, in all the well-known meetings of Dublin song.

And now let us turn to Thursday night's concert, which if given us great pleasure in saying was, in the whole, successful. The orchestra, Mr. H. J. Hayward, chief and judiciously performed his duties, but we recommended him on the next occasion, not to allow the slightest strain to be required. The effect of all the pieces was excellent, and to them generally should the principal share of the performance be directed. One shot, that of *Andante* "Love is like a rose," struck us as being admirably executed, and *Alma Le Roy*, who continued on striking a part in it, in a lady of much promise and talent. The instrumental department was almost without fault, and we are happy were commensurate in gratitude, as the leader, Mr. Ross. The audience seemed highly delighted with the performance, and we cordially hope to see the next concert, to take place on the 11th of March, fully and satisfactorily executed.

The *Drama and Master Quartet* met on Friday last, at the New London Inn. The dinner was in Company's well known excellent style. A *Sherry*, *Ray*, the *High Sheriff*, was in the chair, and among the members and various persons, were Mr. John Black, Mr. Ross, Mr. H. Curtis, Esq., Rev. A. Northcote, Esq., Wm. Brown, C. Brown, Esq., Dr. Galt, &c. &c. The following pieces were admirably sung—"Health is the Queen," *Spofford*; "Come o'er the breakers, Bessie," *Calvert and Bishop*; "It is night," *Wilder*; "If early drinking," *Barrett*; "My dear Marston," *Spofford*; "Bring me Rowan," *Doyle*; "Valley country my mother's eye," *Doyle*; "Nerve in the Mouth of Maying," *Bishop*; "Say, say, say, say," *Doyle*; "There is a Lady," *Doyle*; "The Spring," *Spofford*; "Dressed in a state," *Wilder*; "Pat is he!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE SACRED HARMONY SOCIETY intend to repeat their *Autumn Concert*, on Friday, the 11th instant. The reason assigned is, the great demand for tickets of admission.

THE OPENING OF THE ITALIAN OPERA is now announced for Saturday, the 20th instant.

BARONET'S beautiful opera, the *Mountain Echo*, was performed at Drury Lane Theatre on Monday evening. Phillips created John, his original character, and Mrs. Allen Cook, Julia.

BARONET'S opera, about to be produced at the *Reverence Theatre*, is being written expressly for it in France, and is now a translation of the *Opera's Warrump*, as has been previously stated in several of our papers.

THE ANTIQUE CONCERT.—It is now settled that Mr. George Smart will conduct the first concert, and Mr. Bishop the second and third. Dr. Crutch was applied to, but refused on the plea of ill-health.

THE CORRESPONDENTS.

It is reported to us that we acknowledge the receipt of his communication under the name of the same, in our issue of the 11th.

AN IMPROVEMENT IN THE ART.

THE
MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF
ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,
AND WEEKLY RECORD OF
Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

"It per seipsum dependit in arte dispartire,
non subscribit in arte dolo ferre."

PLATE PLATE, are aware.

Musik is a something flawless and inspired,
an all-gracious and a God-like thing.

FEB. 25, 1876.

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An admirable article has appeared in the 'Morning Chronicle' relative to the change about to be made in the important situation of conductor of the Academy Concerts, which has been hitherto vested in one person, who has had the conduct of the whole series of such seasons. The writer of the article alluded to states that since the commencement of these concerts in the year 1870 there have been only three permanent conductors—the celebrated Josiah Bates, the late Mr. Stevenson, and Mr. W. Kayser, and that in consequence of some misunderstanding between the artistic directors and Mr. Kayser during the last season, it was resolved that in future the director of each concert should appoint his own conductor. Upon this Mr. Kayser declined taking any further share in the conducting of the concerts.

Dr. Crotch was then applied to, as we have before stated, to conduct the first and second concerts of the coming season, the former of which is under the direction of H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, and the latter under that of the Archbishop of York, but ill-health compelled the talented doctor to decline the honours. The offer to conduct these two concerts was then made to Sir George Smart, who expressed his willingness to conduct the first out of respect for his Royal Highness, whose work he deemed equivalent to a command. It is now settled that Sir George is to conduct the first concert, and Mr. Bishop the second and third—the latter is under the direction of the Duke of Wellington. Conductors for the remaining concerts are not yet appointed.

The impolicy of such a step as the directors have taken must be apparent to every one, and the writer in the "Chronicle" very properly observes, that a great orchestra will never go well and steadily unless under the control of one

permanent conductor. This system is acted upon in the principal concerts in Germany and France; and we have heard foreign musicians of the highest consequence ascribe the fault of the, in many respects, admirable Philharmonic orchestra—in frequent mistakes, its deficiency in smoothness and softness, its neglect of minute and delicate designs of the composer, and its want of self-dependence in accompanying vocal music, to its not having the advantage of being under the constant and uniform discipline of one permanent and highly qualified conductor. The Philharmonic and Opera orchestras are composed of nearly the same performers, yet the difference between them in uniform procedure, vocal attention to light and shade, and vocal arrangement, is very apparent, and the cause is no evident as the effect. In place, therefore, of the *Academy Concerts* adopting the plan of the Philharmonic Society, it would be much better were the Philharmonic to adopt the plan hitherto followed by the *Academy Concerts*. The sole director of the *Academy Concerts* would have acted wisely (if they could not agree with Mr. William Knyvett) in securing the services of Sir George Smart as their permanent conductor; his high standing in the profession and his experience in that particular department of the art to which he has devoted his talents, point him out as the most fitting person. The directors should likewise appear as separate persons from the conductor—the holding of both situations by the same individual is an absurdity which ought no longer to exist, for it only renders him inefficient in either capacity.

We have much pleasure in informing our readers that the recent visit of M. Schumann of Magpore to this country has ended in an arrangement for the performance of German operas during the approaching season. The whole of the company of the *Magpore Theatre* will come over, including a band and chorus, and several singers of high reputation in Germany, amounting altogether to a hundred performers. The Lord Chamberlain has licensed the *St. James's Theatre* for the purpose; the boxes will be fitted up for private use, and the pit extended into stalls. Mr. Dore is to be the manager.

ON THE CANON "NON INDIE DOMINE."

BY JAMES WARRIN.

The canon *Non inde Domine* is a grace or thanksgiving after meat, which tradition has given to William Byrd as the composer. The earliest copy known is that printed in Hilton's "*Catch that Catch can*," published by John Playford, in 1613; which work passed through several editions, when in the canon appears without any name as the author. I have also seen an edition of the above work (much enlarged, printed in 1682), where it again appears without a name. Dr. Burney, in stating that Byrd was the composer, what other have taken it for granted, so have also an edition of Hilton's "*Catch that Catch can*," with Byrd's name attached. His account is as follows:—"The canon *Non inde Domine* appears in some of his (Byrd's) works published by himself, or collected by others, before the year 1610, when Hilton inserted and prefixed the name of Byrd to it, in a "*Collection of Catches, Rounds, and Canons*," &c. but as

* Although this differs from the other title, it signifies the same work, as I have shewn above.

no claim was laid to it by, or in favour of any other composer, before we came that time, till about the middle of the present century, when it was given to Palestrina by Carlo Riccioli, who published it in Holland, among his concertos, a fugue in eight parts, on the same subject; there seems no doubt remaining of our countryman Byrd having been the author of that pleasing and popular composition. Zarlino, Palestrina, and many others of the old masters, have made the same series of sounds the subject of incidental points in their compositions, but in none of their works have I been able to discover a regular canon on the same subject. Morley has worked upon it (p. 165, Introduction), but calls it "a most common point." The celebrated canon has been lately used, by the ingenious author of "Letters to Various Subjects," to contain "some passages not to be altered," and indeed the established and fundamental rules for the use of diatonic are three violated in this favourite composition, for bars 4 and 5 the 7th is resolved on the 6th, and bar 10, an unprepared 7th ascends to the 8th, with the bass in stationary. But I believe the last fault is occasioned by our performing this species of canon in a manner different from that used by our ancestors, who finished one at a time as they began.

Dr. Burney in his commentaries on Handel in speaking of the chorus "Sing ye to the Lord," in "Israel in Egypt," says—"I should not have been so accurate in my analysis of this chorus, if it were not to point out a discovery which I made in perusing the score, and to which the performance in the midst of the pleasure I received from it, had not led me. The discovery I mean is, that the intervals in the counter-subject are exactly the same as in the ceremonial canon, "Nun dankt den Herren." Whether the subject occurred to Handel accidentally, or was taken with design, I know not; but in either case, the notes are happily selected, and extremely useful. As to the original canon, or right canon of that name of notes upon which the canon—which tradition has given to Byrd—was constructed, they had been the subject of dispute to Zarlino, and to old Adrian Willaert his master, long before Byrd was born; and, indeed, contribute one of the different species of intervals used by the Greeks in the highest antiquity; and as referred to the passage in Morley's "Introduction to Practical Musick," cited by Burney, such will what follows:—

Fa.—Not, sir, being both we have tied our skill upon one point, I pray you take the same point and make something of it which we may retain, for I am sure my brother will be as willing to see it as I.

Ma.—And more willing if more may be, therefore let us extend you to death.

Ma.—Little intervals will serve the such a matter, and, therefore, here it is:—



Fa.—I can compare it to nothing but a well-garbed garden of most sweet flowers, which the more it is searched the more variety it yields.

Ma.—You are too disbeliever in your pleasure, speaking not according to wit, but affection; but in truth it is a most common point, and no more than commonly

* With Jonston's of Byrd's "Letters to Various Subjects," vol. 1, p. 165, there are two specimens of canon. "By the use of those different notes which are called 'Intervals' (and of thirds, and others) it is made of eight. I do not except the canon 'I'm come, of thee,' in which one vocal passage may be so altered."

† The title runs thus:—"A Plain and Easy Introduction to Practical Musick, as it should be taught by the Italians, directed here first given to the first students to sing with all things necessary for the knowledge of playing it. The second (unpublished) discourse, and by and by given to the same I give again in French, with three things necessary to a discourse. The third will be the collection of compositions which have been in, to serve as a guide to a particular practice (which shall offer with two songs of Byrd's, that, and the piece by Thomas Weelock, 'Madrigal of Orlando,' and one of the 'Gloria' of the Magnifico, of G. P. Capri, published at London, by Peter Stuy, dwelling in Great Street 1681, at the sign of the Swan."—1681.

studied, but if a man would study, he might upon it find materials enough to fill up many sheets of paper; you, though it were given to all the musicians of the world, they might scribble upon it, and not one of them compositions to his mind that of another; and you shall find no point as yet touched by any man, either composer or copist, but with study either he himself, or some other might make it better (*Morley's Introduction*, p. 150).

The above example by Morley is exactly the same as the opening point of "*Nun nabe Dames*," and on the very same note for the first three bars, with the exception that the first reply on the fourth below, goes to the minor third in place of the major third (♯) sharp as in the canon, and on the following note (E) the fourth (C), is suspended in place of the third (B). For the same reason the seventh (G), is suspended in place of the sixth (F), at the beginning of the third bar, which F on the suspension is taken natural, forming an imperfect fifth, instead of the perfect fifth, as in the canon. Regarding the second part of the canon, on the words, "*2nd voice: An de plerian*," I have discovered it is an ancient English song in a MS. of the time of Henry VIII., in the French Museum, which song along with others from the same MS. is in the course of publication, and which in due time I shall have the pleasure of laying before the public in conjunction with an exact notation and antiquarian.

It must be remembered that Morley was a scholar of Byrd's, and the introduction of the point in his work, which he dedicates "To the most excellent musician, Master William Byrd, one of the Gentlemen of Her Majesty's Chappell," is a thing natural to a pupil, and in all probability those very examples were worked under his (Byrd's) own eye, and imitated by Morley as examples for others; indeed, he says in his dedication—"Accept [I pray you], of this book, hath that you may exercise your deape skill in composing of what shall be commaund as also defined what is to be truly good, so that which cometh presented from your selfe, as shall your approbation cause me thinke the better of it, and your name set to the forefront thereof, be sufficient to shew the taste of many learning ministers who thinke nothing true but what they see themselves, by which he understands himself." "It is all true and applies to you most exactly, Thomas Morley." It is true Morley does not mention it as one of Byrd's compositions, but, as he terms it, a most common point, and it can be referred to among the works of Kerleson and Adrian Willner; his name, and others, thus have no real vindication Byrd's claim to the canon, but, I should say, in rather a proof that he was the author (which tradition confirms), and that in account of its being a common point, would not put his name to it, probably considering it a more profitable, and not worth naming.

Dr. Tully, in the first volume of his "*Collection of English Church Music*, for Lord Harley," copied about the year 1713, has inserted this canon at the end of the volume, but inserted it to Thomas Morley. Sharp persons have supposed this to be an error, but the probability is, that Tully consulted his supposition on the authority of the above passage in "Morley's Introduction to Practical Musick." If such be the fact, the question deserves further inquiry; for after all, it may have been put together by Morley, as we have no grounds for asserting that Byrd, beyond traditional evidence, and the fact that Dr. Pyper has inserted it with Byrd's name in his "*Treatise on Harmony*," printed in 1731, long after Tully copied the above church music; unless there is an edition of Hiffe's "*Catch that Catch can*," that we have not seen with Byrd's name attached, as it is entitled to suppose there must be, else why should Dr. Burney assert, "*where Hiffe inserted and printed the name of Byrd in it?*"

The words, "*Nun nabe Dames and comes An de plerian*," is the sixth verse of the Latin Psalm, "*In terra sancta*," of the vesper service in the Catholic church. This point when used on its proper day, is always sung to the eighth Gregorian tone (irregular), the first part of which is not unlike the opening point of the canon, and if sung with the introduction, G A, rising to E, the first note of the tone, we then have the proper notes of the first part of the canon, with the exception of one note. When this Psalm is sung, which is always with

* Not more so, O Lord, but with thy name give the glory.

placed (singing by sides alternately; either the choir divided, or above and independent), and they arrive at the above verse, both sides sing together (rising up) to the full organ. This Georgian tone may have originally supported the point to Byrde, as it was usual always to take one of the modes or tones to work upon.

Now, although it is admitted, says Sir John Hawkins,* that the canon, "*Nos nobis Deusus*," does not occur among any of the works of Byrde, and that its first publication was by John Hilton at the end of his "*Collection of Catches, Roundes, and Canons*," printed in 1693, yet there seems to be evidence more than equalled to what has yet been produced on the other side of the question, that he, and he only, was the author of it. In such a case as this, tradition must be of some weight, it is hard to conceive that a libelous of this kind could ever gain credit, and still harder that it should maintain its ground for nearly two centuries. Dr. Fagook in his "*Treatise on Harmony*," has expressly ascribed it to Byrde, and if he and the rest of the world concurred in believing it to be a composition of his, we at this day, without any substantial evidence to the contrary, can hardly be justified in doubting whether he or another were the author of it.

The other printed works in which "*Nos nobis Deusus*" is to be found, are John Playford's "*Introduction to the Skill of Musick*," fourth edition, 1694 (as well as in other editions of the same book), and Playford's *like* edition of his *Psalms* in four parts, published in 1691, where it is printed at the end, but in all of which no name is prefixed as the author. Thomas Tomkins, who was also a pupil of Byrde's, has in his "*Two Books*," (edition 1668, p. 154 of the organ part), an anthem in five parts. "*Lord, enter not into judgment with thy servants*," to which he has also added the words—"*Nos nobis Deusus, and versus ter de Gloria*." Hilton has inserted this canon, borrowed by himself in his "*Catch that Catch can*," of 1612, which fact alone proves it to be in high estimation at that period. The editor of "*La Musa Madrileña*," in his observations on the same subject to that work, says—"Now, had it been written by a man of such celebrity, it is by no means likely that Hilton, himself a composer long before Byrde's death, would have been ignorant of the fact, or knowing it, that he would have omitted to prefix the composer's name in the same manner as he has done to almost all the canons, &c. in the *Collection*, and to one of Byrde's among the number." It is difficult to account for the reason authors have in not putting their names always to their works. The publication of *Pavane, Doublewood*, and the *Melancholy* from the year 1609 to 1616, by Thomas Ravenscroft, containing catches, roundes, and canons, is a case in point; surely all the compositions in those works have neither author's name, and some there are having the number that have been since proved the composition of Byrde. As I have before observed, Byrde probably considered it a mere fugable, which is a sufficient reason for his name not being originally prefixed to it.

Dr. Fagook, who was himself a fine composer, and one of the most eminent judges of ancient and modern music of his day, and always looked up to and consulted no musical topics, would not have inserted the canon in his work with Byrde's name, had he not been certain of its fact, from some MS. then in his possession, or other documentary evidence. In respect to MS., I have a collection of roundes, catches, and canons, &c., collected together, and scored by Richard Gues, formerly master of the children at Westminster Abbey; this collection bears date 1761, some years before Burney's or Hyslop's *History of Music* appeared, in which is inserted, "*Nos nobis Deusus*," with Byrde's name and date, 1612, at the corner. This collection was scored from the *Pavane, Doublewood*, *Melancholy*, and Hilton's "*Catch that Catch can*," and it is not likely that Gues himself or another manuscript would have put Byrde's name and the date 1612, without knowing that fact, either from a copy of Hilton's work, with the name prefixed (as Burney states) or from some other authentic source. As regards the manuscript, will it represent Playford with a sheet of music in his hand, whereas it is signed the canon, "*Nos nobis Deusus*,"—I have not been able to consult it, the copy referred to being in the Museum collection, which is now

* *History of Music*, vol. ii, p. 260.

undergoing re-cataloguing, and is in consequence not at present to be seen. A frustration to my work is not to be depended upon (unless it is well known to belong to that work), because it may be inserted from some other book, and may probably be a portrait of Hilson with the names reversed, or perhaps Byrde himself. A great deal was made about the middle of the last century by the Italians, who claimed this canon as a composition by Palestrina. They asserted that a copy was preserved with great care in the Vatican Library at Rome, the probability is, that on account of its being so mostly termed, "a most precious jewel," that Palestrina has made use of it in some cases or subset of his, which they assert to be the canon, "*Non nobis Domine*," the canon that we now ascribe to Byrde. It would not be just to dispute Byrde's claim to it, until more documents are brought forward to prove it to be by some other composer.

As to the exact time of its composition by Byrde, or when it was first sung, and upon what occasion, it is impossible now to say, although Mr. Richard Clark in his book on "*God save the King*," published in 1832, says—"It was sung at Merchant Taylor's Hall in 1607 upon the occasion of the reception of King James I., William Byrde being present upon that occasion." It may be so, at least it is by far a more reasonable supposition than that "*God save the King*," was composed by Dr. Hill.

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

We have received the following communication, with its startling heading from a correspondent, with a request that it may be inserted—

RESIGNATION OF MR. Wm. PHILHARMONIC DIRECTOR.—With its unalloyed regret we take up our pen to announce to the musical public a request, now current, in the best informed circles, that the whole of the gentlemen forming the board of directors of the Philharmonic are about to resign their trust into the hands of the members. The trusts assigned for this is, their total inability to carry on the concerts with credit to themselves or satisfaction to the public, in consequence of a most unforeseen calamity which has occurred.

We were at a loss to conceive what combination of circumstances could have compassed the overthrow of this long established society. Had Mr. George Lewis his knee? Had the Dragonets fallen into his double bass? Had First Moses his horn straight, or Gideon Cooke perished the Philharmonic library?

Good reader, none of these dire events have happened, but read our editorial pen trembles as we write (1) *Mr. Elk has resigned his post among the wood winds, and the society must fill it.*

Another correspondent has text us the following, with a similar request, and as we wish to be particularly impartial towards all our correspondents, we give it insertion likewise, without, however, any editorial opinion on the subject:—

PHILHARMONIC TOWN.—The resignation of Mr. Elk from the situation which the directors had appointed him in the new disposition of instruments, leaves a vacancy for a *first second violin*! Last season the directors unwisely placed Mr. Elk behind his piano, and persons all but strangers to the band, in re-creating this professor to the *third second viola*, however, they have only added insult to injuries. Mr. Elk has had nineteen years practical experience as the *Opera band*, and worked his way gradually up to the respectable position he enjoys under that title and important conductor, *Signor Costa*, and we cannot but commend his spirited resistance to the device of such men as Anderson, Lodge, and her gang, whose selfish purposes only accelerate the dissolution of the society (a public opinion). We refer our readers to the *M. W.* of November 1-5, 1838, whence they will find some reflections on the management of the society, which are fully borne out by the above lamentable example of degenerating talent!

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—I have read in a particular & happy magazine on the new copies of *Eastern Hall*; now I think that there can be hardly two opinions respecting this instrument. The instrument is decidedly bad, being of a light metallic tone, and not agreeing at all with the other stops. The pedals are only without weight, the octaves being much more influential than the diapasons. *Eastern Hall* being a bad organ for several, how much better it would have been if Mr. Walker had put in a thirty-two feet diapason instead of so many fifty stops, seeing that the principal aim of the organ will be to back up the various and various, it being nearly impossible to get a sufficient number of reeds and metal pipes to keep together for that purpose.

Perhaps I may seize the opportunity of asking the committee of the Sacred Harmonic Society if they remember the performance by Mr. Adams, and that one on Friday next, as being one out of the number of concerts due to the subscribers for their annual subscription, because we have been two months without the performance of any concert.

I am, your obedient servant,

A SUBSCRIBER TO THE "SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY."

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—The reason for commending these delightful performances, "The Philharmonic Concerts," is chiefly appreciation, and a kindly feeling which I always have, and still do, cherish towards all who have in any way, or in any time, contributed to my amusement, pleasure or to him (through the medium of your journal) in the direction and execution of the present season, that, judging of the future by the past, it may be desirable for them to prepare themselves for the reception and collection of a portion of that personal opinion, that "Shaggy did" (as they have in the *Support Opera*) opinion, which certain persons, on former occasions, and of various times, have indulged in. Let us hope, however, that those days are past, and that brighter prospects are before us. May, notwithstanding the true remarks of those "Ireland Tinklers," who did claim my share, and who, very good-naturedly, take upon themselves the trouble to labour the question, I am, Mr. Editor, one of those able, able-minded, well-educated fellows who, according to the rules of our club, will do, and will, exercise the right which we possess as possessors of thinking and judging for ourselves, thereby securing much harmless gossip and rational amusement at the Philharmonic Concerts and other places where your double-columned columns would not do it. In fact, Sir, to tell you a secret (which you are at liberty to publish or, and in, the *Musical World*), I am decidedly of opinion that the Philharmonic Society has done more good in the cause of music generally than any similar institution that ever was established in this or perhaps any other country. Absolute proof of this is to be found weekly in the volumes of your own periodical publication. I believe to the extent which you, very properly, take of the numerous musical performances under the dignified title of "Philharmonic Concerts," at almost every year and city in the United Kingdom, all of which, I apprehend, emanated from the original and pure source in the metropolitan. The natural consequence is that all the best instrumental productions of the most celebrated composers are now before us familiar to professors and amateurs of the present day as the old masters of Bach and J.S.B. were half a century ago. If that be not doing good in the cause of music generally I do not know what it is.

I remember, in some old play or three, one of the actors (I think he presented an allusion) is made to say, "The man who invented us had thought of ending peace with most good (heaven) will of his country." Now, Sir, I will not venture to give an opinion on so delicate and important a subject. "It is certainly a matter of fact, and I shall leave it to the discretion of God and Shaggy, and the nation assembled round them at Guildhall at the next general court here." I shall, however, venture to say that the origin and progress of the Philharmonic Concerts deserve the thanks of every man who has "made it himself," and is capable of being "mixed with respect of our own words."

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

CHRISTOPHER CHRYSTIE.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—In the leading article of your last number you express your belief that satisfactory can be done at the concert of *Eastern Hall* and that even the richest interest in music. Now, I have had many opportunities of doing that respect to the musical capabilities of the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society, and I think I am justified in asserting that

by the legal propriety of the observation read the most difficult matter really a slight, and from my personal knowledge of many, I am led to believe that the majority are indebted for their knowledge mainly to self-observation.

Maying that for the honors of the above-mentioned very commendable society, you will accept the letter I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,
London, Feb. 24, 1846.

W. R. H.

MEDICAL INTELLIGENCE. FOREIGN.

PARIS.—The principal event has been Lablache's benefit at the Odéon, when Mozart's *Masque de Figure* was revived. The cast included Lablache, Figure, Tambourin, Gustaf Abraham, Guit, Suzanne, Perrinet, the Countess, and Albertine, the Page; so that it was the same as of her Majesty's Theatre. My opinion remains unchangeable, that Lablache alone understands Mozart, and has, moreover, the real inclination to sing the part. His "Non più tocca!" was enough to have called up Mozart from the grave. The "Bell'Arca" duo of Perrinet and Guit was especially done, except in the concluding cadenza, which was anybody's but Mozart's. The season is approaching its conclusion, but its future is enveloped in clouds, unless some more eligible locality is chosen for the Italian performances. As yet nothing has been done; and as M. Duchénil, the Minister of the Interior, is now out of office, there is a fair prospect of M. Visénot, the director, giving up the speculation in despair. We have had a new opera at the Comédie de Monsieur's, under the title of *Le Père de Sébastien*, the drama by M. M. Bayard and Saint Genès. It has made no sensation. I may say it is a failure. It is, nevertheless, not a bad libretto, treating of the education of an adopted child of a regiment, as he takes the gun to the French army, but Duchénil has too much to occupy himself, in writing four operas at one time, and his present work is therefore prolix and, with few redeeming successes, the most tedious of which was a waltz, or symphony, between the acts. A new singer came out in this opera, a Missa. Bughesi, who has made some noise in Italy. She has not realized the expectations conceived of her talents, but will be, nevertheless, a very useful soprano at the Opéra Comique, having some pretensions as an actress. Great hopes had been entertained of Maria, the new tenor in the opera, but he has by no means sustained his reputation. Altogether, *Le Père de Sébastien* is but an indifferent affair, of which, perhaps, I have already said more than it is worth. Auber has written a new opera for this theatre, of which *Conte Damoiseau* will be the heroine. We are glad to learn that she will not yet leave the stage, as threatened. Deshayes has another opera ready for this theatre, as also the *Prince de La Moskowa*. At the Renaissance, as the director has given his libretto brought against him by the Académie Royale for playing grand opera in defiance of the exclusive privilege of the latter, we are promised a brilliant campaign. Jules Bonaldi, the pianist and composer, has arrived here, and departs to-morrow for London, having concluded an arrangement for the production of a grand opera in July next, the prime drama of which will be our popular countrywoman, Madame Anna Tallon. M. Bonaldi's London engagements prevented him from bringing out this opera earlier, which we believe will be produced simultaneously in other theatres in Germany. An *opéra-comique* the *Bagarre*, with Perrot, the dancer, in a pantomime part, and his wife, Carlotta Gust, as prima donna, will be brought out at the Renaissance, where On Bell, the violinist, gives a second concert next Wednesday. At the Académie Royale de Musique, Guillaume Tell, the *Leu des Fies*, Robert the Devil, &c., contain the stock operas, with the graceful Fauny Schuler in the ballets of *Le Trouvère* and the *Opéra*, but she leaves the beginning of next month for London. Deshayes's opera of *St. Martyr* is in prospect of coming to Massé's libretto. We are promised the revival of Spontini's *Flauto*, and one of Gluck's immortal operas. Deshayes's highest promise new operas are *Amalthea* for the Comique, and *L'Espe de Nivern* for the Renaissance. Thibourg, the pianist, and De Bériot, the violinist, who are here, perform a tour in Germany. Litzl and Rorshahn, the pianists, are giving concerts here. Meyer-

best departs for Berlin soon. Nothing is said when and where his next opera is to be given. Henry Herz, pianist, and Cecily, violinist, have had two successful concerts at the splendid rooms of the former. Afternoon tea had a morning concert, which was successfully attended. Franz intends to have a wife, and Henry, the violinist, has given one, as also Fritz, the very fine violoncellist. Hansson and Artot, both violinists, are also in the list. I must not forget that the Falcon, the nightingale who lost her voice, intends to prove that it is recovered on the 23rd, at the Academie Royale, when, after two years' absence, she re-appears in some acts of the *Jeux et Hagners*. Rachel and Falcetta having both been "created" by her. Given several Partitas for her benefit, and Bellini's *Alcina* is to be revived for Rachel.—*Correspondent of the Morning Post.*

METROPOLITAN.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—In consequence of a wish made by his Serene Highness, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, to Lord Broughton, the pupae of the Royal Academy assembled in Hanover Square Rooms, on Saturday afternoon, when the following selection was performed:—

Oratorio by Verdi.....	Wife	Lord Broughton
Magnificat by Giovanni Battista Pergolesi.....	Wife	Lord Broughton
Idem— <i>Sancta, Sanctus, Benedictus</i>	Wife	Lord Broughton
Missa in F. 4a—Bach.....	Wife	Lord Broughton
<i>Sanctus, Gloria, Credo, Kyrie, and Willing</i>	Wife	Lord Broughton
Artistic— <i>Il canto del fante</i>	Wife	Lord Broughton
Oratorio: <i>Die Meistersinger</i>	Wife	Lord Broughton

The Serene Highness arrived about three o'clock, accompanied by several foreigners, among whom were the Russian and Spanish Charge d'Affaires, the Austrian Envoy, the Prussian Minister, the Saxon Minister; there were also present, besides a select number of the subscribers, &c., Earl Howe, Lord Broughton, Sir George Gaseley, W. Curtis, G. Clarke, J. Campbell, A. Bernard, Hon. M. Macdonald, the Countess of Jersey, Countess of Kilmorck, Dr J. and Lady A. Becken, Sir A. and Lady Dalrymple, Lady Curtis, Sir George Clerk, Dr. Elliot, &c. &c. Weber's overture was extremely well performed, and so was Lord Broughton's "Magnificat." There also were well sung by Miss Edwards, Miss Dolly, Nora, and Cecily, and the choir also went admirably. Miss Edwards gave "Non pro creata," with very great energy. Nora has given her a fine organ, but she is apt to force her upper notes, thus being injudicious, and very much detracts from the effect of her singing. When Miss Jones came forward to play the guitar, Lord Broughton introduced her to his Serene Highness, who, after she had played, spoke in the most flattering terms of her performance, and that of her colleagues. Moritz also attended his clever pupil, and at the conclusion his Highness complimented her, and expressed himself greatly pleased with the performance altogether, stating that it reminded him of the Vocal Academy at Berlin, which is considered one of the best in Europe. After Broughton's overture was played his Serene Highness wished to see the composer, whose name was acknowledged in Germany, but, unfortunately, Ernest was not present. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg expressed to Lord Broughton and the committee that the performance had far exceeded his most sanguine expectations, and that he considered the institution did a great honour to the country. Mr. F. Casner led the band, and Mr. Lucas conducted.

ILLUSTRATED LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION.—On Monday the 23rd instant a selection of music was performed in the Society's theatre. The principal vocalists were the Messrs S. and L. Pynn, Messrs. Pynn, Colson, and Turner. A quart, for the pianoforte and viola, was pleasingly executed by Miss Chapp and Mr. Wilby. Herr Lohel gave a solo on the violoncello with considerable effect, and the whole passed off to the satisfaction of an overflowing audience.

EASTERN LITERARY INSTITUTION, COMMERCIAL HALL.—The 23rd concert took place on Wednesday evening. Miss Dolly, Madame Stockhausen, and Mr. and Mrs. Brown were the vocalists.

shall intend with the rest of the organ, the effect of instrumentalism appeared to be softened. Considering that the expediency is given to music for Frequent efficiency, is reported in the name of vocal excellence and that the parts of *Alpine* and *Alma* (particularly the former) in that concerned opera, have killed organs of the very highest performance, it is an slight guess to say that the House Williams accepted themselves responsibly in the trying their beginning "Come to go." Three young ladies, as we said the first time we heard them, as of by more to deal than to subordinate. In the first, the plaintive and impassioned tones commencing "Kath' for love," was given with corresponding fervor and expression by Miss S. Williams; and many of the previous passages were appropriately rendered by her cousin, Miss M. Williams gave the marvellously effective line of resolution in Kaye's scene from the *Alpines*—"Noble language mine," in a style of brilliancy and refinement that delighted us,—and that seemed to attract herself, for her aria came off but languidly, and lacked the fire which indubitably marked the opening. Towards the end, however, she recovered her independence, and disposed of the concluding strains with as much playfulness, ease, and delivery, as discreetly showed repeated passages. Her sister sang a duet complete called a dramatic duet to be sung by her, far better than the last angry outburst of that regardful duet. Miss M. Williams' performance of Handel's aria from *Alcina* in *Alpine*—"Goddess mine" evoked the voluntary of a clever student in the recent advent of which she compares in confidence defined. The composition calculated to exhibit advantageously the flexibility and extent of her voice without unduly taxing it; and she did not fail to seize the opportunity to succeed, but the gem while crossing in the way, was the "cure" duet, "La pique." Nothing could exceed the consummate artistry still with which they managed their cadences and variations. The prolonged separate sets of the younger girl's lovely instrumental (that by no means newly) piece, resembling with the full sound of the older,—and both voices sustained in the intense heat of all voices united in their respective positions—formed "such dulcet and harmonious breath" such "lovely sweetness long drawn out," that the House in voluntary thought of the gods of which the *Duke* in *Twelfth Night* begged for music—"then unfolding, the appetite might strike, and so on." It was the perfection of sweet singing, and the concert as a whole it was regarded was far more creditable to the taste of the audience than a like treatment to the play "The world wants," she said her reputation of which will render the good government than for the good nature which she made it. The instrumental music consisted, in addition to what we have already mentioned, of two concertos—one by Beethoven, and one by Spohr, and a symphony of Beethoven—each and all of which were performed in a style it would not have diminished the fame of the *Academy* Concerts have equalled, and which evoked the interest, and those particularly its superior leader, Mr. Tordoff, in the exposed character of all the musical services of the *Ship* concerting. Mr. Tordoff introduced a programmatic concerto of his own, which was received very favorably, and would have met with still better approbation, but for its unaccountable length—indeed what such an audience should be subjected to. The composition is an elaborate one, of a pleasing, though not particularly striking character, and bearing many evidences, here and there, of the personality with which the recollections of the classic things of the older composer finished themselves upon Mr. Tordoff's memory, while engaged in the work of "creation." His *Contra* and *Flute* parts united in several places and occasional places, and their motions were loved, as they always are, particularly acceptable. "God save the Queen" was well sung at the termination of the concert, and the introduction was deemed remarkably well done by the audience, who cordially joined in the chorus.

CLARENDON.—The fourth concert of the Philharmonic Society, given in the Oxford Rooms Assembly Room, on Tuesday, the 11th of February, was numerously and respectably attended, and appeared to give very great satisfaction. We had heard to speak in the highest terms of the performance of the *Duo* Family, and this more so, because we unfortunately omitted all notice of the first concert, in which these eminent musicians also united. Mr. Dudgeon, we believe, is exactly the first, if not the first, performer in the history of the trumpet. We saw during many years a number of George the Fourth's band, and was principal trumpeter in her present Majesty's orchestra. Each of the young men is clever as a solo performer, and together they make a most delightful quartet. Their music is all Mr. Dudgeon's own composition, and of course adapted to the powers of the performers; and is executed, by the performers, to be of first-rate excellence in that respect. To us, who frankly confess we know little of the systems of counterpoint, or of the deep science of thorough bass, or the labyrinthine intricacies of fugue and canon—on us, the most respectable feature in their performance is the exquisite position of several they produce, that of the trumpet, in particular, is pure, liquid, and steady, as "love's tongue by night." It needs the imagination we receive in reading of the trump of the Archangel, or the passage in the Paraisiack, where the

lightings and dances are described as playing second hand, and when the wiles of the trumpet ceased longer and louder, from God speed! Indeed, an exception in the case of these performers, whether on trumpet, flute, horn, brasses, strings, or cellos, all of which were occasionally employed, that we duly may say, were those steady streams of music, to be otherwise than delighted with the more power and influence of sound. And when the pre-existent being is filled to good purpose, to good power, to sustained and other arts, resulting old associations, and young flesh in the play of job here it has sometimes of them, raised, presents a frequent treat, and the least, we're sure, the public really enjoyed. A group of musicians, musical art, &c.—would it not be wise of the conductor or leader, to sprinkle a rather larger proportion of these in the evening's entertainment? The labors of small towns have not the chance of being accompanied with open voice, and cannot in that rich choristic concerted phrase; and we are pretty sure to speak the language of satisfaction of those who usually attend these concerts, when we state that a few good songs or pieces of that character, with plenty of Scotch air, song or play, would give more delight than many of a learned, and therefore, in most, an unattainable character. The best of the society took a small share of the work of the evening. The two girls went off very agreeably, and decorations were pretty well played, although sometimes there was a confusion of names which we are scarcely sure is what is best by learning. This ought not to have occurred, and we think the teaching of the instruments ought not to have taken place in the room. We scarcely offer these hints in the spirit of kindness, and it is always more pleasing to us to point them to those, however slightly, who are deserving favor, to whom, both ourselves, leader, and members of the band, we think the public generally are largely indebted.

Stucco.—The Dutch ladies made their first appearance at our theatre on Monday evening the 17th instant, when their performances elicited universal approbation. Mrs. Deeds presided at the pianoforte. To execute the various pieces in private necessary Anna took back, it is certainly the best we ever heard; in the management of the logic Mr. Deeds is perfect, and the more rich, full, and uniform, which he produces from the trumpet, combined organ, &c. played "The British Band," in various styles, and the effect of "Oh no, we never married her," was exceedingly powerful. The greatest novelty perhaps was the performance of Mr. K. Deeds on his "patent walking stick," as he terms it, and entitled "The light of other days," from his own invention, was beautiful in the extreme. Several of the pieces were loudly applauded. The celebrated band of musicians appeared a second time at Wednesday evening, and upon so Friday last, the performances on the latter occasion were under the patronage of the Mayor of Newcastle, and it is intended to appropriate the proceeds to the fund for providing a clock for the Master Mariner's School, at Tyne-mouth.

Concerts.—The regular Subscription Balls will be resumed on Monday, and continue as heretofore every Monday evening through the remainder of the winter season.

The Annual Festival in honor of St. Dennis's Day will, this year, take place on Monday the 2nd of March, the anniversary day falling on the Sunday. The Committee who arrange and conduct the proceedings of the celebration in Charleston have determined upon doing together as in former years, the address and service of the participating churches as the more being, as usual, united in job them. The concert in the evening will consist of a selection of the most beautiful Welsh airs, performed as usual at these national meetings during the past two years, the accompanying anthems being the best we ever had conducted in Charleston. We shall doubtless next week be able to state into better particulars.

The Spring Band, consisting of bass, dulcimer, fife, and violoncello, will commence its performances at the Metropolitan Room on Monday evening, and thereafter continue to perform daily from eight to ten o'clock, and the usual of the full military band in May.

Benefit.—The fourth number of Chamber Concerts, given in this town by Mr. Young, commenced on Thursday the 20th instant. The audience were Mrs. Tredwin Miss Young, Messrs. Deeds, Young, and Wynn. Instrumentalists, Messrs. Young, J. Deeds, Deeds, H. J. Bennett, John Young, and F. Young, junr. With these unassisted limited resources in the orchestra, a most pleasing concert was afforded to an auditory composed of the elite of the society and neighborhood. The variety and variety of the selection was still creditable to the good taste and ingenuity of the projector. Mrs. Tredwin took the lead in the vocal department, her voice is of lower tone as of a rich quality; she sang "The Workman's Spring Song," by Southey, obtained no success. Two fragments of Instrumental Quatre, by Haydn and Beethoven, were listened to with an attention we think they would not have received ten years ago! By these instances the progress of public taste is strongly marked. Mr. Young played



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HIS MAJESTY'S MARRIAGE.

The **WEDDING** of His Majesty the Prince of Wales, at Windsor, on the 10th of July, 1841, is published in a
 complete and illustrated edition by the
 London and Westminster Printing and
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THE NEW SONGS and BALLADS.

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SABBATH EVENINGS.

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ITALIAN, GERMAN, FRENCH,

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AND RUSSIAN OPERAS, &c.

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AND THE NEW PATENT IMPROVED

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BEETTER & COMPANY, No. 1, New Grand-street, Portland Place, London. The illustrations are arranged by C. W. Gilbert, Esq., and the text is written by the Rev. Canon of Windsor, with the sanction of His Majesty the Prince of Wales, and the Rev. Canon of Windsor, by J. W. Walker, Esq., The General Printing Office, No. 1, New Grand-street, Portland Place, London.

THE
MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF
ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,
AND WEEKLY RECORD OF
Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

"*Il più grande dipinto è nel dipinto,
non dipinto in un bello libro.*"

PLAT. Phaedr. sec. 267d.

Made in a scolding review and accepted,
as all-gracious and a God-like thing.

MAR. 2, 1861.

No. CCVII.—New Series, No. CCIV.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

His Majesty's Theatre opened for the season on Tuesday evening, with Donizetti's much-talked-of *Torquato Tasso*. Our opinion of Donizetti is in no degree altered by this new specimen of his power. His music is just as pretty and as meaningless as ever. No one knows better than he the taste of the people for whose amusement he writes; he has an abundance of sprightly fancy at his fingers' ends—he is thoroughly master of modern orchestral trickery, and is so thoroughly familiar with the mechanics of broad and startling effects. One insurmountable barrier, however, stands between him and the art of great dramatic composition—he is absolutely without heart. The gust of selfish thought which, for a moment, he sometimes assumes—the affectation of melancholy occasionally thrust on him by the feeling of his subject, is evidently at war with his nature, and escaping from its trammels delightedly, like an archer from his trap, he quickly don his native character—a kind of vocal *bravo*—an insatiable voracity of waltzes, galops, dromes, trombones—and farças. The dramatist of *Torquato Tasso* has certainly not himself performed his office: he has taken but little from the heavily-chaptered life of the Italian poet. From a history as full of romantic incident as, perhaps, any record of actual existence, Tasso's life-stories passed for the *Duchess of Ferrara*, his imprisonment by her brother, and his triumphant liberation, are alone included in the action of the drama; but even these materials, few and meagre though they be, have proved an over-match for Donizetti's power of corruption. His dominant vice—his utter insensibility to the object of dramatic music, as his power of expression—shows itself over the

entire surface of the opera. Once or twice, only, we could detect an inclination to associate his mood with the situations of his drama.—Thus, many portions of the scenes between Thén and the Duchess are vigorously and effectively wrought, and the celebrated introduction to the third act is infused with an almost poetic spirit of melancholy, although its effect rests rather on the possibility of its instrumentation than on any abstract quality of the music. In noting examples of a contrary tendency, we could scarcely mis-quote from any scene in the opera. As a great instance, we cannot forget reference to the *flash* of the second act, the last movement of which—in the midst of rage, love, despair, resentment and fantasy reasonable—will tempt Mozart to the perpetration of one of his spanglest grotesques, or we gravely misquote—and as less obvious cases, may be mentioned the prefigurement of one of Thén's moonlight serenes by the apocryphous blarneying of treachery; the second movement of the song, "In l'aria," in which the Duchess declares her willingness to purchase Thén at the price of all kinds of torment and deprivations, threats and dangers, included,—the air, meanwhile, being of the most unutterably martial description; and the closing scene of the opera, in which,—for whose ending equally between the poet and the composer—Thén sings, in one air, his long incarceration and its cause, his love and the death of his mistress, and most exultingly anticipates his Roman triumph and his laurel crown. To all such objections Donizetti may plead that his prices, the public, would not tolerate music which should truthfully depict the situations of a serious drama: it may be so, but we nevertheless think it advisable, rather than trample down the first principles of art, to abandon the composition of tragic opera altogether, or, at least, postpone it until general taste be cultivated to the mark of its just appreciation.

A Mlle. De Vassy, from Paris, made a *débüt* in the character of Elvira. Her voice is of extensive compass with the ordinary French quality—this not extremely agreeable, and her singing between good, but not completed, discipline. Neither her execution nor style is thoroughly polished, and we could discover no marked trait of genuine musical feeling. For a time, but only for a time, can she rank as prima donna of our Italian theatre. Signor Colchi, who sustained the character of Thén, is a singer of first-rate merit. The quality of his voice, though of much greater power, strongly resembles that of Tamburini, and his singing throughout the opera displayed intensity, pathos, ardour, and, without, perfection of taste as to ornament in a degree which we rarely hear from singers of the modern Traviata school. He was rapturously and deservedly applauded, and called on the stage after the fall of the curtain. A tenor-singer, also a stranger—Signor Niccolò—proved a very agreeable and efficient representative of Silvio. Cavallini.

The theatre was extremely full, scarcely a seat appearing unoccupied.

ROYAL VISIT TO THE THEATRES

On Wednesday night, the 28th ult., Barrot's fine opera of the *Montain Sylak*, and Kenny's concert and dramatic force of *Flaming the Wind*, were performed at Drury-lane Theatre by command of Her Majesty, who went thither in state with H. R. H. Prince Albert. The royal suite filled nine carriages, and was escorted by a large party of the Lincolnsfield troops.

The manager Mr. Hammond, with Lord Ullingford and several members of the Committee, received her Majesty and Prince Albert at the royal entrance, and presented the royal party with wine lights to the royal box. Her Majesty and Prince Albert were received with the most enthusiastic cheering, which the royal pair acknowledged by bowing graciously and repeatedly, after which, "God save the Queen" was sung on the stage by the principal singers and full chorus. The following two verses, of the most approved doggerel, were added, we suppose, by way of compliment on the happy occasion.

"Welcome to Alfred's wife,
Prince, who as Victoria's bride
Let us be the more!
Woe to the soul of France,
Alfred, long shall thy name,
Renowned, and country show
With England's name!"

"Oh, Lord! her consort bless,
Great love is between
With her to reign—
In virtue great and strong
May Alfred's name be long
The theme of Britain's song—
God save the Queen!"

After the Anthem the opera was resolutely commenced, and apparently afforded the most entire satisfaction to the royal visitors. After the opera "*Rule Britannia*" was called for, which was executed very finely. Among the *Ward* followed, the broad humor and irreverently ludicrous situations in which have long been represented with fair comic license and spry vivacity, quoted plentiful bursts of laughter from all the royal party, who quitted the theatre about a quarter-past eleven—the ladies and close-packed audience joining in prolonged and enthusiastic cheering.

On the Friday following, the royal party visited the same state Covent-garden Theatre, her Majesty having, with admirable taste, selected for representation Sheridan Knowles's exquisite play of *Lion*.

Her Majesty and Prince Albert were received by Mr. G. Mathews and Mr. Bartley, who attended them to their box, the front of which they immediately approached, and were received with the deafening plaudits of a densely-gathered house. At the rise of the curtain, "God save the Queen" was sung with prodigious effect by the whole company, the talented lower herself, with admirable good taste, singing the additional complimentary strains in honour of Prince Albert, and which stands in fine contrast to the transparent additional verses we have just quoted as being sung at Drury-lane.

"Oh, Lord! Thy Message shed
On royal Alfred's head!
God save the Prince!
Hear, Lord! a nation's voice!
Long to their sovereign's choice
Thy England's name rejoice!
God save the Prince!"

Her Majesty appeared to be deeply interested throughout the play. She con-

loosely addressed the prince, and seemed greatly reluctant that he should enjoy the performance as much as herself.

After the play, "Raid Britannia" was admirably sung by the whole company and wonderfully enjoyed. The barlets of Fuster across Chester followed, and excited continued merriment among the royal party. The National Anthem was then again sung, on each occasion the effect being heightened to the audience by the lighting of vast magnificence star of sparkling brilliancy which lights up the name of "Victoria," is the motto of the Firmament Isles, and by the hovering over the assembled company of those "infernal angel spaces" who bear the ancestral banners of her Majesty and Prince Albert.

HOW SWEETLY! HOW GENTLY! SOFT MUSIC NOW IS STEALING!

(Adapted to Weber's Last Waltz.)

How sweetly! how gently! soft music now is stealing!

How lightly the melody floats o'er my ear!
While waking to life again, springs every feeling,

With hopes that have slumber'd for many a year.

Oh, welcome melody, oft let me hear thy strains,

To thy delight numbers oft let me hear again.

How sweetly! how gently! our sleep brings around us

The green fields we've wandered through in life's passing day,
Our playmates light and all our early games surround us,

Once more we see their smiles, once more behold their play.

Oh, welcome melody! still bring me back again

To childhood's days and to my native plain.

R. S.

RECENT MUSICAL DRAMAS.

We know ourselves to be in arrears to our readers for accounts of several grand performances at the large theatres, and we are now intent paying off the debt.

That successful cultivator and manufacturer of musical dramas, Mr. Planché, produced, at Covent Garden Theatre, a grand allegorical and colossal masque, in honour of her Majesty's sceptre, accompanied by music, by Bishop, every part of which, both original and selected, truth obliges us to say, was commonplace to a degree. The eminent composer should be more careful of the high reputation he has so justly acquired, than to sacrifice the excellence of his pieces to demands so contradictory that the harmonies of the suspension divide the sound with the vapours on the stage.

The scenic effects in this drama were of the most imposing description, and consisted of a series of tableaux illustrative of the most important events recorded in the History of England. It is entitled "The Firmament Isles, or, the Triumph of Britannia," and, although intended only to answer an ephemeral occasion, its facility in point of costume, and its potential maintenance, will keep it long upon the stage, which answers one of its back and noisiest purposes, when it becomes the illustrator of history.

A party of a similar nature, bearing the very descriptive title of *its Britannic Isles Tributary to Honour of her Majesty's Majesty* was produced at Drury-lane with music by Mr. Mackenzie, some of which was stately, spirited, and effective. The drama itself was a heterogeneous mass of unassociated absurdities, and was especially received and speedily wither'd.

At Drury-lane has also been produced an adaptation of Southey's light and pleasing comic opera, *Le Nouveau Seigneur de Village*, called *My Lord is not my Lord*. From what we remember of the original, the translator seems to have performed his task very broad indeed. The music is throughout graceful and

agreed, without pretending to a very high order of merit. It was well and correctly sung by Mrs. Allan Croft and Mr. H. Phillips, who sustained the principal characters, still the opera was not successful. Whether this is to be attributed to the flimsy nature of the texture—for nothing can be more simple than the plot—or to its being produced on a stage where not a single novelty seems destined to take deep root, we cannot conjecture. The subject is said to be Mr. Ephraim Lacy, and, if so, he certainly has not shown his usual skill in the lyrical portion: some of the recitatives being lamentably feeble and indistinct.

By what "mighty eagle" that slow, quiet, well-behaved, elderly gentleman, Mr. Jolly, who styles himself a composer of music, beguiled that fair dame, Madame Vestris, into the performance of a very full and lengthy opera, bearing the true White-bag title of *Stalot, or the King's Progress*, we leave to wiser heads than our's to determine.

To attempt to sit down grandly and detail its merits and defects is wholly out of the question, as from the first line to the last it most fearfully sets all criticism, sacred or otherwise, at complete defiance. If our readers can imagine an unbroken series of scraps of most commonplace size that have inundated the ears of her Majesty's stages for the last half century, they can have an idea of the methodless tempest the audience were invited to peruse of. The vocalists, every one, did their duty nobly, for they sang every note of it just as it stood. Miss Kaufarth's part was long, wearisome, and difficult, but she bore up against it manfully, and both sang and acted spiritedly to the close. Mr. Harrison, by his remarkable distinction of intonation and unaffected simplicity of style, gained an score in a song, which was a most delicious piece of nonsense concerning a flower that first of all grew on a mountain, and was subsequently transplanted to a fashionable drawing-room, and then made

"A rich estate in fashion's woman's gown."

which the singer regretted in the true style of *Minerva*-poes poetry.

The *Stalot*, which is from the pen of a Mr. Reynolds, who, some years back, acquired considerable celebrity at Covent-garden Theatre and in the provinces as a humorist, is certainly quite in harmony with the music, and they fight along very comfortably together. The plot of the opera seemed to be constructed on the good old plan in vogue about fifty years ago. Whether the *King's Progress* is a French translation or not, the author is likely to be the best judge. We have very patriotic readers, most sincerely hope, for the credit of our own country, that it is.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

" [We most heartily agree in the remarks of our correspondents, and trust that something may be done ere long to remedy the evils so justly complained of.—Ed. M. W.]

To the Editor of the *Music World*.

Sir,—As the Opera season is now about to commence, it is the propriety to call the attention of the subscribers of that establishment to the numerous abuses and inconveniences which exist at present to the great detriment of the public, who are led to it each liberal patronage. The first and most crying evil is the present manner of admission to the pit. One hour before the doors open you may see hundreds of well-dressed and highly respectable persons, many of whom are ladies in evening dress, waiting at the door in the Haymarket, without any adequate protection from the weather, and, indeed, with hardly room to stand, some being in the kennel. Now when you consider that every person so treated has paid the sum of eight shillings and expensed for his evening's entertainment, it may be obvious to you that John Bull, besides being gulled out of his money by the extent of one hundred per cent, more than would serve to procure a handsome profit, is severely treated by him with the greatest possible disregard and consideration. Surely Mr. Laporte must have been told that many respectable persons decline attending the Opera on account of this inconvenience; and if he has heard this, can he not see how

probable to himself, beyond all doubt, would be the treatment of a few pounds for the comfort of his patients. Then, again, the positive benefit of putting his own *Chloro-Couch* as we are intimated on the front (arches) into the pit, in the nature of half-killing it, before the public generally was admitted! If such a thing were attempted at Grand Garden or Drury Lane, the house would be demolished by the justly angry public. I do cordially hope for some such demonstration at Her Majesty's Theatre. I am often driven up into the gallery for want of room below, and then if I get into the slips, I have no less than just level with my eyes, compelling me to stoop or sit like a prisoner-guard. Ho, Mr. Pagan, whatever your name may be, you stage manager, do have that bar taken away. People will never be tempted to come to the Opera House to commit sin, either, so long as the Managers, and what other see it can be I know not.

Health, Dr. Versey was never at the "Archives People," as the puff bills state, nor is M. K. what the manager would have us believe, but lately had honor of the "Bazaarers" at Paris. I am, your obedient servant,

A. FITZEE.

While writing the above, I have noticed that the German company, whose arrival in this country will gladden the hearts of all lovers of music, are going to form all the pit of St. James's Theatre into stalls, and the boxes into private boxes. I suppose from this that one of the remaining chances yet to go in the gallery. If such be the case, I sincerely hope that the speculation will ruin all concerned in it. I know it is wrong to say so, but my indignation rises strongly at such exclusive preferences given to fashionable circles.

To the Editor of the Medical World.

Sir,—I am very glad to be obliged to open all the ingenious speculations of Mr. Cliphart and others with regard to the state of "Rich water Denture," and as I consider my pen to be perfectly conclusive, I hope no more will be written on the subject. "Denture" was composed before the battle of Agincourt! Falsi Shakespeare's play of Henry the Fifth at the end of the fourth act, where the King says—

—————"Do we all truly rise,
Let there be nothing but truth."

I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

SOLOMON SHERBEE.

MEDICAL INTELLIGENCE.
METROPOLITAN.

CITY GRAMMER CONCERTS.—The third concert of the series took place at the London Tavern last night, when the following selection was performed:—

PART I.	
Violins—No. 20, Two Violins, Viola, Violoncello, and Double Bass	Organ
Contra-Alto in F major, Op. 24, by Franz Schubert	Organ
Violins—No. 20, Two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello	Organ
PART II.	
Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, Op. 24, by Franz Schubert	Organ
Contra-Alto in F major, Op. 24, by Franz Schubert	Organ
Violins—No. 20, Two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello	Organ

The vocal music was accompanied by Mr. T. H. Lewis, and the whole performance reflected the highest credit on all parties.

Messes. BLISSARD, GUYON, DUBOIS AND LUCAS gave their second quartet concert, at the Grosvenor square Rooms, on Thursday evening last, when the following classical selection was performed:—

PART I.	
Violins in G Major, Op. 20, by Two Violins, Viola and Violoncello	Organ
Contra-Alto in F Major, Op. 24, by Franz Schubert	Organ
Violins in F Major, Op. 24, by Two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello	Organ
PART II.	
Violins in E Flat Major, by Violoncello, Bassoon, and Viola	Organ
Contra-Alto in F Major, Op. 24, by Franz Schubert	Organ
Violins in F Major, Op. 24, by Two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello	Organ

The Duke of Cambridge was present, and appeared highly to enjoy the per-

Reverend, if we may judge from the enthusiasm frequently displayed by his Royal Highness during the evening, viz., however, which he would not be quite so fervid in his admiration, especially during piano passages. Williams and Denton played most respectably in Mozart's charming trio, and we could have wished that the time which elapsed after its performance, in consequence of the non-arrival of Miss Raskin, who was engaged elsewhere, had been occupied in its repetition. The vocal parts of the second part were performed after Berthouze's Quintet, and the audience, very judiciously, stayed to hear them; it is, however, too bad for young ladies to accept engagements which they cannot keep in a proper manner; this is a growing evil at concerts, and which, therefore, cannot be too severely condemned.

ANCIENT CONCERTS.—As far as regards the attendance at the Ancient Concerts, this season promises to prove a most brilliant one, for on Wednesday evening next, being the first performance, Her Majesty and Prince Albert will be present; also the Queen Dowager, and, of course, a very numerous assemblage of rank and distinction. The Duke of Cambridge, director of the evening, has engaged Madame Casadei Alani, Mrs. Beck, Mrs. Follen (late E. Curri), Messrs. Hobbs, Hawkins, Harrison, Martin, and Phillips. Sir George Smart, the conductor, is preparing, in conjunction with the royal director, a selection of sparkling compositions, several of which will be new to the subscribers, although they have stood the test of many years among connoisseurs of the old master's writings. The band will be led by Mr. F. Cross.

THE MIZOCORES.—The second meeting of the Melodists' Club was held on Thursday last, on which occasion several fine pieces were well sung, also songs by Briton, Handel, Gear, and Perry junior. Mr. Williams played fantasia on the clavichord and cornc-harmonia, accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. T. Cooke, in a masterly manner. Mr. J. B. Christian gave a most brilliant solo on the harp, which elicited the loudest applause; and Mr. G. Raskin played Thalberg's Rhapsody on the pianoforte exceedingly well.

St. David's Day.—This is a most interesting day to Welshmen, who assemble in thousands to do honor to their native land, and to enjoy the national melodies of their country. On Monday evening of 1860 Cheshamians met in the Townsham's Hall, the Duke of Cambridge in the chair, supported by many noblemen and others connected with the Principality. After dinner, Grace was sung in the Welsh language, adapted to a very ancient air harmonized by Madame Casadei and Sorrows, Messrs. Bellamy, Collyer, Handel, Gear, Fitzwilliam, Collins, Richards, Perry, and Perry, jun., who sang also, in the course of the evening, the fine air of "The story of the Lamb." "Of noble race was Skerkin," "An hyl y nos," "The evening sun," &c. &c. A portion of the children belonging to the Welsh Charity School (of whom there are 118 boys and 60 girls) sang an ode, written by Mrs. C. B. Wilson, and adapted to a Welsh melody, which was received. Mr. Perry, jun. sang "The Maid of Llan-gollen," which was received, and Mr. Frouzham was rapturously received on the national song of "St. David's Day." The following stanza, written for the occasion by Mr. Perry, was handsomely chanted,—

An English Prince the motto took
To cherish the dragon's brood,
Succeeded by old Geoffrey's brood,
O'er my Henry's throne,
And here mine loyal guards,
Oh! let us loudly praise,
That we may tell a Prince of Wales
On our St. David's Day!

A request was made to the memory of the late Sir W. W. Wynne, who had been president of the Society, and a magnificent wreath to its limits for about forty years. The company stood up during the performance, and the effect made a deep impression on all present, particularly among the ladies in the galleries, who dropped a tear to the memory of departed worth. Mr. Perry performed a fantasia on the symphonica, accompanied on the harp by his son, which was received; when he introduced his own popular air of "Glebe Hill," better known

as "Jenny Jones," which was loudly applauded. We are happy to add that the subscriptions amounted to the very large sum of £1000, and upwards, for the benefit of the Welsh Charity School, in Gray's Inn Road. This was the 150th anniversary of the Society.

CHURCH HARMONISTS.—The 5th meeting of this society took place at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate-street, on Monday last. Miss Woodjatt, Miss Cole, Miss Dolby, and Messrs. Novello and Bennett were the solo singers. The programme consisted of the following classical compositions:—

PART I.

Mass in G.
 Gloria—In F.
 Kyrie—In G.
 Benedictus—In G.
 Agnus Dei—In G.

Soprano—
 Bennett
 Alto—
 Bennett
 Tenor—
 Bennett
 Bass—
 Bennett

PART II.

Motets—In F.
 The Rose of Sharon
 The Rose of Sharon
 The Rose of Sharon
 The Rose of Sharon
 The Rose of Sharon
 The Rose of Sharon
 The Rose of Sharon
 The Rose of Sharon
 The Rose of Sharon

Woods, solo.
 Dolby
 Bennett
 Bennett
 Bennett
 Bennett
 Bennett
 Bennett
 Bennett
 Bennett

Bethoven's mass was very finely performed, with the exception of the basses part, which was, at times, very faulty, owing to the incorrectness of the copy; several bars not being marked, and the tenor staff not being constructed by the bass, when the change took place. This is very noticeable, especially in an English printed edition. Mozart's motet, "No Fear," went off admirably. We were much pleased with Miss Woodjatt's singing in Vogler's "Laudate." It has an oblique organ accompaniment, in a very bold style, which was nicely executed by Mr. G. Cooper. Bennett's psalm, "Quod in Orbe," elevated us—at least with such persons. The addition of the trumpet and trombone pleased us very much, and we are rather surprised that the conductor should have omitted them. A waltz and song, with a chorus, from Mozart's concert, "The Triumph of Faith," finished the first part; it could have been well dispensed with altogether. We were not at all satisfied with the composition; it appeared to us very common place, perhaps this was owing to our having heard Mozart and Bennett just before. Woods' fine madrigal, "In pride of May," opened the second part; its performance gave general satisfaction. Woods' entrance to "Karymba" was finely performed, and was repeated. Mr. Bennett sang the Gay song—song, "Fair vagabond," and we, "Viva va etc." with great feeling; and after this came, "Alfion gli verini," quartet and chorus, from the same opera. Miss Dolby took the solo part and sang it delightfully, but the compass of her voice not allowing her to reach the upper A—A sharp, and B, neither injured the effect by taking those notes an octave lower; but the change of style of her singing drew both the applause of the whole audience. Upon this repetition Miss Cole took the solo part, and sang up to the B natural in the same style. The company were united in applauding her, and we imagined it was going to be performed a third time. Miss Cole appeared to be labouring under indisposition, which was the cause of her requesting Miss Dolby to assist her by taking the solo part; but, by the permission of Mr. Bennett, she continued to sing the upper part upon its being repeated. It is not justice to say the singing of both ladies was highly satisfactory. Mr. Novello sang Mozart's fine song, "Monte ti lucio," with great simplicity and truth. The "Power of Song," by Rosenberg, is a fine composition, and sings well in the English words, adapted by Mr. Bennett. It was our first time of hearing it, and we think the whole band did their utmost to make it go well. The bar song, "Ah Pado," ought to have taken precedence of Rosenberg's Ode, so as to have kept all the Italian music together. Miss Dolby sang it with great feeling, and her clarity of style and purity of intonation, we think quite equal to Mrs. Shaw's. Beethoven's March and Chorus from "The Ruins of Athens," finished the evening's performance.

S. CAROL HARMONIC SOCIETY.—The Anthem performance was repeated on Fri.

day evening. The solo parts were sung by Madame Stockhausen, Miss Lacombe, Misses Coward and Stevens, Messrs. Lofler, Young, and Hobbs. The chief feature in the programme was Parrell's "Opus decimo," which was exceedingly well sung by Messrs. Coward and Stevens, Hobbs, Young and Lofler. The effect of the chorus, which was considerably increased, compared with the ordinary meetings of the society, was magnificent, it was, however to be regretted that such arrangements as that of the hundredth Psalm and St. Matthew's tone were not adopted, and some of Parrell's fine anthems performed as their stead. The programme was handsomely sung; it should have been conducted in a given well acquainted with the compositions of Parrell and other writers of the catholic school. The Hall was, as usual, crowded.

PROVINCIAL.

(This department of the Musical World is compiled and arranged from the provincial press, and from the journals of our country correspondents. The names of the G. M. and numbers of a volume which may contain it appear in any number, beyond what their several dignities is appended to.)

BRISTOL MUSICAL SOCIETY.—On Wednesday evening, the 13th ult., the Society held their last meeting for the season at the Royal Gloucester Hall, Clifton, which will be regretted by all who had the pleasure of hearing the delightful harmony produced by the voices of no less than forty highly accomplished singers. About 400 visitors were present, and the great applause which the performances elicited throughout the evening sufficiently manifested the high estimation in which this description of vocal music is held by the British public. The following beautiful compositions were sung in the order in which we have placed them.

PART I.

The Holy Ghost
 When all men
 How fast I can you find
 Jesus, my friend
 How I loved you
 Love and good will, the best
 No sin, of which there
 How long, how long, how long
 How rarely

Wills, 1843.
 Gurney, 1843
 Ford, 1843
 Parrell, 1843
 Stevens, 1843
 Gurney, 1843
 Briggs, 1843
 Wills, 1843

PART II.

Queen of the World
 How good my Father's Name
 How, O how, how, O how, how
 In His name we have labour'd
 There is a Holy Spirit
 How glorious
 Drive in a driving rain
 How and how long
 The World

Mason
 Wills, 1843
 Howland, 1843
 Wray, 1843
 Ford, 1843
 Wills, 1843
 Ross, 1843
 South, 1843

We can venture to pronounce, on the numerous authority obtained by many of our select concert, that the music was well performed, and fully enjoyed. The "New Hallelujah" is a beautiful one, and delightfully harmonized by Mr. Parrell (a member of the Madrigal Society), it is deservedly a very great favourite, and was not only enjoyed, but its repetition was again requested at the latter part of the evening. The Society has received an addition of several new members to the number of its writers, and now consists of a very numerous choir. In particular, we, under the auspicious patronage of its able musical director, Mr. Cook, it has already been held to advance, and we think we do not run in explication too highly, when we say that it has not its rival in the kingdom.

Exhibition.—**Mr. Sturgeon's Organ.**—The concert, which consisted of selections from the Messiah, Haydn's Creation, Mozart's Requiem, &c. took place at the Assembly Rooms on Thursday evening last. The room, though not crowded, was respectably filled. There was only one change in the course of the evening, and that was a chorus in the first part. The first part consisted entirely of addresses from the Messiah. In both the lecture and the musical symphony, and indeed throughout the whole performance, we noticed a marked improvement in the audience, evincing the effect of the proceedings for The Pennsylvania and Musical Concerts. The piece "I love that my Redeemer's Death" was splendidly sung by Miss Smith. In the second part, the Requiem from Handel's *Jephtha*, of "Deeper and deeper still," was given with great effect by Mr. Sturgeon; and Handel's duet, "Qualificatio," was very sweetly sung by the Messrs. South. Mrs. Cooper sang "The Shepherds watch" very pleasingly.

The first of "Angels and Saints" was a perfect gem. The celebrated singer from Boston's *Walden*, of "Dall in Berlin" was very well sung by the Messrs Smith, Stewart, and Schwartz, and was, in our opinion, the second best piece of the evening.

Drama.—The *grand* of the week at South-street was the complete and successful success of the English version of the "Betrothment," which was, with creditless thanks, commanded by the Countess of Londborough on Thursday night. Madame Patti's performance was all that could be desired, with beauty and effect. Both Mrs. Weston and Mrs. Thomas, and Mr. Francis, the new actor, sang some of the songs tenderly and glowingly. Mr. Knickerbocker, who did not arrive at the theatre until eight o'clock, was received in his room with great cheer, and both there, and previous to his departure, the popular audience was won by the strength of the company.

REMARKS.—The third concert of the Selective Professions Society took place at the Academy Rooms on Thursday evening last. The audience was more numerous even than on the last occasion, there being more than 200 persons present—and we had with renewed satisfaction the individual success which has crowned the operations of the Society in establishing what may, with great justice, be termed an academy of music in this city. The pieces performed by the band were "Mozart's Symphony, No. 1," and the cantatas to *St. Barbara at Aleppo*, *Spain*, and *The Fishes*. The Symphony was most elegantly and successfully executed, and the delicious slow movement afforded an opportunity of estimating the great improvement of the orchestra. The light and sparkling services by Knickerbocker raised the applause and performance to a justly deserved—and Knickerbocker's exertions to support them only displayed the power and skill of the orchestra. The *Spiders Cantata*, by Wilson, introducing the national anthem, was most appropriately introduced, in honour of her Majesty's marriage, and, whether owing to the facility of the performers, or to display the skill with which they could sustain the difficulties of the composition, the audience expressed the utmost in spirit and sentiment without. A solo of *De Barthe's* was played by Mr. W. Curran, and he again gave us proof of his great abilities. Duets and trios of some varieties with great power and execution, were the characteristic of the performance, and the pieces of the celebrated composer appeared to be fully appreciated by the talented performers. Corelli's celebrated *Six Sonatas* was performed as a duet, on the violinello and double bass, by Mr. W. L. Phillips and Mr. Curran, with a loud burst of applause in a hearty chorus. In the vocal department, the society rendered their taste and judgment by the engagement of Miss Collet, who sang "Baron O'Gard," "With Verdure clad," a German song, "The Forest is my Heart," and a ballad by Doctor. The vocal power of the young lady was of a very high order; and her selection of songs was such as to afford full scope for the display of her voice. Handel's exquisite song from *Israel* was most skilfully executed. The German song earned a deserving success, and the singing of Mr. Curran's voice in the delightful accompaniment heightened the effect of his own powerful and refreshing performance. The ballad by Helen, "The Swan for Nations of the Alps in Spring," in which Miss Collet accompanied herself on the piano-forte, was repeated to the delight of the audience. We cannot conclude without noticing as a source of deserved appreciation the delightful manner in which the girls, "The Lively Sale of Biscuits," and the two, "The Coffee," were sung by Messrs J. Richardson and Thomas, and Messrs. Harding and Ingram. The whole was conducted by Mr. W. G. Cook with his customary ability. The gentleman's various graphic accompaniments displayed the taste and talent of the master hand, that has usually contributed to the greatest successful success in success in which the objects of the Society have succeeded.

REMARKS.—The concert which took place at the Theatre Royal on Thursday the 11th ult., was in aid of the fund now amounting to near a sum of £1000 for the Dispensary, Infirmary, and Nurses Hospital on this ward, to be added to £1000, which will, in case that was desired, be given by the Town Council. The profits arising from the concert we fear will prove but small, unless, indeed, more tokens were produced than were represented at the theatre. The house was but thin, the pit almost empty, and the upper boxes occupied very few. The audience were of a light and agreeable cast, and a slight addition was made to the orchestra, through the kindness of Signor Gelli's Express, who offered his services gratis to perform a day in conjunction with the Lady. The opening piece was *Knickerbocker's* *See you in Florida*, in the arrangement of which Mr. Lind distinguished himself greatly by his admirable performance on the violinello. Mr. Brown, the talented tenor, has succeeded in getting his head into an excellent state of discipline. They executed this beautiful composition with great precision and effect. Once, indeed, some errors occurred, but slightly out of time but he was quickly brought into order, and the piece was finished successfully. The opening piece, "Sleep, gentle lady," was sung very pleasingly by Miss Moore, Mr. Dobb, Mr.

Street, and a professor whose name is left blank Gilbert's name." All worldly things," he was given by Mr. Bennett, in a style that excited both assumed approval. Miss Harris sang a very delightful ballad of her own composition, entitled "I'll speak to thee—'Till love shall see," accompanying herself on the piano-forte. The fine voice of this lady was in excellent order, and she acquitted herself throughout the evening admirably. Her performance throughout the evening gave greater satisfaction than Miss Christiana Wyler's harp on the piano-forte. She concluded by delighting the military by her neat and stylish execution, and concluded by accompanying them by her singing and piano. Miss White's very beautiful aria, "Come il padre ch'è in pace" with wild accompaniment. The first of the performance was famous of expression. We have but space to say, that several very sweet English ballads were well given, in the second part, by Miss Harris, Miss Wignall, and Mr. Dodd; that the first scene afforded to our party mounted by Signor Carlo Rognoni and Mr. Lohel, and that an old favourite, "Nathan wa di qua," was sung with proper feeling and success by Miss Harris, Mr. Bennett, and Mr. Todd.

PROGRAMME.—(Fremont Harmon Society's First Concert.)—We have to offer to the lovers of music in this city and the neighborhood, our warmest congratulations on the debut of the above new society, which took place on Tuesday last, in the well-lighted room of the Natural History Society. The selection presented the following eight excellent subjects under the performance:—

PART I.

Overture
March— <i>Cherchez le Bon</i>	} Palatine Club.
March—the City of Rome	
Waltz— <i>Ye Singers Sing</i>	
Quadrille— <i>Happy Day</i>	
Violin and Violoncello— <i>The Mountain View</i>	} Duo. Mr. & Mrs. J. Dodd.
Old Minstrel's Air, and Overture to <i>Barbelle</i> (18th Nov)	
Adieu—I see you	

PART II.

Overture
March— <i>Cherchez le Bon</i>	} French Quartet.
March—the City of Rome	
Waltz and Minstrel's Air— <i>The Mountain View</i>	} Duo. Mr. & Mrs. J. Dodd.
March—the Old Minstrel	
March— <i>Ye Singers Sing</i>	} Almost Solo.
March— <i>I see you</i>	
Grand Overture— <i>Barbelle</i>

The Society, not possessing the original score of the overture in Palatine, an arrangement had been prepared for the band by Mr. Rogers, the Director, and it was admirably in the performance. The first movement, in its style, brings to mind the magnificent efforts of Meyer's *Clara*, and put us heart with exactly an inferior sense of admiration. The three topics of the second movement was ingeniously well led by Mr. James Dillard, with the several stanzas, the time being fairly counted, and the most exact execution done to the subject. In the whole wherein the playing was generally good, but would have been better with some of the wind instruments more vibrant occasionally, and more care devoted to the execution. The opening chorus struck the audience powerfully by the contrast with which it was sung, all its beautiful ornaments of light and shade being maintained. Mr. Lohel did himself much credit in "Ye Garden Song." In the rehearsal he showed disposition to raise a little more of the sparkling execution, combined with the sustained tone necessary to benefit. "O happy men," again brought back the preliminary power of the choir's body. The debt owing to the chorus from the *Overture* was given by two voices, probably in thoughtless confidence as well as taste, and as the organs were much of the same quality, they were well adapted. Miss Richards' night, however, we think, easily was covered along. The choruses from *Barbelle* were amongst the best things done in the performance, the "Clara in *Barbelle*" being sung through with admirable feeling and effect. The audience, we think, responded more to these works as being the same as the authors. "Find thee my name," was thoroughly heard and enjoyed in the collected voice. It is much more effective with the collected accompaniment than with that of the organs, the power of the latter instrument not being appropriate in the spirit in which they are written. After Mr. Mr. Bennett's "Adieu" came with an air directed to the English school. The sympathy, which vigorously embraces the subject of "God save the Queen," on the wind instruments, while the choiced ones are engaged on another kind of effort, was well given, with the exception that in the concluding part the ensemble of the tone was not so well preserved. The well-known and admired overture and choruses of *Barbelle* was played by the band very creditably. The choruses in a beautiful style, the subject of which has been adopted in the response of our common services. The "March" of *Barbelle* was well sung, but exposed in its effect in the old parts by the accompaniment being given too loud. Meyer's "March

Byrne" was not executed up to the mark of the rest of the performance; rates of rehearsal, and a closer acquaintance with the subject seemed to be wanting. The first scene, of the same nature, "The Doctors are talking," was done far better. It was sung with striking precision, the whole mass of language appearing in concise form, and without impasse. The trio was particularly well given. Mr. Robinson, in his solo, which is a difficult composition, sang the music correctly, but there are other substantial matters in which he is so deficient—namely, in the pronunciation of the language, that, were he correct in, he will never be judged to be good enough. The group "Walk high!" shown as the fitting conclusion of such a performance, was correct. Mr. O'Connell, the soloist leader, was in his element in his vocal strength. Mr. Deane, at the piano, did his duty right well through the whole performance. The direction of Mr. Byrne had, in the effect of direction always must have, a marked influence on the artists with which the performance went off. His calm and satisfying attention, at every point, must have secured the confidence of the whole vocal and instrumental force.

CONCERTS.—Concert at the Free Hall.—On the occasion of the Astoria's Concert at Perry's Library, some two years since we predicted that, if the same musical talent of the town were cultivated, the artists of Clatsop would equally rank with those of any other town in the country. Have our expectations been fulfilled can be best answered by the crowded and enthusiastic audience that filled the Free Hall on Wednesday evening the 17th instant, at the concert given by the Clatsop musicians. The orchestra had secured the services of several solo performers of known ability, among whom were Mr. H. Christian the celebrated harper, from the Royal Academy of Music, and Messrs. Harper and Keating, from the Conservatoire in London at the English Opera-house. The orchestra was filled by thirty accomplished performers. The overture by Franz Mendel was executed in a most brilliant and masterly style, we speak from the fact of a concert before performed in the country. Mr. H. Christian played a Mozart fantasia of his own composition, and also a fantasia improvising with variations, "The last rose of summer;" "My darling is on the wild ground," and "St. Patrick's day in the morning." His performance was remarkable, not only for its command over the resources of a most difficult instrument, but especially for its intelligence, spirit, and expression, qualities rarely met with in combination. Mr. Christian performed on one of Knell's new patent instruments, with metallic glass, possessing a power of tone, truly great. Mr. J. Tully's solo on the harp was exceedingly well played, and exhibited signs of great study and perseverance. There was a delicate and appropriate music in the solo on the flute, by Mr. Keating, that seemed to strike the audience with admiration and delight. We greatly admired Mr. C. Tully's taste in the French horn. His performance that followed "The Tyrolean Minstrel," and the duo on the guitar and horn introduced some ballads that would have been better omitted. Mr. Harper performed on the Cornet à piston, and was unanimously received. Three waltzes given with song by Messrs. Foster, Cooper, and Deane, furnished a diversion to the *Musical Promenade*, closed the performance, and was executed much to the delight of the company and with great credit to the musicians. In taking our leave, we recommend the members of the musical society to be encouraged by the complete success of their undertaking to follow up the course they have commenced with as much credit to themselves, and gratification to the society. In the very establishment and progress of the society, abundant proof is given of the vast quantity of musical talent existing in Clatsop.

Opera.—Mr. and Mrs. Wood are performing at the Theatre, but the house was but moderately filled.

CONCERTS.—On Sunday week, Mrs. Brown took a benefit at the Theatre Royal, Marchioness. The first piece performed was the famous opera of *Les Femmes de bien*. Mrs. Brown took the part of *Antoinette*, which she played with her usual skill and ability. Mr. Tompkins and Mr. G. Hamilton sustained their respective parts in a very creditable manner—their joint efforts had the desired effect of filling the house to overflow. Mrs. Brown was deservedly cheered in her singing, and the same compliment was paid to Messrs. Tompkins and Hamilton. Although no notice is deemed it worth to give, yet it would be more kindhearted and more easy in the advantage of a singer, if the applause bestowed was sometimes a little less restrained. We cannot think the dragging on a scene on to the stage shows more in the course of five nights to a big theatre any one the name of Mrs. Brown in the above party, can in any way have the effect of diminishing the pleasure, but must rather prove a source of annoyance and fatigue.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE *GRAND AMERICAN MUSICAL SOCIETY OF VIENNA*, has received a valuable legacy from the late Cardinal Archbishop Riedel, who was one of its members, and for three years its president. It consists of a complete collection of compositions of Beethoven, transcribed on staves, and ornamented on each page with the most beautiful illustrations by the first artists of Vienna, forming sixty-two large volumes, bound in Morocco nobly gilt. The Archbishop had the copy got up for his own library, at the expense of upwards of 25,000*l.*, the working alone having cost 25,000*l.* Independently of all these properties, it has the instance worth of having had every piece, before it was copied, revised and corrected by the hand of Beethoven himself, so that each has, in fact, the finishing touch of the illustrious composer.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.—The Royal Highness, the Duke of Cambridge, has in the highest manner connected to preside at the third anniversary of the Royal Society of Musicians, in April. It will be recalled that his Royal Highness conferred the same honour on the institution last year, as one of the donors of the Concerts of Ancient Music, under whose auspices the festivals of this society have been held for half a century.

MR. WYNDHAM NEWELL is about to become the organist of the Catholic Chapel, Moorfields, and the whole of the musical services will be under his direction; Miss Clara Novello will be the leading soprano, and Mr. Alfred Novello the principal bass.

ANTON has just completed an opera in three acts, in which Madame Cinti Damocles will take the principal character.

QUEEN'S CONCERTS OF ANCIENT MUSIC.—Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to signify her intention of honouring the Ancient Concerts with her presence on the course of the approaching season; the subscriptions to which are already more numerous than they have been, at so early a period, for many years.

THE LAMA, before he quitted London, played in the hands of Messrs. Addison and Beale ten guitars, as a donation (owing the request) to the Royal Society of Musicians, and five guitars to be presented to the French Society of Musicians.

BOBBY BELL AND MARY GRAY.—In proceeding from Perth to Mother, the adventurous traveller may gratify his feelings by a visit to the grave of Bobby Bell and Mary Gray, these two beautiful young women, whose misfortune has furnished the subject of an interesting and popular song. It is situated near the bridge of Dalry. The father of Bobby Bell was the Laird of Kilmad, and Mary Gray was the daughter of the neighbouring laird of Lednock. They loved each other with the most romantic attachment. During the plague in 1665, in order to avoid the risk of contagion, they erected for themselves a house, about three quarters of a mile west of Lednock House, in a secluded spot, called Dove House, on the side of Broomfield, where they resided for some time, till at last they both caught the infection from a young gentleman, who, with a liberality of love somewhat uncommon, was reassured of them both. In due season establishment they both died, and were buried in another part of Mr. Gray's grounds, called the Deacons' Haugh, at the foot of a tree of the same name, near the river Almond. Major Barry, late proprietor of Lednock, repaired with pains over the spot consecrated sacred to the memory of the amiable friends.—*Glasgow Courier.*

A CHAOS OF THE NEW FRENCH ARRANGEMENT.—On Saturday night last considerable confusion was caused in Manchester-square, by the assembling together of a number of Frenchmen, who came provided with horns and other instruments, with which they commenced making a most horrid noise at the gates of the neighbourhood afterwards, (Manchester Palace). Information was immediately given at the Marylebone station house, when a strong party of the police proceeded to the spot, and without ceremony cleared away the entire band, whose object was evidently to annoy his Excellency.

CHERRY CHURCH, CHELSEA.—A new and beautiful organ, built by Gray, for the above church, was opened on Sunday last, when Mr. Furber presided at the instrument with much ability. It has two rows of pipes and fourteen stops, and possesses a much greater power than we had expected from so small an instrument.

THE KAMMER THEATREKOLLE.—The testimonial to Mr. Charles Kemble has just been completed by Messrs. Mortimer and Hunt, under the superintendance of the Finance Committee, who furnished the principal portion of the design; it is a massive cup, thirty-eight inches high, weighing 700 ounces, and of the value of about £1000; it is of Geneva form, the body covered with a representation of Shakespeare's *Storm*, as has relief, composed of frosted silver, and standing on a square pedestal of the same metal, polished, the surface producing an admirable effect; on each side is an elegant handle, formed of two entwined serpents, their heads curved downwards towards the feet, made of Comedy and Tragedy representing that part of the art to which they are attached. On the top of the cover is a figure of the actor in Hamlet. The scroll on which the names of the subscribers are printed in gold is attached to a roller enclosed in the lattice, now used by Frederick the Great, and around which were originally placed the pipes of that monarch's bottles. It is a handsome gilt cylinder, covered with arabesques of his work. The Lord Chamberlain has appointed Mr. John Mitchell Kemble (son of the above) manager of all plays, tragedies, comedies, farces, operas, interludes, or any other stage entertainments in the room of Charles Kemble, Esq. resigned.

A MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.—Dr. Ford, the actor of Milton, was an enthusiast in music, very skilful in his manner, and a great harmonist. His passion for sacred music was publicly known, from his constant attendance at most of the musical societies in the Kingdom. I have frequently met him, and always found him in converse with Handel's music, especially the *Messiah*. His admiration of this work was excited to such an excess, that he told me he never made a journey from Milton to Leicester that he did not sing it quite through. His performance served as a pedometer by which he could ascertain his progress on the road. As soon as he had crossed Milton-bridge, he began the overture, and always found himself in the chorus, "Lift up your head," when he arrived at Drudshap-gate; and "Thanks be to God," the moment he got through Thorntonside hill-gate. As the pace of his old horse was pretty regular, he continued to conclude the *Alleluia* chorus always at the cross in the Drudshap-gate. Though a very plain person, his sanctity was, at times, not restrained even in the pulpit. It need not be stated that he had a pretty good opinion of his own vocal powers. Once, when the clock was going off the hour, he stopped here, saying, "John, you have pitched too low—raise me." This, clearing up his voice, he loudly began the verse. When the psalmist went to his wife, he enjoyed it; and, on his paragon's of delight, would dangle one or both of his legs over the sides of the pulpit during the singing. When preaching a charity sermon at Milton, some gentlemen of the town entered the church rather late. He stopped, and cried out, "Here they come, here come the old coats; they leave their Christian duties: there's not a man among them that is not good for a penny." The doctor was himself a performer, had a good library of organs, and always took the *Messiah* with him on his musical pilgrimages. I think it was at Birmingham he lived that he was sitting with his head upon his hand, pursuing the music with the psalmist, to the great annoyance of an attractive listener, who said, "I did not pay to hear you sing." "Then," said the doctor, "you have that into the bargain."—Gardner's *Memoirs* and *Private*.

Miss Mackery's Temperance has at length opened its doors, and the week-manservants of Dunsford have again taken possession of its stage—the much-talked-of opera *Thersites* being, having been selected for the occasion.

FUTURE ANNUALS.—The admirable concerts of the Society are fixed for the following Monday evenings:—March, 20; April, 29; May, 4, 18; June, 1, 19; and will take place, as usual, at the Concert-room of Her Majesty's Theatre.

THE
MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF
ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,
AND WEEKLY RECORD OF
Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

"*Et sic dixeris dixeris et non doleris,
an videris et non dille time.*"

PLAT. Phaedr. sec. 267.

Made in a searching review and incorporated,
in all-genuine and a Godlike thing.

MAR 22, 1860

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For that rarest of combinations—in music as in everything else—excellence and cheapness, centered as to the large concerts at Koster's hall. Music and the very few other enjoyments which belong to the imaginative and re-created part of human feeling, offer but little hold to the grasp of Utilitarianism. Of all sciences—or pleasures rather, as it is usually followed—it appears least adaptable to the American spirit of "go-a-headism" which is fast becoming the ruling spirit of enterprise in this country. Hitherto we have been taught to regard music, in its greatest perfection, as too costly an indulgence for any save the pet children of fortune—we have been forced to associate the highest class of concerts—concerts destined and London Philharmonic, for instance—with drafts upon the world's great ice heavy for the inclination, or even duty, of that portion of society for which, of all others, such amusements are most necessary. Without a tinge of radicalism in our composition, we profess no sympathy with your thorough-going people of fashion. To them the journey of life should be anything but a weary pilgrimage; its expenses are of their own seeking and their own finding—at least they are not denied the wherewithal to "bail their pass." The monetary soul to appreciate a life of inactive ease, may need the relaxation of specific excitement; but whatever be the pleasure they court—whether music or anything less innocent—the price of its purchase lies within their grasp. Properly situated, however, which connects the taste of the wealthy class with the vanquish of the necessary industrious, the case begins to assume a widely different aspect. Throughout the lives of workers, look where we will, whether at the professor of science, the two-headed votary of literature, the man of trade, "he that goes down to the sea in ships, and occupies his business

in great waters," or purely designing shopkeeper, we shall find one on whose face life does not reflect its catalogue of frosts and misadventures. With all such men, too, is an unbearable inebriance, and with but too many its burden is aggravated by education which its profusion can furnish—by all means which neither skill nor industry can avert. These, then, are the very guides of manhood which peculiarly demand and deserve whatever of joy and peace may be unfolded in the general scheme of the world; as their business of life is trifles and unceasing, so should its pleasures be stirring and cheaply procured. In speaking of music as art, and the *first* of all such enjoyments, we are conscious of an *ipso facto* charge of partiality—arrogance, seriously so we deem it. Poets and men of words supply us quotations out of number as to its divine nature, its entrancing power, and its tendency to exalt and de-naturalize the soul; still these are but the opinions of men sharing with their fellows the human frailties of error and individual prejudice; and we would therefore base the claims of music on fact rather than on speculation, and assume at once the irrefragable position, that to whatever extent music shall have penetrated the soul, in the same degree confession and faculty, with their concomitants, vice and discontent, abandon it.

Who will tell us that that which is so essential to the happiness of the million should be reserved for the milk-sop selection of the few? None, we think, save those whose mental exuberance leads them to patronize that as a luxury which they would but barely tolerate if pronounced, by the march of national taste, one of the necessities of life. Command us, then, to that enjoyment which, even but for an hour, can cheat the tilling man of his thoughts of ledgers, day-books, and all the troubles of book-keeping, whether by single or double entry—to that which, by innocent and ratcheting delight, can ease his wearied carcase of its remembrance of office-hours, high stools, and pre-crippled fingers,—and, above all, command us to this medicine for his ills, when administered by such physicians as do not set a prohibitory price on their ministrations. For such advantages we look—and we repeat to say, to them only—to our friends at Easter Hall. They give us the very highest order of music;—if their patriotism does not always reach the summit of perfection, it is, at least, equal to that of more provincial details—and whoever would play the riggered, and refuse the sacrifice of three shillings to hear the most gigantic outpourings of genius developed by such a head and throat as they possess, deserves his experience of all life's miseries, with just as much of its pleasures as chance may cast at his feet, and not one jot more.

On Friday evening of last week, the Sacred Harmonic Society performed Handel's *Israel in Egypt*. As we have, on several former occasions, noticed the execution of the *sublime*atorio at these concerts, we now merely remark, that its effect was as wonderful as ever, and even greatly enhanced by the new apparatus to correct time at which its various pieces were taken—the most of which has always likewise marked the best effects of the orchestra. Messrs Birch and Hancock, and Messrs. Hobbs, Latham, and Phillips, sang the solos, which included some interpolations—additions, certainly, though anything but improvements.

The re-announcement of *Israel in Egypt* for to-morrow evening, requires an recommendation of our's to the attention of those who love music,—or those who do not, we say, Heaven's mercy be upon them, for they must especially need it!

HISTORY OF "AULD ROBIN GRAY."

Lady Anne Bernard, who died in 1818, the sister of the Earl of Balcarnea, and wife of the Andrew Bernard, wrote a charming song of Auld Robin Gray. A quarto tract, titled "The Annals of the North," and circulated among the members of the Bursarship Club, contains the original ballad, as corrected by Lady Anne, and two variations by the same authoress, while the introduction contains almost entirely of a very interesting letter from her to the editor, dated Jan. 1818, part of which we take the liberty of inserting here:—

"*Auld Robin Gray*, as called from its being the name of the old lord of Balcarnea, was born some time before the close of the year 1770. My dear Margaret had married and accompanied her husband to London; I was industriously, and unconsciously to myself, by attempting a few poetical trifles. There was an ancient Scotch melody, of which I was particularly fond;—, who lived before our day, used to sing a tune at Balcarnea. You did not object to its being sung at my house, though I did. I longed to sing old *Scotch's* air in a different mode, and give to its plaintive tones some little history of various distress in humble life, such as might suit it. While attempting to effect this in my closet, I called in my little sister, now Lady Macintosh, who was the only person near me. "I have been writing a ballad, my dear; I am oppressing my labour with many misfortunes. I have already sent her *Scott's* to me,—and given *Auld Robin Gray* for her lover, but I want to send her with a little more within the few lines, your thing!—Help me to me."— "Send the one, sister Jane," said the little Elizabeth. The one was immediately liked by me, and the song completed. At one Evening and amongst my neighbours, "Auld Robin Gray" was called for. I was pleased to agree with the approbation I met with, but such was my dread of being suspected of writing any thing, preserving the silence in regard to those who could write nothing, that I carefully kept my own secret.

"Macintosh, such as she mother seems to have been worthy of dispute, it afterwards became a party question between the church and gentlemen societies. "Auld Robin Gray" was rather a very ancient ballad, composed perhaps by David Rizzio as a great favourite, or a very modern matter and no remedy at all. I was particularly anxious whether I had written it or not, in which I had got it. Old *Scotch* kept my counsel, and I kept my own, in spite of the gratification of seeing a reward of twenty guineas offered in the newspapers to the person who should ascertain the poet just a death, and she still more interesting communications of a note from Mr. Jamieson, secretary to the Antiquarian Society, who intimated to compose the tale from me as a woman; I took notice. Had he asked me the question obligingly, I should have told him the fact distinctly and truthfully. The misapprehension, however, of this important circumstance from the Antiquarian, was singly repeated to me by the public exhibition of the "Ballad of Auld Robin Gray's Country," as performed by dancing boys under my window. It gained its popularity from the highest to the lowest, and gave me pleasure, while I hugged myself in my security.

"AULD ROBIN GRAY."

- "When the sheep are in the field, when the cows come home,
When o' the many would in quiet rest ere gae,
The woe o' my heart h'e'll thrawe him up to,
Gin h'e'd by my guidman who usually sleep by me.
- "Young James he'd me woe and might me for his lads;
But saying o' some place he'd scold the wae lads,
To make the wae a' proud?" my James wad be me,
And the wae and the proud, O they were back by me!

* I must also mention here Lady Anne's, in the latter stanzas, particularly "Land o' Dalrymple moun, when he wad be a' wae the wae wae," "My dear, my dear, how 'twas said that wae wae to change the wae the wae wae, and instead of singing," "I cannot see where a' wae the wae wae wae?" "Yes, he made it better wae, but he thought it best to put a' wae, and James was not such a wae as to have *Scotch* change me to wae the wae." You shall see it afterwards that I had with me that song was originally from James' hand that I have here the wae of the wae wae wae as well as it could write in the time of Elizabeth wae the wae wae."

- " Before he had been gone a twelvemonth and a day,
My father took his own and our eyes was shorn away;
My mother the full took—my father was at sea—
And said Father Gray, 'till he come a coming me."
- " My father would work—my mother would speak;
I sold day and night but their love I could not break;
And Rob maintain'd them both, and we' learn to be so,
Said ' Jump, oh !' for distraction, will you marry me ?"
- " My heart and ' So !' and I ha'n't for father's hand;
But how slow the work and his day was a week !
His day it was a week ! ' Why do you think so ?'
Oh, which I am I speed to try out, ' What is me ?"
- " My father would speak—my mother would speak,
But she took'd in my face till my heart would be break;
They said from my hand, but my heart was in the sea,
And so said Father Gray, for was partner to me."
- " I had his love like with a week, but not by day,
When secretly I set on the state of my day,
I saw my father's ghost—'I would think to be,
Till he said, 'I've come home my love to marry me.'"
- " O dear, and did we part, and surely say of it,
As how we took, and more—'till had him gone away,
I wish that I were dead, but I'm so like to die,
But O, I am but young to say so, ' What is me ?"
- " I gang like a ghost, and I never made to spin;
I dream think of father, for that would be a sin,
But I will do my best a good with eye to be,
For said Father Gray, oh ! he is not kind to me."

JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH.

When we observe the splendour which surrounds the name of this illustrious musician, and the veneration with which it is regarded by the whole musical world, it seems difficult to believe that such honours, paid to the memory of a contemporary of Handel, should be of so recent a date. Sebastian Bach spent his life at Leipzig, in a retirement congenial to his disposition, and enjoying a certain degree of celebrity among the ecclesiasts and learned musicians of the north of Germany, but he had been many years forgotten to his fellow-men before his works, as well as his name, were heard of beyond the boundaries of Saxony and Prussia.

At the present time it is curious, and indeed amazing, to observe the manner in which his character was disposed of many years after his death by our great musical historian, Dr. Burney. After stating the opinion of Marpurg, " that Sebastian Bach was every great musician in our age, profound in science, fertile in fancy, and in taste very unobscured" (the italics are the doctor's own), he adds, in a note—" To this part of the manuscript many are unwilling to assent, as this truly great man seems by his works for the organ, of which I am in possession of the chief part, to have been constantly in search of what was new and difficult, without the least attention to nature and faculty. He was so fond of full harmony, that, besides a constant and active use of the pedals, he is said to have put down such keys, by a stick in his mouth, as neither hands nor feet could reach." This childish remark was all that the historian had to say of the organ works of Sebastian Bach, although he had "the greatest part of them in his possession." When we look at the mass of keyed instruments that was fashionable in Germany's time—flute and violins productions which would not now present any difficulty, either of composition or performance, to a clever school-

girl, we can easily conceive that Bach was incomprehensible and impracticable to most of the organs and harpsichord players of Harnay's day; but it must also be remembered that the historian had collected materials for his work in a tour through Germany, in the course of which it might have been thought, he would have been taught to form a due estimate of the distinguished German musician. He everywhere supplied in the highest musical circles, and his industrious inquiries afforded nothing to surprise him; yet it does not appear from his narrative that he ever heard a solo of Bach's music, or received any impression of his greatness. It was not till long after the publication of his history that Harnay became aware of Bach's real character, when he happened to hear some of his figures performed on the organ by Samuel Wrede. He listened with wonder and delight, and declared that, till that day, he had been ignorant of their grandeur and beauty. This circumstance, so honorable to Dr. Harnay's student, was mentioned to us by Mr. Novello, who was present when it occurred, and it ought to be generally known, in order that musical students may not be misled by an opinion which was given in a celebrated work, but which the author himself afterwards retracted.

Since Harnay's time the fame of Sebastian Bach has spread over the whole musical world, and every truly great musician who has flourished within the last half century has "given his days and nights" to the works of this illustrious master. They were the domestic study of Mozart; and their author shared with Handel the veneration of Beethoven. It is in the performance of his figures that Mendelssohn displays his unrivalled powers as an organist, and it is in them that, as the poet laureate, Mendelssohn shows his wonderful art in developing, with clearness and force, the most profound conceptions of harmony. Among our native musicians, too, who aspire to the character of genuine artists, there is none who would not feel indignant at being supposed ignorant of the works of Sebastian Bach. This knowledge, however, among us is as yet confined to his compositions for keyed instruments; his great vocal-musical works are still almost unknown. Attempts have occasionally been made to perform fragments of them at our festivals, but never with the care and exertion which such great demands. At the sacred concerts of the celebrated Chorus, Bach's compositions were carefully performed, and we observe that, at one of the recent concerts of the Opern-Gesellschaft (which correspond to our Philharmonic concerts) one of the principal features was a selection from the *Passions*. The performance of this great work would be an honorable achievement for the Sacred Harmonic Society at Easter-hall or Newey Church.

THE INFLUENCE OF NATIONAL MELODIES.

THE chief delight of the wandering tribes of Persia, is to sit together, smoking their pipes, and listening to songs and tales, or looking at the talks and jugglers, and enjoying the trifles of buffoons,* (who are to be found in every quarter of Persia), and some of whom are perfectly skilled in their art. A Persian chief of a Kurdish tribe, who remained several days with the British warriors near Kermanshah, in 1841, had in his train a jester, who possessed very versatile and extraordinary talents. One day upon the march, the jester, addressing the English army, said, "You are, no doubt, very proud of the discipline you have established amongst your Persian servants, who march in your front as a regular file as your own soldiers. How long, sir, has it taken you to introduce this order among my countrymen?"—"About six months," was the reply. "Now," said he, "if you will permit me, you shall see that I will, in less than six minutes, destroy all that you have done in six months." Leave being granted, he rode near the Persian servants, who were leading the state-horses, and who had strict orders not to leave their ranks. He had noticed that they were clapped all of the Lac and Pyles tribes, whose chief residence is among the mountains of Looman, and he began to sing, as if to himself, but in a clear and loud voice a song, which commenced, "Attend to me, ye sons of Looman, I sing of the

*The Persian definition of a good Jester is *fratras*, i. e. he who explores the side of things, viz. says, says, and does of the same object. Some of these jester's approaches very near to that sort of wit which

glorious deeds of your forefathers." Before he had finished his song, to which all were listening with attention, the whole crowd was thrown into confusion by the barking of horses, the Persian having broken the line of march, and swathed round to hear his voice distinctly. The jester laughed heartily at the manner of his job, and said to the army, "Do not be distressed at the fire of your God's discipline; I have heard of a man who, with nothing but the song I have just sung, collected an army, and was called a king the several weeks."

This, I am assured, was the fact. A chief of no pretensions led, during the revolution that followed the death of Nadir Shah, guns about Isfahan, with some musketeers and singers, who constantly played and sang the favourite air; and by this means collected about 5,000 followers, and proclaimed himself king.

On the subject of Persian music in general, Sir John Nicholson writes—

"The Persians draw music a science; but they do not appear to have made much progress in it. They have a grand and some, and different kinds of melody, adapted to various strains, such as the pathetic, the voluptuous, the joyous, and warlike: the voice is accompanied by instruments, of which they have a number; but they cannot be said to be further advanced in this science than the Indians, from whom they are supposed to have borrowed it. Their strains are often pleasing, but always monotonous, and they want that variety of expression which is among the charms of this art."

REVIEWS

Gene of German Song by the most admired Composers, with Philosophic Annotations.—*published, 8vo 7.*

The seventh book of Mr. Taylor's work now lies before us; presumptive proof, at least, that the success of the undertaking is pretty securely established. That a London music-seller should, for a while suspend his hasty views—the petty sensitivities of Dealers, or the petty sentimentalities of our indolent but well-meaning, for example, and find his account in publishing a somewhat sterner kind of music, is commendable, at least, as in the direction of public taste. Mr. Shaw can sell to his own profit, or he would not print compositions such as those now under notice. But satisfactory as all this undoubtedly is, it still points to a state of things unconnected with musical art in this country, which we have ever been unable to comprehend. Why, for example, should the best class vocal writing of England be virtually denied the advantage of public introduction which is accordingly afforded to equivalent music of foreign growth? Then we have composers like us, and occasionally do, our thoughts and expressions unexpressingly beautiful, even when linked in comparison with the brightest inspirations of Schubert or Weber, or Spohr, as one tolerably familiar with the labours of our native artists will attempt to deny, and yet who ever dreamed of stretching on such a title-page as "*Gene of English Song*?" No London publisher, we fear, has been long enough, or, perhaps, hard-headed sufficient to spread a genre of so unobscure which national prejudice has taught him to deem so utterly proscriptions. The routine of labour and its remuneration is with our native artist, but too nearly terrific. He composes—arranges—publishes, if you will—less because his spirit stirs, than because his creditors compel; his work is offered for publication—of his poet have a fashionable reputation—if his name be not set in more than two shags or six—if his difficulty be not ungraspable to the voices and fingers of boarding-school dunces—if, in fact, he have not sufficiently played against his conviction of what music is, or ought to be, he, perhaps, advances the privilege of marking his pocket at the cost of his reputation. But should he ever cast down the golden lid of his worldly judgment before the divinity of his heaven-born inspiration—should he think of his art—should he write as he loves, "with all his heart, with all his soul, and with all his strength,"—how shall it profit him? The publisher politely intimates that the work will not "suit his conception," and he returns his rejected manuscript to its dusty shelf, or, if unusually catholic-spirited about his handiwork, he perhaps endorses the pleasant alternative of seeing it in print, with the common words, "published for the author," at the foot of the title-page! All this clearly displays some radical resistance in our musical state.

A music-writer fairly bitten with ultra-Toutouism appears strangely devoid of all those means of mechanism which invariably bestow him whole calculating the value of any native work of more than ordinary pretensions. Executive difficulty suddenly loses its terrors—double sharps and flats no longer appal him—he glances his eye over scrambling appoggias, intricate modulations and crowded bar-lines with the coolest indifference; it is sufficient for him that the music is German, and to pass it goes. And yet these publishers are clever fellows—keenly alive to their own interests, and thoroughly acquainted with the market-price of every commodity they buy and sell;—why not, then, treat all German importations with the systematic caution which they are wont to exercise in getting quarters with every thing English that may chance to be put within the hands of musical amateurs? Not because they are more intrinsically excellent, we deem; since a trifle of all the continental "poems" we have seen would not trouble us out of smiling long while on the possibility of surpassing them at the hands of some half-don'ted young Englishman we could name—no; because they are less difficult, certainly, so long as recitatives and quavers may be taken in evidence of their own value. In plain truth, the quaver seems valuable only through the fact—anything but creditable to our nationality—that the English public will generally purchase, if sanctioned by a foreign majority, the very same kind of music which, if pressed by a long-ford artist, they would pass over as rather dull or insipid. "What's in a name?"—not much, perhaps, in most cases; but this at least we know—let Fustians or Festians write the finest music that was ever defiled from mortal ears, and he will still find it profitable in the labours of literature to persuade his countrymen into placing it to his credit.

The first song in the present volume, "Aspen," by Schubert, is, perhaps, more thoroughly indicative of prose than any one of the rest. The composer, aware that a musical peroration of any vehement emotion was not compensable by more available melody, has preserved, almost uniformly, the plan of short phrases, strongly-marked accompaniment, and strong and various forms of harmony. At the foot of the first page, commencing with the words "Waves after waves," we find a passage of remarkable power, though simple texture; and further on, commencing near the close of the second page, Schubert gives full swing to his characteristic originality; take, for instance, the rapid process of modulation into D major, and the thrilling effect of the succeeding passage, throughout which the bass and melody move in octaves. The whole composition is treated with the very grandeur of gloominess, and, as a piece of expressive writing, is of the highest order of merit. The second song, by Weber, "Lovely Forest," is not one of his most striking efforts. It is pleasing, but not remarkable either for the freshness of material or the passionate conception usually found in the song-writing of its composer. The songs, "Euse's Will," and "The Snow-drop," by Mendelssohn and Kuhn, might belong to any country or composer without doing especial honour to either. Spahr cannot do, however, by way of comparison, and the losses of pure and graceful music will find a treat in the perusal of the two compositions he contributes. The first, "Over vale and over glading," literally overflows with his perfection—his voluptuous forms of melody, his favourite repeats of modulation, and his exquisite disposition of harmonies. Its finish is a general want of repose; the voice part has a character, almost every-where in quavers, while the course of its modulation is far too extended, our eye follows neither with a restless eagerness which most ears would deem absolutely distressing. The last composition, "The Carnival," is a gem of the brightest water, without spot or blemish to mar its brightness. It possesses all its composer's delicious transparency of structure with rather more than his usual amount of fancy, and its effect is much heightened by the droll form of its accompaniment.

We trust to find Mr. Haw's publications extensively circulated. The period and practice of beautiful music—were even not for the few or the few—will certainly induce an acquaintance of public taste in such matters, and from hence, we certainly may we reckon on the condensation and countenance to the artists of our own land.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LIVERPOOL FREE GLEE.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—I beg to say that of the prizes offered by the Free-Glee Club at different times, there have been awarded to me, and not one only, as was stated in the last weekly press by the Secretary of that club.

March 25th, 1846.

GEORGE HARRISON.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

METROPOLITAN.

Two Ancient Concerts commenced their anti-brick season, last night under the direction of E. H. H. the Duke of Cambridge when the following fine selection was performed—

PART I.

The National Anthem	Doyle
Queen and George's Own Band's Anthem	Doyle
Lord, Moore, Phillips and Martin, "The Lamb is slain of God"	Doyle
George, "Waking for good" (Solo)	Doyle
Mr. William Corbett's Song, "Wishes, all hail to you"	Doyle
George, "Oh, will you be so good"	Doyle
Mr. W. Martin, "Wishes, all hail to you"	Doyle
Lord, Moore and Mrs. J. Fisher, "The Lamb is slain of God"	Doyle
George, Mr. W. Martin, "Wishes, all hail to you"	Doyle
Doyle, "The dear, the sweetest Lamb is slain"	Doyle
Doyle, "Wishes, all hail to you"	Doyle

PART II.

Selection from <i>Die Feen</i> and <i>Die Lorelei</i>	Doyle
Lord, Moore, Phillips, "Lamb is slain"	Doyle
Doyle, "Wishes, all hail to you"	Doyle
Doyle, "Wishes, all hail to you"	Doyle
Doyle, "Wishes, all hail to you"	Doyle
Doyle, "Wishes, all hail to you"	Doyle

Her Majesty entered the royal box with the Duke of Cambridge, about half-past eight o'clock, when the company immediately rose, and were most respectful in their reception of our gracious sovereign: The Queen Dowager and Prince Albert immediately followed, and sat with a cordial welcome. There were also in the royal box, the Duchess of Cambridge, Prince George, and Princess Augusta of Cambridge, Prince Ernest of Saxe-Coburg, and Prince Graham, the Duke of Wellington, the Archbishop of York, Lord Brougham, &c.; the room was crowded with a most brilliant assemblage of rank and fashion. The National Anthem, with the additional words written by Plunket in honour of Prince Albert as sung at Cowes Garden, was commenced immediately on the entrance of the royal party; the first voice was taken by Miss Birch, the second, arranged as a quartet by Sir George Smart, was sung by Messrs. Harrison, Hobbs, Martin, and Phillips, and the third, by Madame Corradi Allen, who made her first public appearance since her return from America, she sang Bart's "Confess thyself a sinner," with great brilliancy, and Handel's "Hark, ye warbling chime," with both simplicity and sweetness. Fox's Quartet and Chorus, were well performed, and Handel's *See Desert and Chorus* beautifully given. The selection from *Eighteen's Service*, a very fine work, was extremely well performed. Mr. Harrison gave in a very effective manner Haydn's charming song, "In splendour bright," and Miss Birch and Mrs. Fisher Carroll's quartet duet. The chorus, which concluded the first part, was a most happy selection, and was applied by the company; the following are the words:—

REFRAIN.

"Thy dove, the sweetest Lamb is slain,
Which death shall see its child."

immortal pleasure comes this year,
 Was done by Hans's high forehead art,
 Eyes were round them went
 They there below, like those above,
 Content who read and longer stay
 And be no bound to part.

The queen, who looked remarkably well, and was dressed in white, with black ornaments, regarded herself highly gratified. The band is nearly the same as last year, with the exception of your Man, whose place is now occupied by Mr. Lester. The selection was highly creditable to His Royal Highness as conductor, and Mr. George Smart as conductor.

The Programme for the Square commenced its season on Monday evening at the old place of meeting—the Marlborough Square Rooms; and judging from the attendance which was materially less numerous than heretofore, and the state of the society's musical affairs, we should pronounce it in anything but a prosperous and flourishing condition. We have already noticed the change in the disposition of the instruments in the orchestra; its improvement on the old plan was very generally recognized. The selection comprised but little novel in either the instrumental or vocal departments. The following is the programme:—

PART I.

Waltz, No. 1 (first time of performance).....	Spüler
Two new Madras Villanellas and Madras Villanella (first time of performance).....	Spüler
Quadrille, (first time of performance).....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 2.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 3.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 4.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 5.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 6.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 7.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 8.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 9.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 10.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 11.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 12.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 13.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 14.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 15.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 16.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 17.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 18.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 19.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 20.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 21.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 22.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 23.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 24.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 25.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 26.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 27.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 28.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 29.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 30.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 31.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 32.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 33.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 34.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 35.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 36.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 37.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 38.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 39.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 40.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 41.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 42.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 43.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 44.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 45.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 46.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 47.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 48.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 49.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 50.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 51.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 52.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 53.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 54.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 55.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 56.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 57.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 58.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 59.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 60.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 61.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 62.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 63.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 64.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 65.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 66.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 67.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 68.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 69.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 70.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 71.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 72.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 73.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 74.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 75.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 76.....	Spüler
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Waltz, No. 79.....	Spüler
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Waltz, No. 81.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 82.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 83.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 84.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 85.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 86.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 87.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 88.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 89.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 90.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 91.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 92.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 93.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 94.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 95.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 96.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 97.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 98.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 99.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 100.....	Spüler

PART II.

Waltz, No. 1.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 2.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 3.....	Spüler
Waltz, No. 4.....	Spüler
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Waltz, No. 99.....	Spüler
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Spüler's *Einfluss*, notwithstanding the vigorous writing in the last movement, was ineffective, and failed to attract the admiration which usually attends the performance of this eminent artist's compositions. The soloists, the Madras Villanellas, are said to be pupils of Borogoni, their voices are thin and by no means pleasing, their entrance in the first to the second part were sadly executed. The solo performers consisted of two young professors, of whom we may justly be proud—Stratford Bennett and Hagrove; the former played Beethoven's concerto admirably, and exhibited throughout his performance a true appreciation of the composition; at its termination he was loudly and deservedly applauded. Hagrove's concerto on the violin was executed to his great credit and great manner. Beethoven's Symphony formed a capital commencement of the second part; it would, however, have been more judicious had it commenced the concert; its performance was magnificent. Miss Mason sang her song exceedingly well; the horn oblique accompaniment of Mr. Bennett was uncommonly well performed, and his tone is excellent. The other pieces call forth no particular remark; the orchestra in *Sarapanta* went well, and Amberg's overture formed a noisy conclusion to a concert but little worthy of the Marlborough County. Mr. Foster conducted, and Mr. T. Cruser was the leader.

PROVINCIAL.

(The department of the Musical World is completed and abridged from the provincial press, and from the notices of the society's performances. The names of the M. W. establishments, and reports from the various organs of opinion in every locality, beyond what these establishments are entitled to, is appended.)

Cambridge.—St. David's Day was celebrated with the usual observance by the Cambridge High School in the town and neighbourhood, who with their friends, in the number of forty, dined together at the Plough Hotel; Mr. D. A. Williams presiding, and the Rev. A. Jones acting as vice-president. The dinner was served up in the best manner,

and on the removal of the cloth, the grand "Fanny the Good" by arrangement for the evening by the ladies," and set to the beautiful Welsh air of "The Girl" was sung by the pre-eminent gentleman present, and had a very fine effect. In the course of the evening which followed, the following appropriate songs were sung—"The Man of the Opera," by Mr. E. Spence—"The Welsh Boy," by Mr. Perkinson—"The Maid of Star," with much enthusiasm, by Mr. Evans—"See ye the blushing star?" by Mr. Hayward. The party broke up shortly after seven o'clock, and proceeded to the concert, which took place, as usual, at the Museum. It opened with Fanny's favourite "Quartet to a Day to Wales," very spiritedly performed by a small band led by Mr. Eglon, the song and chorus of "Cauldwell's History" appropriately concluding—then followed constituting the principal voice. Mrs. Brown's beautiful poem "From the glowing southern coast" was next sung as a duet, by Mr. Spence and Mr. Evans, in the fine old Welsh air "Of Noddy Bass." The song and chorus of "The Emerald" was then given, Mr. Hayward singing the solo with great energy and spirit. For characteristic considered his powerful solo, by the performance of an excellent feature on the piano, intended for Mr. Evans the air of "Cauldwell's History" and "Ap Ithor," upon each of which he executed several very characteristic and masterly variations. The pretty little ballad of "The Quaker's Blasted Bay" was next sung by Master Jervis with peculiar enthusiasm, and elicited a loud applause, as did also "The Maid of Gungelley," which Mr. Evans sang, accompanying himself on the piano. The solo, "Love of the Fair Isle," by Miss Williams, Mr. Spence, and Mr. Evans, with a chorus, was very effective; and "The War Song of the Men of Gungelley," with which the first set closed, was a very interesting song. Immediately this was ended, the orchestra struck up the beautiful air of "Jerry Power" in the long room—a signal for the company to repair to tea, and a pleasant half hour's interval between the first and second parts of the concert was thus passed. The musical performances were resumed by Mr. Best's "Charlotte Potatoes (introducing Welsh Air)" accompanied by the full band, most effectively executed. The duet "Flow gently, Dore!" next followed, and to this succeeded the ballad, "Adieu to dear Gungelley" which Miss Williams sang with much feeling. "Tobacco's Prophecy," in the Welsh air of "The Maiden of Day," was finely sung by Mr. Spence, and especially successful, as also was the duet, "Eid y cerbydau," which Miss Williams and Mr. Evans performed. The latter gentleman likewise featured in with "The Rose of Marazion," his singing of which elicited general applause. "The Maiden of Day and Chorus" did not fail in well as in former attempts, and the grand finale of "So, Good-bye Day" was less effective than we have heard it in days gone by. We must not omit mentioning, that between the second and third parts of the eve Mr. Eglon delighted the company with the performance of a concert on the violin, introducing, in the most happy style, members of the band of "Four Mary Ann." The whole of the musical arrangements were under the direction of the society's manager, Mr. Woodward, who presided at the piano conducting the concert with entire skill, judgment, and good taste.

Mr. Woodward's *First Lecture on Musical Physics*, consisting of a review of the works of Germany, France, Italy, Switzerland, and the Tyrol was delivered at the Anniversary Meeting on Saturday evening.

MANCHESTER.—Theater Royal.—Miss Green took her benefit on Saturday last, when Barrett's opera, *The Moorish King*, was performed. The house was admirably well filled by a highly-respectable audience.

MANCHESTER.—*Musical's Publications.*—On Tuesday evening, the 15th ult., Mr. Kay delivered an interesting and instructive lecture on Sounds, as connected with Music, in the library of the Mechanics' Institution. It was attended by a very numerous audience, who frequently expressed their delight at the interesting and pleasing style in which the talented lecturer explained his subject. The following will convey some general idea of the lecture:—
"The sound which strikes the ear most forcibly, from many bodies, when struck, is not what may be deemed their key-note, many substances being in some particular key, some many of the substances and materials in daily use to and her surroundings, and that only their fundamental tone, or, in musical language, their tonic, many of the disagreeable sounds which often offend the ear would be no longer heard. Instead of the latter, some which issue from the clattering of a saw, a few years ago would be produced, which would be rather agreeable than otherwise. Instead of the clang of the cog-wheels in the old horse a sound more resembling the peal of a bell—so that the theory of vibrations would not be the same. Whence sounds are emitted from the body producing it, besides its primitive tone, or its key-note, these sounds are governed by a fixed law of tension, and consist of repetition of but two different sounds, in addition to the fundamental one. There is a remarkable analogy between the first principles of colour and sound; in the production of colour from a ray of light there is as much change as a single colour: the solar spectrum consist of three orders, and every sound is accompanied by two others,

not does any such phenomenon exist in nature as a single sound. These three sounds are generally produced, when any string is stretched, or note struck, and are so strikingly demonstrated, that, in music, they have been called the common chord, from their existing in unison among twelve striking sounds. To pursue the analogy between colour and sound, we find that when a ray of light is divided by a prism, seven colours are produced, as in the division of sounds between any tone and its octave, seven sounds are formed. We often read that the present musical scale was discovered by Guido d'Arezzo, a monk, but nature had invented it long before. Although the scale appears by this arrangement unequally divided, yet it is not more so than the division of colours into seven, which numberments as an essential manner to be employed in the operations of nature, for we have seven primary colours, seven primary sounds, the world understands seven stages of preparation before it was fitted for man's sustenance after which we find the number seven has been constantly employed in things sacred and profane, in all the regions of the earth. The first sound produced by nature after the first, which is the *F*, the octave of seven sounds. Various keys or modes have been composed by various colours. The key of *F* nature has been considered to produce the same effect on the ear as the colour of heaven to the eye; the key of *B* (major) to crimson, and so on. A man who had been blind from his childhood, having recovered his sight, was asked what effect scarlet had upon him, and replied that he would only compare it to the sound of a trumpet. But, although these sounds of the third and fifth are produced perfect in the scale of nature, yet, in being a higher instrument, such as the psalterion, the fifth in every scale cannot be sounding perfect as nature produces them, for, if the more close, such is the superior inequality that arises from the expansion, that the instrument is so imperfect, that scarcely any imitations of nature can result. To illustrate the various phenomena, the various *lilas* from early notes are obliged to be what is called temperate; the subject of temperance is so little understood, and so little observed the generality of musicians, that it is necessary to introduce it. Suffice it to say, that a psalterion well tuned and well tempered, is a psalterion arranged very delicately out of tune, according to the real distance of each natural interval, and yet in this temperate we receive all the beauty which arises from modulation, and all the difference of character perceivable in the various keys. Were it not for this, the key of *A* would be as pleasing as the key of *A* flat, and the key of *B* flat as brilliant as *B* major. Why these sounds or intervals of the third or fifth should be more agreeable to the ear than a *se* other, is only to be ascribed to the relative proportions of their vibrations. Any combination of sounds is only agreeable to the ear in proportion as their vibrations coincide. Thus, if we take *C* for a fundamental tone, every second vibration gives the third vibration of the fifth above [*G*], and every six the fifth vibration of the tenth above [*E*]. No vibrations are more agreeable than these. Every vibration of *C* gives the second vibration of its octave, but then the variety of sound takes in, only three notes. This continued order of vibrations between these intervals produce that harmonic equality of sound which makes the dulcinate reputation upon the ear, and has caused it to be regarded the harmonic chord, or chord of nature, from the fact that all bodies capable of vibrating create within the combination, whether distinctly audible or not. The error who asserted that "divine is harmony not adjustment," was evidently no musician; for as our planet is all present constituted, divided will never create discord, without the laws of some strange or complex mixture. There are three distinct dividing systems in music when we have a chain, naturally, or after artificial adjustment, which considerably influence us here. First, the vibration of the string, which, to produce a pure tone, must be without knots or irregularity in its thickness, then the vibration of the ear, consisting of front, back, and ribs, which should be made of wood best adapted for receiving sound, perfectly directed of resonance, for on the work of the goodness of the ear depends how far which there is the vibration of the common string which forms the shape of the voice. An every divided system is the same key or note, it necessarily follows that in the concrete space forming the interior of the vocal instrument particular tone. A relation is sometimes supposed that the instrument has a few tones when the third string is played or; neither fact the second string produces a few quality of tone than the one, which is owing to the nature of vibration being a relation in the ratio of vibration of the body of the voice. When singing or playing in an empty room, we find that the apartment resounds when particular sounds are struck and not in others, which is to be attributed in the same room, as a sound whose vibrations are *E* & *B*, will be considerably augmented in an apartment whose vibrating air has it in a sound, though *G* & *A* will be clear as they give no decided tone, yet come in with the resonance of the former, with being a product of it. There are other relations due to a chain is divided in, such as the process of going between the bridge and the tail-piece, but therefore to return no not to the whole matter, although some vibrations are furnished with others to keep these portions of string in unison with the rest of the length. Letting down the string a *se* third

of course damage all the tissues of the body, as the stage starts a season from the bridge to the sea equal to about 100 lbs."

LIVERPOOL.—The Grand Subscription Concerts, now just finished, have succeeded this year beyond the most sanguine expectations. The Terrace Hall, at which they were given, and which was arranged after the manner of the Italian Opera House, got and soon became, has been densely filled every night with the elite of Liverpool, and many were unable to obtain admission. The leading vocal and instrumental talent at present in England has been employed at three concerts, and an orchestra formed, under the leadership of Mr. Barnard, consisting of its members, and good to be certainly—well, the probability need not have been altogether satisfied with the circumstances. Many of the "top-top" performers fell short of their usual effort, and so it is to be regretted people seemed to wonder how it was they had formed such exalted notions of the individuals in question. Gandy, the soprano, and Thoburn, the alto, were good enough the instrumentalists. Amongst the vocalists, Miss Thorne has caught the palm, her gorgeous vocalistic notes, and her perfect enunciation (she takes a new thing with English organs)" need come to the hands of all." Miss Novello also produced great effect from a combination of her varied qualities and superior cultivation, and drew credit to the society. These are conclusions the musical fans were indulged at the fourth concert. St. Nicholas, a fine player, and two very young ladies, the Misses Walker (whether related to Sam or not we have not heard, but probably might be proud of their relationship). Peter Schenker made an unfortunate debut. Although by no means a bad performer, his choice of music and place in the programme were so bad, considering what he had to play, that long before he had completed his task he was literally blown off the stage. Of the young pianists we can confidently say, that if they go on at the rate they have, they will eclipse any female performers on the piano England has yet produced, they are evidently blessed with a high recognition of a feeling for the beauties of their art, and the cultivation of those qualities has already taken the original hands. They made a great impression upon the audience. Mr. Adams, the eye had entrepreneur, qualified, no doubt, with his success, and anxious to receive it, gave a supplementary concert "for the benefit of the hospital." It was just of the kind, in a musical point of view, and its object most praiseworthy, but it nevertheless failed to attract. This was undesired, and has left a stain upon the musical conscience of the musicians who attended to the previous entertainments which they will have some difficulty in effacing. A Philharmonic Society has lately been established here with every prospect of success. It is intended to do good, and highly respectable in its character, and bids fair to make a name in this part of the country. The first public concert of its members is to take place this week.

WATERLOO.—Thomas Colclough chapel at Waterloo, erected at the sole expense of his Grace the Duke of North, then a clergyman by Wellington and Kaituma, was opened by divine service on the 26th of last month, by the Right Reverend Dr. Webb, Bishop of Carlisle. The service was performed by the Rev. Mr. Waterhouse, from the Epistle of St. Paul to the Ephesians, chap. 1, v. 19, 21. Divine service was repeated in the evening, when the Right Rev. Dr. Webb delivered a handsome exhortation of the existence and discipline of the Catholic Church, after which a collection was made, as had been done in the morning, towards defraying the cost of a small but beautiful organ erected by Genl. The proceeds of the two collections was about fifty pounds.

WATERLOO.—Messrs. Haywood and Wright had reserved for the season their place on Thursday last, and went off to the universal satisfaction of the very numerous assembly present. Mr. Perry was of course the star of the evening: his brilliant execution of such a grandiose character as to be the favourable opinion of any audience, and was on this occasion started to the utmost. Mrs. Thorne was also much applauded and in the brief notice we must not omit that the orchestra was better than on any former occasion, and performed their portion of the harmony of the evening most satisfactorily. We wish to tell a story may occur to good a season next winter.

LIVERPOOL.—Grand Choral Society.—Our readers may possibly remember how frequently and correctly we have pointed out their attention the want of such a society in this town, how frequently we have urged that in Southampton there was the material to produce almost effects to which we have hitherto been strangers. And how long we have been shut out by the want of such a society from the beautiful music of Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, and Spohr; but the meeting for a public rehearsal commenced efforts had any doubt on the matter, that we were right. We have not time to go into a critical analysis of the merits of the different performances, and more especially as it was but a rehearsal, and the first public one that has taken place. Suffice it to say, that the performers gave promise, that we hope now, at no distant period, to see such our more musical countrymen in the work, when music is, and has long been, cultivated with an

neglecting that speaks powerfully in its favor. The moral lesson to be derived from reviewing a good and cheap text, will soon develop themselves, and we hope too long to occupy above our readers in the pleasure and gratification of performances that may not only amuse but prove beneficial in the interests of the town. We understood that the subscribers are very numerous, and so we are aware that the committee are very attentive in their attention to personal harmony, we wish them success.

MISCELLANEOUS.

STRESS ON GLASS.—An opera never yet performed, bearing this title, is to be publicly represented at one of the Paris theatres, the proceeds of which are to be presented to the Polish refugees. The principal attraction will consist in all the characters being represented by ladies and gentlemen of the aristocracy, whose names are to appear in the bills of the night. The Princess Czartoryska, who has the entire management of this good undertaking, has already received numerous applications from fashionable parties, who are desirous of sustaining any characters she may allot to them.

ROSSINI'S "D. TAVO PAVO."—Rossini in the first instance had composed a grand air for the entrance of Eméral, but it did not please the Signora Malinotti, and she refused to sing it. What was still more mortifying, she did not quite know this nonchalant till the very evening before the first representation of the piece. Malinotti was a first-rate singer, she was in the flower of youth and beauty, and the gallantry of the young composer was obliged to give way to this unassailable ally of nature. At first his despair was extreme: "If after the occurrence in my last opera," exclaimed Rossini, "the first entrance of Eméral should be heard—*chère femme va-t-elle!*" The poor young man returned passive to his lodgings. As she came into his room, he snatched his pen and scribbled down some few lines; it is the famous "Tu che accendi,"—that which of all airs in the world has been sung the ofttest, and in the greatest number of places. The story goes at Venice, that the first idea of this delicious melody, so expressive of the joy of revisiting one's native shore after long years of absence, is taken from a Greek leeny which Rossini had heard some days previous to his arrival at Venice, in a church on one of the islands of the Lagoon, near Venice. At Venice it is called *one del our pair of rags*; the reason is that in Lombardy, every dinner, from that of the poor square to that of the princely mansion, inevitably begins with a plate of rags; and as they do not like their rice overdone, it is an indispensable rule for the cook to serve a few minutes before dinner is served up, with the important question—*diraghe mettete via!* (Shall the rice be put down?) At the moment Rossini came home in a state of despondence, his servant put the usual question to him; the rice was put on the fire, and before it was ready, Rossini had finished his celebrated "Oh land patria!"

LARGE PAPERED NOTES FOR SUBSCRIBERS.—At the last meeting of the Royal Physical Society of Edinburgh, Mr. Gall exhibited large sheets of paper newly cut that long (for the use of schools and congregational classes), printed at a common letterpress. The notes were inserted on a stare nearly four inches broad, and could be easily read at a great distance. The method of printing was so simple and easy, that a series of Psalm books might be printed for trapper work. The members present admired the object as important, and the manner in which it had been attained as ingenious and successful.

MARIA HERZOG.—This distinguished dancer, who became the wife of M. Falconer, a banker of Naples, but who still lives, under the former name, is the resurrection of thousands of admirers of her dancing in the theatres of Italy and Germany, and who was also a short time at the Opera in London, lately died at Naples, deeply regretted.

THE KENNEDY THEATREMAN.—On Tuesday afternoon, in last week, the vase mentioned in our last number was presented to Mr. Charles Kenfolds by the Duke of Beaufort, on behalf of the subscribers. The interesting vase took place at Covent Garden Theatre.

SARAH HAUGHTON SOCIETY.—H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge has signified his intention of being present at the performance of *Israel in Egypt* to-morrow evening.

CONCERT GALLERY.—Her Majesty and Prince Albert honoured this theatre with their presence on Tuesday evening. The performance consisted of Leigh Hunt's play, a *Legend of Florence*, and the new ballet of *Les Champs Elysees*. Prince Ernest was also at the party. As the rest of the royal party was quite private, the audience showed its good sense by not intruding on the enjoyment of the visitors by any mark of recognition.

THE HERMANNUS THEATRE opens for the season on Monday evening next, with *Hamlet* and the *Love of the Great King*. The character of *Hamlet* will be sustained by Macready, and *Poor as the Moon*, in the *Love*, will be as entertaining as ever. Webster is the tenor, and the names of the company engaged appear well for the management; Charles Ross is of the number.

PERFORMERS is expected to arrive in town from Paris this day.

MORNINGTON has been made a Chevalier of the order of St. Ernst, by the Duke of Saxe Gotha on the occasion of a grand medical piece composed by him for the opening of the theatre at Gotha.

CANTON GARDEN THEATRICALS, FRANCE.—The anniversary festival which will be held at Freeman's Hall, on Wednesday next, holds out greater attractions than any celebrated for many years past. The musical department will be under the able direction of Sir George Smart who will preside at the pianoforte. The list of vocalists includes the names of Madame Vestris, Miss M. S. Brown, Miss Lumsden, Miss Reinbold, Miss H. Carter, and Miss P. Horton; Messrs. H. Phillips, Harrison, Norman, C. Taylor, and Hudson; and in the instrumental department, Mrs. Andrews and Mr. E. Hall will perform a duet on the piano and violin, so that a rich musical treat may naturally be expected. H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge will take the chair, and the attendance will include names eminent in both political, literary, and theatrical circles.

A MEMBER VERBALEN.—Mr. Thomas Francis, in consequence of some remarks made by the Times on the musical arrangements at the Conservative Festival lately held in Merchant Taylor's Hall, has thought it incumbent on him to address the following letter to that journal:—

Sir,—In reference to the remarks on the musical arrangements contained in your report of the grand Conservative Festival at the Merchant Taylor's Hall, on Saturday, I beg to state that the able assistance of Mr. Mendelsohn, Mr. Charles Taylor, Mr. Chipman, of St. Paul's Cathedral, MYSELF, and Messrs. Cowart and Hawing, of Westminster Abbey. The committee anticipated a dance to have a choir of twelve instead of six voices, but the demand for tickets was so unprecedented, that so many seats could not be spared in the Hall. To us large an audience as a concert might have proved insufficient, but the judiciously-arranged music I have placed you in a guarantee that there was no want of skill or ability to give due effect to the music which was performed at the brilliant assembly.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient humble servant,

A. MARSHALL-BROWN-WOOD, Org., March 2.

THOMAS FRANCIS.

It is a specimen of modesty rarely met with, but which, no doubt, his provincial friends will fully appreciate, from their knowledge of the gentleman who occasionally assumes the dress of "the pedlar," an equally modest being, as "doing the business."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The weekly card is by order of Messrs. Cassell and Co., Mr. Chappell, and other publishers, shall be sent out each week.

By some mistake no notices appear for letters of our correspondents appearing in time for last week's number. We shall be glad to bring them into our columns, provided, for obvious reasons, however, the points on Monday, if possible, or Tuesday at the latest.

Mr. Wilson's trial on "God and the King" does not appear next week, we must request our witty correspondents to take notice to be advised in their communications.

The *Parliament and Water* correspondence shall meet them on or about the 4th inst.

All communications should be addressed to

THE
MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF
ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,
AND WEEKLY RECORD OF
Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

*"Il più grande diavolo è un disprezzo,
e un rispetto è un Dio d'oro."*

PLAT. Phaed. 102. c.

*Music is a something divine and immortal,
an all-godlike and a God-like thing.*

MAR. 15, 1880. No. CXX.—New Series, No. CXXI.

Volume XL
Number 46

Is what a three-blessed state would mean, could it in reality but claim half the amount of devotion which people in general so liberally profess for it? How far devoted above all other mundane affairs—how greatly suspending every other aim and object in life—how soul-entrancing—how existence-feeding would it be to nine-tenths of the millions who inhabit this little island of ours! Would experience permit belief in what we hear on the subject, what borders of metaphysical or scientific could we point out in the metropolis alone, who at present live and breathe in profusion and unbounded obscurity! What series of ethereal visitations, whose charmers for spirituality would enable them to ascend the dark-pits—whether of Egypt or elsewhere—and, by some plastic process of incomprehensible subtilty, express from Bask, Barchinon, or Mozart, that bodily entrance which grows nature and content to derive from the portals of Southfield or Loudonhall? In truth, we cannot imagine a finer subject for rapturing and enrapturing music. Whether the pen or the tongue be the tools of the heart's feeling, the treasures of the facilities gift of Apollo seem perfectly unobtainable. Imagine, for example, the finely-ruined periods which may be jumbled together by simply saying the changes on each phrase as "love for art," "devotion to music," "musical soul," "intense musical aspiration," &c.; or one additional stroke up of the varied kaleidoscope, and try to see but the parts of speech get a step farther in the scale of exaltedness, and we encounter a vast palver about the "divine science," "who would live without it?" "soul-entrancing music," "food of life," or some other choice conceits from the fabulous jargon with which professional men delude themselves and their neighbours into

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the artists that they can see fit more for music than it cares for them, or in other words, than they profit by it either in point of reputation.

Artists of all sorts are notoriously suspected of semi-diffying their favourite branch of study, and, perhaps, give with more appearance of reason than professors of music. If we take a leaf from the book of the old legitimists—works, for example, as talk about the “pure vocal school,” “the true organ style,” &c., we shall find music to be a very grave, awful, and mysterious matter; something much too importantly solemn for the use of satirised journalism; something, in short which a man cannot obtain an insight of but by making a sort of pilgrim’s progress through all manner of sloughs, dark valleys, and dreary gales—in wit, gloss, rapture, and fumes (unavoidable: while with younger and more enthusiastic temperaments, music is a partial melody of love, and sunlight, and flowers, and all imaginable brightness; to hear it in perfection is but to attain the Paradise, and to realize their long-ideal of a composer is to be a creature possessed of every virtue and talent under Heaven, with just as much of evil as Satanas may be permitted to squander into the bargain by way of keeping up the eternal charter which proclaims the imperfection of humanity). Now, although truth and justice compel us to place to the credit of many of both these classes the most sincere conviction—the most hearty feeling—detracts all they may say in praise of their art, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that with others, the system of high-flown eulogium is more “sounded and fury, signifying nothing.” So long as everything goes smoothly—so long as men tread on the line they themselves chalk out, they are clearly entitled to a repetition for good talk and conduct. Every now and then, however, some nice god of passion or prejudice takes on itself the office of separating the chaff from the wheat; some little untoward circumstance plays the part of strawman, lifts up the curtain, and through a good large hole in that sort of edifice—human nature, we are reminded a jery at its inward machinery, and there at once discover how far principle suggests profusion, or, to drop our rather undignified metaphors, we learn whether, or not, the place of truly artist-like feeling be usurped by self-love and hope of temporary advantage.

We have been led into this channel of remark by a circumstance of late occurrence, and as it rather strongly illustrates our remarks concerning the “great cry and little wool” here for art but too common in London, have been particular in inquiring on the subject. It appears that a party of gentlemen—medical students—struck with the vast progress of the society at Exeter-hall, with the beauty of its performances and the importance of the services it is contributing to the cultivation of Sacred music, conceived the idea of a society similarly constituted, for the purpose of promoting music of all kinds. A thought so happy, so preeminently important to the best interests of musical art, could not, of course, be slightly treated by the few professors whose assistance was solicited on its behalf, and accordingly, after much labour and consideration, an experimental performance at the Haymarket Theatre was decided on. The choice of an opera fell on the English version of Rossini’s *Guirene*, and, with an other success

possessors of any means of right, the committee proceeded with the copying of parts, both of the dialogue and music, and from thence to the last scene of rehearsal. Shortly before the appointed day of performance, the committee received an intimation from Mr. Raphael Lary (the adaptor) that he would not permit any such use of "his" opera of *Chiderelli*; subsequently, however, after much intreaty he retracted his veto, stipulating that the permission as "for that night only" should be inserted in the programme, and that he should be allowed a private box in the theatre. These conditions were complied with, and on the 30th January *Chiderelli* was performed in the presence of the subscribers, with great effect, and altogether in such a manner as to afford the strongest promise of the society's ultimate success. Gratified by the result of its first attempt, the committee resolved on repeating the opera in the hope of increasing its funds for further operations, and waited on Mr. Lary to explain the nature of the undertaking, and, pointing out their views and wishes, to entreat his compliance; which, however, he refused in a style so peremptory as to exclude all prospect of further negotiation. As a last resource, some gentlemen connected with the affair, undertook and completed a new libretto, retaining, however, the original adaptation to the music, and again the rehearsal proceeded with the utmost activity until the evening before the contemplated performance, when the implacable Mr. Lary, having, by delay, trapped the committee into an inevitable dilemma, cut the matter short by a threat to Mr. Webster, the Hypocritical Justice, of the terrors of Her Majesty's High Court of Chancery, should he suffer such performance within the walls of his theatre. The committee, pledged to the subscribers and denied the time for previous explanation, was compelled to meet them on the following evening with a bare and unvarnished statement of its difficulties, and to provide some small matter of compensation in the shape of an extempore concert—the result of the whole trading much to the credit of the society and to the infinite prejudice of Mr. Lary there, and elsewhere.

A consideration of this transaction obviously bears on the legality and wisdom of Mr. Lary's conduct. It requires no great proficiency to discover that Mr. Lary's threats operated on the fears, rather than on the judgment of the committee, since no author can claim the shadow of a right to forbid the use of his work at a strictly private performance—and such the unequivocally notwithstanding the libretto itself, the whole question, on the lawyer's side, lies in a nutshell. A party of people buying the printed adaptation of *Chiderelli*, at Messrs. D'Almeida's shop, have a clear and inalienable right to sing so much or as little of it as they please, and invite their friends to hear them—whether the place of performance be a theatre or a drawing-room does not affect the question one iota—and no process of law or expense ever could be devised wherewith to found a restraint of such privilege. If, by some inopportune perversion of reason, any such power has crept into our statute-books, Messrs. D'Almeida are even against the wisdom of fools in publishing a single note of music adapted by Mr. Lary or Mr. Any-one-else, since their printed opera are useless, and, conse-

quently, valueless,—no young lady, under such circumstances, can restrain her friends by urging any part of them, without incurring the pains and penalties of a dissonant conjunction! The absurdity is too gross—the raising such a point of right is too tedious, to be worth six additional words of refutation.

The policy or impolicy of Mr. Lacy's conduct is, we think, a self-argued question. It is to become a professor of music, and a lover of his art, to those difficulties in the way of its advancement, and, if he do so, he must make up his mind to carry with him the suspicion of motives much stronger and more venereal than usually hang on mere caprice. What Mr. Lacy's urging principle may have been, we know not, but hereafter to talk of his musical feeling would be folly—to name his motives to us would be monstrous, that he has acted ungenerously, we are certain—that he has done unwisely, may safely be left to his own process of discovery.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF FEMALE MUSICIANS.

Mrs. M. C. MASON'S SUGGESTIVE REPRESENTATION.—We are rejoiced to learn from the public advertisements that a benefit is at length announced to aid the formation of the Society for the Relief of Distressed Female Musicians.

When we reflect upon the manifold disadvantages that in this country surround and oppress talented and industrious females, in every walk of life, whose soul and destiny is to labour to supply their daily wants, it becomes a matter of public concern to a people professing the high degree of civisation that we do, and who for the most part are continually hearing, both directly and indirectly, of our humanity and liberality.

The origin of the formation of the Society of Female Musicians gives to a singular anomaly worthy of contemplation by any mind possessed of feeling or common sense. At present it seems that any gentleman musician or vocalist has it in his power to subscribe to the Fund for the Relief of Distressed Musicians, and that when either has powers of pleasing shall have percent song, or eye, salience, or poverty shall have compensated his powers, a sum collected (in some cases) for his daily wants is allowed, and he glides through the remnant of his days poor, but not destitute.

How stands the case with Female Musicians? We are indignant, while we give a truth that should cause the blush of shame to bespread the cheeks of every professor that has suffered so great a blot to deface common humanity so long.

No female musician or vocalist is permitted to enrol herself as a subscriber to the "Distressed Fund," but she is kindly permitted to exert herself as much as her strength will allow in its behalf; and it is probable that if her services are very productive, she may receive a letter of thanks in return, and a request to repeat her performances next year. All this she may do advantageously, even until the head long arrives when applying Time consumes the destination of those capabilities and acquisitions that heretofore have obtained thousands of all kinds, at substance already constitutes her strength, or lays her prostrate on a bed of suffering. There was in the recent case of Mrs. Salomon—these interesting Summatians in the temple of Neurology erected solely for the benefit of the male sex may gratified as a boon, although it could not be demanded as a right.

It is to remedy this truly deplorable process in which the female musician is so unjustly placed, that Miss Mason has so bravely stepped forward—thus vindicating not only the just rights of her sex, but at the same time performing one of the noblest services to humanity by the formation of a society whose wise and benevolent object is to afford relief to a numerous class, whose destination is at present wholly unprovided for. This female man does have great and peculiar claims on the philanthropy of the public, their published names all ample

truly: deeds are to be found, the impossible records of their benevolence, and the unnumbered examples of their talents to relieve the sufferings of their fellow-creatures.

In proof of this, we have selected from the life of that celebrated musician Calaneo, the detail her biographer furnishes of the charities she exercised in every foreign city she passed through—"At length Madame Calaneo resolved on leaving Paris and visiting her talents in all the capitals of Europe. From Paris she went to Berlin, where she excited no less admiration by her beneficence than by her extraordinary talents. She then went from Berlin to Hanover, where she gave a concert for the benefit of the poor, and was the next evening crowned in the theatre. She afterwards visited Stuttgart, Mainz, and Vienna, where she gave the red her success and blessed the benevolence of her heart; the magistrates of Vienna testifying their own admiration and the public gratitude by causing to be struck expressly for her a marble bearing the most honorable inscription. On leaving Austria she made the journey to St. Petersburg, where its concert-room being sufficiently large to contain the crowds that came to her concerts, she chose the Public Theatre for the scene of her concluding concert, and more than four thousand persons were present. Always the patroness of the poor she devoted the large receipts of that evening to the wants of two hundred unfortunate families in St. Petersburg! The Emperor Alexander marked his strong sense of her beneficence by thanking her in the presence of his whole court for the good she had done, and presenting her with a magnificent pearl of brilliants."

MUSIC COMPOSED BY THE LATE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

It probably is unknown to the generality of our readers, that His Grace the Duke of Marlborough, who died at Newmarket on Thursday, the 14th inst., was a good violin player, and set to music several pieces, for some of which he received honorary prizes from different societies. He also composed many songs and ballads, but not intending them for general circulation, had few have met the public eye. One of his vocal compositions is now before us, which in every way creditable to his good taste. It is called "You give me a rose." The words are selected from a small volume entitled "Eight Ballads on the Fictions of the Ancient Irish, and other Poems, by Richard Ryan."

You gave me a rose, and bid me keep
From all my thoughts the fragrant gem;
But, and methinks! while deep in sleep,
The lovely rose was stolen by them.
They kiss'd its leaves, and stole its dew
To scent their very dearest breath,
And such to such the bright rose flew,
Until it sank from bliss to death.

Then every leaf that late had given
To a thought as bright its odour sweet,
Whose breath was in the breath of heaven,
Was trod beneath the fair one's feet.
So like to thee, alighted flower,
In he, who tracing beauty's eyes,
For though he kiss'd glides away as soon,
Yet grief o'ertakes him ere he dies.

It is a somewhat curious coincidence, that the progenitor of our distinguished Irving was also (Lord Morington, who is so justly celebrated for his musical compositions), and the blood descendant of that paragon of soldiers, John Duke of Marlborough, should also have studied music scientifically, and have left ready proof of his genius and acquirements.

REVIEW.

Songs of the Prophets. The words from the Holy Bible; the music by F. Moore. No. 1.—New, No. London. (Grove.)

We cannot, for the life of us, make out what other of these songs is about; each comprises five pages well filled with crutches and quavers, and yet neither possesses anything worth calling a musical idea. The same characteristics being in each. The melody—of such a wandering from note to note deserves the term—in rare and unkind, almost every phrase taking the most unnatural course from its commencement to its conclusion, while no compensation is offered by the accompanying harmony, which is smooth and school-boy-like. Something of an ordinary soldier's evolutions is attempted in these compositions, and the failure in both cases is, on that account, but the more obvious and complete.

Die Sings. The poetry collected from the Germans, by Thomas Clayton, Esq.; the music by Franz Schubert. (Grove.)

Of all more song-writers, poor Schubert was undoubtedly the greatest—even Germany, prolific as she is in the makers of this kind of small music, could bring no rival genius to the field; and his death has left a place which many even of the most highly-gifted men of our time may unconsciously aspire to occupy. The quality which elevates his songs to greatly above those of his competitors is the pathos pervading them incessantly. His intensity was not the transient excitement of an ordinary mind; it was the constant attribute of his nature—a kind of high-pressure sentimentality always up and active, and coming from him at every ill and turn of his existence. With such men as Schubert, music ceases to be justly termed an accomplishment, a luxury, or a repeated melody; it is an inherent necessity of their condition—an essential prelude for their happiness—a water of kindness to wog through their parched spirits, and carrying away and preserving for the delights of others, bright traces of thought and feeling too deep for any other channel of expression. That music was all that to Schubert, his writing abundantly proves. Glouc and-dapplet were the prevailing elements of his disposition. His true nature was to be gay, but that he first was always repressed, his very spiritiveness betrayed an unusual degree; its joy-glanced surface but slightly concealed the depths of melancholy which lay at its foundation. Whether he could have methodised and concentrated his powers on any sustained effort—a grand opera for example—we are unable, from the nature of his labours, to conjecture, but in what he has done—written the lyrics to which he has confined himself—he has developed the ideal in music to an extent to which but few have ever attained.

Of the six songs now before us, four—"Let us weep again," "Fare home-ward these rails," "Ave Maria," and "The lark in every blossoming dew's eye," have been published and successfully sung, and the remaining two, "The Wanderer," and "I came when Spring was smiling,"—the latter especially—are well worth a similar trial. The whole set are exquisite compositions, published in a style worthy their excellence, and should be possessed by every one who values his reputation for musical taste.

Come, play me that simple air again. A Ballad, by Thomas Moore, Esq. (Grove.)

This is one of Mr. Moore's most feminine ballads. It has a simple, melodic melody, of no remarkable prominence certainly, but with just that kind of jig-trail cadence which is likely to win popularity.

Reveries de Sophie. Grand Fantasia pour le Piano. Révisées et Écrites pour le Piano, par Edmond Thalberg. (Grove.)

The best of these compositions contains selections from the A and C minor symphonies of Beethoven, which are, though widely-spread papers, developed in a cloud of three extraordinary passages which M. Thalberg produces with such extraordinary facility, and creates with such tremendous power.

The "Romance of Elise" is an exercise founded on a simple scale in D-F tone, which afterwards appears under two forms of treatment of progressive

difficulty; the latter of which, a widely-extended section of semi-queens endeavoring for six pages, well, we imagine, puzzle the scribe of any wrist save that of the composer.

They are both admirable as helps towards the acquisition of the present well-read school of pseudo-art mechanics, although, as compositions, we find but little to admire in either.

CORRESPONDENCE.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

To the Editor of the Medical World.

Sir—"Come now," says Mr. Clark in his last letter on this subject, "and Ben Jonson, Dr. Hall, William Shakspeare, King James I., Merchant Taylor's Hall, the Powder Plot, and the Old Lady, go hand in hand together?" Does he mean that they shall drive, like the vehicles in *Macbeth*, round—their common—his Merchant Taylor's Hall, and to the same tune of "God save the King?" I am Mr. Clark inclined to be in doubt, but all he has said will not prevent your asserting that the words of the authors in question were written by Ben Jonson, and the same composed by Dr. Hall, if it were so, my simple intellect strains with some trouble, "O man Ben Jonson!" for of all the verses that ever were put together, they are indeed more, and if anything, they are worse in the Latin version. And for a man, the Lord in Heaven preserve us from it, who has to me shown and right in the other instance the most was written in the words? Now, if Mr. Clark can produce any parallel instance in the works of old men like, of the present nature and bad rhyme, it will go far to establish his assertion that they were written, by him, and he cannot do this, neither can he produce any instance among the compositions of Dr. Hall in regard to the matter.

Mr. Clark's last letter is nothing but a tissue of repetitions from "his book" and former letters. We have the old story over again, about Ben Jonson's poetry being destroyed by the great Fire of London (scarcely sixty years after the mighty effort at Merchant Taylor's Hall), or else, his killing Christopher Marlowe in a duel. Mr. Clarke cannot have read all the important accounts of that piece, or he would not repeat such an absurdity. He next produces no less than the words of his long Rhetoric, and one Green, the most of which, except the Green, was composed by Dr. Hall, W. Byrd, and Orlando Gibbons. "The words," says Mr. Clark, "were probably written by Ben Jonson." The only thing among those known to be his, is the Green. These words of Archbishop, occupying two pages of the "Mourning War," Mr. Clark brings forward to prove that Dr. John Hall composed the tune of "God save the King," because (as he says) the words have the sentiments of the authors in question in every verse. Now, if it will please there must have been bygone and authors of Shakespeare for the safety and delivery of King James I. and the state from the Powder Plot, therefore, Mr. Clark's producing these words of such an old man in the least tend to prove that was the composer, nor can they have anything to do with the origin of the tune in question.

As the genuineness of your readers are not acquainted with the passages referred to by Mr. Clark, contained in the records of Merchant Taylor's Hall, and have a Article, on which he builds his assertion, that the tune of "God save the King," was composed by Dr. Hall and the song in their Hall, on July 25th, 1605, it shall here give these particulars extracts, and let the several wits judge for themselves:—

"On Thursday, July 25th, 1605, His Majesty King James I., Prince Henry, and many honorable persons, dined at Merchant Taylor's Hall; and the John Jonson son, attorney, is introduced to confer with Benjamin Jonson the poet (poet laureate to the King), about a speech to be made in his Majesty, by reason that the company doubt their attendance and a salute he not acquainted with such kind of entertainment—a speech to the King.

"As the upper end of the Hall there was set a chair of state where his Majesty sat and moved the Hall; and a very proper table, well supplied, being studded like an organ of glass, with a tape of black-cloth hanging to his hand, it showed a short speech, containing well verse, devised by Mr. Ben Jonson, which pleased his Majesty marvelously well, and upon either side of the Hall, in the windows that the upper end, were galleries or seats made for music, in either of which were seven regular choice musicians playing on their lutes, and in the stage which did hang still in the Hall, there were three, and very skilful, who sang to his Majesty, and over the King, some one, and both voices, whereas it is to be remembered, that the multitude and noise was so great, that the lutes and organs could hardly be heard or understood, and then his Majesty went by into the King's chamber where he dined since at a table which was provided only for his Majesty

the C-clef on the fourth line, instead of the bass-clef on the fifth line, which is ought to have. The only points on favour of its possession are, first, the harmony is very good and in the modern style. The melody differs considerably in the present form, the first strain ending like that in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1746: the second strain beginning like a portion of a melody in "Purcell's Catalogue" 1695, except the B-flat incorrectly stated to have been the original of the tune, and which has since been found printed with the first part in Buxtehude's "Mylmanns," London, 1615, from whence it was taken by the British editor of the "Catalogue," the first volume of which appeared in Aberdeen in 1692, edited by John Buxtehude, teacher of music in the school of Aberdeen: the second appeared at the same place in 1695. The tune (as Mr. Hunter's MS.) begins like the copy arranged by Dr. Arne, referred to by me in my first letter. Two or three of the notes in the bass-stave at the beginning appear to have been written in wrong places, and afterwards corrected over with the double bar, indicating the correct left or right. Second: at the words "In thee, O Lord," appears the end strain of an anthem by Dr. Tall, which I have compared with a copy in the organ-book formerly mentioned by me, which bears the title "The Savings (Change) Anthem," In thee, O Lord!" of which I have the whole of the organ part only. There are two or three sentences in the volume entitled "The King's Anthem," and the whole of the writing is so closely similar to Mr. Hunter's MS. that I should say it was copied by some one who had access to such another volume containing a copy of that very anthem, "In thee, O Lord!" The MS. says the Frederick Mudders, of the British Museum, in whom it has been shown, is undoubtedly a forgery, and that the writing has been imitated by some person who did not know how to write that kind. He says it has not been done recently, but that it has been written within I have twenty years, and that the paper is antedate to the tune. Who is Mr. Hunter? At this point our circumstances' story is pressed to us, and we shall then see whether he account a success, and if so, a question arises, for what purpose was it originally written? Was it to have Mr. Clark when he published his volume on "God save the King" in 1793? probably it was, at least there is every evidence on the face of it. As I observed in my last letter, I can say nothing in regard to the "old lady" (and I have the extreme ability of reading her third letter). I am, &c., your's &c.

JOSEPH WARDEN.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE. METROPOLITAN.

Messrs. BARROTT, GAYNOR, DAVEN, and LORRAE gave their third quartet concert on Thursday evening, when the following selection was performed:—

PART I.

March in E-flat major (No. 10), for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello	Bacharach
Die Welt—March for two Violins, Viola, & Cello	Mendelssohn
Andante—Two quartet voices (A. Mudders & Tall)	Dr. Tall
Violin and Violoncello in Double Bass	Griffiths

PART II.

Violin, Viola, Violoncello, & Bass in F-minor—Violin and Violoncello	Beethoven
Quintet in G-minor for strings	Haydn
String Quintet—Violin, Viola, Violoncello, & Bass	Haydn
Double Quartet, in G major, for two Violins, two Violas, and two Violoncellos	Spohr

Barrott's quartet was ably assisted by Mr. Davener and his associates: the trio of the same composer introduced substitutes in the person of Miss Orger, a daughter of the celebrated actress, who performed her part in a most satisfactory manner, and effected the proceeds of a second room. Corroll's trio, performed by Messrs. Landry, Lorne, and Howell, was of course second. Spohr's double quartet in G major terminated the concert, and was most beautifully executed.

The Sacred Harmonic Society repeated its performance of David in Egypt on Friday evening, when H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge was present, and expressed himself highly gratified. Soul is announced for performance to-morrow evening.

The City Quartet Concerts terminated on Monday evening; the performance was highly creditable to Mr. Wilby and his party.

* Copies were sent down to three, five, and ten parts, both up to volume 100 only. With it were forwarded a volume, in 24 parts, of the musical school of Aberdeen. The title of volume, most elegant and accurate, by John Smith. Aberdeen, 1822.

PROVINCIAL.

[This department of the Musical World is compiled and collated from the provincial press, and from the notices of our readers' communications. The editor of the B. M. W. has neither the space, nor the very number of opinions of our readers, beyond what their editorial signatures is supposed to.]

Devon.—Devon and Exeter Quartet Concerts.—The second concert took place at the Clarence Hotel, on Thursday, the 5th instant, and commenced with Moore's Quartet, op. 18, accordingly well performed by Messrs. Ross, Reynolds, Wood, and Hayes. The plans for the course of the evening were "By Collin's Ashlar" (Harley), "When should I leave" (Wednesday), "Queen of the Valley" (Cassatt), and "Arabian melody" (Sir J. L. Rogers, Bart.); all of which were given with that peculiar rich style so highly necessary in the vocal solo species of vocal music, by Miss L. Rice, Master Price, Misses Brown, Carpenter, Smith, Chappin, and S. Hayward, particularly the one by Sir J. Rogers, which was uncommonly admired. Miss L. Rice's excellent well studied applause in A. Lee's "Meet me in the miller's glen," was more admired for second song "Kathleen Mavourneen," although she certainly made the most of it. Southern's splendid success was admirably given by Messrs. Price, J. Rice, Pinkey, Brown, Richard, Hayes, and Thomas. "Ye shall have" (Harley), by Mr. Carpenter, displayed all the talent of a perfect master. Mr. S. Hayward was crowned in "The White Squall" (Harley), but mistakes he might have been happier in his choice, as the song is exceedingly common-place and not adapted to his voice. Mr. Rice and Mr. S. Hayward in a *Dea Stralund*, by Handel and Dr. Burney, for voice and piano, we saw from Mr. Stralund's, left nothing to be wished for, either as to taste or execution; it was, indeed, a brilliant display of talent, and the applause that followed each variation must have been highly gratifying to these gentlemen. Southern's Quartet, No. 2, op. 15, was indeed a gem, and was in every respect done ample justice to by the Messrs. Price, J. Price, Reynolds, and Brown. This concert was well and judiciously attended, and we were delighted to hear the unqualified approbation bestowed by Sir J. Rogers on the whole of the performance. It may have been surprising to the audience (Mr. S. Hayward) and all concerned with him, to witness the attention of the audience generally to his classical performances. The establishment of these concerts will prove a school of inimitable taste, as it will keep alive and encourage a taste for really good music, ancient and modern, vocal and instrumental, and the founders of these performances, and those who have supported them, will have the satisfaction of knowing that their endeavours will continue to us in the delightful career, and lead more and more to make the public acquainted with its powers. —From a Correspondent.

LYONS.—Concert for the Benefit of the Slave-ship Fishermen and Harmer's Memorial Society.—This concert, which was on an extensive scale, was given on Wednesday evening (March 13), by the Irish Philharmonic Society, invited by the Edinburgh Apollo Club. The assembly room was filled to its capacity. The concert consisted of nearly thirty instrumental performances, including Mr. Haggart, Mr. Napier, and the greater part of the leading the Old Glasgow Quartet. The concert commenced with Rossini's overture to *Le Comte Ory*, which was effectively executed. Miss Smith accompanied the orchestra with her singing of "Sold Soldier's Song." Mr. Haggart then performed a solo on the violin with taste and execution. Mrs. Smith then sang Tasso's "Tu, in pace il regno canta" with her well known voice and execution. "The Sea" was given with its good style by Master Edwards, accompanied by the full band. Miss Smith and Miss Julia Smith next displayed their "most sweet voices" in "Ye birds and leaves of hazy woods," arranged as a duet; it was especially admired and at its conclusion there was a general shout. The overture to *Die Froschholler* formed the opening of the second part and was performed with great brilliancy. The next piece followed in "When winds howl on the sea," in which Mrs. Smith had full scope for displaying the whirly tones of her voice; she was invited by her of the Apollo Club, and the contribution was most liberally received. Mrs. Smith sang next "Lord Ronald" very sweetly, and was heartily received. The next "My pretty page," was most sung by the Misses Smith most effectively and neatly executed a double duet. The ballad, "Lord Ulster's Daughter," by Mrs. Smith, and the duet, "Woe may be had for the money," by the Misses Smith, were each sung in alternation, and received deserved success. Bishop's glees, "Sold Soldier's Song," with full chorus, was the last piece that was performed except the *Te Deum*, "God save the Queen," which was substituted for the overture in Xempt. The concert terminated a rich musical treat, and produced about 50*l.*, which, after deducting the necessary expenses, will be applied to the benevolent purpose for which it was given. This excellent example of the Irish Philharmonic Society, we should be glad to see followed in Edinburgh and other parts of the country.

Lecture.—Philharmonic Society.—We were much gratified on Thursday evening by a visit to the best public rehearsal of this illustrious but slightly-constituted association, at Mr. Laszelli's School in Great Richmond-street, in which we had the favour of an invitation from the committee. We had begun to fancy, from the slender attendance at some recent concerts, that standing musical taste was at rather a low ebb amongst our fashionable subscribers; and were therefore exceedingly surprised to find a fine room, admirably adapted for the purpose to which it was now devoted, suitably fitted up at considerable expense, a splendid and highly-respectable military, or, at least, gentlemanly and martial retinue from the staid ranks of society and modern English respectability, and an orchestra, which, though composed entirely of native talents—well standing in the capacity of amateurs—would have reflected credit upon any town in the united Kingdom. This society has only been in existence somewhere about ten months, and is professedly, therefore, one of the more assembling. It is composed of a number of respectable individuals, who, observing the necessity of the subscription concert during the past few years, judged that there must be a disposition to encourage such meetings from a more laudable motive than that which has in some instances been attributed to our forefathers. A classical and liberal response having been made from all quarters to their proposals, they eventually put their resolution to the vote, and the result of their exertions produced one of the most delightful spectacles which it has been our pleasure to gaze on Liverpool. The objects of the society are the promotion and culture of music generally, and through many of our local professors give their assistance in this pleasing and progressively-advancing, they all appear as amateurs. The arrangements at present are for a performance quarterly, the room being open only to those who have the good fortune to be subscribers, or their friends, thus restricting the company select, and the meeting decidedly private. Each subscriber pays a small sum on entrance, and, for one guinea per year, two tickets of admission are placed at his disposal. The list was so eagerly opened that it was filled, and there are already many applicants whose I has been found impossible to accommodate. We understand that those will be admitted in rotation as vacancies arise, after the plan pursued in the "Manchester Gentleman's Concerts," their eligibility being determined by the ballot. The room is spacious and lofty, with a commodious gallery. It has for some time been occupied by Mr. Laszelli, a professor of dancing, who has kindly surrendered it to the musical use of the society. The orchestra is so arranged that it extends into the body of the room and is visible at any time to the extent of twelve feet. A very handsome organ has been erected at the summit, on grounds of less only eight steps, but when completed will certainly constitute powerful profits. It has a very neat appearance, and it is excellent keeping with the internal architecture of the building. As soon as a sufficient fund has been realized from a subscription now in progress, the proprietors of these concerts contemplate the erection of a much larger and more splendid structure, internally as well as externally, and which will enable them to comply more extensively with the wishes of contributors for admission. The following was the scheme for the first evening's performance:—

PART I.

- | | |
|---|----------------------|
| Overture (the first in Liverpool) | Kilgobbin. |
| Mr. Donoh's and Owen's new parody "The Hibernian, &c., &c." | Bishop. |
| Madrigal, "The Bird's Song," by the same | Charles Mackay, Esq. |
| March, "The Sea," by the same | Bishop. |
| Waltz, "The Sea," by the same | St. John. |
| Polka, "The Sea," by the same | Bishop. |

PART II.

- | | |
|--|--------------|
| Overture to "The Hibernian" (the first in Liverpool) | Author. |
| Concerto for Piano (the first in Liverpool) | Waters, Esq. |
| Waltz, "The Bird's Song," by the same | Author. |
| Polka, "The Bird's Song," by the same | Author. |
| March, "The Bird's Song," by the same | Author. |
| Waltz, "The Bird's Song," by the same | Author. |
| Polka, "The Bird's Song," by the same | Author. |
| March, "The Bird's Song," by the same | Author. |

It will be seen that the chief part of this selection is from the works of that eminently pleasing and true English composer, Bishop; and the committee, in our opinion, could not have paid a greater tribute to his merits, or more completely justified their estimate

upon this very anxious underwriting, then by commencing their career with his name as the leading feature of the programme. There is a chasteness and soundness in his writings which must ever make them popular to the student of pure and sterling British literature. Two interesting monographs, illustrating the state of mind in our country towards the commencement of the sixteenth century, were also appropriately introduced, with some choice pieces from Lysons, Rogers, Colburn, and Spaldy, and two captures, by Kalfouzis and Saker, never before issued in Liverpool. The members of the academy, in both the vocal and instrumental departments, seemed as if so much delighted as the audience, and the concert therefore went off with great spirit and credit. Mr. John Bennett contributed the staccato solo-soprano, and was ably sustained by Mr. William Collins, as the organist. Mr. H. F. Aldridge, jun., also made a very successful bow. Through a young man, and occupying a somewhat novel situation, he exhibited an fair share of nerve, and gave evidence of considerable talent. The audience was altogether delighted with the evening's entertainment. It was a meeting which every student prepared to expect, and, as a performance obtained without our hearing, a change, no matter between the parts, and a hall at the time, was alone wanting to make it one of the most splendid and gratifying entertainments ever witnessed in Liverpool.

LECTURES.—Geology and Zoology Lectures.—On Tuesday, the 10th Inst., Mr. F. Kite read his course of lectures on the Fossils of the Great Oolitic Outcrop. We should be doing injustice to Mr. K. were we to attribute the class of a paper which has been so warmly, and so judiciously, received by the medical profession before whom it has been delivered, to pure witless luck. We therefore suppose it contained more of the topics discussed by Mr. K. in those lectures. They were, we believe, the first attempt that has been made in Liverpool for the purpose of giving to the attention of the public by means of lectures, and to accompany them with appropriate illustrations of the principles laid down, by the performance of selected pieces in which those principles might be illustrated in operation. The attempt required much reading, talent, judgment, and scientific skill, and these qualifications were found abundantly in Mr. Kite's lecture. The subject of the first lecture was the Collieries of Mass generally, and its influence on Society; the lecturer's main object being to diffuse his information as a citizen. In doing this, Mr. K. continued the study of waste when sought as a citizen, and so present what followed only as an accomplishment, accompanying the work the expression of a regret as the deplorable state of the present age in that respect. It was then very happily done that this study, when thus properly directed, instead of leading to habits of dissipation, a change to which it is often subjected, does by study tend to such; the feelings we show were sensibility and to devote the mind in a quiet atmosphere than that in which it is naturally bred. Some exceedingly good remarks were then made in consideration of the general and character of waste in the British mines; and particular attention was made in the principal ranges in existence in England in the range of Eborack and James I.; and the monograph, "New in the Month of Maying," "What has I seen your Face," and "The water," referring to specimens of the style. The lecturer would have been imperfect without an allusion to several mines, and an illustration of some remarks on that branch of the sciences, the "Green Palace," from Sherrin's 16th issue, was sung with considerable effect. The benefits of Eborack formed the subject of the second lecture. The lecturer produced the qualifications of them by so happy how the principles of true criticism and exhibited a comparison between some and those who which address themselves to the imagination. He then invited himself of the different ways in the life of the great imagination for the purpose of showing their influence on his competitors. This he effected by giving a brief biographical sketch of Eborack, and by reading specimens of his style, to each of which a few preliminary critical remarks were prefixed. The specimens given were the "Water Moon," "Greenland Customs," "The Gunner's," "Quarrel," "What has I seen your Face," "And the Glory of the Lord," and the "North-west Church." A similar course was adopted in Mr. Kite's third lecture, on the "Seasons of Haydn, the specimens introduced being the celebrated symphony, "the Emperor," "Andante," "In the morning," "And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters," "The second love scene," and "The fountain we talking." It is to be added, after some observations on the increased effect produced by the combination of instrumental music and words and recited music, a valuable description of the creation of music, accompanying himself on the piano-forte. The illustrations of the last lecture, on the benefits of Eborack were not a more extensive one, the lecturer being assisted by Messrs. Charles and William Kite, Mr. F. Taylor, Mr. J. Gay, of Portsmouth, &c., as well as gentlemen amateur in the vocal parts. A fine symphony, led by the lecturer himself; and the "Kite's Eborack" from Sherrin's 16th issue and his "Green in colour," were beautifully and skilfully performed. This ended the course. Its success has been beyond expectation, and it well deserves to be in the interests of Mr. Kite and the kind and successful patrons of his

professional and amateur French was paid by the audience in the loud applause by which they testified their assent to the view of French, which was stated to them at the close of the lecture. We think the large attendance at these lectures justifies the view, that the time for study is passing in the west. Of this fact, the realization of the Sacred Harmonic Society is a further proof, and we cannot but regret Mr. Kier's former lectures at this Institution as contributing in no small degree to being about this season, by going to the study of many a most useful observation to which many of its richest treasures are due.

The same gentleman delivered a most interesting lecture on Instrumental Music at the Mechanics' Institution on the following evening, in which he gave a brief description of the various musical instruments which were to be seen on the occasion, and explained the nature and construction of these by means of several diagrams, and showed how, in modern times, the instruments have been improved upon. He then pointed out the different styles of musical composition as consisting of the solemn, the beautiful, and the instrumental, and gave a just eulogium on the instrumental compositions of Handel. He observed, however, that it was left to Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, to bring forward more conspicuously various instruments which had all their uses severely been noticed. Several beautiful colored illustrations were given from the works of Haydn and Mozart, to show a splendid field for the fine and powerful, the whole of which was executed in a masterly manner, and were received with great applause. The room was crowded to excess, and many persons were unable to obtain admission.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PERFORMANCES AT St. PAUL'S.—The annual performance for the benefit of the sons of the clergy will take place in St. Paul's Cathedral, on Thursday, the 14th of May. The rehearsal will be on the Tuesday previous. The Royal Society of Musicians has furnished a band from its members, for these performances, for a hundred years.

GRAND CONCERT.—This society had a good meeting on Saturday, J. Capel, Esq. in the chair. Several fine compositions were well sung by Messrs. Balfour, Harris, Snow, Blackmore, Bennett, Chapman, Hobbs, King, Newley, Allen, Spencer, Hawkins, Elliot, Collier, and FitzGibbon.

ROYALTY'S CONCERTS.—It affords us much pleasure to state that his Royal Highness Prince Albert has consented to become a director of the Queen's Concerts of Ancient Music; the other directors are the King of Denmark, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Wellington, the Archbishop of York, Earl Fitzmaurice, Earl Howe, and Lord English. It is expected that her Majesty will honour the second concert with her presence, the director of which will be the Archbishop of York, who has engaged Madame Caroline Allen, Mrs. Kayser, Miss Beck, Messrs. Harrison, Hancock, Hawkins, Martin, and Phillips, conductors, Mr. Fisher.

DISSENTS.—As a corroborator of the same statement we have felt it our duty so frequently to express concerning the same attempts of this field composition, where last year, "Tanquerai Tasso," at present occupies the stage of the Italian Opera House, we present our readers with the following striking extract from that drama and intelligent work, "Frederick Von Kummer's Letters on England." Speaking of Donizetti's version of "Anna Bolina," from "Anna Bolina," sung by Grev, Leblöcker, and Rollin, Von Kummer says, "One must have resigned all ideas of dramatic music, and have lost all memory and taste that such a thing ever existed, before one can give one's admiration to the transition between the dancing rhythm, the staccato, staccato, and the airy whippers with which a royal tyrant, his wife, and her lover, assume themselves and others in the hour of death. Donizetti is not a dish from which any man of sense or discrimination will desire to be lodged twice."—Vol. 1, page 208-210.

HANDEL'S POST-DUO-DEO LECTURE.—"The merits of this Lecture Weight in its simplicity and accuracy—a gain in effect would have the balance other way. Although numerous details have been introduced for the purpose, none that we have been accustomed to state, in which it is so much before its competitors as it was in priority of introduction."—Carl Eugene, March, 1845.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PIANOFORTE.		MISCELLANEOUS.	
Widor's Works, edited by Mendelssohn No. 4, Symphonie Capricieuse, No. 5, Grand Sonata Solenne	Cramer	Les Contes de Lafontaine, Op. 101, Op. 102, and Op. 103, Nos. 1-4, by G. F. Handel and Kellner	Cramer & Co.
Bergmann, F.—Sonatas, Opus 20, Nos. 1-12, in C, F, and G	Opus	VOCAL.	
Mendelssohn—Six Songs, "Fingerte Träne," composed by J. F. Bergmann	Opus	Selected.—To be sung with piano in any style	Cramer & Co.
Mendelssohn's "Cantata," written by J. F. Bergmann	Opus	London.—Piano Solo	Opus
Mozart's Opus "Sonata & Trios" in G Major	Opus	Wendt, Peter A.—Sixty years' songs from the days of the Kaiser	Cramer & Co.
Chopin's "Etude in C Major" Opus 10, No. 1 and Opus 25, No. 1	Opus	I wish to send thanks with polite recognition	Opus
Mendelssohn's "Lieder," Opus 10, No. 1 and Opus 25, No. 1	Opus	My wife has arranged if I had known this I could have done, with polite recognition	Opus
Chopin's "Nocturne" Opus 9, No. 2 and Opus 27, No. 2	Opus	So we let us part	Opus
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Chopin's "Prelude" Opus 28, No. 23 and Opus 28, No. 24	Opus	So we let us part	Opus
Chopin's "Prelude" Opus 28, No. 25 and Opus 28, No. 26	Opus	I wish to send thanks with polite recognition	Opus
Chopin's "Prelude" Opus 28, No. 27 and Opus 28, No. 28	Opus	My wife has arranged if I had known this I could have done, with polite recognition	Opus
Chopin's "Prelude" Opus 28, No. 29 and Opus 28, No. 30	Opus	So we let us part	Opus
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Chopin's "Prelude" Opus 28, No. 65 and Opus 28, No. 66	Opus	So we let us part	Opus
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Chopin's "Prelude" Opus 28, No. 77 and Opus 28, No. 78	Opus	So we let us part	Opus
Chopin's "Prelude" Opus 28, No. 79 and Opus 28, No. 80	Opus	I wish to send thanks with polite recognition	Opus
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meaning, should impart to its performance not only the indispensable feature of accuracy, but all those graces of appreciation which alone can complete it as a disclosure of the composer's intention. Now, setting the present state of conductors out of the question, which of our orchestral leaders possesses musical feeling, or even knowledge of a score, sufficient to justify his interference with a process such as we have described?—positively not one. Granted, they are all excellent fiddlers, but they are nothing more. To the fiddle they have confined their study, and to the fiddle should they limit their practice. What is our present position? The wisdom of our ancestors has posted one man on a joint-stool to direct an orchestra, if he can, and another a little higher up to oversee all his arrangements if he likes, and then bespangled as an *unfetterable* absurdity. Down goes the conductor's baton, into the hand of the leader's hand—perhaps simultaneously, perhaps not, as the case may be—"*plene!*" vociferates the conductor, "*U-e-e-eh!*" excoffers the leader—that is, if he thinks game; he wags, perhaps, *think first and act accordingly*, whatsoever, as a matter of course, wags and string follow suit. Should the conductor call a halt to discuss some hourly point of style, the leader never concerns himself—why should he? If the matter is hard to some old composition, of course he can play his part, if otherwise, he will seek an enlightenment from his fellow-director, and so forthwith betakes him to tacking his fiddle, or some other harmless diversion, thereby telegraphing *idiot* and *inattention* to the whole orchestra. And yet this manifest folly—this childish *non-sense*, is constantly acted in even our best orchestras! A hand, like a ship's crew, can only be efficiently controlled by one responsible head; but the more fiddles, whatever the extent of his fiddling, is an more competent to direct the one, than the ruler of *unaided* hands of ropes to command the other: the one requires intellect—the other solely fingers and their cunning employment. Orchestral performance, we are convinced, will never reach perfection in England until the office of leader—as generally understood—be definitively abolished, and the conductor invested with unshakable authority. If our conductors have musician's hands and composer's hearts—it, in short, they be competent men, great works may then be executed with terrible excellence,—if they be otherwise, the public has its remedy.

Another system even of failure is the appointment of several conductors to one orchestra. This is scarcely so heinous an extravagance as the other, though not the less productive of mischief. For the barely responsible one that our conductors possess exactly the same amount of tact and feeling, their manner, and consequently their influence with a band, may nevertheless vary in six distinct directions. One man, for instance, evinces a perfectly ligament rigidity of *demureness*—hesitates in execution of those grand statements that of yore struck home and quivered on St. Dunstan's bells, and utters his remarks with all the solemnity of a *centro-queuing* judge: another flings *prance* his hand into turbulence by his *dash-breaking* vehemence of gesture, and utters it in *quintade* by postulations of the most *overbearing* directions; while a third typifies a *resonance* by a proportionate *repeated* inflexion, and, per contra, writes his-

will use an apt illustration of its errors. One man stops his orchestra, at least once in twenty bars with comments and suggestions, while another appears his fault-finding *vis à vis*; and, worse than all, no two are agreed as to rate of time—some retarding their tempo by a pace, others by an equatorial pendulum. Each of these methods may possess peculiar advantages, but, unfortunately, a band cannot be expected to profit equally by all. We need but compare the contents of the Italian theater under one lead, with that of the Philharmonic Concerts under many, to prove the error of the system pursued at the latter.

At the Philharmonic, this system, bad as it is, can scarcely be abandoned. It was established, with the Society, with the view to reconciling the antipathic feelings of the five members, and, consequently bad, and may still have, the virtue of expediency; but we are not a little surprised to hear that another institution which has, since its foundation, been more scrupulously regulated on this point, has fallen off from the true faith, and declared itself in favor of the Philharmonic heresy. The Ancient Concerts, throughout their long existence, have had but three conductors—Josh Baker, Gassner, and the present William Kaywitz—the latter professor having filled the office for eight years. What motives may have influenced the noble directors in their desire for change—whether fear lest their future performances should go as well as the last York and Birmingham festivals, or some equally urgent reason—we know not; but certain it is that the employment of various conductors for the present season has been decided on, and that Mr. Kaywitz has resigned in consequence. It further appears that the vacant office, alternately with Mr. Bishop and two or three gentlemen whose names we had not previously heard associated with such duties, has been offered to Sir George Smart, and decided by him, with the allegation that he was, on principle, opposed to the contemplated experiment, and consequently averse to taking part in it; and that if, after eight years' probation, Mr. Kaywitz's services were dispensed with, his (Sir George's) professional standing and reported acquaintance with such matters entitled him, if employed at all, to at least an equal measure of confidence. At the express desire of the Duke of Cambridge he consented to conduct the first concert, but has since persisted in declining any intercourse with the remainder.

Throughout this business, Sir George Smart has evinced that manly straightforwardness of purpose which, by universal admission, has ever characterized his professional conduct. He has not assumed any superiority over artists, and possibly, highly-talented men, but has evenly refused to accept any rank short of perfect equality with a professor, on whose competence the public has long since most unequivocally decided. He may not possess (we are convinced he would never wear any such pretensions) the genius of a Mozart or Beethoven, but at least it may be said of him, that his earnestly and strict fulfillment of his engagements has won for him the respect and esteem of his ardent companions, while his entire absence of character and hardly-earned experience enable him to direct the performances on which he may be employed, with unflinching accuracy;—a part of which can be safely affirmed of some of his would-be rivals.

How any matter left to the decision of so many capricious heads may terminate, it is impossible to conjecture; but, if the directors have any regard for the excellence of their future concerts, they will revert to their old plan. They had far better employ one bad conductor than half-a-dozen of as many different degrees of merit: the latter course would inflict on their band and themselves a most miserable state of trouble and uncertainty, while in adopting the former, they would at least insure to their performances the characteristic of uniformity.

MUSIC IN PARIS.

(From a Correspondent of the Post.)

RETURN TO THE SCENE OF THE CALAMITOUS WAGNERIENNE FAILURE.

One of the most affecting scenes ever witnessed on the stage, was exhibited here lately at the *Académie Impériale de Musique*. Falcon, the greatest and most popular French, whose vocal and dramatic talents had been the admiration and delight of European amateurs, visitors to the French capital—Mlle. Falcon, who some two years ago lost her voice through a cold, re-appeared to afford her admirers the opportunity of judging whether such a brilliant career was to be stopped for ever, whether such a bright gem was to be entirely lost, and if a long convalescence afforded hopes that a sunny sky, for her, where she is to sing her night, would present to the musical world one of its brightest ornaments. We went to see whether her creations of the *Anna*, and *Falstaf*, in Meyerbeer's *Magistrate*, were to be lost to us. What a joy did Falcon's prolonged leave to be filled up. How many sighs in her vocal lines have ceased and failed. Nature has been so well preserved to find her successor. Herbry in power or quality of voice, has surpassed these others, and the tone regularly rich and true, not in the strokes of impetuous power, has it been possible to replace her, Grandeur, energy, purity of style, consistency of execution, submission, concentration, and perfect intonation, did Falcon combine; and yet at the moment when her talents were ripening into maturity, inflammation of the throat removed her from the stage in the midst of triumph. To vocalists, in the plenitude of your force, consider on this sad example, when you look disdainfully down upon your surrounding woodchoppers—one hour may destroy the bloom of your whole life—one hour will annihilate nature's harvest-work. You may not always find so grateful a public as the one assembled at the *Académie*, for royalty, rank and nobles were there to greet the return of the favorite Falcon. The night was devoted to her as a benefit, for she had in the midst of her glory earned golden opinions—she had not satisfied public or private sympathy by her gifts, caprice, or pretensions. As there was real grief, so was there true melody—two qualities not very often combined in artists.

The two last acts of *Balmy's Jelis*, the fourth act of Meyerbeer's *Magistrate*, then which act there is no greater name in existence, and we had dancing from Morand and Mlle. Blangy, Combe, and Mlle. Adèle Demestre; Frippeau and Mlle. Fitzpence, and Madame Nohor and Adèle, besides the entire corps de ballet, no lack of attractive grandeur. The price of admission was doubled, and as the tickets had been bought up even at that increase, large sums were paid for admission; the house was in fact filled to the lobby, with nearly the whole pit converted into stalls. Thus much for the day portion of the affair, now for the remainder society.

The introductory prologue the evening of the curtain was heard with impatience. The organ pealed in vain at the doors of the church and town of Commerce—all eyes were directed towards a long narrow street leading to the left of the stage. At length were seen at its extremity a small, spare, dwarfish figure of a Jew, on whose arm was hanging a fair dame, with luxuriant raven tresses, of commanding figure, and regular and handsome features, à la *Opéra*. Dupont and Mlle. Falcon were recognized. Such a cheering followed as defied description. The

poor frightened and yet grateful singer was started. Her bosom swelled at the thought—she could not weep, and her struggle to master her emotions was in vain—she sank listless into the arms of Dupon, and was carried off. Fortunately she has only to cross the stage at this period. The opera proceeds, but her nervousness prevented the audience for some time from hearing a note. Eventually her agitation was subdued, and as the act went on, she gradually brought out her voice. It is near the finale that Stedil first has the opportunity of showing forth. But what a melancholy conclusion was there. The high notes of that noble voice, so clear and so powerful as in her glorious days, the magnificent contralto left unshaken, unweakened, in the lowest depths deeper still, but the middle portion of the voice, the working, the indispensable medium, gone—entirely gone. Must I go on? I fear irreversibly gone. The harmonies and possibility of these middle tones were most distressing to the ear: it left you an uncomplete agony, it was a musical Torture. These poor Fabron was—no much left as to tell us what she had been—Come in her voice—her vocal inflections still, but the color relinquished, power prostrated, but passion still pre-eminant, the imagination entering warm and vivid, but the inability to execute sustained and unceasing vocal. And there she was, unquelled still as an actress rising into nobility in her histrionic passages, and at times, when she got out of the range of the Juste Milieu, there she was triumphant still, but the pleasure of a moment was too dearly purchased, for it must have been a torture to the singer as well as to the hearer. She must have felt this. Once or twice, when the voice was trembling, she clasped her hands, and appealed with agonizing look to the audience, who were hush in expressions of encouragement and sympathy.

The whole scene reminded me of our King's farewell display at Covent Garden Theatre. It was the last time he ever appeared on the stage, and it was in *Othello*, which he played to his son's days. Never did King's rich undertones appear more exquisite than in his "Farewell" speech. It was like the hard glare of a fading lamp as it expires—unmistakable of brightness and then is gone. Poor King, when he came to the words, "Othello's occupation gone," sank into the arms of his son, and was removed from the stage never to return. Poor Fabron, is this to be your fate? It is true, however, crying, and weeping were stored for you at the end of the evening, but the grave has this heritage as well as trials. If this be your last appearance, you will at least carry with you the grateful remembrance of all witnesses whose good fortune it has been to hear your exquisite organ, and to admire your own abilities as an actress.

ORIGIN OF THE FRENCH OPERA.

The French Opera is derived from the Tragedians, among whom it is held to be one of the principal glories of the Carnival. The French Opera was established in Paris, in 1645, by Cardinal Mazarin. In order to render this new kind of entertainment successful, his conformity at the commencement employed Italian performers. The "Achilles" of Pierre Corneille, was the first French work which was represented in Paris in 1655 or 1654. The machinery, of which the French had not at that time any idea, was the production of the Pope Scavini; and its magnificence was such that it eclipsed that of the Tragedians Opera, calculated for the expense bestowed upon it. In the following years were represented "La Pastorale," "Adamo," "Ezio," "A Mario," "La Source d'Or,"—and "Pompeii." New machinery was invented for "La Saison d'Or," by the Magasin de Sordano, Scavini's rival.

This opera, which was originally represented in the Chateau de Neuchateau, in Normandy, on the occasion of the marriage of Louis XIV. and the queen with Spain, was afterwards performed in Paris. From that epoch France Perin, the manager of the Opera, being unable alone to support the expense of such an establishment, entered into partnership with the Marquis de Sourdis and Cambert, and a new theatre was built in the Tennis Court, in the Rue Mazarin.

In 1672, Lully having obtained permission to establish a Royal Academy of Music, built a theatre in the Rue de Vaugouard, of which Viperani was the architect and the machinist; Lully, therefore, was the first successful manager of the French Opera. It is to him that France is indebted for that description of entertainment, and he imparted to it the magnificence which so advantageously distinguishes it from all other dramatic representations in France. The poet Quinault, having united his talents to those of Lully, from that association sprang the French Opera, properly so called. Before this time it consisted merely of ballets, interspersed with recitatives. They added songs, chorusses, dances, gave it a plot, and, in fact, converted it into a lyric drama. At no period, however, has the French Opera been able to maintain itself without the aid of government.

AILEEN ARCON.

The origin of this beautiful Irish Air, which was first introduced to the British public a few years ago (most correctly as a Scotch melody, by the name of "Robin Adair," is thus historically and correctly related.—"Carril More O'Daly (brother to Donogh, a trifling but consummate charlatan, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth), was one of the most accomplished gentlemen in his time, and particularly so in poetry and music. He paid his addresses to Ellen, the daughter of a chieftain named O'Connell, a lovely and sensible young lady, who returned his affections, but her friends disapproved of the connection. O'Daly was obliged to leave the country for some time, and they availed themselves of the opportunity which his absence afforded them, of impressing on the mind of Ellen a belief of his falsehood, and of his having gone to be married to another; after some time, they prevailed on her to consent to marry a rival of O'Daly. The day was fixed for the nuptials, but O'Daly returned the evening before. Under the first impression of his feelings, he caught a wild and impetuous spot on the sea-shore, and, inspired by love, composed the song of Aileen Arcon. Dressed as a harper, he, next night, gained access among the crowd that thronged to the wedding. It happened that he was called on by Ellen herself to play. It was then, reaching his harp with all the pathetic sensibility which the interesting occasion inspired, he infused his own feelings into the song he had composed, and breathed into his softened strains the very soul of passionate melody. It began "Dance to me Aileen to Aileen Arcon."—"Will you stay or come with me, Ellen my dear?"* Ellen soon felt its force, and consented to elope with him that very night.

ON THE POWER OF MUSIC.

In all ages music has been cultivated as a liberal science, that constitutes the most delightful embellishment of the mathematics, and elegant accomplishments of the sciences. A fine composition operates in the same manner on the natural feelings and imagination, as a beautiful discourse on the judgment. Whether we regard the theory or practice of music, its embellishments are inseparable effects on delicate feelings and particular systems of nerves, are, indeed, very extraordinary. The powerful influence ascribed to its changes by the ancients, would appear altogether unaccountable, had not modern experience proved effects equally wonderful, and modern philosophy pretty clearly explained the causes merely from that analogy observable between the human machine and a musical instrument.

* Several believed he would enter here being the author of this air, that if all the words he had ever composed. Another mentioned the Opera Theatre, a distinguished Italian singer, who assisted at the British Opera in Dublin told us, that he received opportunity to look through, and to write a private sketch of it.

Diseases have been cured, the passions excited into fury, and sleep into repose, exclusively concerted, and a thousand wonders performed by the power of melody; but, such assertions would seem incredible, were they not confirmed by the testimony of writers of established candour and reputation. Bayley, and other physicians, have seen that species of madness occasioned by the loss of the testicles, cured by music, which is indeed specific in this disorder. Some German writers, Paganini, Martini, and a crowd of Danish writers, all agree that Eric, king of Denmark, was so intoxicated with the powerful strains of a certain harp, that, quite frantic, he slew several of his most intimate friends. Dr. South founded his poem, entitled "Musica mentiana," upon a similar fact, which he writes his own knowledge; and Shewsbury mentions an Italian musician, whose melody over the passions was so extraordinary, that, by varying the measure, he could produce the most desperate frenzy or deplorable melancholy. Every one possessed of sensibility has felt the power of musical composition.

ITALIAN OPERATIC ACTING.

THE splendid histrionic talents of a few of the principal Italian performers may appear somewhat inconsistent with the very degraded state of Italian dramatic composition. But there are instances of great individual genius coinciding with, and sometimes triumphantly surmounting the deficiencies of the Italian stage. The performers do not speak to our ears; they sing to the audience; and, if they sing fairly, the audience demand nothing more.

Every now and then, there is a long cry, quartet, or quartette; and then the principal personage of the drama draws themselves up in a line along the front of the stage, and recede their prize with all their vocal skill, but with as little regard to their dramatic position, as if they were in the Hanover Square Concert Rooms. And this is not confined to inferior performers, even Gelsi, Tamburini, and Lablache are obliged to salute in the same way, because the music set down to them generally puts dramatic action out of the question.

It is in isolated scenes and situations that these performers can display their dramatic powers; but it is impossible even for them to render an entire Italian opera of the present day a consistent and rational representation. In the *Portrait*, for instance, Gelsi, in one scene, represents the weak intellect produced by sudden insanity with a truth and pathos worthy of a Shakspeare. She is, for the moment, the heart-stricken and desolate bride, but, throughout the rest of the opera, she is merely Signora Gelsi, intent upon nothing but the brilliant attention of Sordani and pretty scenes, which no genius can ever compare with anything approaching to dramatic action. Neither she nor her composer attempt such an impossibility, being quite satisfied with the phrase bestowed on their desolate throats and "most sweet voices."

REVIEW.

1. *Love's like the Sun*. 2. *Unwed, I call the wedding flowers*. 3. *Oh! why do we love?* Songs composed by G. A. Stephens.

IN the course of our critical peregrinations into the depths of vocal publications which at this time of year swarm around our ears, accepting review with the most desecrating expression of title-page, we can, but seldom enjoy the luxury of harkening unopposedly to approbation. In almost every instance, some melody somewhere steps in between us and our kindliest intentions; sometimes we find a pleasant time remorselessly sacrificed by contempt of all harmonical decency—as others we are required to accept strange chords and credit modulations in lieu of melody of any kind; and, too often, are expected to pass opinion on publications by "composers" whose native instrument has never been regulated by any notions of either melody or harmony. With such productions,

however, as those by Mr. Marfano, our duty is easy and pleasant. His name alone is a sufficient guarantee for well-appealed science and perfection of taste in his works, and we eagerly glance over their pages to discover what new assortment of dentures he has provided for us. The first and second of the snags under notice are but trifles certainly, but they are trifles of that kind which only an accomplished musician could produce. No. 1 has a charming melody, playful yet pointedly expressive; it is beautifully accompanied, and, in its construction, presents a novel and effective method of saving the appearance of repetition between the first and second songs. No. 2 is more quiet and simple, but not the less worthy the musician's notice—in the second and fourth bars of the second page there are pretty examples of novel effect resulting from successive treatment of phrases (otherwise in every-day employment). The third, "Ah! why do we love?" is one of the most perfect songs of its class we have ever seen. It partakes all over with freshness and beauty—from the beginning to the end it would be difficult to point out a bar which does not contain some new piece of thought, or some untried, or new turn of expression. We should not egregiously against our feeling did we not earnestly recommend this charming song and its companion to the attention of our readers.

College Studies for the Pianoforte. Composed by Miss J. M. Andrews. The Queen? the Queen? The Hills of Orléans. Songs composed by the same.

Publications such as these afford conclusive proof of the extraordinary situation into which amateurs commonly fall with regard to their general faculties. Miss Andrews has a clear right to divert herself with any affection of companionship which may happen to suit her; but the printing of her lucubrations musically, either for the most extravagant confidence in public good nature, or her friends of gross inclination to her best interests.

C. M. Fox Water's Works. Edited by J. Mackenzie.

Of this edition, three pieces—the Grand rondo in E flat, the Polka in E flat sharp, and the Concert-stück—were by before us. They are beautifully printed; the author's name is marked to each movement by Mackenzie's ornaments; and altogether, the greatest care has been taken to render their appearance and arbitrary worthy the music they contain.

Alma Fidei. Arranged, with Variations for the Pianoforte, by E. K. Rimondt.

Vindictum an "Alma Fidei," foreword! What work will this age of nervous patients? A Thalassian fantasia on the 100th Psalm, or a series of contrapuntal exercises on "Nix my duty?" or what similar pretension for young ladies? Mr. Rimondt's *Alma* is inappropriate enough in all conscience; and as to the variations, we know no author, living or dead, of whom they are worthy, except, perhaps, the late Dr. Hunt.

The Flower Song. Edited composed by Charles Gordon.

A peculiarly smooth melody, greatly distinguished by a dainty accompaniment.

Farewell! Farewell! never we meet part. Edited composed by Frederic Wallen. Myself, Boy.

A song of extreme levity, constructed after the fashion of the German Lied, and very creditable to Mr. Seymour's musical feeling.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Medical World.

We trust that—"Arise sleepless man," will be sung Yea! in days of yore, and in spite of all happening it was for a price, whereby at once lifted from statements of what he feared to read of, thereby increasing or decreasing his readers, or the case might

be, at least. Of managers, men of letters, and men of letters, this would I sing also; but alas! although I have, as a punishment for my own I suppose, as one for another, I have an excellent taste for the figure of poetry. It always appeared to me, I think ridiculous as it may be, that there was a redundancy of expressions in poetry, really unnecessary to the clear expression of certain sentiments, however, "show us the poet." I do not recall at the time, it is of course my own of time. But to continue, as I have no ability for judging others, or standing over I shall "a plain unvarnished tale relate." And, my dear Mr. Editor, in this communication is intended to be strictly private, that is to say, not really confidential between you and I, as I am merely relieving my conscience, you will at least understand that I should do with venality if I thought the thing worth beyond the reader of the *Medical World*—in short, I am a very common person, and should be for the most a very deep living Manager of the most moment which readers of the abstracted column of the *Medical World* will find any of acquiescence at the reasonable charge of it,—as a work, I would not shake. But in my conclusion, I have read numerous in various literary publications on the state of the English press at present, and the ungrateful people who wear the editorial-attributes appear to think that editors, managers, &c. have been most ill-used individuals at the hands of managers, editors, of the press press. No such thing at all, Mr. Editor. The fact is, our people in the dramatic line, both theory and practice, are not competent to write up to the tone of perhaps more our kind will say word of taste, of reading John Bull, who persuade themselves that they have comprehended that all historical "tricks of Yankee wit of words" of content, which we were used to in my younger days. Not to my confidence. Ah! there's the rub, and what man—say, or woman called, ever made a confession such what, in common parlance, may be called a good grace, but that I am determined to make a clean breast, both just. I confess, miserably so, in having kept a hobby, and my hobby, as my old proverb would have it, was a hanging after immortality—my Christian name, speak the nightmare however, the Godly poem, would have been "all in the wrong," for in the truth must be spoken in all confidence, I must declare that my project for the attainment of everlasting life was intended to be carried into effect through the medium of my works! don't they I would have the population by their presence, for I was as true blue as the King of Denmark's nose, as any other part of the body which may happen to be of that colour on a December morning. My hobby-hobby was writing epicals. The epics, the romances, the romances, the romances, and epics, the epicals, medical romances, histories, and romances here, were all in turn used by me—successfully! according to my limited fields, who knew nothing or worth about the matter. There could be no doubt of success—only wonder as to G. follow the man, and up to G. in addition. Pardon I enough to know the heads of all the press dramas in Europe—such celebrated places, languages, and nations, &c.—Deduced all help! Thus only consider those celebrated press being sung for you a quarter of an hour in some of our theatres where a moment's delay was followed by such, copying, or something equally terrible—suchness, double and treble—the good drama, trumper, looseless, triumphant epicals! in short, all the usual characteristics of what constitute modern epicals, good or otherwise. I must here confess that you don't which every one declared they would not have been found! It became quite obvious that I was a common person; I rarely looked an opportunity of possessing my system, and as a national consequence myself, before that more amusing and discouraging body the British public. Accordingly I wrote in a kind of prose who was a more polished of taste, or more properly speaking, of prose—speaking, in the most interesting language I could master, that he would lead me the art in producing one of my long-cherished epicals. My friend kindly suggested, saying, in the most striking manner, that he would not be least ungrateful to have it thought before the public! The thing is done, executed your humble servant.

It was impossible to avoid giving way to a few antipathy opinions, such as—epicals coming out—stage of Drury Lane—great rehearsal—uniting the second division—directing the leader—forwarding faculty at the rehearsal on stage when anything went wrong—uniting us, and complimenting, press drama, &c.—and, again—what a pity—saying as I could venture to my brother professors—how I would make them feel their influence there, says, my professor. Ah! Mr. Editor, if you only knew how pleasant such influence are—A month passed—on later from my friend of prose—another month—no announcement—another and another—I suggested a very polite epical—in acknowledgment of business, and I finally—I will go to London and see them by myself, and go I did—my friend of professors—rehearsed my epical—full chorus—no singer—great talk, for so. "But," said he, "we will see what can be done, I will take you to Mr. Hebbleton." Who may he be? thought I, but I had no care for rehearsal, my friend opened a side door of his warehouse, which led into a business apartment, where,

leaping in an easy chair, reading the *Morning Post*, noticed the most distinguished lady I happened to see there my arrival. I did not attempt to describe Mr. Halliday's apparel, sufficient to say, that it was the summation of the prevailing fashion, hats, gold chains, diamond ornaments, splendid morning gowns, coats, &c. &c. Mr. H. did not rise on my entrance. "This is Mr. ———," said my friend, and made a speedy exit. Mr. Halliday concluded my presence through his glass, holding the *Morning Post* before his lower portion of his countenance, at an angle of forty-five degrees, indicating to me, by dumb show, plainly enough, that the dinner I made my visit, the more agreeable it would be to him. He did not ask me to sit down, which I attributed to absence of need; however, having helped myself to a chair, I walked, with my accustomed diffidence, in expectation of his opening the proceedings. "Who can this person be?" thought I. If he be the supervisor of opera ticket maintenance, he certainly takes comfort with an honest. At length, my patience beginning to fail, I ventured to address the stranger.—"Sir, my friend has referred me to you for information relative to an affair of mine." "Ah—yes," directed forth Mr. Halliday, still keeping the *Morning Post* at the oblique angle of 45°, "an opera?" "The anything less does?" I inquired. "Really?" answered he, with an apparent effort, and yawning heartily. "I think—that is—perhaps it is at one of the theatres—a group of those things?" asked he, possibly, "can you call again?" "Oh, certainly," I replied (imagining he was yet unengaged), "Good evening," and I left Mr. Halliday to the comfortable pursuit of the *Morning Post*. How this interview would have been again different for a more experienced hand; but, I must confess, I was generous enough to call again, and again! But my friend had evidently gone to the country, and Mr. Halliday was incessantly occupied with important business—reading the *Morning Post*, thought I, as disseminating from my library, very philanthropically, I returned home quietly on foot, not much better for my visit, and I fear, no wiser, as the sequel will show those who may be inclined to speculate in operations in the success of an enterprise.

OPERATIVE.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—As you have given, in a late number, the arrangement of the Philharmonic Concerts here, I thought you might also like to present to your readers the plan of the concert of the Société des Concerts held at the Conservatoire de Musique in Paris, which, as you are aware, is a society similar to our Philharmonic. The concert usually takes place on Sundays, at two o'clock in the afternoon, and lasts about two hours and a quarter, but the room (or rather theatre) is lighted up as if at noon night. It is very difficult for a stranger to obtain admission, as the tickets are all taken beforehand, chiefly by regular subscribers. I was, however, fortunate enough to be present at the concert of the 22nd ult., through the kindness of a subscriber, who gave up his seat to me, and I thus took note of the orchestral arrangements, a copy of which I now hand you.

Plan of the Orchestra at the Concerts de Conservatoire, Paris, 1846.

Strings.	
16 First Violins, marked I	
16 Second ditto	2
12 Violas	4

Thus far are on the floor or level of the stage. The remainder are on two straight rows, raised one above the other, &c.

12 Violoncellos, marked V	
5 Double Basses	5
2 Clarinets	C
2 Oboes	O
2 Flutes	F
4 Horns	H
4 Bassoons	B
2 Trompes	T
2 Trombones	Tr
1 Organ	O

Tr	Tr	Tr	D	B	B
T	T	B	B	V	V
T	T	B	B	V	V
C	C	O	O	H	H
V	V	B	B	T	T

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Tr 1st & 2nd Trombones (Clarets) Tr Tromps (Clarets)

The odd numbers form basses in the orchestra. B is the usual number, both here

and in the *Académie de Musique* (Opera-House). The leader's seat is placed somewhat diagonally in front of the first violins, which gives him a very good view of the whole orchestra. There is no conductor, or, rather, it may be said, that the leader is the conductor, only with a baton instead of a stick, for he makes use use of the stick, which he holds downwards all the time. It is the same at the Opera, and the advantage seems to be, that he has the means of taking up a point in case of need, which the conductor with a baton is wholly unable to do. The drums, when required, are placed on the plan above. I will add the dimensions of a few instruments, as made in Paris:—

Double Basses } at the Opera, 54 and 55 English inches diameter.

Trums, } at the Conservatoire, 54 and 55 ditto.

Long Bass (Great Bass) } usual size, 55 inches long, by 30 diameter.

This is a very different proportion to drums made in this country, which are much longer.

Triangle } The shape for operatic orchestras is an isosceles triangle, the long (Triangular) } sides being 1½ English inches, and the short one 1½. Thickness of the wood, 1-10th of an inch. The wood is very good, and being a divided wood, but an excellent kind of string, which is equally suitable in any key.

How different is the present number of double basses from that in use about eighty years ago! M. Filtz says the instrument was invented in Italy at the commencement of the last century; but in 1750 there was as yet only one in the orchestra of the Paris Opera, and it was only used on a *Fedley*, which was the Sabbath-day of that theatre.

I think it is now rare or rarer than long diameters of similar sizes. As, however, the strings are at hand, and you are welcome to make what use you please of the library library of your staff, I will send you some of the most valuable.

London, 20th March, 1847.

T. de P.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE. METROPOLITAN.

Mademoiselle's Terza.—The arrival of *Terza* has at length caused a striking of the wretched *Terza*. Will we have nothing new in the operatic way—there is the *Comédie* being *Madame Fritang's* *Comédie de l'Artiste*. She certainly impresses this character religiously in all respects, but it is nevertheless in the old story over and over again. It is, doubtless, extremely interesting to the spectators, but it does not furnish the shadow of a protest for a single bar of music more than that it never could have been better played, and that we advise all who love fine singing and acting to go and enjoy it. *Terza's* *Comédie de l'Artiste* is to be produced forthwith, with *Madame Fritang* as the heroine, and when this takes place, we may, perhaps, be induced to discuss at greater length the performance of this drama.

Musical Society.—The sixth meeting of this Society took place on Thursday last, the 10th inst., at the Freemason's Tavern. The following compositions were performed at the concert of the evening:—

Andante— <i>And in your arms</i>	Dr. Galt.
March— <i>March</i>	Francis
Three songs— <i>Delightful Morn</i>	Francis
<i>Wishes, ye who lay down to rest</i>	Wolcott
<i>How good the Lord is</i>	Wolcott
<i>Full song</i>	Wolcott
<i>Love, my love, follow me</i>	Francis
<i>My spirit, my love, and my dear heart follow</i>	Francis
<i>Wish, wish! in the day of light</i>	M. Galt
<i>Ye flowers that bloom in the field</i>	Wolcott
<i>Ye garden willow, weep!</i>	Francis
<i>Lady, your words do give me joy</i>	Wolcott
<i>Oh! in the</i>	Francis

* Five people have undertaken that the *Académie de Musique* in the theatre in which French grand opera and Italian grand opera are performed. The manager says it will be necessary, in speaking being allowed. When any one is there says "the opera," this should be noted. The *Académie de Musique* is the name of the theatre in which grand opera is performed, and does not include a theatre. At the Opera Comique (French Theatre) the *Académie de Musique* is the name. The establishment that receives its name from the *Académie de Musique* is the *Académie de Musique* in Paris.

† It is a work entitled "La Musique dans le monde," a very interesting little volume, that should be read by all musical professors in England.

SAVED HARMONY SOCIETY.—The announcement of Handel's long-neglected *Saul*, for last Friday evening, attracted an immense audience, including a strong number of professors. From the nature of its construction, we have always deemed the oratorio suited for active performance; and the result of the experiment has justified our anticipation. The huge mass of melodic and air requires much stronger relief than the empty silences of chorus has power to impart. Nothing more effectively warms than a prose description of the manners of life, unless heightened by some equivalent for dramatic representation;—*Saul* was, doubtless, a most strange person; *Ized* drew a *Philtina* of huge dimensions; and *Ameha* was, perhaps, the most perfect character recorded in the Hebrew scriptures; with, preserving any regard for historical fidelity, nothing can be inferred from these facts sufficient to justify three mortal hours of that peculiar colossal *no-no* which forms the substance of this work. The true exponent of the matter appears to be, that Handel denied himself his accustomed source of inspiration. With one exception, he has confined his illustrations to the doings of mere men; and, with that one exception, his music is "of earth, earthy." Our readers will guess that we refer to the collage between *Saul*, the *Witch of Endor*, and *Ized*; it is not exactly of equal value with many of Handel's extraordinary conceptions.—we do not refer, for instance, the spirit of "He sent a thick darkness," or "He stretched the rollers, and it was dried up"—but it stands out, nevertheless, in brilliant contrast to the dullness of the other dialogued portions of the oratorio. The nature of the subject, also, attracts our the mighty aid of special effort from its novel aspect of employment. Save in two instances, "God on thy sword," and "Welcome, mighty King," the chorus is used only as an exponent of, or sometimes monotonous on, the progress of the action. With these inevitable drawbacks, the performance went off, as we expected, rather handsomely, but the Saved Harmony Society is not the less entitled to all sorts of praise for the spirit indicated by the attempt. The students seemed scarcely at ease with their share of the work—that they were doing incorrectly—but we cannot that appearance of embarrassment for which their style of performance is usually so remarkable. They are verily doing something in "God on thy sword," "Evry, chief, holds of Hell!" and "O! fatal recognition," (the two first choruses in the oratorio), and "Mour, Israel, mourn," in which we encountered that sweet article of British produce, a glorious piece. The value was not, for the most part, extremely well sustained. As a mere display of force, but not otherwise, Miss Birch's singing was commendable. The tedious pronunciation of the *Witch*-*Hall* sentences is, we fear, working the young lady down. She is gradually abandoning all care for articulation and style, for the sake of the silly splendor which is invariably bestowed on these concerts on her habit of sliding about, like a most wretched fashion, among some of the highest notes of her head-voice. Perhaps, say, on the whole, indifferently, and Miss Lacombe expended a very unnecessary quantity of nervous on the mass allotted to her. The only respectable pronunciation was the *Ameha* of Mr. Brown, and the *Saul* of Miss Hayes,—the former singing with his usual beauty of style, and the latter completely eclipsing all her previous efforts within our recollection. *Samson* thrust never gave birth to a voice more lively, than her's—the dulcetness of a throat, with a little sugar-sweetened amount of tone, in its natural position,—and her style, in the sense of Handel, at least, is equivalently perfect. Without the least wish to rest a damp on the flattering nature of her reception, we would have her beware lest the purity of her taste be somewhat contaminated by the success of bad examples—that may ward the danger, by reflecting that many of the good folks who frequent these concerts applaud her and Miss Birch with precisely the same amount of discrimination—Miss Hayes when she sings very low, and Miss Birch when she sings very high. All the mishaps which occurred in the performance were, as usual, attributable to the conductor's incapacity. They were chiefly confined to the first part of the oratorio, and not strikingly important, except in the chorus, "Welcome, mighty King," which was the only cause of an extraordinary noise, perhaps, as was ever served up to public patience.

PROVINCIAL.

[This department of the Medical World is compiled and abridged from the provincial press, and from the notices of our country correspondents. The editors of the M. W. are indebted to our country friends for any matter of interest it may contain, beyond what their official capacities & opportunities.]

1. Bazaar.—Musical Concert.—The last concert for the season took place on Friday evening last, at the Town Hall, Little Britain, and upon the whole, it gave more satisfaction than any musical act otherwise to have been for some time past. The great star of the evening was Madame Stockhausen, who is considered her country as the great Musicianess of the age, in 1808, whereas she had the disadvantage of singing in company with Madame Catala, Miss Stephens, Miss Faxon (Miss Wood), Madame Gardoff, Mrs. Keyser, Miss Lora, and Miss Goodell, the best singers ever heard of either before or since, and also then in their merit. In consequence of the great reputation Madame Stockhausen has so justly acquired, she, by particular request, sang, "With verdure clad," from Haydn's Creation, with the same regular sweetness and purity of tone, the same beautiful taste and charming expression, with which she sang twelve years since, and which is so immeasurably superior to any we ever heard in the same air. Miss Biddisale, her pupil, reflected much credit upon her distinguished instructor. She sang several airs with much expression, in one of which she was successful. She also took part in some duets and trios, with Madame Stockhausen and Mr. Stevens—who has a light and pleasing tenor, but whose voice we rather too soon lost for the space of years. His song came along accordingly well, with the above-mentioned qualifications, and was much applauded. The recitation was ably assisted by Mr. Ferguson, of the Londoners's Concert, Musicianess. He played in a short, & rapid manner and style, with considerable taste and brilliancy. The concert in Zappa, and Fra Marco, went off with much spirit, but the latter instrument was not very so effective as they were in the two preceding concerts, when we had the assistance of the band of the 5th regiment. The players appeared as if they were labouring under the dread of some great. Mr. Bates is a dashing player on the piano-forte—but he is no genius. The songs were judiciously accompanied, and upon the whole the concert went off exceedingly well.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MUSIC OF PERU.—Al Farabí, a philosopher, who died about the middle of the last century, on his return from the pilgrimage of Mecca, introduced himself, though a stranger, at the court of Sechobobaca, ruler of Ayra. Musicians were habitually performing, and he joined them. The prince admired his playing, and wished to hear something of his own. Al Farabí, willing to afford him that gratification, immediately drew a composition from his pocket, and distributing the parts among the band, the first movement threw the prince and his courtiers into violent laughter;—the next raised all into tears, and the last lulled even the performers asleep.

THE CONSTRUCTION.—Such is the name of an instrument recently constructed under the direction of Mr. Charles Oliver, the music publisher, of New Bond Street, at whose establishment it is now exhibited, and Mr. Lewis Moss, the quadrille player, with a view to supply a desideratum long felt at quadrille parties—a statement concerning the effects of a small band, so as to be under the command of one performer. Where music is an object it will be found, indeed, truly valuable, being but little larger than a common pianoforte, which in its material appearance it much resembles. There are two rows of keys—the lower one the ordinary pianoforte, the upper rather smaller in extent, producing effects similar to the Bagpout, bassoon, and clarinet. This is accomplished by means of a set of small pipes, in imitation of the Bagpout, and Dyer's recently patented Scotchman Reed is great improvement on the ordinary reed used in Scotchpipes, these are placed in the upper part of the instrument, situated in a box, with various struts or levers, for the purpose of increasing or diminishing the sound, the wind, which of course is necessary, being supplied from a bellows contained in the lower part. There are pedals acting on the lower notes of the upper row of keys, and which, in imitation of the bassoon is

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6. Figure	A. Bach.
7. Chorale—"Das German"	Medium.

PART II.

1. March—"Zurkirche"	Medium.
2. Chorale—"He comes! he comes!"	Musical.
3. Air from "Das Tolle Jahr"	Easy.
4. Chorale—"Tis night again, O Lord"	Musical.
5.	Extensum.
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PLAT. *Phaedr.* sec. cxxvii.

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In our last number we presented Mr. Stephen Lacy full liberty of speech touching our leading article of March 19, and therefore proceed, without further preface, to quote his defence in his own words.—Mr. Lacy will observe that his letter has been proved of its injurious contents, which does not bear directly on the matter at hand.—

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—The article in your last "Musical World," referring to me, is not altogether correct. Doubting conclusions best, I will not write to the extent that I could upon the matter, but keep in dry facts. I did give permission, even so possible, to the Society of America, to perform my version of *Chamberlain*; the permission was given without any tax of compensation. It was accompanied with the express intimation that I could not in any consideration expect that performers still receive for services which I was not bound to explain. It was represented to me that the performance took place only once a year, and was strictly private, as every thing is here. What say you, Mr. Editor, in the "in fact," when tickets were openly sold at Mr. Purdy's ownership, in Grand-street, at the charge for the boxes, and tickets—some for the pit? Some friends of mine bought them. In a few days after the semi-private performance it was intimated to me from the Society that it was their intention to repeat it, and on my recalling to them the condition I had so expressly mentioned of a serious permission, I was very graciously and civilly told they had neither version and could do without mine. Of course my answer may easily be guessed. It is truly painful to plead absence of notice. Not only did they know this as early as the end of February when their monthly meetings came—their next performance not being till the 15th of March—but they published a bill, which I have, containing a "new edition" of the work, by "a Member of the Society." I don't see, after this, the fairness of taxing me, as you have done, with "having, by delay, dragged the committee into a dilemma." I wish this misrepresentation of facts on their side, because they could not wrest my property from me, "to increase their funds for further operations," as you

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how it, is anything but available to the Society, and their exercises against me to create a bibliography in their favour will seem disgraceful, as they have been unmanly indignities to raise a clamour against me, proving themselves by no means masters of harmony, but, as your *Katharister* used to say, masters of discord (*Streit*).

To the gentleman who has written the article in the "*Medical World*" I beg to express myself obliged; his language is temperate, he accuses judiciously, devoid of that excess and vulgarity which have lately stained other publications. Professions, unfortunately, are much at the mercy of ruffians with pens in their hands, and the only safeguard of society now lies in the honourable feeling of an editor. I remain, Sir, yours, &c.

March 26, 1846.

HOPKINS LACEY.

On the principle—and we trust such principle will ever guide our contact as public journalists—that through whatever channel a case be publicly attacked, the same channel should always be open to him for equally public defence, we have printed Mr. Lacey's letter. Notwithstanding an obvious inclination to complain of counter-gilts, or, as the lawyers say, to bring a cross-action, we cannot discover that Mr. Lacey has explained away the more important grounds of accusation which we thought it necessary to bring against him. In the instant, he takes an exception to our statement that the performance was "strictly private," and tells us that tickets were openly sold at Mr. Farley's music-shop. Now, if Mr. Lacey's rule of disputation permit the use of a process which we are much inclined to denounce as publishing, he cannot be greatly astonished if we answer him in kind. For all Mr. Farley's ticket-selling, the performance was, to all legal intents and purposes, strictly private;—the circumstances which technically constitute a public performance, being, we believe, the taking of money at the theatre doors. We have inquired, also, concerning the sale of tickets, and find that if Mr. Lacey be not mis-informed, Mr. Farley must have greatly exceeded the limits of his authority—the rule in this respect laid down by the committee, being that no person should dispose of admissions but to his friends, or parties introduced to him for that purpose. Furthermore, although Mr. Lacey construes the perseverance of the committee into an attempt to "seize his property from him," he fails to prove that under such circumstances, the law afforded him the smallest means for its protection. Our previous remark, coupled with the prime *factis* evidence contained in the fact that the opera was once played with the sanction of Mr. Webster and without any interference from the chamberlains, establishes the private nature of the performance; and Mr. Lacey must be aware that, so situated, he could not have claimed the interference of any judicary court in the business. We were not mistaken in our proposition that Mr. Lacey's threats proceeded over fear rather than judgment, since—as we afterwards learned—Mr. Webster declared to the committee that, "right or wrong, he would not interpose himself in legal disputes on the subject." However much we doubt its policy, we cannot for a moment oppose Mr. Lacey's claim to the enforcement of his offices for refusal if he thought fit; still he had no reason for attack—more, under such circumstances, when informed that the committee would resort to another adaptation of the *Overboard*; neither can we conceive any "errors" on his part, of sufficient potency to deter them from such a course. He admits

that he merely pleaded "necessity," and the committee, probably reflecting that ability, in such cases, is usually governed by will, is scarcely taxable with ingratitude or necessity, in rejecting a plan thus studiously placed above its competitors, and enforcing an alternative to which it had an unquestionable right.

However, this discussion of what Mr. Lacy terms "dry facts" does not even approach the marrow of the question. Abstractedly, neither ourselves nor our readers care one fig's tail whether or not, on a certain night, Cæsar's fall was played by a company of amateurs, or whether permission for such a performance was granted or refused. The involved principle, which has induced us thus to devote so much space in the most important part of our paper, lies at a considerable depth under such "dry" superficialities. We have not bothered ourselves in the course of a parcel of people of whom, personally, we know literally nothing; but have endeavored to advocate the cause of medical art, for which we are interested much. To us, the persons who strutted their legs upon the Hay-market stage, were wholly indifferent; but we saw in the spirit which urged the formation of that little Society, the impulsive germ of an institution which might hereafter work a wholesale reformation in the system which now forces upon public attention that most unpoetic and degraded of all dramatic performances—an English opera. It is notorious that radical change in the workshop of an art, are next to impracticable where professors are solely concerned—as an instance we may adduce the Sacred Harmonic Society, to which was reserved the credit of celebrating which orations for mingled occasions, and if a society of amateurs have advanced one branch of musical performance to a point of excellence which, in this country, it had never previously attained, there appears no reasonable reason why another should not derive equal benefit from similar means. It is wholly and solely a question of art, and should therefore never be made one of parties, divisions, and peace. Such beginnings, small though they be, are still beginnings, and to the true musician's mind should appear rather as the leaders of an universal feeling by which his art, and therefore himself, will reap direct advantage, than as invasions of his professional rights and privileges worthy of craft, still less of rancour. On this principle, we complain of Mr. Lacy's querulous anxiety about his "property," as reduced by the attempt of an infant society which, as an artist, he should have felt it his plain and duty to assist and cherish.

We warned this professor in our previous article, that, in the absence of his own reasons for his conduct, which he certainly "was not bound to explain," the public would probably manufacture reasons for him; and our suggestion has been verified. Harshness have reached us attributing to him motives so unworthy our estimate of his correct feeling, that, out of delicacy to other parties implicated, we abstain from reporting them.

GRAND MUSICAL SOIRÉE.

(From *Wilde's New Week of "Latterdays of Paris."*)

I was at one of those private concerts given at an enormous expense during the opera season, at which "seated" Julia Grier, Bellini, Lablache, Tamburini, and Liszt. Grier came in the carriage of a foreign lady of rank, who had dined with her, and she walked into the room looking like an empress. She was dressed in the plainest white, with her glossy hair put smooth from her brow, and a single white japonica dropped over one of her temples. The lady who brought her accompanied her during the evening, as if she had been her daughter, and under the constraint of her own table and the kindness of her friend, she sang with a restraint and a freedom of glory (if one may borrow a word from the Mississippi) which set all hearts on fire. She surpassed her most applauded hour on the stage—for I was worth her while. The audience was composed almost exclusively of those who were not only cultured judges, but who sometimes enjoy delight with a present of diamonds. Lablache shook the house to its foundation in his song; Rubini ran through her marvellous compass with the ease, truth, and melody, for which his singing is unsurpassed; Tamburini poured his rich and true fullness on the ear, and Kaprin Ivanoff, the one southern singing bird, who has come out of the north, who gives his line and spiritual notes, fill they who had been flustered, and tearful, and silent, when the others had sung, drew his voice in the power apparent of enthusiasm and surprise.

The concert was over by twelve, the gold and silver paper bills of the performers were turned into fans, and every one was waiting till supper should be announced—the press down still sitting by her friend, but surrounded by foreign artists, and in the highest elation of her own success. The doors of no inner suite of rooms were thrown open at last, and Grier's coach of admirers prepared to follow her in and wait on her at supper. At this moment one of the powdered maids of the house stopped up and informed her very respectfully that supper was prepared in a separate room for the singers. Madam, in her most tragic line, never stood so elegantly the picture of him, as did Grier for a single instant, in the centre of this aristocratic crowd. Her chest swelled and rose, her lips closed over her snowy teeth, and compressed till the blood left them, and for a space, I looked unconsciously to see where she would strike. I knew then that there was more than beauty—there was sense and capability of the real—in the imaginary passions she plays so powerfully. A laugh of extreme amusement at the scene from the high-born woman who had accompanied her, suddenly turned her towards me, and she stopped in the midst of a gathering of Italian, in which I could distinguish only the tenorissimo, and, with a sort of spectral quickness of transition, joined heartily in her drink. It was immediately proposed by this lady, however, that herself and her particular circle should join the invited press down at the lower table, and they concluded by this measure to restrain Rubini and the others, who were leaving the house in a most unparliamentary fashion.

I had been fortunate enough to be included in the invitation, and, with one or two foreign diplomatic men, I followed them and was seated third in a small room on a lower floor, that seemed to be the housekeeper's parlour. Here supper was set for six (including the man who played the piano), and on the table stood every variety of wine and fruit, and there was nothing in the supper, at least, to make us regret the table we had left. With a most imperative gesture and rather an amusing attempt at English, Grier ordered the servants out of the room, and locked the door, and from that moment the conversation commenced and continued in their own mixed, passionate, and energetic Italian. My long residence in that country had made me at home in it, every one present spoke it fluently; and I had an opportunity I might never have again, of using with what abandonment these children of the sun threw words, rank and dissipation (yet without forgetting it), and join with those who are their superiors in every circumstance of life, in the politics of a chance hour. Out of their own con-

try these singers would probably acknowledge no higher rank than that of the blind and gilded lady who was their guest; yet, with the bravest apology at finishing the room too cold after the heat of the concert, they put on their cloaks and hats as a prelude to their lungs (more valuable to them than to others), and as most of the cloaks were the worse for travel, and the hats open-bells with two corners, the professor contrasted with the diamonds of one lady, and the median beauty of the other, may easily be imagined.

Singing should be hungry work, by the knife and fork they played; and between the exertions of truffle pie, and the bumper of champagne and burgundy, the words were few. Lablache appeared to be an established drill, and every syllable he found time to utter was received with the most unbounded laughter. Eckart could not recover from the slight he sustained put upon him and his profession by the aquatic table, and he continually reminded Gino, who by this time had quite recovered her good humour, that, the night before, supping at Devonshire House, the Duke of Wellington had held her gloves on one side, while his Grace, their host, attended to her on the other.—“*E vero!*” said Frank, with a look of modest admiration at the prima donna.—“*E vero, e bravo!*” cried Tamburini, with his epithet-talking tone, much deeper than his singing.—“*Si, si, si, bravo!*” echoed all the company; and the laughing and happy voices mingled all round with a robust meal, and repeated, in her other tones, “*Grasso, sei stato, grasso!*”

As the strength had been turned out, the removal of the first course was managed in private fashion; and when the fruit and fresh bottles of wine were set upon the table by the waiters and younger gentlemen, the health of the persons who honoured them by her presence was proposed in that language, which, it seems to me, is more capable than all others of expressing affectionate and respectful devotion. All succeeded and stood up, and Gino, with tears in her eyes, kissed the hand of her benefactress and friend, and drank her health in silence. It is a public and common accomplishment in Italy to propose in verse, and the lady I speak of is well known among her immediate friends for a singular facility in this beautiful art. She selected a moment or two with the assistance of her eyes, and then commenced, low and soft, a poem, of which it would be difficult, nay, impossible, to convey, in English, an idea of its music and beauty. It took us back to Italy, to its heavenly climate, its glens and vales, its beauty, and its ruins, and concluded with a line of which I remember the syllables to have been “*out of Italy every land is wild.*” The glasses were raised as she ceased, and every one repeated after her, “*Parvi d’Italia tutti i vidi.*” “*Ma!*” cried out the fat Lablache, holding up his glass of champagne, and looking through it with one eye, “*nono, nono, nono!*” and, with a word of apology, the party recovered its gayer tone, and the banquet and wit flowed on brilliantly as before.

The stillness of the house in the occasional paces of conversation revealed the gay party, at last, that it was wearing late. The door was unlocked, and the half-dressed sleepy footmen hanging about the hall were despatched for the cloaks and overcoats; the doxy port; was tapped from his deep lethargic doze, and opened the door—and broad upon the street lay the cold grey light of a summer’s morning.

MOLIQUE.

(This musical valet has recently arrived amongst us, and makes his first appearance at the next concert of the Philharmonic Society. We have been favoured by a correspondent with the following translation of a notice of a concert at which he played; it may prove of some interest to our readers at the present moment.—Ed. M. W.)

We have often asked ourselves the question—*is there a more agricultural art than that of music?* Does the endeavour to attain perfection have increased in

work as arduous that it requires years of unceasing practice merely to master the neck-breaking tricks of the present concertic music. And what is the result of this practice of eight or ten hours daily—the constant repetition of studies, scales, and passages? The spirit diminishes as the nervousness—the energy—leaves only remains—and although this form is always brilliant, like the web of a silkworm; yet, the animation is lost! the but only is gone!

The first five efforts caused all the charlatans who were with, latterly, we have been exhibiting out of measure *André* like the *diffidence André* of our night-houses, and which, unfortunately, like that, will fall in the ground in spite of their extravagance. Have them behold the pale *Pyramus*! their wild rolling, swollen eyes, with neck bent through suffering and passion. Have behold them, with bald head and huge whiskers, their long coats and slouchy dress; they raise the violone with the indifference some would make a poor relation; but with a longing eye towards him or the other box, or the coloured banners of paper and canvas above their heads, they pause and watch most intently the minutest of inspirations—decisively, thus arrests at the end of the tale. Now for the donor's group—how the strings vibrate! the jaw flies up and down—at the back and before the bridge—truly he is mad!—and it is fortunate that the days of belief in science have past—how the poor man shudders! everything moves with him—his shoulders as well as his fingers—his hand—his eye—his feet—how the delights, exultate, transported. The professor applauds till their hands vibrate—till all the points of their cases. The ladies too scream, and their hands—latterly are withdrawn.

Shortly after comes a clever youth who has studied the violin prison not more than two or three years, and imitates the charlatan. All this is lamentable, as there is generally a great foundation for talent lost through this half-faculty. We have recalled this with Ernst, who indeed might have been a great artist instead of a clown, and it was convinced that he has done wrong in this worlding his time for the momentary gratification of the splendid multitude, and which he did not possess courage to announce for the lasting, but calm reputation of the artist.

I did not hear *Pyramus*, and cannot therefore judge of the effects of his performance, but think I should have been disappointed, and have doubted, were I expected coquette. A German comes, as mentioned to Hoffman, asserts that there was in the voice of *Die Ball*, was also dramatic, a soul locked up, and with his bow, like a magic wand, he forced from the poor prisoner those plaintive sounds which he produced. Nothing is impossible in those conditions; though, were John Ernst, the world accepts itself more than ever with their more national interests, I should like the artist to have the courage to reach the violin and give the poor captive liberty. I assert it again, the real artist must not be a champion who, by holding up his thumb, can give life or death to the public; he must be a monarch who, while he holds what did cost him the triumph, only shows the treasure brought from the vanquished enemy, and the slaves who follow his triumphal chariot; and such artists, thank heavens, there are—such an artist is Bernard Molique.

A not very numerous, but select audience, was in the greatest possible suspense when he appeared: I thought surely I saw a few ladies smile! he was not pale, dramatic, or thin—he had no mountain—no mountain-top departed on his countenance—no wild grin on his nose—nothing remarkable in the ring of his crown—he saluted the audience not with a careless indifference, and what might have been worth did not play by heart. How could he be inspired! he performed note by note from his book, still I have too good an opinion of these hearts and taste, though they smiled again, not to believe that their second smile was of the spirited and heartily executed sounds of Molique's third concerto. He truly it was triumph from beginning to end, his unceasing manner making such triumph more striking. The concerto was not a more stirring movement than the performance was masterly and brilliant. Double-steps, chromatic scales, accents, everything was perfect and certain. Did you not feel yourself moved by the calm majesty of the musician? not elevated by the playful whimsy? Did you ever hear variations more true to the theme, or difficulties

acquainted with such ease and certainty? Did you not fancy yourself in the midst of the Alps, hearing Swiss songs, nature chattering and roaring, when the human hand there not attempt embellishment? But why should I continue to discuss sounds too beautiful to be converted? Imagine the thousand changes in the heavenly dawn of morning, the verdure of the leaves, the colours and scent of the flowers, the singing of the birds, and even that would be easier than to give you an idea of his playing: now like the murmur of the soft evening leaves, then hurrying forth in proud triumph, like the wild torrent of the waterfall, all this would be a less task than to depict to you the unobscured excellence which characterises the playing of Melique. The audience seemed to receive and appreciate the music of the man, who, in his modesty, hardly appeared conscious of his hearers, who showed that there still exist those who love and estimate the true art, and shake off at once the stigmas brought thereon, by the unassisted success and praise heaped on Scott. Repeated calls (in which the audience heartily joined) were made for Melique at the end of the concert. We also thank him for the high intellectual treat afforded us, and hope that his example may teach our young professors that such glory is the greatest and most desirable.

Mellico, de Beer and Mr. Felderis assisted at the concert; the former had a slight cold, but Felderis was as excellent as ever in his bass solo. The orchestra, led by the clear Bruck, was admirable, the tunes alone were weak.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

METROPOLITAN.

His Majesty's Theatre.—*Richard's Scabbie & Trade* was produced at this theatre for Mad. Ponsard on last Saturday evening. Its story is serious enough in all conscience, and the first place there is a quarrel of another cross purpose—*Philo*, Duke of Milan, tired of his consort, *Beatrice Trade*, (from whom, by the way, he derived his distinctive doctors, of my house, in old times) of his marriage tie, being more especially moved therein by a violent passion conceived for a certain *Agnes del Milano*—which said *Agnes* is secretly attached to *Orsibello*, a Signor of Venetia, who, in his turn, cherishes an equally unobscured liking for the Duchess *Beatrice*. Here we have materials for passion and plots interminable; and accordingly, *Agnes*, discovering the affection of *Orsibello* for the Duchess, contrives, as a means of revenge, to possess herself of some private correspondence of *Beatrice*, in which *Orsibello* says he to those loved on last account friends of *Felice*, and subvert the authority of *Philo*. These papers being shown to the Duke, *Beatrice* and *Orsibello* are watched, detected in private conference in the Court Chapel, and imprisoned on the charge of treason. Here, in accordance with the highly-raised usage of the time and country, *Orsibello* is subjected to the tortures, and agony visits from him an amount of pain and an exploration of the Duchess, whomupon both are condemned to death, and the upon terminates with the appalling removal of *Agnes*, and the possession of *Beatrice* to the place of execution. Although there be nothing new in these incidents, the whetstones produced from them are effective, and the whole, at least, exhibits a groundwork which, with more skilful treatment, might have supported a drama of powerful interest. But to whatever extent the poet has failed in his task, to the same extent the composer has borne him company. Tragedy is, in fact, a practical antithesis to the very nature of modern Italian music. Light comedy, or, at most, melodrama, are subjects to which alone such ephemeral scribbling as that of Bellini or Donizetti can be even decently adapted. With their facility of manner and other unassiduous character, the groves the nature of the underlining, the more obvious because the resulting force. Had Bellini renounced content with his achievement in the *Scabbie*, and Donizetti confined his attempts to such hastyer reviews as *L'Alber d'Amore*, both might have passed, even with readiness, for second-rate compositions of respectable pretensions: but not such beyond the very liberal boundary of their powers, and they forfeit all claim to even the merest atom of consid-

retire—their pulses dwindle into a white of insensibility, and their brains are but indignant degradations of the vibrant bombast. To our understanding of the matter, the lavish display of fashionably audacious rather abstract ornaments from the bosoms of such music, can afford any excuse for its perpetration. The frequenters of Her Majesty's Theatre are, from irreflexiveness of habit, incapable of separately valuing the merits of an opera and its performance. They hear wondrous exclamations from lacinated throats which please them, and care not to inquire whether their delight result from the art of the singer, or whether the music so sung be or not an evidence to its dramatic fitness, a practical result to the judgment of an artist. In the broader meaning of the term, they are conventionalists—gratify but their eyes and ears, and their understandings will never interfere either to accelerate or retard the process. At the centre of this kind, however, music, in our opinion, should ever be the primary object of criticism. If the term "opera" have any significance, it surely implies the complete lyrical illustration of a drama, whether tragedy, comedy, or farce, with every variety of treatment called forth in its progress,—by the effect of his music, then, the composer attempts to embody the poet's conception, and by its analysis, therefore, should his success be definitely judged. In this, the only rational view of the matter, the *Donizetti & Verdi* must be pronounced, after the *L'Espresso* *Reyna* and *Trospate* *Tham* of Donizetti, one of the weakest productions that ever wasted the time and resources of a theatrical establishment. To classify its defects would be but to repeat the often-urged complaints of inappropriateness, false construction, want of refinement, and absence of true sentiment; while to particularise their occurrences, would be to quote from every page without exception throughout the opera, and consequently to occupy at least one-half the number of our pages with the details of a very suggested subject. As usual in Bellini's "light" operas, wherever the dramatic interest requires the greatest intensity, there his purity is most evident; and, on the other hand, precisely at those places, where the urgency of the situation least demands, so, from the context, we least expect it, he sometimes has chosen to surprise us by striking, but transitory, displays of beauty or power. Thus, in the *duo* to the first act, we have a perfect triumph of melody and rage—Orestes and Desvire are accused of treason and something worse, and the latter loudly vows his talent, and threat for threat, with her heroine's aid; while the last *duo* is a still more tragical affair—Desvire surrounded by her weeping attendants is so momentary a spectator of a massacre in the wilderness, and, by way of relief, the remorse-stricken Agnes faints or dies—we know not which—and a troop of officials proceed by the great landmarks and in haste, conduct the unfortunate Desvire to her fate; and yet, in both these instances, the composer winds up his scenes with melodies of the most fashionable elegance! An instance of unlooked-for beauty, we may quote a little duet between Desvire and Orestes, immediately preceding the *duo* to the first act, which is charmingly Mozart-like in character; and a kind of solemn march in the trial-scene of the second act, which contains a proof of grandeur worthy Beethoven himself. To proceed further with analysis of this opera were useless, or at least unnecessary. It contains no interest for the musician, save in the two instances we have excerpted, and besides its utter sterility as an artistic point of view, possesses scarce any of those popular tones which are generally found in the works of its composer. The performance was good, but not first-rate. As a singer, Ferras cannot be otherwise than acquiescent, but as an actress she does not possess weight of person or deportment for the part of Desvire. In her scenes with Orestes she was perfection, but in those with Pinky, her manner was nearly assembled the pretence of an ill-behaved girl than the signy of an excited woman. Mills De Vary in the part of Agnes, and Nicotini in that of Orestes, are entitled to praise, the latter especially for the even tactfulness of his performance, and the *Finale* of Desvire was, to our taste, the only irrefragable presentation of the whole. His singing was, throughout, masterly; and his action, constantly energetic, was yet dignified and graceful in a high degree. The part is not so good as that in *Trospate* *Tham*, and is therefore made a proportionately smaller impression on his audience—an effect which the cruel structure of Ferras could scarcely fail to increase.

GLAZIER CONCERTS, HAYMARKET SQUARE, BOZAN.—The fourth of these concerts took place on Thursday evening in last week. The performance commenced with a quartet in F major, by Gade, for two violins, viola, and cello, and double bass, (Messrs. Hagrove, Gutter, Dando, Lucas, and Howell), which runs slightly above the level of its composer's usual style. It is more melodious, more open in its construction, and altogether less fettered by unnecessary lowering than the generality of his similar works; still it contains quite enough of dry, unimpaired stiffness, to remind us that Gade, whatever his talent, is not a man of genius, but that, like other laborious composers, he has his moments when thought comes heavily, and ideas travel all too slowly, and when, if with his usual, he makes up to his music with conscientiously what it lacks of natural grace. A trio by Wood, for pianoforte, viola and cello, (Messrs. Brasher, Hagrove, and Lucas) proved, as regards the music, a failure. The concert and trio were—as usual even in the weakest things of the kind—clever and effective, but the bulk of the rest was a more accumulation of pianoforte duets, which, however ingenious, will never compensate for the want of good subjects and master-like treatment. The two quartets—one in D major (from Op. 64) by Mendelssohn, and the other in F major (from Op. 52) by Beethoven—are superb compositions, and were admirably played by Messrs. Hagrove, Gutter, Dando, and Lucas, who, we believe, are entitled to the credit of having introduced them to the London public during their concerts of last season. Gade's quartet and Wood's trio, also, were both charmingly played—fully better, indeed, than their intrinsic worth deserved. A Miss Susan Heine (from the Bath concerts) sang for the first time in London on this occasion, and, although evidently much abashed, got through Handel's "Angels ever bright and fair" in a manner highly creditable to her good intentions. Mr. Bennett sang Beethoven's Adieu (he was announced to sing "The measure of your"—how his note! say we), and his very graceful delivery, enhanced by the exquisite accompaniment of Mr. Brasher, formed the greatest vocal feat of the evening. The vocalists also included Messrs.' "Nisi in pecc," sung by Miss Esauboth, and a very elegant duet sung by Carleton, song by Miss Esauboth and Heine, and Mr. Bennett. The next concert is fixed for Monday, April 23.

ANTHONY CONCERTS.—The second performance, under the direction of the Archbishop of York, took place on Wednesday evening, the 18th ult., when the following selections were performed:—

PART I.

Orchestral and North German duets	Messrs. Brasher, Heine, Esauboth, and Bennett
Handel's Solenne—Lord of Heavens	Mr. Bennett
King Mr. Phillipps—Angel of God	Mr. Esauboth
Beethoven (Mr. Esauboth, Mr. Esauboth, and Mr. Phillipps)	Mr. Esauboth
King Mr. W. Esauboth—With thy bow I	Mr. Esauboth
Chorus in G major, German, chorale	Mr. Esauboth
Messrs. Esauboth, Gutter, Lucas, and Howell	Mr. Esauboth
Handel's Solenne—O God, be merciful to me, O God, be merciful to me	Mr. Esauboth
King Esauboth, Phillipps, and Esauboth—Magnificence Magna	Mr. Esauboth
King Esauboth, Phillipps, and Esauboth—Magnificence Magna	Mr. Esauboth
Chorus—Ye Lord of God, who (Mr. Esauboth—May ye be the Lord)	Mr. Esauboth
Double chorus—The Lord and the Lord	Mr. Esauboth

PART II.

Orchestral—Piano	Mr. Esauboth
King Esauboth, Esauboth, Esauboth, Esauboth, Esauboth, and Esauboth	Mr. Esauboth
King Esauboth, Esauboth, Esauboth, Esauboth, Esauboth, and Esauboth	Mr. Esauboth
King Esauboth, Esauboth, Esauboth, Esauboth, Esauboth, and Esauboth	Mr. Esauboth
King Esauboth, Esauboth, Esauboth, Esauboth, Esauboth, and Esauboth	Mr. Esauboth
King Esauboth, Esauboth, Esauboth, Esauboth, Esauboth, and Esauboth	Mr. Esauboth
King Esauboth, Esauboth, Esauboth, Esauboth, Esauboth, and Esauboth	Mr. Esauboth
King Esauboth, Esauboth, Esauboth, Esauboth, Esauboth, and Esauboth	Mr. Esauboth
King Esauboth, Esauboth, Esauboth, Esauboth, Esauboth, and Esauboth	Mr. Esauboth
King Esauboth, Esauboth, Esauboth, Esauboth, Esauboth, and Esauboth	Mr. Esauboth
King Esauboth, Esauboth, Esauboth, Esauboth, Esauboth, and Esauboth	Mr. Esauboth
King Esauboth, Esauboth, Esauboth, Esauboth, Esauboth, and Esauboth	Mr. Esauboth
King Esauboth, Esauboth, Esauboth, Esauboth, Esauboth, and Esauboth	Mr. Esauboth
King Esauboth, Esauboth, Esauboth, Esauboth, Esauboth, and Esauboth	Mr. Esauboth

Her Majesty had renounced her intention of being present, but did not make her appearance. H.R.H. Prince Albert came about ten o'clock, and did not Prince George of Cambridge. The Queen-Dowager, attended by Viscountess

Barrington, Miss Hudson, Miss Mitchell, and Carl Stone loaned the concert with her presence, and was received by the company in the most respectful manner. The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, the Duke of Wellington, and Lord Brougham were in the royal box. The chorus from Israel in Egypt, in which Miss Birch took the different solo part, and Madame Camille's songs were the most effective performances of the evening. The whole of the concert went off with great spirit. Mr. Crozer led the band and Mr. H. E. Bishop, Miss Bar, replaced.

Tom Matson's "Cave" had a capital meeting on Thursday evening. Mandolins played an extemporaneous fantasia on the piano, which elicited the rapturous applause of the company, and Gustave Coube on the cello, and L. Scholz on the guitar, delighted every one by their admirable performances. Songs were sung by Mr. Matson, of Covent Garden, Madras, France, and America, with very great success. Several fine solos were excellently performed by Ed. Lane, James, Tyrrell, France, Madras, H. Gray, E. Taylor, Faery, C. Purday, Madras, &c. Little Miss Vining, from Falmouth, quite entertained the company by the manner in which she sang several airs, embracing a variety of modulations and times, with a perfect intonation, and a sweetness of voice that were truly wonderful. She is only three years and a half old, of a very prepossessing appearance, and with an innate talent for music, that will, with proper care and cultivation, become in due time, something of a very superior order. She was accompanied on the piano by her father. The Princess Augusta had expressed a wish to see the infant Sappho on Saturday, and there is no doubt of her being soon introduced to Buckingham Palace.

PERFORMANCE OF SOUVENIR.—The second concert of this Society took place on Monday, the 24th ult., when the following selection was performed:—

PART I.

Mozart, No. 1.....	Bartholon
Beet, and an Overture (Walden)—How well they are and indeed	
The Song of.....	Frank
Cantata, all three (No. 100).....	Walden
Trio (Walden, Madras, and H. Taylor).....	Madras
Solo in grand style (Madras).....	Madras
Overture—How well they are.....	C. M. Van Wagon

PART II.

Mozart, No. 1.....	Bartholon
Beet, and an Overture (Walden)—How well they are and indeed	
The Song of.....	H. E. Bishop
Cantata, all three (No. 100).....	Madras
Trio (Walden, Madras, and H. Taylor).....	Madras
Solo in grand style (Madras).....	Madras
Overture—How well they are.....	Madras

Bartholon's Symphony was well, and, in some parts, very finely executed. No one, at all events, could complain that it lacked impetuosity or vigour, although a little additional gusto would have been extremely acceptable on more than one or two occasions. There was, now and then, rather too much dragging and straggling among the notes, and, even and even, just too much over-errance in the wind, as to dance or into a moral exhibition of "Come, ride Home," the dedication, for instance, would have gained immeasurably by the transfer of a few of Costa's exquisite phrases from the orchestra of the Italian Theatre to that of the Harmonicon-Square Rooms; still, on the whole, it may be considered the best concerted performance since the commencement of the season. Bartholon's music tries the quality of ears from a hand more, perhaps, than that of any other writer, but we are still unable to decide as to the merits of the new arrangement in the Philharmonic orchestra: the horns appear to mix somewhat more completely with the mass of the band, but they are in the same degree short of their effect as regards of essential grandness. The song from Lloyd's *Home* was sung by Mad. Stockman with a thoroughly musician-like spirit, and, for the Philharmonic band, very skilfully accompanied. Haydn never wrote more characterfully, more naturally, than in this beautiful work, and the few stray pearls from its pages, which occasionally find their way into concert programmes, are but so many gems commensurate with that measure of taste which has thus long permeated the whole to result in profuse obscurity. It is passing strange that,

would all the managing for society which in, now-a-days, heretofore on con-
 sideration, as apt an illustration of the truly wisdom in music, has not by
 some accident come to hand: its lessons are equally profound and popular; and
 if an experiment with its entire performance did not succeed, we should conclude
 possible to be a much more important inquiry than we ever yet dreamed of.
 Mendelssohn's superb concerto in G minor was very gallantly played
 by Miss Anderson, yet without developing—in our ears at least—the peculiar
 richness of its author's thoughts. To say sooth, this, with the music of Mendels-
 sohn, is at no time an easy task. His mind is thoroughly, intensely, German—
 saturated, at once, with the wisdom of Bach, and the nobility of Beetho-
 ven, and its outpourings are consequently among those hard things which
 need, first, a mind for their comprehension, and afterwards, muscular energy for
 their execution. The fantasia from the *Fausts* is not a very brilliant specimen
 of Cherubini's genius—it may be accurately defined as pleasant music, but
 scarcely more; and Weber's sweet little overture in *Provenca* told its story of
 gipsy romances and merry dances, of course, as liberally as ever. The re-
 ceived part opened with a flourish of a musical instrument heaven—if we may say
 so much, and perhaps probably the whole. Mozart's cocking, most spacious
 symphony in G was, as the Germans have it, was indeed a beauty. It is said
 that genius was guided by due necessity to the production of this exquisite
 work in three days! If so, what days must there have been! How different to
 the "three glorious days" of Paganini's sobriety! These gave birth to a source
 of delight which must continue in co-existence with the very nature of human
 feeling; while their necessity afforded—an matter what!—We are lovers of music,
 not politicians; and give us but such music to weep or smile at, as needs must
 or however incline, and all the drums in Europe might beat "to arms" under
 our very nose, before we would judge us such to fill the salivary of kingdoms.
 With a single phrase of this delicious composition ringing in his ears, can any
 one feel surprise that Countess Weber, or any woman—children they are
 all of super-eminent power in any shape—should love Mozart, as she did? We
 think not. The glorious music, with all her peach-drinking and pushing
 passions, still had the wholeness to appreciate the softness of every thing
 worth chasing with humanity—except, perhaps, M. Jules Mordant and his crew
 of jaspers, who, like the slabs of bachelors, "have ears and hear not, eyes
 have they, and see not"—would that we could add, "either speak they through
 their throat!" Mr. Bishop's song (from his exercise for his doctor's degree, we
 believe) is a sterling composition, artistically constructed and managed in every
 way, but severely so repays with fancy as might have been expected. It was
 very creditably sung by Mr. Phillips. The self-taught violinist, Mr. Hayward,
 who appeared for the first time at these concerts, is a veritable wonder in his
 way. Of all respectable violins on four-fifth strings, he is perfect master;
 indeed we doubt whether more excellent can ever go far beyond his present
 amount of attainment. Still, notwithstanding so it is, there is something uncharitably
 near about his performance—something which obstructs just on account as the
 string of an uncoloured man; and, above all, he should avoid the performance of
 his own music until study has enabled him to produce something better than the
Fausts which he played at this concert. The duet sang from *Norma* was
 very cleverly sung by Miss Stockhausen and her sister, and the room was gen-
 erally impregnated of its living contents during a fine performance of Cherubini's
 overture to *Les deux Armes*. Mr. Loder told, and Mr. Moscheles conducted.

Societa Annuntia.—The following is the programme of the first concert of
 the season, which took place at the Opera Concert-room on Monday evening:—

PART I.

Symphony in G minor.....	Mozart.
Contra, Bass, & Violoncello and by Violins— <i>Les deux Armes</i> (Provenca)	Cherubini.
Viola	
And. Moderato— <i>Provenca</i> —Mozart, Viola, Violoncello, Violins, M. Loder	Mozart.
Violin	
Violin, Viola, Mr. Hayward— <i>Fausts</i> —Mendelssohn and Cherubini.....	Hayward.
Contra, Violoncello, Violins	Cherubini.
Viola, Violoncello, Violins, M. Loder, M. Moscheles (Basso in <i>Norma</i>).....	Moscheles.
Violoncello—Mozart.....	Mozart.

PART II.

Operetta—The French Opera (the first performance)	Ballad
Service (M. de la Roche) and Agnes (Léon)	Faust
Act I (M. de la Roche) and Act II (Léon)	Impromptu
Recitatives, with the Recitatives (M. de la Roche) and variations	Symphony
with recitatives on the operetta, by M. de la Roche	Waltz
Act II (M. de la Roche) and Act III (Léon)	
Operetta—The French Opera	

Mr. Teilbeque was the leader and Mr. Fyfe the conductor. We were not present, in consequence of our tickets of admission not reaching us until Tuesday morning.

CENTRAL HARMONISTS' SOCIETY.—The sixth meeting of this Society took place on Monday evening last at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate-street. The programme consisted of—

PART I.

Operetta—The French (the first part)	Haydn
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PART II.

Operetta—The French (the second part)	Halle
Operetta—The French (the third part)	Waltz
Operetta—The French (the fourth part)	Contra, Tenor, Bass, and Soprano
Operetta—The French (the fifth part)	Symphony
Operetta—The French (the sixth part)	Waltz

The vocalists were Miss Birch, Miss Cole, Mr. Bennett, and Mr. Newell. The whole of the performance, which we have not space to particularise, went off with great spirit. Mr. Deane was the leader, and Mr. Lucas conducted. The last concert takes place on Monday, the 5th of May.

SARACEN HARMONISTS' SOCIETY.—Her Majesty the Queen Dowager and the Duke of Cambridge, honoured the concert by attending Easter Hill, at the residence of Earl, on last Friday evening. The performance was greatly superior both in style and accuracy to that of the previous week, every one concerned seemed resolved on using his best efforts, and the experience of the first attempt evidently imparted fresh confidence and facility to all. In fact, except such stony monuments as the part of the organist, every thing went as admirably as could be desired. The choruses were magnificently sung, and the solo, if not unimpeachably excellent, were at least universally respectable. We must again offer our tribute of praise to Miss Harris—a more beautifully sustained effort, of its class, than hers with the music of David, we never remember.

Haydn's *Quartet* is announced for performance to-morrow evening.

THE MRS. FLOWER gave a concert at the Music Hall, Stow Street, on the evening of Wednesday week, which was well attended. The programme, although a little too long, possessed several attractive features, we may mention a *Nuit de St. Georges*, nicely given by the Englishers, a trio, "Ti-puck-ti-mour," sung by Miss Harris, Mr. Bennett, and Mr. Strong, both of which were enjoyed, and the instrumental performance of Liszt on the clarinet, and Hillas on the flute. The remaining vocalists were Miss Woodman, Miss Lucas, Githen, and Charles Parley, who sang several songs and concerted pieces with much ability. M. de Calvez performed *Variations on a Theme*, on the guitar, and Mr. Deane a solo on the violin, and Madame Harris a composition of Mendelssohn on the piano. Mr. Stone Park conducted.

PROVINCIAL.

[This department of the Musical World is compiled and abridged from the provincial press, and from the notice of our readers, wherever they are. The editors of the M. W. are desirous to receive notices for any names omitted; it may contain here and there occasional inaccuracies, as reported to us.]

CANTONMENT.—Mr. A. R. de Buxtehude, the professor who has recently delivered some lectures on the Sacred Music of Europe, at the assembly-room here, gave a concert on Tuesday evening. Mr. de Buxtehude was formerly an officer in the Polish service. He was assisted by several of the most eminent performers in the city, Mr. Nepe in the vocal department, and P. Olszewski, Epow, Esau, Heron, Cox, senior, Blanton, and Cox, junior, in the instrumental—all of whom gave their positions re-

ness. The concert was interspersed with the most interesting portions of Mr. de Brouckere's lectures.

CONCERTS.—The concert given to the ladies of Chesham by the members of the Chesham Club, at the Guildhall Rooms, was most successfully attended, more than three hundred persons being present. The solos, vocal and instrumental, were well performed, and the whole went off with excellent effect. The orchestra was under the able direction of Mr. Goodwin.

LECTURES.—The second of Mr. Nassau's Classical Chamber Concerts was given at his residence here on Thursday, the 25th ult., and was in several respects an improvement on the first. Miss Woodgate was the principal vocalist, she has supported since her appearance at these concerts a favourable name, and her performances exhibited evident marks of excellent application; she, however, appears to be one of the many musical spirits who, when a want of nerve deprives of a portion of their powers when before the public. Her first songs were "An Acorn," by Paganini, "With verdure clad," Dupin, "The Fisher's Daughter," "Try it on carefully," B. Taylor. The overture, vocal pieces consisted of Rossini's "Ma nonna is come," Meyer's "Sustained Benediction," L. Pope's "An Maria," and Bellini's "Sleep gentle lady." Of these it is no more need to say, than the name of each author was well given by Miss Woodgate, Miss Yemas, Miss Maria Yemas, and Yemas. The principal instrumental pieces were Beethoven's piano-forte quartet op. 15, and part of the family music quartet in E, by the same author, which were given the names by Miss Yemas, Miss Yemas, J. Hammer, Duval, and H. J. Hammer. From the above it will be seen that nearly the entire scheme of the concert consisted of music strictly classical, a qualifying proof of the progress of public taste in this country.

REMARKS.—*Philharmonic Society.*—The fourth, and we are sorry to add, the concluding concert for the season of the Philharmonic Society took place on Thursday evening last, when the elegant and crowded appearance of the Assembly Rooms bore ample testimony to the increasing interest excited by the splendid performance of an Institution which has attracted to it a mastery, excellence, and popularity, no more to be envied and so easily forfeited, as in similar objects become upon the public who have to thank it purchased it, and upon the members of the society, who have a partial claim on nearly the support they have received in their generous and philanthropic effort to revive among us a grand taste for the higher order of instrumental and vocal music. We have just read that we regret the circumstances of Thursday's performance having been the last of the present season's—regret which is not founded by the fact of that season having been by far the best of the whole, the improvement which has taken place since the commencement of the series having been so great as to afford us ample cause to anticipate still higher tones, even than those we have already enjoyed. The concert opened with Taylor's Symphony, No. 1, which is a most splendid composition, and was as all hands allowed to have been performed with scarcely a single fault. The overture to *Les Zingis*, a movement from Handel's *Corcina*, and the *Andante* overture, were the other instrumental pieces. *Les Zingis* and the *Andante* had excellent *Falder* accompaniment were played with extraordinary spirit and precision. The "Movement from the *Lovers*" was a perfect gem: it is of that class of music that never tires—when the last note falls upon the ear, the listener regrets that the piece has so soon concluded, and longs to listen to the strains again. The local chorus great credit for their performance of the piece, Miss Grant did herself great credit by the way in which she sang the song allotted to her, the first stanza of which was of the most difficult order. The young lady was most successful in the recitative, and we from Judge Macmillan, "O let eternal Heaven" and "Lo, here the gentle bark," the latter with Agnew's fine obligato accompaniment. It might, perhaps, be an useless task to determine whether it was the lady's singing or Agnew's that afforded most delight to the audience—certain it is, that Bellini's delightful song was wonderfully applauded, and called for a second time. "Beh, look!" sincerely conveyed a similar compliment. We wish it had been repeated, were it only on account of Philby's delightful accompaniment on the violin. We regret that Miss Grant had not chosen for her concluding effort some better style of ballad than "The Harvest Home," which is a temporary effort, and quite unworthy of a recital of her talents. She possesses a splendid voice and good judgment (she "Harvest Home" failed excepted), and only requires a master hand to cultivate them. It seems as if her talent is not what it might be, if properly attended to; she may be one, however, that, with study and care, she will soon be enabled to take her station among the first of our English singers. Mr. W. Phillips showed the audience by the performance of his solo on the violin. It was a truly brave effort. The tone was beautifully round and clear, and his execution of some difficult passages was most correct and effective. Mr. W. Cramer led, and favoured the audience with a solo solo in his own mastery and complete

names. The professor has displayed great judgment and ability in leading the concert throughout the season—and we cannot but congratulate the Society on their good fortune in having secured the services of so judicious a musician. Misses Thorne and J. Richardson sang the exquisite duet, "O Lord, please," from Handel's *Julius Cæsar*, remarkably well, nor can we refer the pleasing old melody, "There is a Flower now," sung by Misses Thorne and Richardson, and Messrs. Harding and Ingram, to any other but a just tribute of appreciation. In conclusion, we congratulate the members of the society on their very great success, and it is our earnest wish that they may still continue united in their efforts for the attainment of a still greater proficiency—since they will thus not only feel the satisfaction inseparable from the steady course of self-improvement, but enjoy the still higher gratification of being by those means enabled still further to qualify themselves by their performances, and render them even more attractive than they are at present.

Subsidiary Medical Society.—The fourth and concluding concert took place on Tuesday last.

PROGRAM.—A series of operas are being produced at the Theatre last under the direction of Mr. Ellis, who contains the principal characters in them. The other vocalists are Madame Belle, Ms. O. Perovvella, and Mr. Fren's. The *Alfred of Alfred and Rosamunda* are amongst the operas already performed.

A *Musical Converso Concert* was given on the evening of the New Music Hall on Thursday last. Mr. Murray and Mr. Radwinski were the leaders, and Mr. May the vocalist. In the course of the evening Mr. May performed Handel's *Concerto in A minor* on the piano, Mr. Fren's a solo on the violin, Mr. Murray's composition of *Magnificat* on the viola, and Mr. Byr's a solo on the flute. The concert was then closed, Mr. Edmunds, and Mr. Kegan, who sang several songs and recited pieces including Kegan's beautiful tale, "The Kings Were Here," from his opera of the *Mountain Sybil*, "There is now a girl," and Radwinski's *Adagio*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Miss. ALEXANDER has been exceedingly successful at Milan; her benefit at the Novara Theatre was a most successful one, and her performance in *Semiramide* and *La Donna del Lago* was most rapturously applauded. Miss. Shaw has accepted an engagement to sing at the Theatre (Staveland), Vienna, and it is said her intention to return to England until the spring of 1832.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.—Madame Stockhausen, Miss Edithale, Mrs. A. Toulson, and Miss M. B. Stone, have kindly consented to sing at the 10th festival of the Royal Society of Musicians on the 10th inst. Mrs. Anderson and Mr. Simpson will also give their valuable services on the occasion, as well as a host of talented vocalists. Her Majesty's private band, by the gracious permission of the Queen, will perform two splendid marches, which were composed expressly for the society by Haydn and Weber.

Monsieur has been appointed by Prince Albert painter to his Royal Highness.

Mr. BARN, the organist of St. Mary, Redriff, Bristol, met with an accident at the Theatre last night, on Wednesday week, which, we regret to say, proved fatal. He was passing the stage after the rehearsal of an opera he had composed, and which was to have been produced on Tuesday last, when he fell through an open trap to the depth of ten feet, by which he sustained such internal injury that he only survived until the following day.

ONE BELL is amongst the recent musical novelties in the metropolis. He is engaged to perform at the next Manchester Subscription Concert, to take place in the Concert Hall, on Monday evening next.

TRENTON, LANT, and DANIEL, the three great pianists, who divide the applause of all Europe, will meet in the French capital in the course of the present month. Lant is now at Prague, Daniel at Amsterdam, and Trenton at Lille, where he is giving a concert in conjunction with de Brant.

BROWN has just finished a grand oratorio, entitled the "Fall of Babylon," upon which he has been engaged for about six years past, and which is to be received for the first time at Caen on the 15th of the month, by eight hundred musicians and chorists.

FRANCES YOUNG has arrived in England, and will probably make her appearance on Saturday next in *Norma*. She is of a high family in Italy. An enthusiastic lover of the art alone induced her to appear on the stage. She is the only pupil of the great Paganini, with whom she is an especial favourite. She played *Norma* in the last year with great success at Vienna. She now comes direct from France, where she has been creating a "furore."

Our correspondent writes—A most numerous assemblage of persons visited Mr. Gray's manufactory on Monday evening for the purpose of hearing the performance of Mr. Adams on a large organ built for the Rev. Mr. Pearson's church at Titchfield Wells. The selection of music Mr. Adams played, it is unnecessary to give, as it was in every respect the same as announced in several preceding papers of last week; it was well calculated to display the power and effects of a first-rate instrument. The audience testified their appreciation of Mr. Adams's performance liberally during the evening; of it, we will merely observe, that we never heard him play better.

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENTS FOR THE WEEK.

To-morrow—St. George's, 'the Corners,' Harrow-on-the-Hill, Mrs. Kellner's Soloists.—The Opera.
Monday—The Philharmonic Concert, St. James's Square Rooms.
Tuesday—The Opera.
Wednesday—The Philharmonic Concert, St. James's Square Rooms.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

It is a very common sort of person, he writes, who is often to be met with in the columns of *Illustrated London*, in that "the 'times opinion' of which is respected, and is especially delightful to all those who are not content enough to distinguish a musical world from the *stage* of a third rate." The words in this very letter, which I don't know whether they are intended to refer to ourselves in connection with any other persons, might, without any objection, be taken as such an unqualified expression of opinion as would be required in the judgment of all those regularly read connected with the subject.

Our correspondent from the "London Society" writes that the subject is again referred to the present number of the "Musical World."

We are obliged to our "London Correspondent" for the remarks on the last number of the *British Magazine*, but, as we never find our notices in columns except from anonymous sources, that we do not as a rule care to hear.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PLAIN SONGS.

Becket, Walter, op. 1 & 2. Vocal & Cello.
Lanning—Proper Motets, vol. 2, Sing Song.
———Waltzes, vol. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

SOLOS AND PIANO-FORTE.

Becket—Piano, op. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

VOICE PARTS AND TRIOS, &c.

Becket—Opera in 3 Acts, op. 1—The
and 2nd part.
Becket—Opera in 3 Acts, op. 2—
Becket—

VOGEL.

White, G.—The song, op. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

GRAP.

Chapman, J. B.—British Officers, Intro-
duction, and the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd
Editions.

White, G.—The song, op. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

THE
MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF
ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,
AND WEEKLY RECORD OF
Musical Science, Education, and Intelligence.

"*Nil per seipsum dignum in nil dignetur,*
sed dignabile in eis debet derivari."

PLAT, *Phaedr.*, sec. 226D.

Musik is a something divine and heavenly,
an all-god-like and a God-like thing.

APRIL 5, 1910 No. CCXII.—New Series, No. CCIX.

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Per Annum, \$4.

THE time is drawing near when we have been accustomed to look for the opening of that theatre which is somewhat facetiously termed the "English Opera-house," and we offer to our readers a few remarks suggested by its approach. It is, unfortunately, too notorious, that of all the theatrical speculations of our metropolis, none have proved so uniformly failures as the performance of English operas. People seem to care little or nothing about them, while, from the incomprehension of Asolo's to the splendid "retreats" at Covent-garden, every other kind of dramatic entertainment commands a remunerating degree of public support, a semi-dedicated house and an abundant treasury have been the inevitable portion of those establishments which possessed the patronage of our native citizens. Whence is all this? What witchcraft has fallen upon our "national opera," and thus made it a thing of universal scorn? We are about to attempt a solution of this mystery—in its operation highlighting the effects of our young medicine, and, apparently dangerous to public feeling, and, in the first place, start with averring an utter contempt for a very common and most dismal spirit of meddling, which goes the length of thrusting our dramatic music into its death-bed, and, in despairing expectation of its final relinquishment, bespeaks a grave-stone with "died of death" for an epitaph! All this is an egregious folly—a species of meddling fit only for the old women of the "professors," and evincing a petty-spirited distrust in the powers of others, most inconspicuously wrought by the over-reliance of incapacity on themselves. No, no!—the case is bad enough small consequence, but no less so the disease admits of hope—so long as a patient retains the breath of life, let no one play the undertaker and measure him for a coffin which, Apollo volens, he may never occupy! It cannot be that our music is in

fault,—not to mention a host of men of great, though unproved, talent, we have Barnett, Loder, and Mackenzie, at least, to rescue us from the imputation of sterility in this respect. Any claim of vulgarly pretension to musical knowledge could proceed, even through the deplorable mortification which has been termed "performing" the works of these men, that their scores were in no respect inferior to an average of the much-esteemed productions of the continent. Why, then, have they not been equally successful? becomes the question. Why do the wealthy and fashionable people of the metropolis persist in spending their thousands per annum on the stultic foppery of an Italian opera, in preference to equipping themselves with the rational language of a *Faust* or a *Shamoon*? We really believe that, of all earth's nations, the English are the most un-national in their musical tastes, but this will not wholly account for the infinitely small exports which the dramatic composers of this country enjoy,—there is, there must be, something more than prejudice in the matter. Of music, abstractedly, the London public is an incompetent judge. Of a composition, as of a picture, a person illiterate in art can nearly declare that this or that point "pleases him,"—he is incapable of appreciation on determinate principles, and in this view, the devotion of the mass of our people on musical excellence, is uncertain and worthless. Of performance, however—whether because the critic's nature grows in exile, or from what other cause, we know not—public opinion is steady and nearly accurate; and, moreover, the whole weight of this opinion is most reflectingly ranged against those manuscripts which are called "performances" of English operas. Here, then, we think, is the key to the puzzle—here is the public's justification of its ways and doings—here is the rationale of the allowed empty houses and treasury to waste. The people encourage good performances and discourage bad ones, and they are right. At *Ashey's* they find the best harmonica, at *Covent-garden* they see plays with every advantage which liberality and skill can confer, but at the theatre, be it which it may, that announces an "English opera," they meet with a band usually remarkable for its rhegness and the quality vulgarly associated therewith, and wagers, scarce one of whom, by comparison with the importance of his duty, would be worth his salary as procurer of a Scotch hark. Do managers who, by thus holding their amusement of "English operas" virtually merit a liberal, deserve patronage at the hands of the public? Assuredly not!—The end of such speculations always has been, and, we trust, ever will be, signal misfortune.

As usual, some one or other will, doubtless, be found willing to subordinate his pocket and shaftlet to an another English opera season this year; and, therefore, for his benefit, wherever he may be, we will briefly point out the sources of his or her failure. In the first place, independent of all particular shortcomings, we may mention a general ravenous and imperfection produced by a hurried and slovenly manner of "getting up" operas at our theatres. Not unduly so these faults have been deemed sufficient for the copying of parts and complete rehearsal of a work which, in Paris, would occupy twice the number of months in preparation—managers are not made, nor can the best possible performances ever constitute

tion. In London, a composer may be considered fortunate who obtains three full rehearsals of his music; one of which must be devoted to the correction of orthographical errors, and in the other two, he is expected to impart style to his band, style to his principals, style to his chorus, and unity of effort to the whole; and, of course, fails in accomplishing any part of his purpose. Here, then, is an assembly too gross to need a moment's further discussion. Next as to the matter of our operatic establishments. The office of music-director, as understood in foreign theatres, is unknown with us. We have no equivalent for Helmholtz, at the *Académie Royale*, or Costa, at her Majesty's theatre. The name of some one or other, it is true, is printed in the playbills as musical director, but the person so named is usually either incompetent or indifferent to the discharge of his duties. Our bands, again, are, unquestionably, made up of individual talent, which, with fair remuneration and masterly schooling, might be wrought to any desirable point of excellence; but it were obviously vain to expect from any class of musicians unusual feeling, or even practical attention to the fitting portion of theatrical business, at a rate of payment below the ordinary wages of a journeyman carpenter. The management of our dramatic chorus is open to precisely the same grounds of complaint. It is miserably made up of numbers, capably paid, and instructed, not as abroad, by men whose companion-like feeling enables them, at a glance, to comprehend the intention of a work, but by those whose capabilities are limited to a little parrot-like playing, a little light-singing, and just enough tact to prevent the commission of gross error in that part of the business for which they are responsible. We now arrive at a source of defect which, at first sight, appears to hold distance to all improvement—we mean the lamentable inability of our principal singers. To this general condemnation there are, we know, a few, but very few, exceptions; and public opinion has long since correctly indicated them. We are also aware that we treat as a very ungracious subject; but justice to the dramatic composers of England demands that the truth should be spoken of every circumstance opposed to their success. The generality of our singers, then, are destitute of that prime requisite for artistic excellence—a musician's education. They have no sympathy with the composer, whose music they execute; they sing without feeling, or even its tentative style; their solo performances are usually but sustained drags for applause from the tasteless portion of their audience, and in concerted music everything like whole effect is rendered hopeless by the efforts of each to attract notice at the expense of his neighbour. For while so rampant is the most important part of our operatic machinery, a direct remedy may be at present impracticable; but a mitigation, at least, is not equally beyond the limits of probability. We cannot quicken nature—we cannot hinder sensibility in more effluvia—we cannot make people sing, in whose music, good or bad, is indifferent but in a matter of personal display; but still much may be done in ameliorating their existing influence on the labours of our young composers, and the first step obviously is to fix a standard of authority in all questions that may arise in the business of an operatic theatre. It should never be forgotten

an opera. From the highest to the lowest, in every country, and under all circumstances, singers are but tools placed in a composer's hands to develop the music of his genius, the most perfecting the world ever heard would but fail as an artist's instrument—it could not do more. Why, then, are composers in this country uncaringly accepted by the conventional squabbles of such people, which nothing—surely, not their talent—can justify? Why is the lady suffered to throw up her part because it is not the very best in the opera? or that gentleman permitted to change scenery, because he may not exhibit in some trumpery ballad with a certain nerve tickled to it, tail? When abundance of this kind are satisfactorily disposed of, and not till then, the public may expect exclusive operatic performances in an English theatre.

To run up our remarks, no operatic speculation can or ought to succeed who is not resolute in producing the best music in the best manner. His principals must be taught both the extent of their duties, and the precise value of their services; his band and chorus must be harmonically simple, and thoroughly instructed in accuracy and style; his rehearsals must be constant and laborious; and over the whole must be placed a director—not a mere "professor," but a *bona fide* musician—one deeply conversant with the powers and uses of an orchestra, and whose still sweeter the utmost amount of justice to all works entrusted to him, while his integrity places him above suspicion of favoritism, or prejudice in his dealings with his knottiest artists. All this may look alarmingly expensive, but we are convinced, nevertheless, of its financial safety; former results, at any rate, prove that any less extensive plan of operatic trade only to certain failure.

ON ENTHUSIASM IN THE ARTS.

BY THE BARRON DE STIEL.

Many people are prejudiced against enthusiasm, from a misconception of its real nature. It is not an exclusive passion, the object of which is sensual; enthusiasm is associated with the harmony of the universe; it is the love of the beautiful, it is elevation of mind, and fervor of feel, a feeling which is once sustained grandeur and repose. The sense of this term among the Greeks, affords the noblest definition of it; enthusiasm signifies God is in us. In fact, when the existence of man becomes oppressive, it has something as it differs. The selfish make themselves the object of all their efforts, and value nothing in the world but health, riches, and power. They have nothing of that exuberance of soul which it is sweet to converse to what is noble and beautiful; they have not that vision there which can enable them to trace all the wonders of the heart, and of the thought. There are also those who play the tyrants with themselves, almost as much as with others, by continually reproving the generous emotions which struggle to rise in their bosoms, regarding them as so many phantasms of a delirious imagination, which the light of reason should at once chase away. How impoverished is the existence of those who treat as delusions the voices of the most beautiful deities, and the most noble conceptions! Such men oppress themselves in an eternal mediocrity, which they might easily have expanded, to receive the light of knowledge which everywhere surrounds them; they restrain and confuse themselves in that uncertainty of ideas, in that darkness of feeling, which reflects the days of ignorance to pass one after the other, without deriving from them any advantage, without making in them any progress, without treasuring up any matter for future recollection.

Some renounce their art, who object that enthusiasm produces a distance from ordinary life, and that as we cannot always remain in the noble frame of mind, it is more for our advantage never to indulge in it. Why, then, I would ask, have they accepted the gift of his music, since they will know that it is not to last for ever? Why have they loved—admired such men ever since loved—since death may at any moment tear them from the objects of their affection? Can there be any more vertiginous ecstasy than that of the faculties of the soul? They were given us to be improved and expanded, to be carried as far as possible to perfection, even to be prodigally furnished for a high and noble end.

The more we bewilder our feelings, and render ourselves insensible, the nearer (it will be said) we approach to a state of material existence, and the more we diminish the dominion of pain and sorrow over us. This argument amounts, in fact, to recommending us to make an attempt to live with as little of life as possible. But it is very rare that any man can unite permanently in this confined and desert sphere of being, which leaves him without resources in himself, when he is abandoned by the prosperity of the world. Men has a consciousness of the beautiful as well as of the effusive, and in the absence of the former he feels a void, as in a deviation from the latter he finds comfort.

It is a common accusation against enthusiasm, that it is transitory; that it would be too blessed if he could fix and retain emotions so beautiful, but it is for the very reason that they are so rarely dissipated and lost, that we should strive and exert ourselves to preserve them. Poetry and the fine arts are the means of retaining in man this happiness of elevating organs, which even the depressed heart, and which, instead of an unequal variety of life, gives an habitual feeling of the divine harmony in which nature and ourselves obtain a part. In a word, there is no duty, no pleasure, no sentiment, which does not borrow from enthusiasm I know not what charm, which is still in perfect unison with the simple beauty of truth.

Writers and composers who possess not enthusiasm, know nothing of the career of literature and art, except the criticism, the review, the polemic which attend upon it, and which must necessarily exchange our peace of mind, if we show ourselves to be entangled amidst the passions of men. Unjust attacks of this nature may, indeed, sometimes do us injury; but the true, the beautiful enjoyment which belongs to talent cannot be affected by them. Long before the public appearance of a work, and before its character is yet decided, how many hours of happiness has it not been worth to him who made it, to him his brain, who poured it forth as an art and duty, of his language to the beautiful? The creative talent of imagination supplies, for a time at least, all his wishes and desires; it opens to him resources of wealth, it offers to him crowns of glory, it makes before his eyes the past and bright image of an ideal world.

How can he who is not endowed with an extraordinarily imagination, father himself that he is, in any degree, acquainted with the earth upon which he lives, or that he has travelled through any of its various countries? How he, in the heat of solitude, shed tears of ecstacy over the wonders of his love, and glory? Has he, in his transports, enjoyed the air of heaven like a bird, the water like a thirsty hound, the flowers like a lover who believes he is breathing the creature that surrounded his mistress? Does his heart beat at the echo of the mountains, or has the air of the earth (which he breathes) his organs in its voluptuous softness? Does he perceive whereon countries differ the one from the other? Does he remark the accent, does he understand the peculiar character of their languages? Does he hear in the popular song, and recognise in the national dance, the manners and genius of a people? Does our single attention at once fill his mind with a crowd of recollections?

Is it true to be left without enthusiasm? Can common men address to her the tale of their own interests and low desires? What have the sun and the stars to answer to the little vanities with which each individual is content to fill up each day? But if the soul be really moved within us, if it be able to a sense of the beautiful, of glory, and of love, the clouds of heaven will hold converse with it, the aspens will listen to its voice, and the breeze that passes through the green woods is deaf to whither is as something of these we love.

There are some who, although devoid of enthusiasm, will believe that they

have a taste and relish for the fine arts; and indeed they do love the refinements of luxury, and they wish to acquire a knowledge of music, painting, and poetry, that they may be able to converse upon them with ease, and with taste, and even with the confidence which becomes the man of the world, when the subject turns upon imagination, or upon science. But what are these barren pleasures when compared with true enthusiasm? What an emotion thrills the soul when we contemplate, in the *Sticks*, that awful look of calm and terrible despair, which seems to reproach the gods with the paltriness of her material happiness! what a kind of exultation, when we turn from this to the beauty and grace of the *Spinto Delirato* and the *Venus de Medici*! In contemplating the *St. Jerome of Domenico*, we are penetrated with a lofty feeling which quenches under foot all the weaknesses of this world. In listening to the masterpieces of a Handel, a Haydn, a Mozart, how pure, how exalted is the attention which they inspire!

Can it be said that there is such an art as that of music for those who cannot feel enthusiasm? Artists may make harmonious sounds, as it were, a necessary gratification to them, and they enjoy them as they do the favour of beauty, or the society of talents; but has their whole being elevated and trembled responsively like a lyre, if at any time the midnight silence has been suddenly broken by the song of one of those instruments which resemble the human voice? Have they in that moment felt the mystery of their existence, in that softening emotion which reunites our separate natures, and binds in the same enjoyment the senses of the soul? Have the beatings of the heart followed the cadence of the music? Have they learned under the influence of these emotions so full of charms, to shed those tears which have nothing in them of self, nothing so true of earthy; those tears which do not ask for the companionship of others, but which arise themselves from the inquietude that arises from the need of something to admire and to love? How given and how sustained is the pleasure that springs from the sweetest and most ethereal of the arts! The interest it excites is freed from all apprehensions and restraints; and the sensibility which it calls forth, has nothing of that painful bitterness from which real passions are never exempt.

THE HINDOO GILL'S SONG.

Oh! take this rose, and let it be
Close to thy God, devoted heart;
Then let it live its hour and die,
And never from the dew rose part;
For a water-moss, at midnight hour,
While woo'd'ng by the Ganges stream,
Oppress'd and dim, I sought a lover,
And here was met my sweet dream!—
I thought a wisp, with wings of light,
Had me where'er the brightest eye,
And gather'd for my soul's delight
A sun-bright rose, and put it there.
Then take this rose, and give thy heart,
Oh, ever wear of love this token,
And never from the dew rose part,
For if 'tis lost, my heart is broken.

CHURCH MUSIC.

[We extract the following gilly music on the subject of church-music by church-men, from a review in the "*Atlas*" of an author composed by the Rev. F. W. Briggs.—Ed. M. W.]

We have derived no small pleasure from the perusal of this volume, as of any composition that has of late filled under our notice—not because it contains any

great quantity of novelty or originality, but because it tells us of good musical taste in a quarter in which it cannot but be incalculably useful. Of all men, professionally unconnected with it, none are so imperatively required to acquaint themselves with the history and powers of music, as ministers of religion. In the earliest times of Christianity, its use was deemed essential to divine worship. Philo says (speaking of the ecclesiastical assemblies of Christians in his day), "They chanted hymns in honour of God, composed in different and various melodicalities, now singing together, and now answering each other by turns." And its effects have been no less distinctly recorded.—St. Augustine declares of the music in the church of Milan, "The voice flowed in at my ears, truth was insinuated into my heart, and the affection of pity overflowed in sweet tears of joy," &c. &c. &c. other fathers affirm that the music of the Christians attracted the Gentiles to their churches, when many were converted by its influence alone. Following the doctrine of reason, and the known influences of human nature, ecclesiastical government has ever, from that time to this, warmly cherished the practice of music, both as an important element in the service of the church, and as a reasonable endorsement to those lacking others, to attend public worship; and at the present day, at all the altitudes of organic Christianity, the reformed Church of England, alone, is incalculably useful as to the progress of an art to which her preceptors owe an slight measure of their stability. Church-music in this country, whether cathedral or parochial, is fast losing the dignity of an art, and for reasons not difficult to assign. Out of the numerous resources equally derived to the uses of music in our cathedral establishments, three-fifths, not reckoning, are now abstracted for widely-diffused purposes, while, with equal reason and necessity, the heads of our parochial churches seek to provide music lighting their Sabbath worship at a cost usually not exceeding the income of an average vicarage. The clergy, in their own persons, some vitally, some negligently, are opposed to the march of musical science. How many are there who, instead of playing harmony with Luther "next unto theology," vitally, by a contempt they are at small pains to conceal, degrade it below ball-making, priggishness, and the very stultic work of the church? How many are there who, like the faunter, Scott, at the last Norwich festival, openly declare of music—the right master of the mind, the surest under-mooring of the heart—"It is an accused thing; come thou out from it!" How many are there who, with less worthy, because less conscientious motives, totally deconstruct our music in their churches, moved thence by the most petty, drivelling, jealousy of the civil attraction of their organist!

REVIEW.

The Mohammedan call. Serenading. Where is our home? Duetts for equal voices, composed by John Fisher.

Although these duets display no originality, they are in much better taste than the generality of Mr. Hullah's publications. The first is plain and simple in character, and its melody vocal and easy of execution, but it calls for no further remark. The second, however, fails in its purpose altogether. The vocal parts are unconventionally arranged, but so ingeniously constructed that they scarcely fall into anything resembling direct effect from one end to the other. There are, moreover, some parts of singularity in the symphony which go for towards neutralising that little of agreeable matter the composition otherwise contains. The third—"Where is our home?"—is by far the most musician-like of the set. There is much of quiet good feeling about the first movement, and the temporary modulation into it that towards the close of the second page possesses a very agreeable flavour of freshness. The following allegretto is spirited, and the whole will prove effective in performance.

Go! forget me. Ballad, composed by Charles H. Parley.

This is a song of moderate ability, made up of descriptive phrases in response which, however, grow wearisome in their sameness. There is a musical charm

stare about the preparation for departure into the world of B flat on the first page, which might have been easily avoided.

Wend and O's (second) chamber groups. The opening will become a little plod, and, composed by F. Kuster, of Berlin. At three o'clock I dedicate you a private and brief, composed by Louis Spohr.

We see nothing in the first of these compositions more than could be achieved by any musician of ordinary taste. It is pleasant enough, doubtless; but there is a lack-philosophical content about the melody, and a round-about employment of one course of thought which greatly diminishes it.

Spohr's *dedication* is a delicious subject—overlooking with his voluptuous forms of melody and exquisite treatment of accompaniment. As usual, about mid-way, he breaks into a wilderness of data which will, perhaps, rather discourage amateur night-singing, but the beauty of the music will amply reward whatever trouble may attend its performance.

Revue.—Remains and arrangement of fragments in *serpe*, par
M. Calabretti.

This is a very sweet little song—extremely expressive, without affectation or effort of any kind.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

PARIS.—The Marquis de Las Marismas (M. Aguado), the Spanish capitalist, who was at the head of the Italian company, has presented to Louis, Albertoni, Farinai, Amaga, Ruffini, Lablache, Tamburini, and the secondary artists, some costly presents in token of his return. The first-coming next season is in the hands of M. Herkhan and M. C. Dumay, but it is uncertain yet whether the representations will be given at the Opéra. If possible, the *Vendéens*, now the *Bouillonnés*, will be resorted to. By a curious coincidence, M. Robert, formerly the director, died on the very day of the closing of the Italian Opera. Donizetti's opera of *Les Martyrs*, so long in preparation at the Académie Royale, is expected to be brought out next Wednesday or Friday. The musical season is fast drawing to a close here. Pagan, who has not met with such remarkable success this season, is now with you in London. He gave a *small* *matinée* *musique*, which, owing to a profusion of political duties, I omitted to send you an account of. He had all the Italians, who sang their choicest gems, and Pagan accompanying with her harp, as he alone can accompany, where it is difficult often to tell whether it is the voice or the instrument we love. In the course of the *Haut des Français* there was an elegant assemblage of rank and fashion. Alexander Batta, the celebrated violinist, has given a delightful recital at Erard's. He played in voice of Magrini and Beethoven, and executed a fantasia on chords from Donizetti's *Lucie*, in the voice of Haber's waltzes in the most perfect manner. Batta is all soul, and his instrument sings, and, to leave a French phrase, even weeps. He leaves Paris shortly for the London season with Arco, the violinist. Miss Noy, whose reputation has been rising lately at the Académie Royale, has obtained leave of absence, and will afford the London amateurs the opportunity of appreciating the *félicité* of the *Les des Femmes*.—*A Correspondent of the Post*.

METROPOLITAN.

HAN MARSHALL'S THEATRE.—Björn's opera of *Norse* was revived at this theatre on Tuesday evening by the *Artists of Middle Temple Lane*. Whether from the absence of a new representation, supposed to be characteristic of an English audience, or from its natural fitness of perception, we know not, but this lady certainly did not create the *jeu*; but that she is said to have originated in the theatre of Italy. The part of *Norse* may not be the ultimate of tragic

performances, but it has been deemed worthy of their best efforts by Patti, Giesl, and Schraier Dezzani, and thus, on such an occasion as that under notice, becomes a kind of comparative test by which a performance of greater perfection than that of Milla Tosti might be considered successful. The prevailing defect in the *Norma* of the divinity was the absence of grandeur. Of energy and even sublimity of manner there was more than sufficient—but reluctance of action was now and then carried up to the limit of caricature, but the whole lacked depth, it was more the fury of melodrama than the sternness of tragedy. She is graceful and dignified only when calm, but when wrought up to displays of passion, she reacts her emotions with such exaggerating of hand, such wretched evolutions of arm, and altogether sweetness such an Amazonian deportment, that we feel inclined to wonder at Patti's taste in mature anatomy, and moreover detect a vast coming away of our sympathy for a woman who, however cruelly circumstanced, seems so thoroughly capable of self-protection. The poet has, doubtless, drawn a strong character, but as there are many admirable instances which do not quite reach the explosive sense of grandeur, so are there many female characters of hyper-romantic temperament (and *Norma*, among them, we think) who would not be counted in the obstetrical exhibitions of a village. Milla Tosti's singing varied as much between her first and last notes in the opera that, proceeding from this circumstance, her slight want of confidence, we have scarcely formed a decided opinion on its merit. Her voice is extensive and strong but unevenly phrased. The extreme extremity of its compass is forcibly, but scarcely agreeably, produced, when the quaver of the modern opera, and its highest position, from about F in the fifth line, appears to be modified on the influence of Patti. Her execution is possibly not—except a detestable choke, or shew, or rather shewy, very much in the manner of the trifling voices which Giesl, thanks to her good sense, has at length abandoned—her modulation is clear and impassioned, and her style regular with the freedom of her country. Her gestures and best efforts throughout the opera were, at the commencement of the second act, when *Norma* meditates the destruction of her children, and, in the last scene, her proposal to Patti to purchase her life by the death of *Adelphi*. On the whole, although we cannot consider Milla Tosti's debut entirely successful, she may be said to have earned whatever amount of applause she received, and a second hearing may perhaps do much to eradicate the disagreeable impressions which the occasionally created. *Luliche* appeared for the first time this season in the Arch-herald, *Greene*—his glorious performance of this rather unimportant character is so generally appreciated that we need not say a word more than that, in all respects, it was the *Queen* which has so often delighted us in past seasons. The other characters, *Adelphi* and *Pelle*, were very respectably filled by Milla, Emma Cini, and Signor Richard.

PARANAGUERA SOCIETY.—The third concert of this Society took place on Monday, and consisted of the following selection:—

PART I.

Minuet by Chopin, Op. 9, No. 3	Spohr
March of the Blue Devils, No. 10, Op. 10, No. 10	Spohr
Grand March, Op. 10, No. 10	C. M. Van Wazer
Quadrille, Op. 10, No. 10	Spohr
Quadrille—The Isle of France	Spohr, Hertzberg

PART II.

Polka, Op. 10, No. 10	Spohr
And. (New M. S. March—Op. 10, No. 10)	Spohr
Quadrille, Op. 10, No. 10	Spohr
Polka (New M. S. March, Op. 10, No. 10)	Spohr
Quadrille—Isle of France	Spohr

Spohr's new symphony produced even less effect on Monday evening than on the occasion of its first trial. The fault lies, perhaps, rather with the design than with its execution; the composer's imagination evinces a nice, and exhibits four unconnected movements in so many distinct styles, which, however clear, are, after all, but indistinct; and, therefore, not only of minor interest, but open to the most vigorous species of criticism—that by comparison. The

First movement illustrates the period of Bach and Handel—the heroic age of music. The whole of this is well conceived and expertly instrumented, as usual, but the imitation is perhaps more apparent here than in any other part of the work. Spahr has, unaccountably, incorporated it here and there with the business peculiarities of his own style, and thus destroyed the sentiment of reality. The *Andante*, after the manner of Haydn and Mozart, is more successful; the composer has not been forced so far out of his usual current of thought, and his writing is proportionably more natural. This movement, considered without reference to its imitative character, is the most beautiful portion of the symphony. Beethoven is second at us the *Adagio*, but not happily, we think. Some of his eccentricities of form and instrumentation are accurately let off; but the whole is cragged with Spahr-likeisms, and lacks power and breadth to render the illustration perfect. The entrance of the *Andante* was evidently obstructed by the audience, who, seated at the rear, probably, deemed its execution worthless. Judging from its elements, its resemblance of force from one scale to another, and its looseness of construction, we presume Spahr intended to imitate the present French and Italian school of instrumental writing; and if so, he has succeeded admirably. The audience, however, did not see the joke, and consequently treated that as an error which the composer could only have meant as a error, but not a joke, piece of ridicule. On the whole, notwithstanding that this “*Allegretto Symphonic*” contains a great deal of very fine writing, we heartily wish it had not been performed at this concert. It is, at best, but a series of elaborate cadenzas; and, in effect, has a tendency to diminish the reputation for high critical feeling which Spahr has so deservedly acquired. Mendelssohn’s deliciously-imaginative overture did not go well; it was played considerably too slow, and its delicate style gave proof of a needless method of interpretation, which too often diminishes the performance of the choicest works at these concerts; so that, we were disappointed of nearly all those superb effects which the score so abundantly promises. Beethoven’s eighth Symphony and the overture to *Sore* were fairly executed. The best performance of the evening was the German waltz, *M. Malague*. In the last number of the “*Musical World*” we gave a translation of a large criticism on this admirable performer, and extremely as it might seem, he has justified it to the fullest extent. praise must, indeed, be accorded in large terms which must overflow his wonderful efforts. His playing exhibits every variety of which music and a fiddle are capably capable, without any show or undue exaggeration of any kind, his execution is perfect in the verge of a minute, with the assurance of his music, his style is grand and dignified, or playful, or affectionate, and, under every aspect, flawless; and in true and correct feeling for his art, he is unrivalled by any existing performer except Louis Spahr. His music is of equivalent character with his playing. Instead of any such nervous and hysterical vapours so apt usually produced in these countries, we had a legitimate concerto, beautiful alike in the materials, and their treatment; and, though often approaching the or plus ultra of difficulty, always music—and that, too, of a very high order of excellence. His departure is perfectly satisfactory—it is frank, ready, and thoroughly German; and his efficient manner of suffering immense difficulties at once, delivers his hours of that anxiety which ordinary solo performers so invariably produce. The most reluctant applause and a demand for his re-appearance on the platform followed the completion of his concerto; and, altogether, his debut may be said to have produced a greater sensation than any Paganini’s appearance for several years past. Weber’s Concerto was played by Mr. Mendelssohn as he plays everything—with an intense consciousness of the composer’s feeling, and with an such mechanical efficacy as, for all national purposes, pianoforte music need not call into action. The vocal performances may be classed together as respectable; but have an anxiety to outdo them in further remark. Mr. T. Cooke led, and Sir G. Smart conducted.

Mr. Collyer’s Annual Concert was given at the Hanover-square Rooms on Thursday the 2nd inst. The music was of a light, agreeable character, well suited to the occasion. Mr. Collyer was supported by a number of professional friends, the principal of whom were Miss Collet, Mrs. A. Smith, Miss A. Croft, and

Miss Edwards, Messrs. Spenser, Goss, Mesley, Fitz-William, Atkins, &c. Miss Beckett Williams performed a fantasia on the piano-forte. Mr. Richardson a solo on the flute, and Mr. Blagrove a solo on the violin, which respectively were deservedly applauded. The band, led by Mr. Blagrove, were chiefly from the *Prinsendam* Concerts. Mr. Lord officiated as conductor.

BARBARA BLANCKEN'S SOLO.—Haydn's *Crescendo* was performed by the Society on last Friday evening. The choral portion of the work, (so far as the singers were concerned,) went off brilliantly—the accuracy and style of coloring in this performance far exceeding our remembrances of former trials. Only one important blunder occurred in the whole—we refer to the chorus, "Behold is the glorious work," before the trio,—and with a momentum so utterly straightforward in construction, nothing but the dense negligence on the part of the conductor could account for a failure. As usual, the music did not escape the lenient influence of Mr. Barner's decepted notions concerning him. Besides all these misgivings whose remissions and lapses were noted in this particular as about the ratio of 1 to 1—probably with the judicious intention of removing the true effect of such a point of dissent—two choruses—"Amen the Lord," and "The Hebrews are talking,"—were pertinaciously led down to that drawing style of execution which is, and ever has been, the greatest of the few reproaches to which the Exeter Hall concert are open. If the conductor merely diverted himself with gymnastic antics at the Society's expense, there could be no reasonable objection to the proceeding, but that those follies should be perpetrated, not only to the detriment of fine music, but also at the costs and charge of the public, we take to be an essential wrong which ought not to be permitted a further continuance. The solo parts were sustained by Miss Birch and Locosta, and Messrs. Hulse and Phillips. Of Miss Birch's singing, whether of recitatives or airs, we cannot see any terms of commendation—it is cold and feelingless. She does not utter any language of which we recognize a syllable, and her reading coincides with this feature of the text, apparently to serve no better end than the display of a few glassy-toned notes in her hard voice, the life of which, after all, any one can blow out of a flute or clarinet to her greater perfection. It is undeniably true that these practices take wonderfully at Exeter Hall, but we nevertheless wish that this young lady, that if she chooses to bow down to the standard of criticism habitually erected in the Forum, she does so at the point of her reputation with the better informed of the musical public, who will not readily be induced to mistake the simple exhibition of a good voice for finished singing. Miss Locosta is assuredly not improving—she sang the music assigned to her very indifferently, and in the trio, "On then each bring soul a voice," perpetrated a mass of error which deserved the severest censure. Mr. Hulse sang characterly, as usual, but his voice was rather out of condition. On the score of "In mine world," his distance was apparent in the alteration of several passages in the latter part of the song. Whether it be a species of major hexap or no, we cannot but very unconsciously show our dissatisfaction with the singing of Mr. Phillips on this occasion. Like Miss Birch, he appears determined on the production of heat at the risk of all other registers, his delivery is becoming hoarse and hoarse-like, he aims at extra-ocular power by pushing forth his voice in a succession of jerks, and his style is further disfigured by the practice of forming his notes by movements—the peculiar and painful-sounding distinction, as we thought, of the regatta in Her Majesty's Chapel Royal. We are more than ever inclined to think a large organ to be an indelible an insufferable nuisance, except under strict management. If the Sacred Harmonic Society would spend a fifth part of the cost of their new organ in procuring musical instruction for their organist, they would not, we are sure, repeat them of their liberality. Not a correct piece but he commits some atrocious blunder in the multiplication of his instrument; and, among a whole host of awkwardnesses on Friday evening, we noticed two, perfectly unprecedented in this respect. In "Amen the Lord," at the seventh and following bar from the conclusion, the vocal phrases are left wholly unaccompanied, and on these points the organist chose to transfer forth the full power of his instrument, *pedals* included, thus reversing the composer's meaning, and nullifying the brilliant effect produced by the

concentrated position of the vessels; and in the second, "Achieved in the glaucous work," at the point of sequence commencing with the thirty-first bar from the end, where, by the indirect use of the probe five inches below the base-veins, and opposed to the staccato accompaniment of the hand, the force and vivacity of the passage were totally destroyed. The Operation is announced for repetition to-morrow evening.

AMERICAN CONCERTS.—The third performance took place at the St. James Square Rooms last night, under the direction of the Duke of Wellington. The following was the selection:—

PART I.

To sing, <i>Don bel and Choro</i>	Joseph.
<i>Two Madras Madras, madras, all Madras</i>	Joseph.
<i>Madras, madras, madras, madras, all Madras</i>	Joseph.
<i>Madras, madras, madras, madras, all Madras</i>	Joseph.
<i>Madras, madras, madras, madras, all Madras</i>	Joseph.
<i>Madras, madras, madras, madras, all Madras</i>	Joseph.
<i>Madras, madras, madras, madras, all Madras</i>	Joseph.
<i>Madras, madras, madras, madras, all Madras</i>	Joseph.
<i>Madras, madras, madras, madras, all Madras</i>	Joseph.
<i>Madras, madras, madras, madras, all Madras</i>	Joseph.
<i>Madras, madras, madras, madras, all Madras</i>	Joseph.

PART II.

<i>Madras, madras, madras, madras, all Madras</i>	Joseph.
<i>Madras, madras, madras, madras, all Madras</i>	Joseph.
<i>Madras, madras, madras, madras, all Madras</i>	Joseph.
<i>Madras, madras, madras, madras, all Madras</i>	Joseph.
<i>Madras, madras, madras, madras, all Madras</i>	Joseph.
<i>Madras, madras, madras, madras, all Madras</i>	Joseph.
<i>Madras, madras, madras, madras, all Madras</i>	Joseph.
<i>Madras, madras, madras, madras, all Madras</i>	Joseph.
<i>Madras, madras, madras, madras, all Madras</i>	Joseph.
<i>Madras, madras, madras, madras, all Madras</i>	Joseph.
<i>Madras, madras, madras, madras, all Madras</i>	Joseph.

Tombalral made his first appearance this evening, and gave Mozart's beautiful aria with great effect. Madame Sacchianna, Miss Bower, and Phillips were severally excellent. The performance throughout was good. Mr H. R. Bishop, Mus. Soc. conducted. Her Majesty the Queen Dowager was present, attended by Lady Sheffield, Lady A. Somerset, Miss Hudson, Mrs. Minstrey, and in the next box were the Duchess of Cambridge, Prince George, the Duke of Weymouth, the Archbishop of York, Lord Howe, Lord Brougham, Baron Kemble, Lord Sheffield, Captain Curzon, the Hon. Mr. Wood. About ten o'clock Prince Albert and Prince Ernest came, attended by Lord G. Lennox, Baron Orléans, Col. Bouverie, &c. There were also in the room the Archbishop of Armagh, the Bishop of London, Lord Bandon, the Marchioness of Queensbury, Lady Herbert Clive, the Viscountess Bernard, &c. &c. The Duke of Cambridge came about half-past ten o'clock, having presided at the Drury Lane Fund dinner. The fourth concert will take place on the fifth inst., under the direction of his Royal Highness Prince Albert.

PROVINCIAL.

[This transcript of the Medical World is compiled and abridged from the provincial press, and thus the limits of our country are extended. The editors of all the papers furnish a list regularly, and for any matter of opinion or map wanted, beyond what their editorial judgment is disposed to.]

Belfast.—Opening of the New Music Hall.—We lately noticed the elegant glass at the opening of the New Music Hall, here, in our last number, but such an occasion—the opening of a hall destined in the progress of time to be a provincial town, merits a larger space in a musical periodical—we have therefore abridged the following account, taken from an Irish paper. The stonework work of Belfast has not an admirable example in the metropolis, which, indeed, still we're to boast of a Music Hall? "This building was recently opened with a public concert on Thursday evening, the 23rd ult., and the talent and liberality with which the arrangements of the committee were made formed the highest praise. Two lectures were engaged, one from Dublin, Mr. Hutchinson, the other from Edinburgh, Mr. Murray; Mr. Piquet, the celebrated performer on the violin, was also engaged from Dublin, Mr. Dixon and Augustus Dixon, as vocalists, from the same city, and Mr. Edwards from Edinburgh. Seven hundred ladies and gentlemen,

including the *Morceux* of Donizet and the leading instrumentalists in the town, and notwithstanding these persons, Mr. Murray led the first set of the concert, M. Rindstedt the second, Mr. Deibel presided at the piano-forte, and Mr. May was the conductor. The opening exercises (*Andante*) gave us a sample of the metal of the band. It is one of Charobert's best pieces. This first, "The magic waltz," was beautifully sung. Miss Pigeon is a most promising young lady, of sixteen years of age, with a fine voice, which has been admirably cultivated. Mr. Edwards appeared to be suffering from hoarseness. He has a fine Greek voice, his falsetto being particularly good. Pigeon Deibel has a harmony of great flexibility, and sang with much ease. Their voices blended well together in the solo; the phrasing seemed for the loss of the usual being respectively sung by the lady, it was much applauded. In a large room phonicists concert are more effective, and therefore Mr. May's concert did not go off so well as his earlier ones. He undertakes his instrument, in a good musical performance, with a limited style of execution. This Pigeon was very successful in "Qui le voit," which was succeeded by Mr. Pigeon's solo on the violinette. This was a splendid performance; there was brilliancy, grace, simplicity with "many a heart of linked emotions long drawn out," and the tone was exquisite. The dramatic and harmonic passages were particularly beautiful. Pigeon's applause followed this performance, which was led by M. Rindstedt. Mr. Edwards sang "All a hot day" with much force and feeling. It was one of the best performances of the evening. M. Rindstedt's solo on the viola proved the limited matter. There is no criticism in his performance, so much as extraordinary considerations for effect. It was good playing, in which firmness and brilliancy of tone, and great tenacity of execution, were combined. This was M. Rindstedt's first appearance in Belfast, and we hope to see both him and the other organists who visited us for the first time, in some future concert. Miss Pigeon and Pigeon Deibel sang Hallé's duet, "Our shepherd pipe," very beautifully. There was a concert and keeping in the style of the execution, that combined it one of the most pleasing performances of the evening. The quartet in *Six Preludes*, having a little melody with the horns, was well played. In the second part the arrangement included the wondrous variety of dividing Beethoven's charming *Symphony in D*. The construction, melody and harmony, being given in the commencement of the part, and the exquisite slow movement in a *Andante*. We might as well drink Monday, and play a forte between the fourth and fifth acts. The first, second, and third movements of the *Symphony* were given with a degree of precision, an entire possession of the location of compasses, and a knowledge of the author, which reflects the highest credit on the band. Mr. Edwards accompanied himself in Knight's ballad, "Oh what is the old man thinking?" which was sung with much tone and feeling. Mr. Dyer, on the horn, made us, in favor of the late Mr. Stedman, he has not the same brilliancy of execution, but he is a most excellent performer. Miss Pigeon was successful in "John Anderson my Jo," she gave it with good feeling, and in excellent keeping with the air and sentiment throughout. On hearing the conductor the second time this young lady was most enthusiastically applauded. In place of Mr. Murray's solo on the viola, Mr. Pigeon, by desire of Lord Donagall and the company generally, executed his solo on the violinette, with even increased effect. The piece well chosen went off with much spirit, and the company walked out in the last movement of Beethoven's *Symphony*, which was performed in consequence. It would be unjust to omit mention of Mr. Deibel. That gentleman accompanied most of the vocal pieces on the piano-forte, and he did so in an admirable manner, leaving nothing to be desired. We may say, in conclusion, that the concert was most excellent one. It went off with great ability, and all parties seemed highly pleased."

MANAGERIAL.—Gardiner's (the Club)—On Wednesday evening the 1st inst., the concluding meeting of the club for this season, was held at Mr. Wainwright's, the Commodore's Inn, and there was a very numerous attendance. The place was very nicely decorated by Messrs. North and Sherlock of Manchester, and by Messrs. Lynton and Goodridge of Dublin. The flourish of "What have done what you," was indignantly received. We are happy to perceive a marked improvement in Mr. Deibel's style of singing. Our position had improved during the evening, was the introduction of some German glass, which gave great satisfaction. Much credit is due to Mr. John Brimacombe, for the excellent manner in which he has fulfilled the duties of secretary during the past year.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TWO HAWKERS NEWLY MARRIED is not yet fixed, indeed, it is at present doubtful whether it will take place at all, as from the losses the stewards have suffered of late years, only four gentlemen have as yet consented to set.

THE WIDOW OF THE LATE MR. KELLER gave a Soiree Maigre on Friday evening last, at the Hanover Square Rooms. The programme was exceedingly good, and comprised a trio of Nocturnes, played by Messrs. Kellison, Schwan, and Kraft. The "Arlinda" of the same composer, sung by Mr. Allen, and several MS. compositions of the late Mr. Keller, a collection of whose works are about to be published by subscription. Miss Mason sang with much effect Lockhart's song, "The sea hath many treasures," and was ably accompanied on the lute by Mr. Jervis; the remaining vocalists were Miss Reinboth, the Misses Williams, Miss Birch, Mr. J. Bennett, Hans Knoff, Mr. Newton, and Signor F. Lablache, who contributed by their vociferous to the evening's entertainment; the latter was encased. The instrumental performances consisted of a Sonata on the piano-forte, by Mr. Kellison; a solo on the concertina, by Mr. Sedgwick; and a solo on the violin, by Mr. Schwan. The concert was very well attended, and was conducted by Mr. T. Cooke.

THE BRITISH MILITARY COMMISSIONERS of the Field of September.

MISS LADSLAW, pianist to the Queen of Hanover, has arrived in town. This young lady, English by birth, has played at all the courts of Germany and Russia with great success.

THE ITALIAN OPERA of PARIS has been conceded for next season to M. Dornoy, Lablache and Kellison are the real interest, who furnish the funds. M. Maréchal, the composer, is to be stage manager. The House Minister has granted a pension of sixty pounds a year to Mlle. Falson.

GRACE.—The President of the Tribunal de Commerce has given judgment in the suit between Madame Julia Grev and her husband, M. de Métry, maintaining the injunction issued by the latter, and ordering one moiety of Madame Grev's engagement to be paid over to him according to the terms of the deed of separation.

THE CAROL CLUB.—The nobleman and gentleman members of this club had their usual dinner at the Duchesse de Devon, St. James's street, on Tuesday evening, when his Grace the Duke of Devonport presided. The attendance was very numerous.

THE GREAT HARMONY SOCIETY intend to conclude the present series of concerts with two performances of the Messiah.

GRACE, BESSON, LAMBERTON, and LESLIE arrived in town from Paris on Saturday last.

MADAME CHAMBERLAIN ALLEN has, we regret to say, been suffering from a severe attack of measles; she is, however, now recovering.

THE DUTY LADY TARDIFFALL FINE DINNER was given last night at the Freemason's Tavern, N. E. St. the Duke of Cambridge presided. The company was assembled to very high cheer of a thousand pounds. The toasts were Mrs. Weylett, Misses Reinboth and M. R. Howe and Mr. Fozzart, who sang several appropriate compositions during the evening.

THE GARDEN OPERA commences on the 30th inst. at the Prince's Theatre, into the St. James's. The Proserpine will be the first opera produced.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC has announced four subscription concerts. The first will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Saturday next, at two o'clock.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Fugitive		Monthly	
Hutchinson, <i>Parables on the Sermons of "Père" a saint, from La Bourneville.</i>	Shewell	Montague—No. 2, Grand Opera, op. 40, in 2 acts French.	Chappell
———, <i>Parables on the Sermons of "Père" a saint, from La Bourneville.</i>	Shewell	———, No. 3, Grand Opera in 2 acts, op. 41, in 2 acts French.	Chappell
———, <i>Parables on the Sermons of "Père" a saint, from La Bourneville.</i>	Shewell	———, <i>Opera containing from De Last</i>	Chappell
———, <i>Parables on the Sermons of "Père" a saint, from La Bourneville.</i>	Shewell	———, <i>Opera in 1 act & 2</i>	Chappell
———, <i>Parables on the Sermons of "Père" a saint, from La Bourneville.</i>	Shewell	———, <i>Opera in 2 acts, op. 42, in 2 acts</i>	Chappell
———, <i>Parables on the Sermons of "Père" a saint, from La Bourneville.</i>	Shewell	———, <i>Opera in 2 acts, op. 43, in 2 acts</i>	Chappell
———, <i>Parables on the Sermons of "Père" a saint, from La Bourneville.</i>	Shewell	———, <i>Opera in 2 acts, op. 44, in 2 acts</i>	Chappell
———, <i>Parables on the Sermons of "Père" a saint, from La Bourneville.</i>	Shewell	———, <i>Opera in 2 acts, op. 45, in 2 acts</i>	Chappell
———, <i>Parables on the Sermons of "Père" a saint, from La Bourneville.</i>	Shewell	———, <i>Opera in 2 acts, op. 46, in 2 acts</i>	Chappell
———, <i>Parables on the Sermons of "Père" a saint, from La Bourneville.</i>	Shewell	———, <i>Opera in 2 acts, op. 47, in 2 acts</i>	Chappell
———, <i>Parables on the Sermons of "Père" a saint, from La Bourneville.</i>	Shewell	———, <i>Opera in 2 acts, op. 48, in 2 acts</i>	Chappell
———, <i>Parables on the Sermons of "Père" a saint, from La Bourneville.</i>	Shewell	———, <i>Opera in 2 acts, op. 49, in 2 acts</i>	Chappell
———, <i>Parables on the Sermons of "Père" a saint, from La Bourneville.</i>	Shewell	———, <i>Opera in 2 acts, op. 50, in 2 acts</i>	Chappell

THE
MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF
ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,
 AND WEEKLY RECORD OF
Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

*"In parâ dâpârâ dâpârâ rî and dâpârâ,
 and andpârâ rî and dâpârâ"*

PLATE, Plate, etc. etc.

*Made in a something else and incorporated,
 an altogether and a God-like thing.*

APRIL 20, 1880. No. CCXIII.—New Series, No. CXXI.

{*price 50*
volume, 40.

A CORRESPONDENT has addressed us on a lengthy article touching mainly considerations which lie rather, as it were, among the dark places of critical art, and also concerning many things, in his opinion, essential to the welfare of artists; but, as he does not express himself clearly, and as—a spite of his enthusiasm—many of his notions are manifestly ill-grounded, we most decline to use his suggestions in their present form. We thank him, nevertheless, for an offering our memory on a project which we have long contemplated, and now offer to our readers—providing that our observations are heeded for the use and benefit of young musicians only: since by their efforts our English art has been placed in the present course of advancement, and to them only must it be indebted for its ultimate perfection.

The great evil in the moral system of companionship in this country is a want of what the French call *esprit de corps*. Every young man of ability has his circle of friends and companions—of admirers and admirers; but while with these his sympathies are unreservedly shared, their opinions are discoloured by the absence of the trifle with which he chooses to load them. While cultivating an art, of all others the most powerful in regarding the teacher respectability of his writer, he appears regardless of merit, and—by those respectable influences which usually associate with her sincere rotarism—in sparing outlets for the warmest affections, we often find him *quarrelously* impatient at any temporary success of a brother artist, and too anxious to *combine* with severity, where a desire to be pleased would more gratefully become his calling, and not have unduly less pain in the process. Without contrasting to any Utopian notions of human perfectibility, we freely believe that the character of a man

artist is essentially individualized and by the nature of his process, and, therefore, cannot think that the knowledge which we have obtained should be wholly charged on him, or look on the progress of science which results from an artist's position, and which is owed by his skill and industry, as fostered by the meeting of independent spirits. There is no such thing as a too much partnership, in our political society. Each citizen is accompanied by his feel of usefulness who sympathetically help him and deny others, and he falls into the common mistake of over-estimating himself and under-estimating the works of his neighbours, and this is taught to look solidly on those his fellow-labourers to whom, animated with kindred feeling and gifted with like talents, the love of their common pursuit should not the more closely attach him.

Out of all this, three sorts of mistaken view. In the first place, setting aside the consideration of good-fellowship, the young artist is kept in ignorance of his real position. He knows the bulk of those with whom he must contend nearly by name; with their persons and their works he is alike unacquainted, and is, therefore, incapable of justly proportioning his efforts to his resources. Secondly, the progress of art is naturally impeded. It is impossible to imagine any intellectual exercise so utterly self-sufficient, or any genius so all-perfect, that its possessor may not profit by the experience of others. On the contrary, we know that all masters, whether of mathematical or imaginative culture, are perfected only by the interchange of assistance, the force of reciprocal opinion, and a constant rivalry of effort. And lastly, a weapon of offence is provided for those who revile us as a people incapable of mental creation. A respect for la gloire nationale, which in France pervades all persons on all subjects, puts this species of will out of the question. With the musicians of that country we find the perfection of that *esprit de corps* which we so much need;—they feel that the honour of the school of art to which they belong is in no slight degree reflected by the appearance of mutual agreement among themselves, while the contempt of England seems wholly unperceptible of the national influence that if they slight each other in detail, people generally will not scruple to show them all as mean.

We think, then, that our young composers need socializing, or fraternizing; they should gather themselves into some body-meetings, or guilds, for the cultivation of mutual respect and improvement, from which we are convinced they would gain as much benefit as they are reaping disadvantages in their present state. Men neither like things which they do not understand, nor persons whom they do not know, and by analogy of reason we deduce that a system of friendly communication among our young artists would go far towards extinguishing the reproachable passions which they so frequently and unaccountably exhibit. They should discuss the merits of those speculative or profane views now popular there by guarded statements of opinion and false estimates of ability, and should resolve to have the mental power of their brethren through the only safe channel—that of direct and frequent intercourse. This, however, to be done effectively, must be done systematically; and we would recommend for the purpose the establishment of those meetings which are termed *con-*

action. In order to meet this end, we have, in this country, the examples of painters, architects, and sculptors, and of several classes and orders of literature, and on the occasion of all these and departments of industry, why, then, should the composition of English poetry be granted a position of which the possessor inherits the utility? Letting young candidates pour in their candid and open-hearted spirit which shows us the developing character of their craft—let them follow each other's example in discussion on the beauties and difficulties of their art; let them bravely offer and accept opinions on the works of themselves or others, and we may safely predict the happiest results. By these means they will be led to estimate the collective value of English musical composition, they will obtain valuable hints on such practical intricacies of composition as solitary study cannot enable them to vanquish, and, by the concentration of their resources, our national school of art will assume a character of dignity which it has hitherto wanted in the opinion of Europe.

We have thrown out this sketch-proposal in the hope that the attention of our readers may be attracted to a general consideration of the subject;—as to the detail or machinery of such an institution, we shall be glad to receive suggestions from any correspondents whose views of the matter may coincide with our own.

OBSERVATIONS ON MUSIC.

BY CHASE.

There are few who have not felt the charms of music, and acknowledge its aptness to be intelligible to the heart. It is the language of delightful sensations, which is far more eloquent than that of words: it breathes into the ear the sweetest combinations; but how it was learned, to what origin we owe it, or what is the definite meaning to be affixed to each of its most striking tones, we know not.

We plainly feel that music greatly teaches and quickens the agreeable and salutary passions; that it wages us in melancholy and shows us as with joy, that it dissolves and inflames, that it softens as in tenderness and awakes to rage; but its strokes are so fine and delicate, that, as in a tragedy, even the passions that wound, please. Its sorrows are charming, and its rage heroic and delightful: as people feel the particular passions with different degrees of force, their taste for harmony must proportionably vary. Music then is a language directed to the passions; but the nature of these put on a new nature, and become pleasing to harmony: let me also add, that it awakes some passions which we do not perceive in ordinary life. The most elevated enjoyment of music arises from a confused perception of ideal or visionary beauty and repose, which is sufficiently distinguishable to fix the imagination, but not clear enough to become an object of knowledge. This shadowy beauty the mind attempts, with a languishing curiosity, to collect into a distinct object of view and comprehension; but it fails and escapes, like the dissolving ideas of a delightful dream, that are neither within the reach of the memory, nor yet totally lost. The noblest charm of music, then, though real and striking, seems too confused and faint to be collected into a distinct idea. Melody is always understood by the crowd, but almost always misread by musicians, who are, with hardly an exception, servile followers of the taste of the day; who having regarded with care and pains on those directions of hand, which have no real value, except as they serve to produce sounds, or combinations of sound, which were the passions. The present taste for music bears a striking resemblance to that rage for tragedy-comedy, which

about a century ago gained as much ground upon the stage. The manners of the present day are charmed at the strange union the firm between the game and the hunter, and at the surprising trifles they make to the wilder attractions, while every hunter who has the least remembrance of the taste of nature left, must be shocked at the strange jargon. If the manners prevailed in painting, we should soon find the monster of Florentine retained as a monster; we should see the woman's head, the horse's body, and the fish's tail united by soft gradations, and set off in the most imposing manner. Minutemen should take particular care to preserve in its full vigour and sensibility their organs, natural taste, which alone can feel and discover the true beauty of man.

If Shakespeare, Milton, or Dryden, had been born with the same genius and inspiration for music as for poetry, and had passed through the poetical part without corrupting the natural taste, or blending with it prepossessions in favour of those delights of sound and various dexterity of which our nations are so ambitious, then would their notes have been tuned to passions and to sentiments as natural and expressive as the tones and modulations of the voice in clearest discourse. No great difference would be found between the voice and the thought; the letters would only think imperiously, and the effect of the music would be to impart to the sense a beautiful violence, and give a divine impulse to the mind. Any person conversant with the classic poets, soon instantly feel the passionate power of the music I speak of was perfectly understood and preserved by the ancients, that the music of the Greeks always sung, and that their song was the rule of the subject which excited their poetry into enthusiasm and rapture. It were deplorably to be wished that the Grecian taste for impassioned music could be once more restored, to the delight and wonder of mankind. But as, from the disposition of things, and the form of nature, we can scarcely hope in our time to rescue the second time, and place it in the hands of men of genius—all that can be done is to try and reclaim ourselves to their own natural feeling of harmony, to substitute the important truth, that the process conscious of music are not to be found in composition of whatever, language, and surprising kind, but rather in those places that are the growth of a wilder, simple, and unadorned taste. Such emotions are discernible in the swelling sounds that wrap us in imaginary grandeur; in those plaintive notes that make us to love with ease, in the strains that breathe the lover's sighs and agitate the breast with gentle pain; in those noble impressions that cool up the courage and fervor of the soul, or that tell it in confused visions of joy; in a word, in those affecting strains that find their way to the inmost recesses of the heart—

Whate'er of the strains that rise
The habit and of harmony.—Milton.

ON MUSIC, AS AN IMITATIVE ART.

BY SIR W. JOHNS.

It is the fate of those writings, which have been thrown out by very eminent writers, to be received with implicit faith, and to be repeated a thousand times, for no other reason, than because they were dropped from the pen of a superior power: one of these is the assertion of Aristotle—that all poetry consists in imitation. This has been so frequently echoed from author to author, that it would seem a kind of arrogance to contradict it; but almost all the philosophers and critics who have written upon the subject of poetry, music, and painting, have little or never they may agree in some points, such as one would consider them as arts merely imitative; yet, it must be clear to any one who examines what passes in his own mind, that he is affected by the finest poems, pieces of music, and pictures, upon a principle which, whatever it be, is entirely distinct from imitation. M. le Rousseau has attempted to prove that all the fine arts have a relation to this common principle of imitation; but, whatever may be said of painting, it is probable that poetry and music had a nobler origin; and, if the first language of man was not both pastoral and martial, it is certain, at least,

that in countries where an kind of imitation seems to be admitted, there are poets and musicians, both by nature and by art. Such is the case in some of the Mithianetan states, where sculpture and painting are forbidden by the laws, where drama or poetry is in whole unknown; and yet, where the pleasing arts of expressing the passions in verse, and of enforcing that expression by melody, are cultivated to a degree of enthusiasm. The attempt of the present essay will be to prove that poetry and music have, certainly, a power of imitating the manners of men, as well as several objects in nature; yet, that their greatest effect is not produced by imitation, but by a very different principle, which is to be sought for in the deepest recesses of the human mind.

To state the question properly, we must have a clear notion of what is meant by poetry and music; but to prevent defectiveness of them can be given till we have made a few previous remarks on their origin, their relation to each other, and the points to which they differ.

It seems probable, then, that poetry was originally no more than a strong and exalted expression of the passions of joy and grief, love and hatred, admiration and anger, sometimes pure and admitted, sometimes variously modified and combined: for, if we observe the rapt and accents of a person affected by any of the violent passions, we shall perceive something in these very accents approaching to cadence and measure.

If this idea be just, one would suppose that the most ancient sort of poetry consisted in praising the Deity, for if we conceive a being, created with all his faculties and senses, and endued with speech and reason, to open his eyes in a most delightful place, to view all the beauties of the sky, the splendour of the sun, the verdure of the fields and woods, the glowing hue of the flowers, we can hardly believe it possible that he should refrain from bursting into an ecstasy of joy, and pouring his praises to the Maker of these wonders, and the author of his happiness.

The next source of poetry was, probably, love; hence arose the most agreeable ode and song—not filled, like modern romances, with the tangled labials of drama and episode—but simple, tender, natural; breathing unadorned sadness and mild ecstasies:

* "Sweet sleep, pleads a tongue;
Says, a soft rest, a fair peace"—Tasso.*

The grief which the first inhabitants of the earth must have felt at the death of their dearest friends and relatives, gave rise to another species of poetry, which originally, perhaps, consisted of short dirges, and was afterwards lengthened into elegies.

As soon as vice began to prevail in the world, it was natural for the wise and virtuous to express their detestation of it in the strongest manner, to show their resentment against the corruption of mankind, and to furnish precepts of morality and exhortations to virtue: hence moral and didactic poetry were derived. We may also reasonably conjecture, that Epic poetry had the same origin; and that the examples of heroes and kings were introduced, in order to illustrate some moral truth, by showing the liveliness and advantages of virtue, or the many misfortunes that flow from vice.

Such are the principal sources of poetry, and of music too, as it shall be my endeavour to show. First, however, it is necessary to say a few words on the nature of sound; a very copious subject, which would require a long dissertation to be accurately and fully discussed. Without speaking of the vibrations of chords, or the modifications of the air, it will be sufficient for our purpose to observe, that there is a wide difference between a common sound and a musical sound. It consists chiefly in this: that the former is simple and enters in itself, like a point; while the latter is always accompanied with other sounds, without ceasing to be one—like a circle, which is no other figure, though generated by a multitude of points flowing at equal distances round a common centre. These accessory sounds, which are called by the elegant parts of a scientific body

* Would approach, and with modest shame rest
Light eyes, and happiness in this rest.

stirring of ours, are called *harmonies*. This is Nature's own work, and, though she has given us as delightful a harmony of her own, why should we destroy it by the addition of art? It is thinking

————— to quiet the life,
And bid it perform its duties.

Now let us remark that some vehement passions are expressed by strong words, exactly measured, and pronounced in a certain way, as just enunciation and with proper accents, such an expression of the passion will be genuine poetry; the famous Ode of Sappho, for instance, as allowed to be so in the stanzas above; but if the same ode, with all its natural accents, were expressed in a musical voice, if it were sung in due time and measure, to a simple and pleasing tune, that added force to the words without adding them, it would then be pure and unguessed music; not merely pleasing to the ear, but affecting the heart, not an imitation of Nature, but the voice of Nature itself. But there is another point in which the music must resemble the poetry, as it will lose a considerable part of its effect: we must all have observed that a speaker uttered with passion, or an actor (who is indeed strictly an imitator), are perpetually changing the tone and pitch of their voice, as the sense of the words varies: let us observe how this variation is effected in music. Everybody knows that the musical scale consists of seven notes, above which we find a succession of similar sounds repeated in the next octave; and above that, other successions, as far as they can be recognised by the human voice, or distinguished by the human ear; now, each of these seven sounds has no more meaning, when heard separately, than a single letter of the alphabet would have; and it is only by their succession and their relation to one another, that they take any rank in the scale, or differ from each other, except in that they are greater or more acute; but in the regular scale each interval assumes a proper character, and every note stands related to the first or principal one by various proportions. Now a series of sounds relating to one leading note is called a *mode*, and as there are twelve successions in a scale, each of which may be made in its turn the leader of a mode, it follows that there are twelve modes. Each of them has, also, a peculiar character, arising from the position of the several notes, and from some minute difference in the ratios, as, for instance, of 11 to 10, or 3 to 2, &c. For these are some intervals which cannot easily be evaded on our instruments, yet have a surprising effect in modulation, or in other words, in the transition from one mode to another.

The modes of the ancients are said to have had a wonderful effect over the mind, but if they possessed so in the strength of their modulations, we have an advantage over them in our *major mode*, which supplies us with twelve new modes, where the two sometimes are wanted from their natural position between the third and fourth, the seventh and eighth notes, and placed between the second and third, the fifth and sixth: this change of the sentences, by giving a new third to the modal note, softens the general expression of the mode, and admirably adapts it to subjects of grief and affliction; for instance, the minor mode of D is tender, that of G with three flats plaintive, and that of F with four, pathetic and mournful to the highest degree, for which reason it was made chosen of by the admirable Pygmalion, in his celebrated *Statue Maker*. Now these twenty-four modes, artfully interwoven, and used according to the sentiment and character of the piece, may express all the variations in the voice of a speaker, and impart no additional force and beauty to the accents of the poet. Consistently with the foregoing principle we may, therefore, define original and entire poetry, to be "the language of the passions, expressed in exact measures, with strong accents and significant words;" and true music to be no more than "poetry, delivered to a succession of harmonious sounds, so disposed as to please the ear and affect the heart." True music will, therefore, clearly unite itself to the poetry, and, instead of distracting, increase its influence. Unless it does this, it may be said to print nothing, to express nothing, to say nothing to the heart, and consequently can only give a slight pleasure to one of our senses; and no reasonable man will willingly prefer a sensory pleasure, which must soon end in satiety, or even in disgust, to a delight of the soul, arising from sympathy, and founded on the

natural passion, always kindly, always interesting, always transporting. The old divisions of music into religious and earthly, divine and human, or into mad and unmad, pleasure, intellect and sentiment, were founded rather upon metaphors and divine and analogies, than upon any real distinctions in a subject; but the want of making a distinction between the music of mere sounds and the music of the passions, has been the perpetual source of confusion and contradiction both among the ancients and the moderns. Nothing can be more opposite, in many points, than the system of Rousseau and Tartini; one of whom asserts that melody springs from harmony, and the other derives harmony from melody; and both are in the right, if the first speaks only of that music which took its rise from "the multiplicity of sounds heard at once in the conscious body," and the second, of that which rose from "the accents and inflections of the human voice, suggested by the passions." To decide, as Rousseau justly observes, which of these two schools ought to have the preference, we need only ask a plain question—Was the voice made for the instruments, or the instruments for the voice?

It has been asserted that descriptive poetry, and descriptive music, as they are called, are strict passions; but, not to insist that mere description is the essential part of both arts, if indeed it belongs to them at all, it is clear that words and sounds have no kind of resemblance to visible objects; and what can a imitation but a resemblance of some other thing? Even when do themselves are imperfectly imitated by harmony; and if we sometimes hear the murmuring of a brook, the chirping of birds, &c., in a concerto, we are generally obliged to be surprised before long when we are to expect the passage. Some eminent musicians have, it is true, been allowed enough to think of imitating laughter and other noises; but if they had succeeded, they would not have made sounds for their want of taste in imitating it; for such ridiculous imitations must necessarily destroy the spirit and dignity of the finest poems, which they ought to illustrate by a graceful and natural melody. It seems to me, that as those parts of poetry and music which relate to the passions affect by sympathy, so those which are merely descriptive act by a kind of substitution; that is, by raising in our minds affections or sentiments analogous to those which arise in us when the respective objects in nature are perceived in our senses. Let us suppose that a poet, or a musician, are striving to impart to others a pleasure similar to that which he feels at the sight of a beautiful prospect; the poet will form an agreeable sketchings of lively images, which he will express in lively and elegant verse; he will select the most beautiful objects, and will add to the grace of his description a certain delicacy of sentiment, and a spirit of cheerfulness, in unison with the scene described;—the musician, who undertakes to set the words of the poet, will select some mode which has the character of cheerfulness and gaiety, as, for instance, the G major, or E flat, which he will change, or rather progress from, as the sentiment is varied; he will express the music in a simple and agreeable melody, which will not disagree, but embellish them, without making in any figure or misplaced incongruity; he will, above all things, observe a unity in the melody, applying his variations only to such necessary ideas as the principal part could not so easily express.

Thus it is that each artist will obtain his end, not by exhibiting the works of nature, but by assuming her power, and raising the same effect upon the imagination which her charms produce on the senses: this must be the chief aim of the poet, as well as of the musician, who will do well to convince themselves of the important truth, that "great effects are not produced by minute details, but by the general keeping and spirit of the whole piece; that a gross composition may strike and dazzle for a time, but that the charms of simplicity are more delightful and more permanent."

If the arguments used in this essay have any weight, it will appear that the finest parts of poetry and music are expressive of the passions, and operate on our minds by sympathy; that the inferior parts of them are descriptive of natural objects, and affect us chiefly by substitution; that the expressions of love, pity, desire, and the tender passions, as well as the descriptions of objects that delight the senses, produce in the arts what is termed the beautiful; while hate, anger, fear, and the terrible passions, are productive of the sublime.

REVIEW.

Händel's advised us, "As the composing here ceases," with an *introduction and further notices for the pianoforte*.—By J. Andrews.

It has seldom been our lot to consult on a more meagre or unscientific-like affair than the *Journal* of "Introduction and further variations." To describe it concisely, we should say that it contains fifteen pages of very tolerable paper rendered useless by the blotting of a sheet of notes which, in their combinations, present neither novelty or interest of any kind. We have looked carefully over the whole of this large surface without discovering the shadow of a design in any part; without being cheered by a single note of melody—unless we except the progress which Mr. Andrews has distorted the aspect of his system, Händel; and without detecting a solitary hint at the existence of such matters as harmony or counterpoint, except through sundry offences against the laws of logic. The writer of this piece is evidently labor with some overwhelming, though, we trust, temporary delusion, nothing else could have urged him to such an exhibition of insensibility—nothing else could have induced him to subscribe himself "Composer" to such an unalloyed assortment of pianoforte clutter which has been, long since, cast off by even the fashionable writers, as utterly empty and unfit for further service. And then, too, the formidable concern of the whole affair—the alterations of "Tutti," and "Solo"—the occasional "Trompe," "Flute, Oboe, and Clarinet," "Violin part," "Oboe and Clarinet," and other disarrangements that the author would have us believe that he really intended such a thing for public performance! That he may venture with it into an orchestra, finally, is not too remote a probability, but our confidence would be reduced to a mathematical point—"having neither length, breadth, nor thickness"—in the discourse of any other man who would risk his popularity on such an experiment.

The "Introduction" is clearly without a beginning of any kind. It is, indeed, two pages of preparation for a half-stroke.—It is the end of something which ought to have descended on the tone of C, since the first page is entirely made up of alterations between the common chord and notes F-d on G and the sixth on A flat, and the second page is occupied by a raveling peddle which bears no harmony save that of its major third. Immediately following this, we find a page of "Andante," in E flat, which, did it ever possess a particle of musical idea, would still be destitute of meaning or use in its present position. The next, incidental form of this "movement"—So on, in courtesy we presume, must it be termed—is highly amusing. Two ascending phrases, without the vestige of a subject between them, of four bars each—the first beginning in E flat and terminating in D flat—and the second taking the reverse course—and eight bars of preparation for another *Andante*—including two *rit.* progressions, from the tenth to the twelfth bar of the page—constitute its whole substance. To the end of that is tacked a page of *Andante*, on the chord of D, resembling nothing we know of but a *ritardando*—"for the use of beginners," and then, ushered in by a pompous trumpeting of two bars' duration, comes the *Fin*. The two variations and ends which follow, entirely fulfil the promise of the antecedent matter. They do not contain a single bar of which Mr. Andrews say claim the originator, and, moreover, the figures employed are throughout of that kind which writers of the *Hintze* and *Hertz* school have long since worked into interminable measures. Altogether we have seldom perused a page containing so little of that stuff which alone can furnish a valid ground for publication.

Devoted to "*Notes and Folios*," arranged and arranged as a *plentiful diet*
By G. A. Noyes.

This exquisite composition deserves European celebrity, and we advise to seek with it in a shape which renders its benefits accessible to all moderate practitioners in the profession. To all those who prefer an adaptation of sensible and materially useful to the flatter and hypocritical of medical writing for the moment, we can most confidently recommend this arrangement. It certainly conveys but a faint idea of the original to those who have heard it in an orchestra or heard the score, but the matter, at least, is preserved, and Mr. Mackintosh is not to blame for the non-production of effects of which the prolixity is incapable.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE. METROPOLITAN.

Royal Society of Musicians.—The one hundred-and-seventh anniversary festival of this excellent institution was celebrated in the Freemason's Hall, on Friday, the 16th inst., H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge in the chair, supported by Lord Southampton, the Hon. A. Macdonald, Sir John Campbell, Sir John Hall, Sir C. W. Clark, Sir R. Hill, Doctors Eding and Cotnam, F. S. Robinson, Esq., T. Fisheretti, Esq., &c. &c. About two hundred persons dined, and there were about a hundred ladies in the hall and gallery. Nothing could exceed the arrangements of the day, every thing went smoothly and harmoniously off; but in order that our readers may form an idea of the musical entertainment, we shall give a programme of it.

The Noble Women—collegially sung by a host of vocalists.
God save the Queen—sung jointly by Her Majesty's band.
Catford's glees—"Glees of the valley."
Barley's glees—"When the wind blows in the sweet new trees."
Grand March—composed for the Society by Bayly.
Mozart's duet—"Ah perfino,"—excellently sung by Madame Stockhausen and Miss Skilton, and received.
Franz's madrigal—"Down in a flow'ry vale,"—received.
Duo, piano and voice—Mrs. Anderson and Mr. Singson—excellently performed.
A set of Waltzes, by the band.
Ballad, of her own composition, by Miss M. E. Howe—"As I walk'd by night,"—received.
Grand March—composed by Winter for the Society.
Ode—All state—Waltz's "Mighty Conqueror."
Scottish ballad—"John Anderson, my Jo,"—excellently sung by Mrs. A. Toulton, and loudly received.
A set of Waltzes, by the band.
Duo—"The Nymph of the Lake Leman,"—by Madame Stockhausen and Miss Skilton, accompanied by the composer, H. Stockhausen, on the harp, and received.

Messrs. Kayvert, Barclay, and Lord, jun., accompanied the vocal parts on the pianoforte. The professors in present work, Messrs. Anderson, Burrows, Bullock, Bennett, Blackmore, Bradbury, F. Cramer, T. Cooke, Collins, Collyer, Chapman, Elliott, France, Griffin, Hawley, Hawkins, Hayes, Kayvert, King, Kullman, Lord, Lord jun., Morley, Neelinstock, Moschini, North, Parry, Richardson, Sala, Spencer, Sturtan, Tervel, Wargia, Waldenby, Wood, Wynn, Vaughan, Sir George Smart, and several of the Chapel Royal young gentlemen. Mr. Parry, Honorary Treasurer, read a long list of donations, among which were 25*l.* from the Duke of Cambridge, and 10*l.* from the Marquis Brougham. As a proof of the good feeling which this Society bears towards other institutions, the following was among the toasts of the day:—"Prosperity to the New Musical and Choral Funds, also to the Royal Society of Female Musicians, lately formed with the same benevolent objects in view as this and the other Societies here."—Mr. Barclay proposed the health of the Royal Chairman in a very neat address, to which His Royal Highness responded in his accustomed graceful and courteous manner. The sum appropriated by the Society last year to charitable purposes, amounted to 2247*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*, and the claimants on the funds at present consist of twelve members, who receive 50 guineas a-year each; thirty-three widows, 30 guineas each; and fifteen children, 25 guineas each.

"**Two Maids, twenty and I like better,**
Try to my gladders—wonder in us were."

Female Harmonic Society.—Huddell's March was performed on Wednesday evening at Foster Hall. By their admirable execution of the choruses to this sublime work, the amateurs have achieved the greatest triumph of their present campaign, so far as their efforts were concerned, they have left no room for comment, save the most unqualified praise. Throughout all the vocal in-

trillades with which the organists abound—from the first chorus to the concluding "Amen"—their style, precision, and intonation, were often perfect. Of their style, we quote an example of which, we think, the beauty could not, under any circumstances, be exceeded—the chorus, "For unto us." It was, in fact, a specimen of indeed glorious as a generic scale. The vast power—not the exquisite of weakness, but the narrowing of power—the hardness only in the execution of passages, and the beautiful smoothness and equality of tone in the mass, were never, within our experience, heard to any approximating extent; and a vociferous cheer was but the barest justice to its acquirements loudness. In other points of accuracy, also, the admirable choral band has made vast progress since the performance of the *Musical* during the last season. The choruses, "And he shall purify," "He trusted in God," "All we like sheep," (the latter portion especially); "And with his stripes," and "Surely he hath borne our griefs," contain many combinations of harmony which require the utmost care for their correct execution—very difficult, in short, quite sufficient to render their effect, in ordinary cases, a matter of most disagreeable uncertainty—the two latter, especially, being much more frequently attempted than accomplished, and yet the symptoms of wavering, either as to tone or time, were so slight as to be scarcely the trouble of recording. The superb vocal, "Surely he hath borne our griefs," was especially gratifying in this respect—we have never heard it so admirably sung at the festivals in Liverpool, Manchester, or Norwich, where the choral societies are especially in higher training than anywhere else in England. Throughout a long and fatiguing evening, the energy of the musicians never for a moment abated, and a performance of "Worthy is the Lamb," as full of indomitable spirit, as though three hours of labour had not preceded it, placed the spectators on a display of staid singing which could not easily be rivaled in any city of Europe.

Although, generally, the music was more correctly timed than on any former occasion at these concerts, the audience could not, in two or three instances, resist the temptation to blunder in his ordinary manner. The figure in the organ was led off at a rate which, if perceived in, would have manifested its effect; but the impetus of the music itself, and the determination of the masses, at length overrode the noise, and the flourishing of the brass was, as usual, rendered a herculean exhibition. In the commencement of the chorus, "The Lord gave the word," the leader and conductor were so palpably at work, that, for a moment, a halt and fresh start appeared inevitable. Mr. Surman, in his accustomed fashion, was obliged to lecture his fellow-singers on the brilliant conceiving that lay at his mercy, and Mr. Fryer was equally resolved that it should have at least the benefit of a minimal degree of speed, and, as consequence, the band presently gained a bar on the chorus; from this dilemma, however, they were rescued by some providential fatality, and the movement proceeded in tolerable order to its completion. Again, the "Amen" figure was commenced at least one-third too slow,—probably by the repeated accommodation of the organist—and so continued until the vulgar-complacency after the first chime, when the leader took the matter into his own hands and brought the time to a more satisfactory state. Alas! this in glancing its time was inconsistent with the Society's prospect of advancement, and at all risks should be removed. The public consciousness of Mr. Surman's name may be gratifying to his self-esteem, but whether a conductor fills the duties of his office who is led at all points by the band which he is supposed to govern, is a question requiring very slight discussion for its settlement.

Mr. Harrison's attempt on the tenor-side of the *Musical* bordered closely on total failure. In the opening services, at the concluding services, "Make straight in the desert" &c., he chose to adopt a style of delivery at variance with the spirit of the text; and after straying the air "heavy valley," with an abundance of ornament, he finished with a cadence which deservedly received the universal rebuke which the power of an audience is so slow. His reading of the psalmist, "Thy strokes hath broken his heart," was totally devoid of feeling, and in the song, "Thou shalt break them," he mistook an evening recitation for energy of sentiment. This production has, we think, wrong too much not

studies too little. If he would cultivate musical feeling as one of the indispensable to his occupation—if he would be less anxious about personal display, and more tenderly respectful of the feelings of his audience, he would lose nothing in the opinion of his present admirers, and assuredly gain ground in general estimation. Miss Lombard also accentuated the marked character of her audience as a audience with which she chose to bestow the rest of "But these do not last"—and we cannot think the remark unwarranted. The practice of those openly living singers who offend good taste may seem harsh, but it cannot fail to prove salutary;—if those who are attracted with the execution of beautiful music will persevere in violating the decrees of art in defiance of the warnings of their well-wishers, whether conveyed through the medium of the press, or by any more private channel, they deserve and must expect the surprising censure of the public. Of Miss Brock we can merely say that her "Rejoice greatly," and "I know that my Redeemer liveth," abominably delighted her audience. The airs, "O Thou that wilt," and "He was despised," were sung by Miss Myers with the utmost purity and elegance, and Messrs. Lather and A. Novello divided the bass solos and the credits of musician-like performances, very fairly between them.

The points of the new organ are sensibly effective in the choruses, but we must protest against their use in the songs or such orchestral movements as the "Paternal Symphony." Their ponderous quality defies all notions of mixture with stringed instruments, cause every attempt at pure effect, and distress the ear by its overwhelming probability. No organist possessing the slightest acquaintance with the rudiments of orchestral operations would need a caution against any such abuse of his instrument.

The Musical is announced for repetition on Friday evening in next week.

WARRINGTON Glee Club.—The performance of Thursday evening comprised many excellent compositions, which were given most effectively by the vocalists present. Messrs. J. G. Adams, Lord, Fagell, and Hudson each sang a song in the course of the evening. The last meeting takes place on the 22nd inst.

ROYAL ASSOCIATION OF MUSICALS.—The first concert took place at the Haymarket square Rooms, on Saturday last, and was attended by H. R. H. Prince Albert, H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Broughborough, and a host of musical patrons. Amongst the pieces performed were Lindqvist's Overture in *Der Fingerring*, "God Aachen," newly sung by Miss Feinstation and Miss M. Smith; Thalberg's *Andante* played in a highly creditable manner by Miss Lath, a pupil of Mrs. Anderson; Donaut's variation on "God save the Queen," executed most brilliantly by Richardson; Handel's song, "Oh Lord whose Mercies," well sung by Miss Steele; "Bye, Myrtle," the composition of Miss Buchanan, a pupil of the Academy; and Weber's pretty melodic "Flora give me." The concert was led by Mr. Urner, and conducted by Mr. Lucas.

Glee Club.—There was a strong muster of this club on Saturday, John Capel, Esq., presiding. Among the pieces sung were Cooke's "Banks the lyre," Colcott's "Am the white heron," Spafford's "Come September May," Allwood's "In good bye tune," H. Cooke's "No riches," Wainley's "The leaf that falls" and a MIS. composition by Mr. Neale, who performed a variety of Beethoven's on the piano with great applause. The vocalists present were Messrs. Bellamy, Harris, Horsley, Evans, Elliot, Cooke, Collier, Adams, Beadley, Wainley, Fitzellum, H. Goss, Mosley, Elliott, and Perry, the latter, as well as Messrs. Collier, Fitzellum, and Elliott, sang songs and the harmony of the evening was kept up with good spirit.

PROVINCIAL.

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Exeter.—Drama and Female Quartet Concert.—The third concert, on Thursday, the 2nd inst., was business, with the best attendance we have seen as yet, evidently show-

ing that the tests for chemical music in this country were the worst. The following is the programme:

PART I.

Opening	Wagner
Chor.—The old and the new world	Wagner
Rec.—The old and the new world	Wagner
Chor.—The old and the new world	Wagner
Chor.—The old and the new world	Wagner
Chor.—The old and the new world	Wagner
Chor.—The old and the new world	Wagner
Chor.—The old and the new world	Wagner
Chor.—The old and the new world	Wagner
Chor.—The old and the new world	Wagner

PART II.

Chor.—Father of Brown	Wagner
Chor.—Father of Brown	Wagner
Chor.—Father of Brown	Wagner
Chor.—Father of Brown	Wagner
Chor.—Father of Brown	Wagner
Chor.—Father of Brown	Wagner
Chor.—Father of Brown	Wagner
Chor.—Father of Brown	Wagner
Chor.—Father of Brown	Wagner

The instrumental parts, without exception, were exceedingly well played. The piano was handled by Miss, particularly the one by Mr. J. Rogers, who was again present, and "Father of Brown," which was omitted. Miss La Bar well sang Schubert's charming song, better than most pianists—the variety deserves great praise for her choice, which was a decided improvement on that of the last concert; and although the night has been passed with so much applause from the audience, all real lovers of the music must have been delighted with her selection. Mr. Crockett was particularly happy in Bellini's difficult scene. We may mention here as his great success. We must also mention his correct performance of Mozart's charming trio on the piano, in which he was most ably assisted by Messrs. Purkey and Rice on the clarinet and oboe. Messrs. Rogers, Rice, and Turner played Goffin's trio (two violoncellos and double bass) splendidly. Altogether, the concert seemed to give general satisfaction; and it is with sincere pleasure we congratulate Mr. H. J. Rogers and the conductor on the successful attendance and satisfaction with which these classical performances have been rendered.

Continued.—The Choral Society.—On Friday evening, the third and concluding concert of the present season drew an auditory an less numerous and select than any that has attended the most successful of the Society's entertainments hitherto given at the Town Hall, though the merit of the performance, and the pleasure attendant upon hearing it, were certainly below the average. These unassured remunerations were, however, in no degree attributable to the composition, whose excellence in respecting to the original sense of the poet of Shakspeare entitled them to this, as of all other comedies, in the highest estimation. The concert opened with an organ concerto, arranged from Handel, by Mr. Miles, who played it in boldness style. Every portion of it was charged off with equal spirit and dexterity, and more particularly the passages on the keyboard were given with modesty and ease, with which it was impossible for the most cynical musician to be otherwise than highly gratified. The "Sugar Cheese" was not badly executed—not quite so much as it deserved to be. Next came one of Walter's trifles, beginning "Softly Sings," by Mr. Fennell. The gentleman possesses some reputation as a professional vocalist, and as a singer of concerted music we should be inclined to award him a distinguished place. His voice is a tone of limited compass, and soft and agreeable in its middle range. He rarely in the clearness of his pronunciation, and in single like phrases just uttered, evinces a good deal of feeling and power of expression. His best solo effort was his last—the old ballad "Come come," which he gave remarkably well, and on being called upon for an encore, repeated it with increased spirit. The celebrated scene, commencing "Follow my eye," sung by Anne in Don Francisco, was chosen in the absence of Miss Graham, the prima donna of the evening; but when for this scene, Mr. Rogers, the secretary of the society, apologized for her, on the score of a sudden and severe cold, and intimated by whisper that Mr. Fennell would sing an additional song instead. "Chester Nonce's" air, set to Campbell's glorious words, "The mountains of England" was given by Mr. W. Rice, but not with his customary energy. The same, we are sorry to add, may be said of his version of "Giving" Howard's to the musician. Miss Graham's manner of singing "There was joy" was much improved by a nervous timidity under which she appeared to labour; but the song's simplicity and pleasurable character only the second time called forth a loud applause in response her, and she got through it with deserved credit. The concerted pieces were, on the whole, particularly well sung. Several attempts should be made of "When through life," arranged as a duet for two voices.—Miss's remarkably exquisite voice, needed in a duet with Mr. John Harrison, seems suited to melody, and being well sung, breathed forth the very soul of poetry. In this and a number of other compositions, the assistance of Miss Frier and Mr. Bailey was extremely serviceable. In the second part,

Mr. Saxton introduced a pianoforte concerto by Beethoven, which was well calculated to gratify the powers of the performer. It gave us even a higher notion of Mr. Saxton than anything we had previously heard. In consequence of the effect of his most brilliant and rapid passages was much marred by the weakness and dissipated instrument he played upon. In one part, where he descended down a hundred or two of diatonic notes, the organ produced was long that which would be obliged from an empty heart-harvest if a couple of lungs descended upon it. Of the instrumental portions of the entertainment, the attention being attracted, it is in our power to speak in terms of unqualified praise. Several excellent arrangements have been introduced, and among them may be mentioned a trio, which is well played by a young son of Mr. Dixon, the organist, who was himself present in double form. The introduction of the trumpet laid with considerable effect, in the ever-glorious concert by Mendelssohn, which was extremely executed. The addition of a pair of brass-wind, however, has been a very great advantage. Mr. Tomlin led with all the eye of a conductor, and with sound judgment into the temple. The concert terminated shortly after eleven o'clock.

DECEMBER.—The Union Family.—The entertainments of December and the neighbourhood have lately experienced a high level from the performance of the Dixie family, who gave a concert at the Marine Hall. The performers possessed selections and concerted pieces from our best masters, interspersed with some vocal songs, sung by Miss Schiller. The general talent of the whole family is phenomenal, and the precision and spirit with which their concerted pieces were performed is truly admirable. The trumpet obligato to "Let the bright sun shine," and the concerted solo in which was introduced the whole of the mass part of "The soldier's march," by Mr. Dixon, were the most finished performances we have ever heard, and his command of the keys was equally admirable. Miss Schiller will improve in the organist's confidence. Some of her tones are exceedingly sweet, and with increasing her power of voice will grow sweeter. Mr. R. Dixon's son in the French horn, and the "Solo Harmonic Quartet," on the same instrument, by Mr. R. and Mr. W. Dixon, were exceedingly well played, and were loudly applauded. In the last named piece the responses were given by the mass performers, and were the most perfect which that could be imagined. Indeed, we heard several of the excellent pieces that the artists were given them an adjoining room, so perfectly were they given. "The Light of other Days" was played in beautiful style, by Mr. R. Dixon, on Dixon's piano in long-stroke system, an instrument erected by one of the family. The concert concluded with "God save the Queen," which was performed in very separate style, by the whole force of the Union Family.

TRINITY HALL.—Organ Performances.—The organ recently built by Gray, of London, for the Rev. Mr. Foxton's Church here, was opened on Monday last, and on Monday the following services were performed by Mr. George Cooper, jun., the organist of St. Ann's, Aldersgate, and organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, and Mr. C. Gorington, our talented professor and organist.

Psalm, before the organ, recited, and chorals.—The march and solo (Dixie)	Psalm
Two short pieces (Dixie) in E flat	Chorus
Psalm and organ	S. Park
Concerted piece by Dixie	Warrant
Madrigal Chorus	Warrant
Mass in E flat	Warrant
Arranged by private arrangement	Warrant
Chorus, The Lord's Prayer	Warrant
Grand Mass in E flat	Warrant
Warrant	Warrant
Warrant	Warrant
Warrant	Warrant

The whole performance reflected the highest credit on the performers who presided at the instrument, and the audience, a majority of whom were present, expressed themselves highly gratified in the possession of an organ so every respect worthy of the high reputation of its builder. Amongst the best parts of the instrument, another may be discovered made of the metal pipe and reeds which are commonly excellent, the former laid out with an effect truly surprising from one set of pipes.

St. Ann's.—The Church Society.—The fourth and last concert of the society for the present season was held at the Music Hall, Jarman-street, on the evening of Thursday week. The concert was of a nature which gave universal pleasure and satisfaction. The performers surpassed their various talents, vocal and instrumental, in a manner which called forth the warmest applause of the crowded audience. Mrs. Tomlin took a rich, full, and effective voice. The female solo, by the lady and Mr. Perry, was loudly applauded, and her fine melody was admirably executed. Mademoiselle Schiller's song and ballad were equally successful. Perry was of course, and in excellent tone, he was enthusiastically received, and his parts truly applauded—especially his song, "The March Wind," which was one of his boldest performances; he was loudly received. He stated that he

(List of New Publications continued.)

POIN AND PLANCHETTE.

Recherches sur les Points et Planchettes, par M. Poincaré, professeur de Mécanique, etc. Paris, 1892. 8vo. 200 pages.

HAFF.

Einige, N. A.—Festschrift für Herrn Haff. Leipzig, 1892. 8vo. 100 pages.

NECROLOGIES.

Recherches sur la Mort, par M. Poincaré, professeur de Mécanique, etc. Paris, 1892. 8vo. 100 pages.

Recherches sur la Mort, par M. Poincaré, professeur de Mécanique, etc. Paris, 1892. 8vo. 100 pages.

Recherches sur la Mort, par M. Poincaré, professeur de Mécanique, etc. Paris, 1892. 8vo. 100 pages.

Recherches sur la Mort, par M. Poincaré, professeur de Mécanique, etc. Paris, 1892. 8vo. 100 pages.

VOCAL.
Chœur de V. H.—Chœur de V. H. Paris, 1892. 8vo. 100 pages.

Chœur de V. H.—Chœur de V. H. Paris, 1892. 8vo. 100 pages.

Chœur de V. H.—Chœur de V. H. Paris, 1892. 8vo. 100 pages.

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Chœur de V. H.—Chœur de V. H. Paris, 1892. 8vo. 100 pages.

Chœur de V. H.—Chœur de V. H. Paris, 1892. 8vo. 100 pages.

HAYDN'S TWELVE GRAND

SONATAS, composed by Franz Haydn, Op. 10, Nos. 1-12. Edited by Charles F. Johnson. New York, 1892. 8vo. 100 pages.

These twelve sonatas, which were composed by Haydn in 1782, are among the most beautiful and characteristic of his work. They are arranged in a logical order, suitable for performance in the order in which they were composed.

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ALGEBRAIC MUSICAL

ALGEBRAIC MUSICAL, composed by Charles F. Johnson. New York, 1892. 8vo. 100 pages.

This work contains a collection of musical compositions, which are arranged in a logical order, suitable for performance in the order in which they were composed.

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ROMBERG'S VIOLONCELLO

ROMBERG'S VIOLONCELLO, composed by Franz Romberg. New York, 1892. 8vo. 100 pages.

ROMBERG'S VIOLONCELLO, composed by Franz Romberg. New York, 1892. 8vo. 100 pages.

ROMBERG'S VIOLONCELLO, composed by Franz Romberg. New York, 1892. 8vo. 100 pages.

THE
MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF
ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,
AND WEEKLY RECORD OF
Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence

"*Et sic agendis agendis et sic agendis,
an agendis et an sic agendis.*"

PLAT. *Philo. an. an.*

Make it a something useful and important,
an agendum and a God-like thing.

APRIL 21, 1888 No. CCXXIV—New Series, No. 1224

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We have often been noticed into a very wildness of speculation, as to where-abouts in the scale of humanity stands the parish-church-population in the opinion of his employers and payers. Did it ever enter the brain of parson, clerk, or congregator, that the man, for whose "parsonage" their penny-in-the-pocket liberality is exercised, might, perhaps, possess the feeling, the mental dignity, the intellect of an artist? Do they ever reflect, or could they, reflecting, comprehend that, despite their indifference on the subject, music might be something more than mere idle sound—that an organ and object are *alike divine*—that a slow-processed and laborious education, only, will lead to the attainment of its nobility—that enthusiastic feeling alone can reach its location, and that it is the individual prerogative of genius—the brightest crown placed by the Deity on mortal heads—to wield its utmost powers? Such queries as these may seem abundantly expressive in the teeth of this professedly music-loving, and practically opinion-giving age, but the matters they touch upon are, we have reason to know, not the less legitimately debatable. It may seem a needless effort of curiosity to inquire if, in the opinions of people who rush to concerts and spend as though money were to them a kind of mental oxygen, that which is, we contend, a necessary and not an accessory to divine worship, be worth a moment's thought for its comprehension, or an additional expense for its greater cultivation; and still more strongly corroborated may appear a doubt whether those, the church's ministers, who, as *alike free*, were, at one by choice and compulsion, the church's musicians, do not reserve it beneath the dignity of their cloth to regard the subject of musical performance otherwise than as a wherewithal to foster and perplex the efforts of their organs—but the truth must be

opines; we feel compelled to doubt all this;—nay, more, we do not hesitate to venture a different opinion that, with the one class, church-music is regarded as a needless protest for laying hands on their unwilling pockets, and by the other, just tolerated as a customary, but even somewhat profane, relaxation. In fact, no other process of reasoning can be devised to account for the utter degradation into which this branch of art—more especially in parochial churches—has fallen. Look where we will round London, we find the state of what organs are all “Sunday duty” nearly everywhere; and the more modern the church, the more opposite the example. In every other street stands some spacious and elegant temple, embellished, incarpented, bejewelled, and fitted up with pews and congregations to match; luxurious carriages carelessly stream up to the doors, and pour forth their living types of the pomp and wealth of the world—every thing within and without, from the jaunty attire of the congregational epique of lowliness, to the gold-laced coat of the impudent baron, bespeaks wealth and magnificence, except that unconsidered trifle, music—poverty-stricken, dilapidated, worn. General, we have all—that is, nearly all, the words of the liturgy, often very indifferently read, and always very inefficiently responded to, whether can we be reminded of the long services—too frequently like “long passages that lead to nothing;” but who thinks of the music? What becomes of that soul-enslaving creature which, on some occasions, was even deemed worthy to accompany the Creator’s ministers on his earth? Do we cease to remember that with the delivery of the law itself—that law so the constant defence of which by crying humanity, stood the foundation of these very temples and their waving roofs—there were “thunderings and lightnings, and the voice of the trumpet sounding loud?” Ought we to regard the customs of our forefathers, worshipping sometimes in the visible presence of the Deity, as matters of opinion, or taste, or whim—of indifference? Reason and decency still proclaim that this should not be, with fashion, backed by pseudo-religion and real hypocrisy, with unbalancing power perpetuating its existence. Thus do we find a vital element of devotional exercises passed by as a thing of social convenience or custom at pleasure—thus do we find a real and essential solemnity treated as a mere relief to the more whimsical parts of public worship—thus do we find in the words of the prayer-book—“To be said or sung”—an intolerable compromise between the intention of the ancient church and the usability of her modern services.

We will not commit the representation of belaying up authorities to combat the deplorable state of church-music—nay, even of church-worship: every school-boy who has read a chapter of the Bible, or turned a leaf of ecclesiastical history, can quote the rules of inspiration from the one, and the witness of tradition from the other, much more than sufficiently for the purpose.—our business is simply with the matter as it is. Hence, then, in our churches, is, incontrovertibly, the last consideration. The wretched began the mischief by constructing a church inadequate to the receipt of an organ, and parochial parsons by furthering the infamy by providing an organ inadequate to the necessities of the

church. From the point matters are conducted somewhat after the fashion of a Dutch nation. The utmost possible organ is procured at the lowest possible price, and any performer is "appointed" who is found willing to bear the substantial cost for the most steady miserable stipend. But suppose him a man of ability and thoroughly artist-like feeling, what is his "duty?" Is he permitted to exercise his educational discretion between right and wrong—to reconstitute the traditional phrases of ecclesiastical music—in fact, to devote the highest expressions of human genius to the service of their Author? No, indeed;—if he were so, he might, perhaps, did he devoutly love his art, find in the dignity of his station some small recompense for its poverty of emolument. He must play voluntariously, tuned in a second, and "loud" or "soft" at the caprice of his clerical superior—piano-tune, is the choice and performance of which he is tied to the vulgar taste of a scarcely-discriminating congregation—and "interludes" in which the slightest departure from the most unaltered common-place is sure to provoke censure from every pharisaical creature who happens to be within ear-shot. Should he, taking a lesson from the birth-place of the church, smother the vigorous march of a psalm with grand and beautiful harmony or dramatic contemplated treatment, he is sure to be reviled by some wretched "propriety" that "his office is only to lead the congregation;"—the cold stolid commonplace forgetting that were his position true, Old Bach himself were no better organist than the meanest tyro, and, moreover, that the unanimous opinion of continental Europe is against him. Should he exert himself in extraordinary performances of brilliant excellence, twenty-four hours will not over his head tolling his mistress a hint that "the levities of a theatre are not admissible in a place of worship." Should he, in fine, concentrate the workman's amazement of his art to the wealth of all purposes, he inevitably runs the gauntlet of indignity among all in authority, either over or under him, from the minister at the head of the church, down to the jack-in-office who, with a grudging list, pays him for a year's servitude a sum which he can only just press on the acceptance of the man who sets down his horse.

In Germany, the possession of a church-organ renders rank. The organist there must be a musician in the strictest sense of the term, for his office is necessary music is considered essential to devotion, it is handed over to his unfettered command, and his hearers seek pleasure from, and can witness, his efforts. With us, on the other hand, the church regards neither enjoys importance or consideration of any kind. Of the three classes, the man of first-rate merit speedily grows disgusted with the yoke imposed on him, and either resigns his office, or pursues his own inclination in defiance of censure and opposition; the performer of somewhat庸劣 rank remains necessary as requirement, or dwindles into insignificance; and the mere prosaically-player, who knows the organ only by the touch and whirr of its manuals, enjoys his organ as art, perceives the failure of his abilities, and achieves but only one—a trifling addition to his income. While we have such congregations, we shall ever have such organists—while church-music is so ill cared for, it will ever degrade the artist to which it belongs.

ANECDOTES OF MADAME MALIBRAN.

(From her Memoirs by the Comtesse de Merlin.)

MALIBRAN as a PUPIL.—Marie Garcia's voice was at first feeble. Her lower tones were harsh and imperfectly developed, the upper tones were abundant in quality and limited in extent, and the middle tones wanted clearness. Her attention was so fixed on to warrant the apprehension that her ear was defective. I have often heard her say that at the commencement of her vocal practice she would sing so much out of tune that her father, in despair, would leave the piano and retire to another part of the house. Maria, then a mere child, would hurry after him, and with tears implore him to renew the lesson. "Did you hear how much you were out of tune?" Garcia would say. "O yes, papa." "Well, then, let us begin again." This seems to show that Garcia's tenacity was enabled by the encouragement of the possible, and that he felt how insufficient is even the most resolute determination in the effort to overcome certain organic defects. One evening Maria and I were perusing a book into which Garcia had introduced some contrabassists, Maria, who was then about 14 years of age, was vainly endeavoring to execute a certain passage, and at last uttered the words "I cannot." In an instant the Archduchess friend of her father rose. He fixed his large eyes sternly upon her, and said, "Did I hear ought?" In another instant she sang the passage perfectly. When we were alone I expressed my surprise at this. "Oh" cried she, clasping her hands with ecstacy, "such is the effect of an angry look from my father, that I am sure it would make me jump from the roof of the house without having myself."

A FAVORABLE SPECIMEN OF PROFESSIONAL WIT ON THE PART OF POOR VELLATI.—One of her early performances was marred by an amusing incident. It serves to show the headlike ambition which actuated the young singer, and the eagerness with which she concentrated attention on the very outset of her career. She had having with Vellati a duet in Rossini's *Storia e Destino*. In the morning they rehearsed it together, and at last rehearsed, as it all proceeded well. Vellati, like an experienced singer, sang the plain notes of his part, reserving his efforts for the rising, in the fear that the young debutant would mistake them. Accordingly, at the evening performance, Vellati sang his solo part, interpreting it with sound comments, and closing it with a soft and lively head cadence, which quite delighted the audience. The master cast a glance of mingled triumph and pity on poor Maria, as she advanced to the stage lamp. What was the astonishment of the audience to hear her recite the comments of Vellati, repeating to them even additional ones, and crowning her triumph with a bold and superb improvisation. Aside the burst of applause which followed this effort, and while trembling from the excitement it occasioned, Maria felt her arm rudely grasped as it were by a hand of iron. Immediately the word "Surrender" pronounced in a suppressed and angry tone by Vellati, afforded her a reassuring proof that every triumph earlier with it its non-fulfillment.

MALIBRAN'S RIVALRY WITH SUTTER.—Whenever Sutter obtained a brilliant triumph, Madame would weep, and exclaim, "Why does she sing so bravely?" The tears excited by these feelings of emulation were the harbingers of renewed exertion and increased improvement. An earnest desire was felt by many distinguished amateurs to hear these two charming singers together in one opera. But they were mutually fearful of each other, and for some time they constantly avoided being brought together. One evening they met at a concert at my house. A little plot was formed against them, and about the middle of the concert it was proposed that they should sing the duo from *Travels*. For some moments they evidently betrayed fear and hesitation, but at length they consented, and they advanced to the piano amidst the plaudits of the company. They stood gazing at each other with a look of distrust and agitation; but at length the shining chord of the introduction raised their attention, and the duo commenced. The applause was rapturous, and was equally divided between the

chaming degree. They themselves seemed delighted at the effect they had produced, and astonished to discover how generosity had been their initial feat. They joined hands, and, inclining affectionately towards each other, they interchanged the kiss of friendship with all the ardour and assiduity of youth.

MADAME'S POWERS OF AMUSEMENT ARE THE SAME.—As a relaxation from the fatigue of her professional exertions, she set off, at the end of June, to pass a few weeks at the *Chateau de Brissy*, the residence of the Comtesse de Sparrs.² That amiable lady, whose talents enable her to hold the first rank among entertainers, as her virtues left her to occupy the highest station in society, cherished a cordial and sincere friendship for Marie Mathews. When on the country, out from dress, forgetting the crown of "Semiramis," and the hair of "Dido-mona," and sometimes to rally forth on her rural mantles, disguised in the garb of a young student. Dressed in a short blouse, a silk headscarf tied negligently round her neck, and a light capote on her head, she naturally found herself more at ease, and under less restraint, than she could have been in female habiliments. She would rise at six in the morning, and go out, sometimes taking a morning-gamble, to enjoy the sport of shooting. At other times she would go out on horseback, always selecting the most spirited horse she could find, after galloping over hill and dale, at the risk of breaking her neck, forcing across, and exposing herself to every danger, she would return and quaff the congratulations of her friends, who were often painfully alarmed for her safety. During the remainder of the day she would amuse herself with all sorts of childish games and exercises. Among the visitors at the *Chateau de Brissy* was Dr. D——, an old friend of the Comtesse de Sparrs. The doctor was a remarkably kind-hearted and charitable man, and the gravity of his manners formed an amusing contrast to the gaiety of Madame Mathews. One day took it into her head to disguise herself as a peasant girl. Her costume was perfect; the pointed cap with long feathers, the gold cross, the steel-buckles,—nothing was wanting. She coloured her skin so as to give the semblance of a swarthy ruddy complexion, and stuffed out her cheeks with cotton, to impart an appearance of plumpness to her face. Thus disguised, she one day presented herself to the doctor, and, addressing him in the patois of the province, which she could mimic to perfection, told him a pitiable tale of misfortune. Her mother was ill, and had broken her arm, &c. "I have heard, Sir, that you are a very clever doctor, and I hope you will give me something to cure my poor mother. I assure you we are in miserable poverty!" Dr. D. prevailed some moments, gave her a little money, and Madame Mathews took her leave. In the evening, when the doctor retired to the company she had just received, Madame Mathews affected to listen with great interest to his story, and expressed regret that she had not seen the peasant girl. The lie was several times repeated, and at length the pretended peasant girl gave the old doctor to understand that she was deeply afflicted with him. The doctor and the other visitors at the chateau were highly amused at this strange fabrication of the peasant girl. Madame Mathews constantly expressed regret that she could not get sight of the fair creature, always accounting for her absence by a headache, or a visit to some poor family in the village. One day the pretended peasant, emboldened by the success of her lies, took the doctor's arm, and walked round the garden in conversation with him. The poor doctor did not attempt to withdraw his arm. He quietly repeated himself to his lady, but, turning to the persons who accompanied him, he said, "What a flattering conquest I have made!" No answer had he uttered these words, than a smart rufflet covered him of the propensity of being galled, even in a peasant girl. "And when did you ever make a better, you excellent man!" exclaimed Madame Mathews, on her natural time of voice, which she had hitherto disguised by means of the stalling she had put into her mouth. Poor Dr. D. stood bewildered with astonishment, whilst all present joined in a roar of laughter, at the same time complimenting Madame Mathews on the perfection of her disguise.

² The daughter of Nihil, the celebrated buff-comic.

MADAME'S CONNECTION WITH DE BRIST.—De Brist had conceived an attachment for Mademoiselle S——, but his passion was not returned, the lady's affections being engaged by the individual who afterwards became her husband. Pity is nearly allied to love in the heart of a woman of ardent and romantic feeling; and whilst Madame McWren pined for Brist, she loved him without being conscious of it. They separated at the close of the spring, but they met again at Brussels. One evening they were at the Casino de Chimay. De Brist played a concerto which enchanted all who heard him. At its conclusion, Madame Mathews stepped up to him, and taking his hand in hers, in a flattering voice expressed her admiration of his performance. Her eyes were overflowing with tears, and she was agitated by the most powerful emotions. Whilst endeavouring to disguise her embarrassment, by giving utterance to a string of compliments and congratulations, some words escaped her which sufficiently denoted her real sentiments.

MADAME'S CHARITY.—One day a poor Italian refugee applied to Labache for assistance. He had received permission to return home, but, alas! he was destitute of the means. The next day, at rehearsal, Labache broached the subject of the refugee's distress, and proposed a subscription. Madame Labache, Donzell, and several others, subscribed each two guineas. "And you, Miss," said Labache, turning to Madame Mathews, "what will you give?" "The same as the rest," answered she curiously, and went on parading her part. With this little treasure the charitable and kind-hearted Labache flew to succour his unfortunate countryman. The next morning Miss took an opportunity to speak to him alone. "Here are ten pounds more for your poor friend," said she, slipping a note into his hands; "I would not give more than the others yesterday, fearing they might think me ostentatious. Tell it to him, but do not say a word about it to any one." Labache joyfully hurried to the lodgings of the Italian refugee. He had left them, and had gone to rehearsal. Notwithstanding, Labache proceeded to the Tower-stairs. The vessel was under weigh, and his friend on board. He hailed a boat, and offered the boatman a large reward, if he would row after the vessel, and overtake her. He succeeded in doing so. Labache went on board, and presented the welcome donation to the refugee, who, falling on his knees, pressed forth a beautiful paper for her who was then ready to succour a fellow creature in distress.

MADAME'S EARLY EARLY-WIFE.—On one occasion, having passed the whole night at a ball, on her return home, finding she had to play that evening, she retired to bed and slept till noon. On rising, she ordered her waiting-maids, galled off, returned home at six, perched on a heated dinner, and away to the Opera, where she was to play "Brise." Having dressed for the part, she was about to announce her readiness, when, overcome by exhaustion, she fell down in a fainting fit. In an instant the doors opened, and assistance was summoned. Twenty different remedies were tried, twenty bottles of perfume and other restoratives profused, and among others a lotion of hartshorn. In the confusion of the moment, Monsieur Robert (who was terrified out of his senses by this untimely occurrence) unluckily seized the hartshorn, and applied it to the lips instead of the nose of the fainting poor dame. Madame Mathews recovered, but, alas! the hartshorn had frightfully blistered her lips. Here was an unfortunate misfortune: the house was already filled—the audience were beginning to manifest impatience. It was now too late to change the performance. Monsieur Robert knew not what apology to offer. "Dear," exclaimed Madame, "I'll remedy this." Taking up a pair of scissors, she approached the looking-glass, and, though suffering the most acute pain, she cut from her lips the skin which had been raised by the blister. In ten minutes afterwards she was on the stage singing with Ferrando-Scarp.

CHARACTERISTIC EXCERPTS FROM AN AMERICAN MUSICAL PERIODICAL.

A GOOD SECTION OF THE "ACCOMPLISHED AD-MISS-ESS" IN FAVOUR OF MISS.—To persons acting as local or travelling agents, a discount of twenty

percent, will be made. Friends of Music, teachers, chorists, and all who care a fig about the subject, get your hands into your pockets, and pour penns in paper if necessary, and let not the foul and disgusting charge, that medical men are such a class of ignoramus, that they neither know how, nor have the ability to support a musical paper more than a year, any longer stand against us.

REFRIGERATE TO THE CAUSE.—Some of our friends have expressed their fears, that our first number was spread rather too much with begging. Such fears they may at once dismiss, since we in the first place have no such fears; and in the second place, were such a charge made, we should have no difficulty in showing it to be a groundless one. No, we do not beg. We would enhance the status of Music. The Man's an claim upon the sympathies and aid of the community? Has that cause which sends a thrill of joy into almost every family, and sends like a heavenly messenger, to quiet the restless infant—the gladden the fires, and render merry the hearts of the boys and girls; to furnish a beautiful, cheerful and modest amusement to "young men and maidens"—to interest and cheer, and render happy the family circle of old and young—to warm and animate the devotees of the cause—no chance to those who claim for good and peaceful influences? Do we give us beggars in supporting the Cause? Are the healthful beggars, as we are under the highest obligations to hand over to them that over which the Creator of all things has made us stewards? We are called upon to subdivide the flames of our neighbor's dwelling, and are they who say come and help us, beggars? O shame! hold thy head, beg!—we do not beg. Shall the cause of Music suffer shipwreck, and they who raise the cry to come to the rescue, be called beggars? We beg not. We only say to the professed friends of Music—Do your duty. We do say send us your dollars, and we will send out a periodical which shall profit and interest. Help us secure lives, nor do we beg it. If there is not a willing heart, and a ready hand to grant it, SILENT, we say, we say, choose upon those who profess and do not. If we present just a claim, then let our pen be silent. But we say no more for aught. The reverse—things look prosperous. Our appeal will not be in vain. A little hand shall rise up and support the cause. Go, then, little Woman, and tell thy story. Their left hand shall take thee, and their right hand shall feel for the dollar.

DEPT.—MUSIC, OR A MUSIC-ROOM.—BOSTON COLLEGE OF MUSIC.—This is not what there is, but what there ought to be. A musical institution, with its board of trustees, officers of instruction, students, and three or four years course. Its library comprising all the musical works which have ever been written, in addition to all the other standard ancient and modern scientific literary and historical works. Its extent or system of musical instruments, from the organ of "Jehoi," down to the Jew's-harp of the present day. Such a room, fully furnished, would be a history itself—with philosophical apparatus, illustrating the science of acoustics more complete than can be found in the country—can make especially for it. Its officers should embrace the following individuals. A first-rate theorist, perfectly acquainted with every department of harmony, and "not to teach." A first-rate conductor of concerts and societies, himself a perfect singer, refined in taste, and an able vocalist. A teacher of teachers of the elements of vocal music. First-rate professors of all wind and stringed instruments in common use. Professors of mathematics, of the Greek, Latin, of the German, Italian and French languages. of Chemistry, of Botany and Geology, of Literature and Rhetoric, a Chaplain and President. Such a faculty would embrace from seven to twelve officers. The students should all be required to study vocal and instrumental music, theory and elements, in connection with writing musical and prose compositions, and speaking; and some of the other studies, of their own choice, sufficient to occupy all their time, for at least three years. How such an institution is to be established and supported, with more minute particulars of its management, the encouragement to be afforded, &c., will be worthy of our consideration. "But what," says Jonathan, "is the use of all this?" That remains to be told.

REVIEW.

A new and re-arrangement of Meyer's Pianoforte Works, edited by Clifford Potter.

Two numbers of this publication now lie before us; both are sets of various sizes—one on the one, "Une heure brillante," and the other on a "Série Étendue." Mr. Potter has done his duty by these pretty volumes; the flapping is reduced to any occurrence of awkwardness, and they are altogether brought out in most potently stylish. We can confidently recommend them to teachers for the use of young players, were they not good subjects for practice, without containing anything likely to vitiate the taste.

Classical Exercises for Pianoforte—Selections, selected from the most celebrated Composers, instrumental masters.—Edited by William Knevelde Bennett.

Dezob's fine efforts in C major, dedicated to Clementi, is contained in No. 11 of this work. A publication of this kind offers great advantages to the student; by its means he possesses a gratifying and improving course of practice, and, while under the auspices of such a monitor as Mr. Bennett, he is spared the vexation of the kind of wrangling at half the expense and more of the risk attendant on making a selection for himself.

Les deux Requies. Quantités de notes—deux pour le Pianoforte, par Eustache Méroveaux.

These quantities are gay and brightly enough; but, seriously speaking, we had to forego noting worth notes.

Pastorale for the Pianoforte—commemorative of the Marriage of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, composed by George F. Nixon.

This is one of those deadly-lively affairs on which it is extremely difficult to pass distinct opinion. It is fifteen pages in length, which, according to taste, may or may not be in its favour; it is free from incoherence—it contains neither extravagance nor absurdity—and after this fashion we might commend some boldness of its negative virtues, being, meanwhile, unable to predicate its possession of any positive beauty. As the only dogged instance of bad taste, we may quote a remnant of the "Battle of Prague"—its "drum" and "trumpet" introduction; after which comes a march and trio, having all the pomp and circumstance of that species of composition, without, however, a single striking point, or, indeed, any other sort of musical idea than may be more innocently formed on the three chords of its scale. Next in order, we find the national anthem with four variations, embracing the usual assortment of triplets, octaves alternately for the right and left hand, and mixed scale and appoggio passages—all very straightforward and very safe. To this succeeds the German air, "God preserve the Emperor," with three variations as before; and, our final delinquency is effected by an "Allegro Vivacissimo," in 3-4 time, in which portions of the two airs are varied by turns—the whole being wound up by a coda of the usual dreary description.

Six Visions for the Pianoforte, composed by Frederick E. Litchfield, Esq.

These are very agreeable imitations of Mr. Litchfield's musical talent. We cannot charge them with outrageous novelty, but they contain claims, as a distinction from the general herd of amateur compositions, the merit of writing with delicacy and taste—their language is often apparent, but it came at a valuable order of property. Nos. 4, 3, 4, and 6, are really very elegant morsels of their kind, and although the remaining two are not so commendable, we advise the writer, being among our readers to purchase them, with all their faults, for the sake of the rest.

Father's Prayer, "Lord of all and King of all," adapted to a Hebrew melody, with explanation and accompaniment, by General G. Poppe.

We object, on conscientious, to this adaptation that the music is altogether inapplicable to the words. The character of the air is certainly pious, and singing it slowly surely improves it of its own meaning without imparting to it another. Mr. Poppe's particular share in the business is, also, not very well

History is one or two instances—*sc. gr.*, the subsistent march of the accompaniment with the voice which occurs twice, and is in bad taste, as interrupting the course of the harmony without any justifying effect; and a progression between the 8th and 9th bars of the third page, to which we cannot ascribe the remotest of a musician's conscience.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

PARIS.—Donizetti's new opera, "LES MARTYRS,"—For months Parisian amateurs have been on the qui vive for the production of Donizetti's new opera at the Académie Royale. The popularity which this composer's music enjoys here may be gathered from the fact, that this season his works have been performed at three theatres on the same night, namely, the Italian Opera, the Opéra Comique, and the Renaissance. For the two last-named establishments, Donizetti's inspirations are now actually being called into play. In short, Donizetti, in some, appears to be as prolific as Scribe in drama. The anxiety to obtain phrases, was, perhaps, never more strongly evinced. The toilet speculators, who, by some comparison with the administration of the opera, stand all the losses and stalls not appertaining to the regular selections, made a rich harvest, as in the afternoon as much as 180*l.* were paid for a single piece. The audience, it may be conceived, therefore was rich and well-served in illustrations—the diplomatic, political, and literary world, and the fashionable circles attending the most brilliant quats. When the time for the commencement of the performance arrived, imagine the licence, the fuss, the disappointment of the most elegant assembly as seeing the curtain rise suddenly without overture, and a then, subsistent-looking man approaches the stage lamps with the customary three horns, the awful indication of an apology. We all thought we were doomed to be martyrs, indeed, as well as behind the curtain, but were reassured when the manager announced that M. Mieux had had a rheumatic attack in his left hand, but rather than that the opera should be put off, requested the indulgence of the audience to appear with the man on a stage! Permission was given amidst a storm of cheering and laughter—glad enough to escape with the least excuse. The overture then opened in due form, Halobach leading his proud orchestral phalanx. The first movement of the overture was particularly fine—a slow solemn theme in the ecclesiastical school. It would have been better to have commenced with it, for it was a good key to the opera, but Donizetti seems to have thought it was necessary to prove he could write a long overture as well as a brief introduction, which usually precedes his operas. The horns from the slow movement were almost the common-place, but were relieved nearly at the end, by a march, in which the current à piston (that ever-lasting resource) came into play. Our singularity was remarked in the overture. After the march a second chorus was heard behind the scenes, accompanied by the band, and after some time it ceased, and instead, as was expected, the curtain rising, the orchestra, at the sound of a gong, beats into a brilliant double finale. M. Serive's picture to the *Martyrs* must here be noticed. He expresses the editorial criticisms of the "Literary Gazette" in taking up of Corneille's plays for an operatic purpose, by stating that Gluck had chosen Racine's tragedy of *Andromaque* as *Andale*, as also the *Andromaque* of Voltaire, *Andromaque*, which had been treated both by Gluck and Piccini, and the *And* of Corneille, by Sacchini, &c. M. Serive contends, that as music requires strong dramatic passions, effects, and adventures, and as Corneille's works lacked them, no better subjects can be taken for libretto. M. Serive concludes by apologizing for alterations which were indispensable in the poetry of Polyeux, and that he has kept in view Voltaire, Le Sage, and Andromaque in the changes. We learn also from M. Serive's picture that Donizetti had written the opera of the *Martyrs* under the title of *Polixène*, for the San Carlo at Naples, but that its representation had been forbidden by the authorities. I can say at this stage that they overruled a sound discretion in taking this course; for it is an obscure subject for the

stage, as I shall presently prove. The following was the distribution of the principal parts:—

King, Governor of Anjouan, in the name of the Emperor Louis,	M. Derville.
Polypete (his son),	M. Dupont.
Mlle. Sophie, Princess,	M. Mounet.
Calisto (her friend),	M. Mireux.
Neptune (the fisherman),	M. Wolff.
Pauline (daughter of Louis),	Mme. Desnoes.

The scene is in Melitana, the capital of Anjouan. The first act opens with a view of the catcombs, in which a number of Christians was secretly assembled to perform the rites of their religion. Polypete, with his friend *Mirpou*, enter, and the former, in a well-written soliloquy, narrates his conversion from idolatry to the Christian faith. The entrance which Dupont sings—

"Que l'écrite solitaire
Sépare et nous joint."

draws its interest from the fine view of the subject more than from the originality of the composition. The Christian enters, and Pauline descends into the tomb attended by her maidens, who sing a hymn to *Proserpine*, whilst wreaths are attached to the tomb of Pauline's mother, and funeral incense (which are somewhat absurd) are performed. Pauline has been a long exile, from which we learn that, although married to Polypete, she is attached to another. This was a very difficult, but not an effective piece, and Desnoes was deeply indebted to the extraordinary exertions of Mme. Desnoes. Pauline discovers that the Christians are in prayer, and is horror-struck on finding that her husband has adopted their faith. She tells him:—

"Lui! Dieu s'est qu'en imposteur,"

and it is such blasphemy as this which is permitted on the French stage. The finale of the act is a series of expressions exchanged between the Heathens and the Christians in the catcombs, and, as the music was heavy and tiresome, the revolting subject of the story was not, if it could be judged, by any talent, improved.

The second act opens in the palace of the Governor of Anjouan. Mlle. Sophie, a prodigious of death and prostration against the Christians. The air is magnificent, and was unanimously sung by Derville. Pauline enters and declares that her husband's renunciation may be forced out, and that he may be thus so seriously compromised. There is much noisy music through the scene, but a polka, ingeniously sung by Mme. Desnoes, rather relieved it. She gave a combination of most rapidly ascending and descending passages with remarkable ease and precision; but the outbreak of joy was singularly out of place and indecent. She sang of her transports of joy at the return of *Sélie*, who was long kept in Rome as dead, having been one of her absent lovers. The scene changes to a magnificent picture of the great square of Melitana, with superb edifices, post-offices, stations, and obelisks. Across the extremity of the stage is a triumphal arch. The perspective was very grand, and nothing could be more imposing than the apparently countless multitude waiting for the arrival of the procession. The real work on the stage was immense, and was doubled in an insupportable reality of apparent confusion and jostling for the best places to see the Roman march. At length the bands lead the way; the hyacinth and cohorts follow, lightly and heavily armed; standards, eagles, laurel branches, drums, and costly plate, all succeed in gorgeous array. *Sélie* appears in a superb car drawn by four horses abreast, followed by Roman cavalry, and the deputations of various tribes, slaves, gladiators, amazons, bands of music, and the whole closed by the masses of people, preceded altogether a song of war which exceeded anything ever before essayed in the way of paganism, even at the Amphitheatre. The spectacle was received with deafening cheering, and the chemical correctness of incident, geyser-ness, and for picturesque effect, was pronounced unanimously to have been unprecedented. Of course a ballet followed, commencing by a struggle of gladiators, but I have never so satisfactorily better done at Desnoes's theatre. Then came a pretty parade dance between Mlle. Blangy and Mlle. Nathalie Fougere, and one between Mme. Alexis Dupont and Mlle. Louis Fraxator, and finally a dance

of distress, which was surely too long, but, taking the discomfort upon the whole, it reflects credit on M. Camille, the inventor. Massol's pretty cavatina

"Amour de mon jeune âge
Tu dors en doux image
As-tu de l'échouage
Serais-tu là si mon esprit"

was beautifully sung by this young singer, whose fine features, and great expression throughout the opera, raised him immensely in the estimation of amateurs. The finale of this act is filled up with the discovery by Achée of Pauline's marriage, and his discovery, the dream vision of Calistobon and the guests, of the secret promulgation of the Christiana, and the determination expressed by Félix and Achée to punish them if found out. But for the operetta and Massol's air this was, an overabundant supper in the fever, necessarily consequent.

The third act opens in Pauline's room, where she is visited by Achée, and, in a long duet, the married lady, and her former lover complain of their sad fate. It was comparatively good music (Dumas fils and Massol for their energy in the very poetic composition allotted to them). When Achée leaves Pauline her husband enters mourning, and we learn that his newly assumed religion has made him a fanatic, for his ambition is to be a martyr—to die at the stake in despite of his stake on the contrary side. An air which Duprez sings here, "Mon seul refuge, mon Dieu suprême," has some very pleasing accompaniments, in which the violoncello is skilfully and effectively called into action. A bravura which, in fact, is the calixto of the preceding air,

"On plus de nos lieux temples,"

afforded Duprez the opportunity of one of those tremendous bursts for which he is so famous. It did not appear to me that it was equal to his "Souris moi," in Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*, but its effect on the audience, from his extraordinary energy and power of voice, was scarcely less electrical. The scene then changes to the temple of Jupiter, and sacred music, a song of music grandeur, evoking one of our Master's masterpieces in religious buildings—Calistobon, the high priest, and his assistants, proceed regularly through a heathen ceremony, with trappings, veils, images, laurel crowns, garlands, sacred bands, flames, rays, &c. The breaking of the coils, the incense, the immolation of a victim, and the consultation of its entrails, &c., are all gone through systematically, and so seriously that no provision is made for laughter was given, although I question whether such solemnity would pass current in an English theatre. At the close of the service *Monique* is brought as prisoner, having been discovered in the act of baptism of a converted Dugan. He refuses to give up his accomplices, and then the finale of this act (the gain of the opera) begins. Polyeucte becomes inspired, and avows that he is the offender, that he is a Christian. This gives rise to a very clever arioso by Dumas fils, Hervé, Duprez, Massol, Senlis, and Wariel. There is the despair of Pauline at her husband's renouncing his, for, although she loves another, duty and honour are strong within her. There is the triumph of Polyeucte, there is the hatred of Senlis, and the final horror of Félix—contagious passion well developed in the scene. Polyeucte is so vain as to ask for pardon, he becomes reconciled with religious fury, breaks the sacred veils, and throws down the idols. It was splendid acting as well as singing of Duprez, as well as the other performers. Polyeucte and *Monique* are saved by the guards; they evade death; they only escape the fury of the soldiers and the indignity by Pauline placing herself before them. This scene of mingled rage and fury is one of great excitement. The grandiose effects of the chorus and orchestra were really striking—the French called it grandeur and ardour. The third act, therefore, terminated by the conclusion that Donizetti had fully redeemed himself, and perhaps out-staged all his former writings. The construction of this finale resembles very much that of the one in his *Laris*, but on a broader and more effective scale.

The fourth and last act opens in a room in Félix's palace. The father and the daughter bend to their fate, but the former sternly refuses to save his son-in-law's life. Félix concludes in a vigorous outburst, but, moved by the restoration of Pauline, promises to save Polyeucte when Félix declares that he will play the part of the Roman father, that his authority is supreme, and that the Christian

must be sacrificed. Paine holds out but one hope of grace—the objection of Polyeacht, and Paine tries to the prince to obtain it. In the duet scene Polyeacht is repugnant, and a long duel ensues between him and Paine, the result of which is that he converts her, the duet being rescued from her by hearing celestial music. The conclusion of this duet was a plagiarism from Meyerbeer's *Diogenes*. Not only has Donizetti taken a very similar theme, but has resorted to the instrumental effects arising from eight harps. The duo nevertheless caused an immense sensation from the impassioned singing of Donna Gine and Dupret. The concluding scene represents a vast convuls, which leads to the crowd or amphitheatre, the galleries of which are crowded with the heathen population, assembled to witness the devouring of the Christian martyrs by ferocious animals. There is a grating of iron, through which the fatal noise is sent. The Governor and Sirhe and guards are assembled, and the procession of martyrs arrives. Paine escapes with horror at seeing his daughter locked to Polyeacht's arms, and determined to share her husband's fate—

“ *Non me lo temo*
Per due lo dico!
Per me, per me più,
Non parvo con d'ora! ”

Sirhe in vain urges Paine to desert; she enters the circus with Polyeacht and the other Christians, the curtain descends, if not with, as the book states, amidst the roaring of the lions, at least with as loud a roar of applause as was ever heard within the walls of any theatre.

To sum up the merits of the *Martyrs* as a musical production requires but few words. It evinces greater breadth than Donizetti had yet presented us with, but at the same time includes a great quantity of very heavy music, and of no usual properties of phlegma. Bellini and Meyerbeer being the more measured, the former for melodies, and the latter for orchestral treatment. The finish of the third act will be the favourite, and Dupret's lessons, perhaps, the next. One great fault is perceptible. The *Academy* has been named the system for convuls, and this system will justify the reproach, for there is scarcely a measure in which the singers have not to make the best use of their lungs. This constant singing at the top end of the almost strength of the voice becomes wearisome, and deprives the really highly-drawn situations of half their proper effect. Of its execution, too, much cannot be said in praise of the lead and chorus. The result was delightful, Dupret surpassed himself. He was in excellent voice, and acted as well as he sang. Much of the Italian school does not appear to be altogether adapted to the powers of Donna Gine. Accomplished as she is in the execution of exquisite difficulties, her style is cold, and the same fastidious is perceptible in her harmonic efforts. Masini has executed great parts; he will be the favourite of the French stage. Deive and Serhe have fine clear voices, but their execution is by no means certain. The side in order was was surpassingly good.

After the opera the names of the composer, the *Indicantur*, and the singer, partners were called for, and given amidst great approbation, but M. Serhe's name was not asked for nor announced. The *Academy* seem to dislike the apparent monopoly of his being *Martyrs*—writer ordinary and extraordinary in the *Academy* *Martyrs*. Dupret and Donna Gine had also the usual routine honours. The general opinion seems to be that *The Martyrs* will be a “*hit*” profitable hit.”—From a Correspondent of the *Morning Post*.

METROPOLITAN.

SOCIETY ANTHEM, SACRED CONCERT, April 29.

PROGRAMME.

Anthem, <i>Psalm</i>	Baritone
Sacred Anthem, <i>Psalm</i> and <i>Psalm</i> <i>Psalm</i> , “ <i>Psalm</i> and “ <i>Psalm</i>	Soprano
.....	Baritone
.....	Tenor
.....	Chorus
.....	Chorus
.....	Chorus
.....	Chorus
.....	Chorus

PART II.

Shelton, "On Paganism."

Dr. G. Sargent Fox and Rev. G. H. Cook, "Dial' Circle" (Hymns).

W. G. L. Adams, "Hymns," (Hymns) (The First Appearance in this Collection).

Dr. F. W. Fox, "Hymns," (Hymns) (The First Appearance in this Collection).

Dr. F. W. Fox, "Hymns," (Hymns) (The First Appearance in this Collection).

Dr. G. H. Cook.

Dr. G. H. Cook.

Dr. G. H. Cook.

Dr. G. H. Cook.

Dr. G. H. Cook.

A sort of understanding appears to exist at these concerts, that the grandest piece of descriptive music extant—the Prologue of Beethoven—should be played at least once in each season, and most grateful are we that the success of the night on which it passes the directors be under its performance. Next to the death symphony of the same author, it is the most astonishing orchestral picture that human genius ever conceived. Its unbounded freedom utterly defies the wear and tear of familiarity, so that new beauties are detected at every hearing, as if to offer a tribute to every new maturity of the subject. What nature, in her most creative luxuriance of the exquisite and most unobtrusive demonstration of power, is to the eye, this wonderful effect of an organ is to the ear, and the one hardly can so move, at a single glance, comprehended the restrained loveliness of mountains, clouds, and valleys, and the terrible sublimity of elemental strife, than the other can, at the first trial, grasp every point in the ascending delineations of Beethoven's score. The symphony was, on the whole, played with more discriminating style than we have noticed on former occasions at these concerts, although many portions of the sublime 18.5 movement would have profited largely by a somewhat smoother style of execution. The effect of the "Storm" at the end of the evening was equally rendered, that one point, which can never be effaced from the mind that has once been made conscious of its magnificence—the trials, as it were, of the tempest, in which an almost super-human power seems to wield the resources of the orchestra, came upon us with an overwhelming effect which we never before experienced. The vocalists of the programme need no comment. They are all harked to the last degree of throat-harmony; and only one—the spirited and brilliant Therese of Boston, who's Tindarus sang with a thoroughly equal and vivacity—has singing worth enough to rescue it from the contempt which familiarity, in such cases, very properly engenders. Sargent Fox's appearance was a novel feature, but her performance had no revivifying effect on the music allotted to her; on the contrary, she made matters worse with the "Nun-gen-wacht," her voice of which was, perhaps, a string of the ugliest vocal extravagances which human throat ever uttered. Mr. Foster, we think, committed a radical error in the choice of pianoforte music for the concert. Of all forms, none ever suited instrumental performers so much as toward diligence as that for the composition of Thalberg. They were intended by their author for the display of his own peculiar capabilities, and their difficult art, in consequence, or otherwise, as to be susceptible care by himself, Liszt, Chopin, or some other player who has studied copiously and nobly in that school of execution. Unlike the pianoforte works of Hummel, Weber, Kalkbrenner, Mendelssohn, and, last, but not least, our countryman Frederick Brenti, their effect does not depend on their own beauty, but on the extraordinary qualities of the performer—while the public were not to analyze the cause of its ravages, it requires no survey to discover that the remarkable playing of Thalberg, and not his music, is the resource of judgment in Europe. Mr. Foster, therefore,—but from defect of ability than of judgment—is attempting anything so completely inconsistent with his object course of study as the pursuit from "Mosses in Light," very severely failed to gratify his auditors. His performance was, certainly, an impressive struggle with enormous difficulties, but it was not the playing of Thalberg,—it lacked his force, his fascinating power of manner, and, we may add, his sublime earnestness. Mendelssohn's delicious creature, "Der Sommerabend," did not, in many small points, receive justice as to its style. The opening chords for wind-instruments were separated by an interval of time nearly equal to half the duration of a bar,—such has it "passed," we know, but a real is not a necessary concomitant of such a process, and is, assuredly, a very disagreeable interruption to the march of the harmony. Again, the succeeding grace for the strings was not, nor, in my taste, ever so, played sufficiently pure. Nothing but the most affected display of execution can furnish an audience with the key to

this curious and beautiful conception; but, unfortunately, as all our conductors he endowed with perfect feeling or music be made an unobtrusively intelligible as a child's horn-book, it will be vain to look for the substance of a composer's features, or even a great reading of the directions in a score. The probable subject of the composer, also, was, and probably is, deprived of much of its intrinsic grandeur by an unjust preservation of the time. A slight restraint of the speed seems indicated by the character of this charming melody; and, with a well trained orchestra, an operation could be more simple. This, to be sure, is a matter of taste,—not so, however, the necessity that steady wind-points, scattered here and there through the composition, should be played accurately in time. Hans Ippen—principal clarinetist in a band of the German company, lately arrived in London, we believe—was clever, but scarcely first-rate, instrumentalist. He has a clear and brilliant, though somewhat dry, tone; and his execution and style are good, without in any way touching on the marvellous. He should, however, play better music—the larger portion of his *fingering* was made up of little variations on a line of very thick sympathy; and the whole, from the prevalent use of the upper, and not most agreeable, part of the instrument, suffered strongly of a destination for military purposes. The overture to *Der Freischütz*, although distinctly executed, might have been greatly improved in two parts—viz. the horn-part in the first movement, which was played with rather more than twice the requisite amount of power,—and the succeeding stanza in *David* and his works, wherein much of the thrilling effect from the clearness of the clarinet was lost through a very unusual fault in our wind-instruments generally—a too great suppression of tone. The overture to *Shamoun* was badly played—no, at least, so much so as the English school of orchestral *blowing* will permit.

The third concert will take place on Monday, May 4.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LORENZO now at Paris, he will make his first appearance at Mrs. Teulman's and Mr. Patey, Junior's, Concert in this place on the 15th of next month.

THE *PALMISTRA*.—We understand that this novel and ingenious instrument, invented by the organist of Lincoln Church, is to be performed on in Newry this week; and we hope our brethren will not be backward in patronising native talent and enterprise. The following description of "the *Palmistra*" has been published by a contemporary:—"It consists of a large wooden body without neck or finger-board, placed horizontally on a frame, having a greater number of strings than the violoncello, which are acted on by a bow at one end, and a key-board, as in the pianoforte, answering to the left-hand of the violin player. The entries of the strings are at once under the movement of the bow; and, to avoid the disagreeable effect which must result when it passes over in rapidity, any string is made convertible at pleasure from the touch of the bow, by the simple contrivance of a few bristles, wrought with the foot, and connected with a damper in the inside of the instrument. One great beauty of the instrument is, that by the judicious disposition of the stops, each one produces the full chord of any key in which the performer thinks proper to play. The tone is most powerful; and, from the vast variety of notes capable of being produced, it forms one of the best orchestral instruments which we have seen.

Two annual prizes of ten guineas, given by the Haddenfield Glee Club, was awarded to Mr. Jackson, organist of Mifflin, in Yorkshire, on Wednesday the 15th instant. The successful composition is said to exhibit a very intimate knowledge of actors, while its display of happy invention conspicuously attests Mr. Jackson's possession of the highest of the composer's requisites. The words are *Melodiously chosen*, and its peculiar musical features, (national characteristics taken) will probably render this glee applicable to every nation of England, Ireland and Scotland, who is susceptible either to the sound of sweet sounds, or the pathetic breathings of his native land. The competing glee was the 16 number, and exhibited, of course, various grades of merit, but, with the exception of Mr. Jackson's, they were inferior on the whole to the display of last year, when Mr. Dury's beautiful composition, "Hail memory," carried off the prize.

THE
MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF
ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,
AND WEEKLY RECORDS OF
Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

*"Nihil sperare deperire et non desperare,
non impendisse et non felle ferre."*

PLAT. *Philo. ut. mare.*

There is a something restless and unquenched,
as if quenched a God-like thing.

APRIL 30, 1848

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Now is the very season for all kinds of convulsions and shiverings in the world of music. On all sides we have concerts and "musars" of concerts—opera, Italian, German? and we had almost said, English, are in full swing—every sort of performance, from the ponderous oratorio, to the dissimulative work-melodrama, is thrust in a ceaseless current on public notice—the importation of strange fiddlers, pianoforte-players, and singers, is fast approaching its climax, and musical bibliophiles are wading in that state of activity in their bosoms which must inevitably corrupt the integrity of book walls, and render waste paper a drug in the market. Music and summer grow warm together; but amidst all this bustle of preparation and exert, we miss one little voice of other seasons which should by this time, at least, have grown pretty volubrious in its soundings. What has become of the British Society, and its claims in behalf of British composition? What are the symphonies, the overtures, the scenes grand and little, the oratorios, the instruments, and the organs, with which, in former years, the hands of youthful intellect threatened to light its way to the respect and estimation of the world? What desolation has fallen on it since its departure to summer, shut up its books, and declare it arrived at the end of its appointed course? We put these queries as no jarring, and severely is a reprehensible virtue—we greatly wish, for us in us her, to find this association of native talent—if it be not irretrievably defunct—to some energetic demonstration in its own behalf, so that, among other musical dignifications, spotty may not be charged on the young composers of our metropolis. In the name of Apollo, then, what are they all doing? Do they consider their reputation as solidly and universally established, that pen, ink, and paper are no longer

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source of their works in the prejudice which first provoked them to achieve—or rather, that those prejudices are justified in their own folly, and with them has provided all incentive to continue? Or have they, in despair, broken them in an *effusio sine dignitate*—an ignominious race, which will but give out the wails of their cause, and leave them and it the shadow of failed intention—the typification of powerless yearning—the wreck of something which might have honoured the country of its birth?

We know, and deplore, that the efforts of the British Society to attract a due share of public patronage to its concerts of former seasons have failed; but we also know that the primary cause of these failures was to be found in the Society itself. Public taste declared itself, and ever will do so, against careless or in-advert catering for its entertainment. Our countrymen do not possess that dogged spirit of patriotism which would induce them, the home's sake, to pay the comfort of their ears against the unpalatable essays of very indifferent performers with equally indifferent music, nor indeed are they called on for any such sacrifice. We should regret to find the public receiving from its deteriorated and exclusive patronage of the highest order of performance—such a course stimulates the progress of art, by holding out to artists, in the shape of a prospective reward, the strongest possible inducement to labour for their own advancement. The British Society, we think, erred too liberally on the indulgence of its subscribers. Its concerts, in all things to their object, should have been the best, and not only were among the worst in London. Its bands were feeble as to numbers, poor in quality, and constantly varying in their constitutions of individuals, and in its selections of music, inattention and unskilful influence so far prevailed over discretion and integrity, that the public performances became rather a libel on, than an indication of, the position which they profess to foster. That all this is strictly true, the British Society must admit; indeed, we have never known any member, blessed with the smallest amount of penetration and candour, who evaded the least disposition to grant it; although such, as it were in associations of the post-cock hour, has anxiously endeavoured to shift the blame from his own back on to the broadest part of shoulders that happened to be next to him.

If the spirit of determination and consciousness of power which first called the Society into existence, be not wholly lost or toned down to the demand's inferiority, it is not yet too late to achieve the purpose which all who know and value the music of their country will eagerly press forward to assist. Concerts—wholly English concerts—must be given, but they must be, at all points, absolutely first-rate, or they will neither deserve nor obtain public support. We have materials superabundant in the metropolis for the formation of an orchestra equal to any in the world, but they must be carefully selected and prospectively engaged for the whole number of nights on which their services will be required. Numbers of meritorily and beautiful compositions are, not only so, repeating on the lumber-shelves of their authors, from whence they can be rescued only by the means of some such institution as the British Society; but in separating these

gracious specimens of art from the action of mere scribbling which will ably help you in an examining committee, all private and personal considerations must give way before an honest record of opinion, and resolute silence for the welfare of the common cause; and as composers will probably form three-fourths of any such committee, we would propose to withhold their expressions of judgment on each other's works, by the use of Mr. Gass's ballot-box, or any other desirable process for the sake of impartiality.

With a due regard to the points we have thus lightly touched on, the members of the British Society need not fear the results of another series of concerts. As concerns the necessity for some public demonstration, they have but little in the way of alternative. It appears to us that they must either leave themselves, more prosaically, and follow them with concerts of a caliber worthy their pretensions, or else endure the stigma of having equally failed in every direction—of having, by inept management, drawn down contempt on the cause of which they are self-appointed the advocates, or, at least, of abandoning a position which they no longer had power to retain. We need not say which of these attitudes we wish to see the Society assume. The choice is at its own disposal, but its justification is in the hands of every musician in the three kingdoms.

GERMAN OPERA.

The German company commenced its performances on Monday evening at the garden St. James's—now, the Princess's theatre,—the *Frey-schütz* was the opening opera, and no selection could have more completely enabled the public to fairly estimate the value of the newly-arrived talent. It has been heard at all sorts of theatres, from Covent Garden to the Surrey, and under every variety of circumstances, from the special efforts of Mrs. Wood and Boswell, to the marvellous attempts of the present time. Its popular houses have become as familiar as a nursery-rhyme, and its more refined features have, by constant repetition, found a place in public comprehension. But for all its familiarity, *Der Freyschütz*, at our theatres, has been little else than a body without a soul—carelessness and sloth have done their worst to cloud the brightness of Weber's genius, and bridge these almost inevitable evils, consequent on the inferior condition of operatic performance in this country, we have scarcely had one version of the opera that could be regarded as authentic either as to name or libretto. Some ten years since, a company including the two best dramatic vocalists of that time in Germany—Scholarik and Heintze, and under the direction of Cabel of Munich, performed *Der Freyschütz* in London, and even after this long interval, the impressions produced by that version of Weber's chief drama, can hardly have been effaced from public recollection; but from that time to this, it has never been acted here, in all respects, in any tolerable advantage.

M. Soliman's company is evidently not first-rate—for the Continent, at least; it does not, at present, contain any singer that in Germany would be considered positively great, still, all are good, and the level excellence of their performance, and the nature and care evident in every department of the business, provide a most grateful contrast to the miserable scenes of debility which, of late, the public has been made to endure at our own theatres. The praise done in Malheur Fischer Schwarzbach, described as of the Grand Theatre at Carlsruhe. Her voice is powerful, and remarkable for a full and heavy quality of tone very unusual with German singers—her execution is neat, and her style unaffected and true-like. We must confess, however, that *Spitta*, in her hands, rather wholly realises our idea of the character, not related except the

radiance we have heard from one or two singers of our own country. Madame Schwarzbach's manner is slightly too heavy—she lacks freedom and enthusiasm; she, more and more, reverts herself to bursts of energy—as, for instance, in the recitation of the grand scene,—but these departures from placidity have more the appearance of forced awakenings from constitutional torpor than of sudden outbreaks of nature, though honest, passion. As an actress, also, she lacks refinement of expression, and, besides, falls constantly into the error of over-acting for the pleasure of the audience, and thus makes that too obviously a purposed exhibition, which, for perfect fitness, should appear as unalloyed emanation of nature. As a counterbalance to these defects, she displays a quality which, in music of this class, cannot be too highly estimated;—she never distorts the composer's idea by additions or alterations of her own, the style of movement she employs is in the purest taste, and the slight demands she occasionally makes on the intelligence of the orchestra are never offensive either in manner or situation. On the whole, she may be considered an efficient, but not first-rate, vocalist. Madame Schumann is the most perfect representative of *chanson* we have ever seen. She is altogether a most fascinating little person: her acting is sweet and engaging in the highest degree, her singing exquisitely finished, and her whole manner copious with the most hearty, yet unobtrusive vivacity. She was most diversely successful in the beautiful song in C, in the second act. The tenor, Herr Schuman, is certainly a chief "star" of the company. He has a thorough German voice—powerful, and brilliantly-metallic in quality, and he sings with all necessary care and judgment, and, moreover, a large amount of good taste. Since the beautiful performance of Herington, we have never heard the voice of *Nor* in the first act sung with such colour, yet without force, feeling, as on Monday evening. The *Capote*, Herr Fock, is a man of considerable ability, yet not the best, we imagine, that could have been selected from the very *dramatis personæ* of Germany. He is, however, a clever actor, and is acquainted with the music and regard for its character and effect, he is the superior to any representative of the character possessed by the *Chorus* of this country. The concerted music and choruses go admirably;—the perfection of the latter, especially,—with small numbers, profusely selected from nearly a "stock-company," and in a theatre whose contracted dimensions render achievement of detail scarcely possible—is a palpable approach to our *chorus-masters*, our *chance-masters*, and the wretched system which prevails with respect to both in accordance with Mr. Dana's usual style of puff, we find the orchestra announced as consisting of "twenty-six first-rate musicians," who, in the true "walk up, all stars"—spirit, we are told are all "Germans." The orthodoxy of the second part of this statement we have no reason to doubt, but in its first assertion we are greatly inclined to dissent. The *Violins* are good, and there is one beautiful *violoncello* and one *ditto* double-bass, of which a prominent recommendation is, that the player uses an instrument with few strings, and produces from the lowest notes some of the most extraordinary effects we ever heard from an orchestra. The first *clarinet* and first *basoon* are also excellent, but the *drum* is indifferent, the principal *oboe* positively bad, and the *horns*, if anything, worse. The band is, however, well dressed, and plays with great force and precision as a whole, as well as much attention and delicacy in the matter of accompaniment.

Maria's *Des Jours* is announced for Friday evening, and we shall give an account of its performance in our next number.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FAMILY-CHURCH-ORGANISTS.

To the Editor of the Medical World.

Sir,—I was delighted to find that you bestowed some notice on a very able written article in your last number, on that very ill-used class of musical performers, the parish church organists. But, if you will pardon me for saying so, I was rather disappointed with

for we are to exhibit the excellent "tones" you had selected was worked out. When you alluded to the words of the *Te Deum*, "to be sung as songs," and to "the English-side words of church music," was greatly to hope that your readers were about to be furnished with some powerful incentives to the cultivation of what may possibly be termed "church music,"—namely, the performance of the words of some of our fine old ecclesiastical compositions of chants, services, and anthems,—and simply the display of an organist's skill, desirable as this last important office should be filled by a person who has both skill and taste. In the department of church music to which I have referred, how low has the Church of England sunk! For instance, in London alone, how many churches are there in which, of course excluding the cathedrals, there is a musical service at all devoutly performed? In our own, I believe, is there anything like a full choir to be found. Yet in the Roman Catholic chapel the greatest attention is paid to this point, and in that of Moorfields there is a choir of no less than sixty performers, all of whom, with an orchestra, are resident. Should not a list like this about some of our Protestant clergy and laymen also be compiled? Nor is a review or digest of accomplishments so easy to suppress. The Protestant ritual is admirably adapted for carrying into effect the direction "to be sung as songs," and in doubt the alternative was only offered on account of the difficulty by some states of always doing the better. In our own church is a country town, where there is a very efficient choir of about twenty performers, all of whom, besides ministerial, are amateurs, and give their services without fee or reward, the church not being endowed and the parsonage very limited. The introductory sentences are sung, the *Gloria Patri*, *Tu Deus*, *Mittis*, and responses standing, and the *Agnus*, even, sung, in a style little inferior to many, and superior to some, cathedrals; and all this has been effected by the zeal, exertion, and influence of one individual, whose only qualification is his love of, united with a very moderate proficiency in, the "art divine." To what could our parish church-organist's talent and taste be more advantageously directed than to making similar efforts? I long to see the time when every parish church shall possess, not only an organ, but an efficient choir, and when the musical services shall be performed on a par with the religious services of our venerable churches. How fit, and so presenting the much-needed reform, by your able pen and your powerful influence.

Your constant reader

AN AMATEUR PERFORMER.

Manchester, April 26th, 1848.

[Our correspondent's good feeling is more remarkable than his powers. He regrets that a single dissertation of every point connected with church music, would exceed in our readers an article of that extent the entire length of our paper. His wishes may not possibly remain long ungratified.—Ed. M. W.]

REVIEWS.

Reveries and Airs, the Words taken from the Book of Psalms, the Mass composed by William Henry Phipps.

The recitative is abundant in modulation and passably expressive, and the air smooth and agreeable, though at times sadly perplexed by the unmetrical nature of the words. It is impossible to conceive anything more disagreeable in effect on this account than the second line of the third page, where the words are—*about unavailably—wade to seas after this sort—"Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."* As a matter of taste, also, we think the strain in *Reveries* is rendered too important joints disproportionate length imparts an air of incongruousness to the reform in the major form. The conclusion, however, in another point of view, is charming. The transient allusion to the subject of the melody with the repetition of the words "Retreat us not to leave thee," is the prettiest idea in the whole composition.

A Collection of English National Airs interspersed with Scotch and American. Edited by W. Chappell. Parts III. and IV.

With this last issue, Mr. Chappell has completed his labours in behalf of England's claim to the possession of national songs, no variety and no beauty as that of any country in the world. That the Editor's diligence has been great, the substance of this collection numbering two hundred and thirty-five airs, well-chosen melodies, and that his integrity and earnestness of purpose are at least

quest, may be gathered from the paper he is at to discover, as far as possible, the origin of every specimen he gives, to determine the authority on which rest the varieties of form exhibited in any case at different periods, and to render the whole work a practical history of English medicine by a system of elaborate research—extended in abundant research and operations—not only into the nature and application of the main facts, but into the lives and circumstances of its authors, and all others of celebrity sufficient to be in any way connected with a consideration of the subject. We have elsewhere remarked so copiously on the progress of Mr. Chappell's design and the means adopted for its accomplishment, that we had but little else to say in this place than that the execution of his work, now under notice, exhibits admirably the energetic and persevering spirit so powerfully developed in the foregoing part. He has left no stone unturned—an resource exhausted, in the pursuit of what we must consider his favourite project, and his success is, with decency, complete, and, for so extended an effort, altogether unparalleled. In so large a number of cases as we had here collected, it was vain to expect an equality of medical evidence, but while a few must be excepted from the consideration of sterling history as justly applicable to the majority, it is quite necessary to observe that these exceptions, from the men to which, in their days of popularity, they were devoted, or from other recorded antecedents, possess the strongest interest for the antiquary, if not for the musician, and that in the whole work resided with a claim on the notice of the general public is no talent unequalled in any similar production.

As Mr. Chappell takes on him the office of historian rather than musician—as he deals rather in facts of evidence than matters of opinion—as he branches no new doctrine nor boasts any unobscured discovery, we are scarcely disposed any legitimate employment for criticism in his book. He is rarely faulted with exhibiting a large number of melodies, and unquestionable authorities on which rest their pretensions to genuineness,—having them to derive their own merits and to effect the improvement of his exercises during a process of transcription of which few, save those usually employed, can appreciate the labour and difficulty. Still, as in a work so varied in its contents, so rich in its materials whether of anecdote or definition, and so strongly impressed with the interests of variety, there must necessarily be a vast accumulation of matter to which our general notes render no measure of justice, we lay before our readers some extracts from the book itself, by which its character may be more fully illustrated than by any amount of comment which we could offer on the subject; promising, however, that as our extracts are from its literary portions only, we propose deriving a better opportunity to the consideration of its strictly musical pretensions.

Treating the vocal requirements of certain trifles of older form, we find—

"The following quatrain concerning the vocal requirements of others, is from page 84 of a 'Medicine of Humane Impostors,' [1684] written by Samuel Raston, who died Archbishop of York: 'Loves, Jolly Jakes, by his name should come to be the name of the merry man: he had under him, with himself, three assistants, a cradle, (if I mistake not) he had under by some old proverb allowed for the merry order of mirth, or merriment, as they call it, as they do by the fire with a pot of good ale between their legs: *Woe, jolly Jakes, I am a duncy drinking, Sir!* Good, how many differ in the present day can be found in any estate?"

In the remarks on the book "The heart is up," we have the following curious information—

"*Wain's Delight on the Children*, from which our copy of the music is taken, seems some many years old and popular here, such as "Woe and joy," and "Light of Love," (mentioned by Shakespeare), which we have found in no other printed collection. The words also are evidently much older than "Merry Drunken," being parodied in "Ain some pious books of Godly and spiritual songs, collected out of the lives of Fynes de Campden, with sundry of other his late changed out of profane songs for amending of them and bettering, &c." reprinted in Edinburgh, by Andrew Hart, in 1621, the original edition having been published in 1609.

"A 'Heart is up,' or 'Heart's up,' was a general term for drinking songs, or rather an

only way to come the party for the show, something equivalent to the French *Salon*.
 * was afterwards generally used for any description of meeting song.

"Mamma, that never, it's relation relation child
 As look's up on his knee, but she (it's said)
 There stands at him, as he, his fingers there
 Made some more flying the sweet notes to leave.

Wm. Jackson, 1807

"And now the work, the morning's tempter,
 Play's hand's up for the dancer to appear — Singers.

* The following is the parody from the 'Compendious Book of Daily Songs,' upon which Brown remarks that, "As the measure was not taken up in the north, till there was no longer occasion for it in the south, and particularly as 'The Floor is up' was an English song, we may fairly enough lay claim to the measure.

"With hands up, with hands up,
 It is our garden day,
 Jump our kilt, is great in bowing,
 Quite (what) there is spend they may.

"And round the lay had in you
 This long and story can day,
 Devouring sheep, which is might away,
 None might him sleep away.

"I'd of him gods to help the high
 Of young a not leader has man
 None could him see, for all was his,
 The young ones with their dummies.

"The leader is Chris, that leads us here,
 The bands are Peter and Paul,
 The Peep is the fox, James is the cat,
 That rubs us on the gall.

"That great hole, he runs with,
 By his receipt given,
 Each's dispensation, to get our power,
 Our make to be done.

"Quite could come as merchandise
 To be had there to sell,
 Unless it were good leather,
 The good Master of Mill."

"He had to sell the 'Bishop's ball,'
 And parson Smith was,
 Remembrance of the to sell every skin,
 One made to keep from pain.

"With hole of lead, white wax and red,
 And other white with green,
 Glow in our face, that sell the fox,
 One pulled was every seen."

From the account of the ballad, "Fanny Nelly," and its authors—

"In the *Antislavery Museum* (MS. B. and C., no. 271), is, 'A green Fanny, as it was presented by certain donors by way of supplicate before his Majesty (James I.) at Cambridge, with divers other as above said Negro and Comedians, hitherto from our English, with some liberal advantages, made talked to be seeing their toll to the Tune of 'Blindy Nell.' This is also reported in *Nichols' Progress of King James*, vol. ii., p. 98, and was written by Dr. Richard Corbett, Bishop of Norwich, a great humorist, both in his words and actions. 'When he was B.D. was Antwerp,' he sang ballads at the Cross of Abingdon.' On a market day, he and some of his comrades were at the tavern by the Cross (which, by the way, was then the house of England), a ballad-singer complained that he had no customers, he could not get off his ballads. The jolly Doctor put off his gown, and put on the ballad-singer's leathern jacket, and, being a

bedroom room, and having a rare fall coat, he presently had a great audience, and visited a large number of patients."

On the case called "Tom Nolan's Agg," we find the following comment—

"The same remarkable Case, upon the same exact Day," (No. 1800; but in an adjacent case Tom Nolan was a freemason sister to the wife of Charles the Second. The following notice of Nolan and Nell Gwynn is from the appendix to *Masson's Roman Antiquities*, edition of 1730.—

"At the Duke's Theatre, Nolan appeared in a ball larger than Peter's, which took the same number, and appeared a bad play by its effect. Dryden, puffed up like, carried a hat on his side the circumference of a handkerchief, and as Nell (Nell Gwynn) was full of snuff, and what the French call *supercilios* and puffs, he made her speak under the snuff he of that hat, the ladies thereof being spread out horizontally in their full extension. The whole theatre was in a convulsion of laughter; nay, the very snuff puffed, a circumstance never had observed before. Judge, therefore, what a condition the married Prince when was in, in such a conjuncture!" "Thus beyond all and selfish, he is wanted little of being satisfied with laughter."

Of the song "The King enjoys his own again," we have the following admirable account;—

"This tune is in Elizabeth Singer's *Virginal Book* (444. MS. 10,281, British Museum); in *Howick's Recreation on the Lute Book*, 1449; in *Musick's Delight on the Lute Book*, 1688; and in *The Choice Collection of 100 Royal Songs*, 2nd edition, 1684; also in *Waller's 'Acadical Songs*," where the tune, being wrongly named, is quoted. The words are ascribed to Sir Martin Parker, by the following extract from "The *Country's Poet*, or *Several Tales*," 1687. After a royal ball in praise of King Charles had been sung, we read that "The Country were well pleased with the continuance of the current ballad, and *Thomas Heywoods* replied, 'By my faith, Martin Parker never gets a haire more; so, that when he per's that count ballad, if then the King enjoys his own again.'" In *Four Seasons*, 4to. 1641, "our Parker" is mentioned as "the *Country's Poet*, who made many many true ballads against the Scots," for which he was "killed in his last day of Justice King's liberties, and hardly escaped the punishing tub which the vulgar people call a prison." In a notice printed in the time of the Commonwealth, called, "A new and *Delightous* Sound to be spread upon by the *Pease* and his *Shewdells*," he is thus mentioned: "We approved John Taylor, Martin Parker, *Harlow*, and all these English Poets, English, *Whitfield*, *Richard*, *Richard*, *Richard*, as yet in print some *deprey*, from the *Great* *Days*, against the *small* *Protestants*, or *riding* *hens*." We have before quoted the passage from *The Duke's Remembrance*, 1644, in which the author expresses his fear that many of our chief poets would be compelled to wear themselves into Martin Parker's society, and with ballads, and he is again mentioned by *Flodden*, in a whimsy printed at the end of his *Abundance*, (1616): "Inspired with the spirit of *Isidore*, I shall sing in Martin Parker's style." We begin thus:—

"O *Whitfield*, how that in times of yore
With thy ballads did make all England roar!"

And in *Singer's Virginal Book*, 1644, he is styled, "the ballad-maker and inventor of *London*." Other notices in this "a *Delightful* *whitfield*, and great ballad-maker of *Charles* the *First's* time;" but it has been since remarked, that had he seen his poem, "The *Nightingale* watching both her own *duddy* on the *Rope* of *Whitfield*," or had he known that he knew that he was the author of this song, of which he speaks so humbly in the following extract from his *Acadical Songs* [p. 109] he might have suffered differently:—

"It is with particular pleasure that the editor is enabled to restore to the public the original words of the most famous and popular air ever heard of in this country. Intended to support the declining interest of the Royal Martyr, it served afterwards, with marvellous success, to keep up the spirits of the readers, and provide the restoration of his son,—an event it was employed to celebrate all over the kingdom. At the revolution, of course, because an adherent of the exiled family, whose cause it never deserted. And as it then and so has been a great and mean of inspiring King James of the crown, this very air, upon two marvellous occasions, was very now being equally instrumental in restoring it on the head of his son. It is believed to be a fact, that nothing led the exclusion of the Jacobites, down almost to the present reign, in every corner of Great Britain, more than "The King shall enjoy his own again;" and even the great enemy of the party, in that celebrated language, which reflected the present

lament with the subject of a lot of his happiest, and finest poems, I was always thought to be entitled to it in the remarkable quotation from *Virgil* of

"*Cantata bene molles esse vocem, ipse canens!*"

As a strange instance of religious fanaticism of about the year 1838, we quote a low-ditty, and its absurd conversion into a "Godly song"—

"Go from my window, lost go,
Go from my window, my dear,
The wind and the rain,
Will drive you back again,
You cannot be helped here."

"Begone, begone, my JERRY, my JERRY,
Begone, my love, my dear,
The weather is warm,
'T will do thee no harm,
Thou cannot be helped here."

"Gale (who) is at my window, who, who!
Gale from the window, gale, gale,
Gale (who) calls there, as like the strongest,
Gale from window, gale, gale."

"Lord, I was here (from window) several,
That for thy name did cry and call,
Unto thee, my Lord, celestial:
How who is at my window, who?"

"O gracious Lord celestial,
As thou art Lord and King Eternal,
Grant us grace that we may cease all,
And so as thy dove bringest us."

"Gale is at my window, gale?
Go from window, go,
Gale to now there, like the strongest,
But is at my door as there go."

One of the most elaborate and interesting articles in the volume, is on the celebrated tune, "The woman's whistler;" but as we have already much exceeded our ordinary limits of quotation, we must reluctantly, but in self-defence, close this truly delightful book—promising, however, to return to it on the earliest opportunity, and, in the meantime, most warmly recommending it to the perusal of our readers. All will find it deeply interesting; and in the hands of many, it will prove the best, because the most practical, refutation of the ridiculous calumny, that "England has no national music."

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

METROPOLITAN.

HAN MARRER'S THEATRE.—After a prolonged sojourn, the glory of its former seasons has at length arisen at Her Majesty's Theatre. On Saturday evening came North Belfair's *Parasol*, and with it, that ditty among ditties, the incomparable *Greek*. We deem it wholly unnecessary to offer any criticism on her *Alceste*—a performance which has, long since, received the admiration of learned and unlearned alike. It is enough to say that its beauties are as inevitable as ever—that it remains an aggregate of all unapproachable elements that can be wrought by the unity of taste, and acquired perfection—And that it still receives the homage of such unanimous applause from the mass who hear, and of many about town from the few who feel. *Grec* is in no respect altered—improved, as a dramatic singer, we think she cannot be. She sang, as usual, no less than as though she were churring an imperative instead of her notes, thus dis-

filling an adopted duty. Every note she delivers proclaims itself the type of some elementary impulse of passion, every passage she executes seems imbued, in outline and colour, an acute beautiful point in her own intensified imagination, and by her unqualified grace of utterance, even the mellifluous language of her country acquires a fresh aspect of beauty.

Robini and Lablache also re-assume their characters, *Aviano* and *Giorgio*, and thus complete an operatic cast entirely unapproachable in its completeness. Robini sings as this, as all other operas, more as a vocal artist than as a musician. Perfect as are some points of his style, his colouring is grossly exaggerated; light and shade, with him, are carried to the extremes of greater white and black—we lose nearly all the intermediate tints. Moreover, through his manner of enunciation he is continually elegant, it is not easy to reconcile an unloyal faith in his unusual feeling with the outrageous flourishes in which he sometimes indulges. Lablache, on the other hand, is a singer in perfection. On no occasion does he either overstep propriety, or stand down before the temperance of the musician's restrictions. It is difficult to conceive any display of vocal art more truly exquisite, more refined, or more expressive, than his singing of the air, " *Canta di rosa*," at the commencement of the second act. The part of *Strozzi* is assigned to Cabeli, who renders it the fittest justice. *Alibi*, some hyper-critical persons thought proper to hint him at his first entrance on Saturday evening—partly, we presume, because he was not *Thackeray*, and partly to demonstrate their claim to the possession of " *costume and respectable propensities*." For other reasons, a school for behaviour should be provided for some of the aristocratic tenants of the boxes at this theatre. The increased gauding of lordling ornaments is doubtless interesting to themselves, but by others cannot be regarded otherwise than as an extreme impertinence, and, as such, should be put down without ceremony.

LECTURE AT CANTON HALL.—On Wednesday evening in last week, Mr. Matthews, by his deputy, Mr. Corbett Clark, delivered a lecture on the Chamber Music of Italy, vocal and instrumental, from the time of Luca Marenzio till that of Corelli. The following were the illustrations, which were sung by Mrs. South, Miss Dolly, and Messrs. Blag and A. Newbery:—

Mass of <i>Lamento</i>	John Mervale
Mass <i>no.</i>	Richard Ross
Vocal <i>no.</i>	Richard Ross
Te Deum.....	John Mervale
Mass <i>no.</i>	Collins
Mass.....	Richard
Mass in the style of <i>Mozart</i>	Blag
Mass <i>no.</i> in the style of <i>Haydn</i>	Blag

Quarterly Concert.—(Omitted in our last number by accident.)—Folk Concert, Monday, April 23.

—PART I.

Quartet in <i>F</i> Major, op. 10, by <i>Mozart</i> , <i>Viola</i> , <i>Violin</i> , <i>Violoncello</i> , and <i>Contra Bass</i>	Mervale
Quartet in <i>A</i> Major, op. 10, by <i>Mozart</i> , <i>Viola</i> , <i>Violin</i> , <i>Violoncello</i> , and <i>Contra Bass</i>	Blag
Quartet in <i>F</i> Major, op. 10, by <i>Mozart</i> , <i>Viola</i> , <i>Violin</i> , <i>Violoncello</i> , and <i>Contra Bass</i>	Richard

—PART II.

Mass <i>no.</i>	Mervale
Quartet in <i>C</i> Major, op. 10, by <i>Mozart</i> , <i>Viola</i> , <i>Violin</i> , <i>Violoncello</i> , and <i>Contra Bass</i>	Blag
Quartet in <i>F</i> Major, op. 10, by <i>Mozart</i> , <i>Viola</i> , <i>Violin</i> , <i>Violoncello</i> , and <i>Contra Bass</i>	Richard
Quartet in <i>F</i> Major, op. 10, by <i>Mozart</i> , <i>Viola</i> , <i>Violin</i> , <i>Violoncello</i> , and <i>Contra Bass</i>	Blag

The quartet of *Mozart* certainly did not repay the trouble of performance, and—with all reverence be it spoken—scarcely supplied any compensation for the expense of hearing. It appears to be one of his earlier works, and neither displays any very sterling beauty in its nature, nor is remarkably effective in its combinations. Every advantage, however, was afforded it which could be de-

erived from beautiful performance, especially by the horn-playing of Mr. Jarrett. Berlioz's quartet in E flat is one of those wonderful compound productions of the profoundest science and the most excited genius which can seldom be heard but at concerts of this description. In it the powers of constant and constant imitation seem carried to their utmost limit.—Bach's sonata in G, by turns, grand, beautiful, and eccentric, but through all these, even his eccentricity, the development of constant purpose is always evident. Mr. Higney and his party are entitled to the utmost credit, as well for their successful treatment with its extreme difficulties, as for making the public acquainted with so beautiful a composition; and they must have felt gratified by its reception. The masterly execution of Spohr was deftly played on all hands.—Miss Dolben especially delighting her audience by her clear and significant execution of the pianistic part. Haydn's charmingly original quartet, and its equally charming performance defined all the real laws of music until the expiration of its final bar. Miss Bush was unusually successful in her execution of Spohr's beautiful sonata, and the accompaniments of Moore, Hawley and Handel were thoroughly in keeping with the artist-like feeling of these gems of vocal writing. Mr. Hillis borrowed an Handel's concerto his usual reinforcement of manner, and, with Miss Bush, exerted himself strenuously to give effect to the duct from Flute, which, notwithstanding, went off fairly, through its inadaptability to the resources of concert-performance.—With sincere regret we announce the last of these delightful entertainments, which will take place on Monday, May 15.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.—The annual meeting of this Society took place on Thursday last, the 14th inst., at Freemason's Hall. The programme consisted of the following subjects, &c.—

Chorus— <i>Chorus</i>	General
April is my beloved time.....	Waltz
Oh! how could I resist.....	Polka
My love is like a flower.....	By the
My love will never fade.....	Forest
Although the perfect path.....	Ball
June I see.....	Maize
Sweet Mary.....	Polka
There is a love.....	Waltz
Sweet, sweet.....	Waltz
For aught we know.....	Maize
The year is well.....	Waltz
In the city.....	Waltz
There is still hope.....	Waltz
Under the warm sun.....	Waltz
Fade.....	Waltz

Mr. Geo. Bell's Concert.—This distinguished vocalist gave his first concert this season at the Opera Concert Room on Wednesday evening. Mr. Geo. Bell performed a concerto in three movements, a fantasia, "The Norwegian's Lament for his Sister," and some Fugues & Arias; and in all these displayed his astonishing command of the delicacies of his instrument. Miss Sylvia Ludlow, a recently-arrived pianist, played Debussy's fantasia from *Joan Sulem* with extraordinary spirit and fluency. On the table of this young lady we have received some judicious remarks from a correspondent, which will be inserted in a future number.

PULCRATIONIC SOCIETY—FOURTH CONCERT, MONDAY, APRIL 25.

PART I.

Soprano—C. Hill.....	Baritone
Tenor—Wm. Hill, Miss Thomas, and Mr. Russell.....	Waltz
By Invitation.....	Maize
Conductor—John.....	Polka
Organ—John.....	Waltz
Violin—John.....	C. H. Wm. Hill

PART II.

Violin—John.....	Waltz
Tenor—Miss Hill, Mrs. Thomas, and Miss Thomas.....	Concerto
By Invitation.....	
Organ, Piano, Violin, Viola, Violoncello, Contrabass, Bass, and	
Drum, and Percussion.....	
Tenor—Miss Hill, Mr. Russell, and Miss Thomas.....	Waltz
Conductor—John.....	Concerto

The Philharmonic was not very brilliant with this its fourth concert. The programme is covered with an air of slight readiness, rather unworthy of the "best concert in Europe." If we refer to its claims for novelty, we shall find but one piece of all-admissible as evidence in that behalf—the waltz concerto of M. Malipue; and even this has been played but scarcely once, if our memory serve us, by Mr. Engross. As a matter of excellence, but one orchestral work presents itself as distinctive—the C minor symphony of Beethoven. The overture to *Juvenius* is undeniably a brilliant and effective work, but its frequent repetition has worn down much of the freshness which should characteristically mark and separate the performances of the Philharmonic orchestra from those which are collected, as a matter of course, on the programme of the ordinary benefit concert of the season. Of the remaining overture and symphony little more can be said than that each is, no doubt, one of the weakest of its composer's works. The Jubilee overture is, with the exception of one or two points, altogether unworthy of Weber's genius; a great portion of it is dull, despite its name, and not a little, positively vulgar. A similar kind of remark is equally applicable to Haydn's Military Symphony—it contains, of course, a vast quantity of that most commendable quality which is derived from its author's writing—tone, but, nevertheless, of a kind which, unless backed by strong evidence of scholarship, severely warranted its redemption from the oblivion in which ungratefully it has so long slumbered. Beethoven's C minor symphony, however, is in itself worth the cost and labour of attending a concert. Up to the commencement of the finale, at least, it is a glorious exhibition of genius, and the last movement only falls an element of its repeated magnificence by the introduction of wondrous allusions to the first, and by its close, which detaches the grand proportions of its outline, and imparts to its conclusion an appearance of unnecessary haste. It, and the other orchestral pieces of the evening, were very finely executed. As an instance of beautiful instrumental performance, we may also notice the rhapsody of Hummel in which, though contrasted with us at the different instruments at present to be found in Europe, the pianoforte, under Miss Dalziel's powerful and brilliant finger, was heard to its full advantage. The re-engagement of Herr Molique was a wise step on the part of the Philharmonic directors. His playing, unlike that of most violinists, but like everything of true greatness, seems to gather impetus from its progression to the conclusion with which it is crowned. Its features are so refined, and so feeling, intense though it be, so thoroughly regulated by artistic propriety, that frequent hearing is essential to the comprehension of all its beauties. His second concerto is a stirring composition, often extremely original in its details, and incessant in energy and variety. It is evidently the writing of a musician, as well as of a philosopher, the solo instrument, although the principal, is not the only point of aesthetic interest of the passages which it executes being constantly varied by the masterly employment of the orchestra. The subject is, perhaps, the gem of the work. Its character is essentially plaintive, and its construction remarkable for the absence of the most usual degree, and modulations abundant in variety, yet logical in succession. As to M. Malipue's performance, we can add but little in the tribute of homage we have already offered to its marvellous perfection. It was all that legitimately can, or ought, to be done with the instrument. Execution need not, and beauty of style could not, be carried further. A more plentiful sprinkling of heroic difficulties, a liberal use of harmonics, and a few touches of surprising procedure, might, perhaps, have enlarged its wonders; but we are not prepared to name anything that could have enhanced its claims. It afforded us a new pleasure to recognize in the rhapsodic expressions of M. Malipue's audience, a proof that, even in this age of pseudo-scientific theories, there still remains a measure of appreciation for the musician who arms himself solely with the fire resources of his art, in the other respect of harmonization and fashionable extravagance. The accompaniments to this concerto were played with a delivery very unusual in the Philharmonic orchestra when so employed,—a sufficient proof that in no respect was done, it is charitable to distinguish, what might be termed exclusively rather of these concerts.

The vocal music of the evening was unsatisfactory, although it included two first-rate specimens—the "Fyn de party" of Mozart, and the "Toccata impetuosa" of Beethoven. Mozart's overture was hurried through after a very slowly taken—by the ladies, at least—the band, meanwhile, illustrating the lack of sense of the singers; and the superb "Trovatore" shared but little less un-laudably a fate. Miss Birch wants more regularity for success with classical music. She sings with much volubility of execution and vocal accuracy, but her style is frigid in the extreme, and her language inevitably obscure. Tamburini's selection from the *Witches* was not judicious by a concert of this class, albeit, strongly recommended by his beautiful singing. Mr Bennett also acquitted himself honorably of his duty to the concerting music, a commendation which we are unable to extend to those associated with him.

The next concert will take place on Monday, May 11.

PROVINCIAL.

[This department of the Musical World is compiled and abridged from the provincial press, and lists the names of our country correspondents. The names of the M. W. are inserted, not merely, but for the sake of the papers & may on this, beyond what their official signature is operative.]

Derby.—*Decca and Master Quartet Concerts*—The last of these performances for the season took place on the evening of Thursday last, and were glad to see it was fully attended; the following was the programme:—

PART I.

Quartet, No. 1, &c.	Haydn's last quartet	Quartet
Concerto, Opus 10, No. 14	Beethoven's last quartet	Violin
Song—"I see a flock of swallows"	Haydn's quartet	Piano
Song—"The sweetest babe"	Haydn's quartet	Violin
Concerto, Opus 10, No. 14	Beethoven's last quartet	Violin
Concerto, Opus 10, No. 14	Beethoven's last quartet	Violin
Song—"I see a flock of swallows"	Haydn's quartet	Violin
Song—"The sweetest babe"	Haydn's quartet	Violin

PART II.

Quartet, No. 1, &c.	Haydn's last quartet	Quartet
Concerto, Opus 10, No. 14	Beethoven's last quartet	Violin
Song—"I see a flock of swallows"	Haydn's quartet	Piano
Song—"The sweetest babe"	Haydn's quartet	Violin
Concerto, Opus 10, No. 14	Beethoven's last quartet	Violin
Song—"I see a flock of swallows"	Haydn's quartet	Violin
Song—"The sweetest babe"	Haydn's quartet	Violin

The concerts were extremely popular, particularly Quaker's, in which "I see the Swan" is extremely admired. The plans were sung by Messrs. Hunt, Moore, Down, Carpenter, Cook, Taylor, and H. Hayward, in a manner which entirely showed they had made themselves acquainted with the composer's last wishes, by the correct intonation of the audience, and the warm applause of each. Mr. H. Hayward sang Purcell's Song exceedingly well; Miss H. Hunt was deservedly successful in Handel's sweet ballad, also in Elizabeth's duet, which she sang with Mr. Carpenter; the gentleman received the same success in the J. Haycraft's ballad; it may well truly be said that throughout these concerts he has shown himself a perfect master of the science. Mr. Hunt (the leader) and Mr. H. H. Hayward (the conductor) repeated (by desire) the duet by Handel and the Spirit that they played at the second concert, we must admit occupying them on their great success. The conductor also played Haycraft's celebrated Sonata in D minor, in which he was ably assisted by Messrs. Hanson, Parker, Carr, Richard, Hayes, and Turner. The magnificent composition was given by Mr. Hayward with great firmness of touch and volubility of finger, combined with elegance and brilliancy, as a member of the Royal Academy of Music he reflects the highest credit on the institution. These concerts have entirely shown that the taste for classical music is rapidly increasing in this country, and just prove it due to the conductors, and all that have assisted him in helping forward the works of the great masters. Many splendid compositions in less distant form the nearly unaccountable misapprehension of the reader's meaning, but these performers seem to have had the happy method of following out, to the highest degree, the intention of such company. We trust we may continue to hope these concerts are established for many years to come, and that on all future occasions we shall find more talent of equal merit, and will receive increased support.

Leicester.—The last of the very pleasant Chamber Concerts given here by Mr. Turner, took place on Thursday the 13th instant. Mrs. Fennell and Mr. J. Perry were the principal vocalists. The former exhibited herself in much greater advantage than at the concert in February; she has greater declamatory power than we then gave her credit for.

J. Ferry is a very rich, the delivery of his "Singing Lesson" is beautiful. Miss Vernon played some variations by Beethoven with great ability. If Vernon, you also played Beethoven's variations on "See the conquering Hero comes," accompanied on the Violoncello by Mr. E. J. Bennett. He has some proficiency of finger, and altogether played as a spite affording good grounds of future excellence. The vocal portion of well selected concerted music completed an agreeable entertainment. Mr. Vernon has announced a similar series of concerts for next year.

MISCELLANEOUS.

On Friday, 21st inst., in obedience to Royal command, an anthem, composed by Mr. Elvey as an exercise for the degree of Mus. Doct., was performed in the music-room of Windsor Castle, in the presence of Her Majesty and Prince Albert. The principal singers were from the chapel choir, and were assisted in the choruses by about twenty gentlemen from the choir of the Sacred Harmonic Society. Her Majesty and her illustrious consort appeared to take great interest in the performance, and were the admiration of all present by their extreme kindness and unfeigned courtesy. At the conclusion, "God save the Queen" was sung, with an additional verse in honour of Prince Albert. Mr. Elvey was introduced to Her Majesty, who expressed herself highly pleased with the composition and its performance, particularly noticing two solos sung by Master Foster. The vocalist choir of the palace, and afterwards attended services at the Chapel Royal, where an anthem, also the composition of Mr. Elvey, was ably and bravely performed by the choir and the London students.

THE ANTHEM, *Julia Mignonea* (Händel), was performed on Thursday, 16th inst., by the venerable Choral Society, in a style which, though wanting the gigantic proportions of some performances of a similar kind, was highly creditable to an institution which in the power of all the choral societies in the metropolis. The principal singers were Messrs. Birch, Pennington, Peers, and Rolfe, and Messrs. Turner and Laffer. Mr. Joseph Walker conducted.

St. GEORGE'S CHURCH.—On Tuesday evening the 11th inst., a selection of music was performed in this church, in aid of the funds for the repairs and additions made to its ancient organ. The singers were Messrs. Birch, Harvey, A. and M. Williams, and Rainboth, and Messrs. Hobbs, Bennett, and Phillips. Mr. Turf, of Westminster Abbey, and Mr. Rice, of this church, divided the duty of accompaniment between them; Mr. Graham Cooke lent the services of himself and his wife, and Mr. T. Cooke conducted.

ANOTHER CONCERT.—It is not true that Benedict is to conduct Lord Brougham's performance, as has been reported. Mr. Babop has been engaged by his Lordship, and Mr. B. will conduct Prince Albert's concert on the 16th inst. Mr. Turf will conduct Lord Howe's, and Mr. Lucas one of the performers.

PERFORMANCES.—It was said that Motzart was to play a quartet with Niagara, Loder, and Landley, but it is not quite certain yet, he will, however, play at the next concert, also had one night.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FLUTE.		VIOLIN AND VIOLONCELLO.	
Adams.— <i>Clare's grand opera</i>	Price 2/6	Motzart.— <i>C. K. and Weber's works</i>	Price 1/6
Hobbs.— <i>Clare's grand opera</i>	Price 2/6	Wolff.— <i>Clare's grand opera</i>	Price 1/6
Harvey.— <i>Clare's grand opera</i>	Price 2/6	Wolff.— <i>Clare's grand opera</i>	Price 1/6
Phillips.— <i>Clare's grand opera</i>	Price 2/6	Wolff.— <i>Clare's grand opera</i>	Price 1/6
Williams.— <i>Clare's grand opera</i>	Price 2/6	Wolff.— <i>Clare's grand opera</i>	Price 1/6
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Williams.— <i>Clare's grand opera</i>	Price 2/6	Wolff.— <i>Clare's grand opera</i>	Price 1/6
Williams.— <i>Clare's grand opera</i>	Price 2/6	Wolff.— <i>Clare's grand opera</i>	Price 1/6
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THE
MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF
ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,
AND WEEKLY RECORDS OF
Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

*"M'ale s'p'ante d'ipente et non d'edipente,
non s'olente et non d'olle d'ente."*

PLAT., *Phaedr.* cap. xxxvii.

Music is a something divine and immortal,
an all-powerful and a God-like thing.

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per annum, \$1.

An occurrence of last week has pretty accurately tested the extent to which a respect for decency is permitted to restrain the conduct of those who style themselves of the "upper classes" in this country. Our readers must be, by this time, sufficiently acquainted with the particulars of the foolish and "row" which took place at Her Majesty's Theatre on last Thursday evening—an event which will be memorable in the history of theatrical excesses as characterized by the most disgraceful and gratuitous display of riot and vulgarity ever ventured on by an audience when English society has grown into a reputed state of civilization. In our opinion, it far transcends the famous O. F. disturbances of by-gone days. It was not, perhaps, executed in such a spirit of organized turbulence—the rioters did not seem so thoroughly disciplined—we saw no arena cleared in the pit for feats of military drill—we heard no choruses of cat-calls—we were the lookers-on favoured by volleys of oranges, ginger-beer bottles, or any other of the nameless projectiles with which the "higher orders" (of the gallery, we mean) are sometimes wont to demonstrate their intelligent propensities;—far from it: the frequenters of the opera pit are not, we should guess, very so fitful at athletics—or-calls are fortuitously blown into dreams—and the gallery of Her Majesty's Theatre is distinguished from the rest of the house, as the sliding-plate of those quiet, orderly, respectable people, who like music—in its place—better than punch, wine, or coffee, and prefer the performance of the stage to the conventional chattering of the house. But, though the result of Thursday evening lacked all these rioting traits of older times, let it not be forgotten that it equally lacked a general respectful gravamen, and consequently was without a possible justification. Moreover, as an especial feature, it took place in

the *Italian Opera-house*, and was achieved, from first to last, by those very people who place themselves as their exclusive initiation into the mysteries of good-levelling, and epistemologically void our national theatres on the plea that the vulgarity of the "mas" step is betwixt the mind and their grandeur! They have given us proof of their possibility with a witness! They have indeed supplied all that was wanting to our conviction, and, we believe, that of every one who visits Her Majesty's Theatre for the purpose of hearing music, that, as an audience, they are the most ill-measured people in existence. Our remarks, be it understood, apply solely to the tenants of the boxes and to those who sit who occupy lock-up stables immediately in the rear of the orchestra—we pointedly except the pit-stes and the frequenters of the gallery, all of whom, we have reason to know, are constantly and avowedly enjoyed by the dissoluteness of their "exclusive" neighbours, who appear to draw attention to the finest operatic performance in Europe, as well as to the enjoyments of those around them, a matter of the slightest possible moment when compared with their conventional indulgence in witty English, heightened by scraps of worse French, and aggravated by the slamming of box-doors and the rattle of crochery. Why such valuations are entered at all, passes our comprehension;—in the "vulgar" theatres of the metropolis, a sturdy sense of decency would administer an ever-ready reprobate to anything resembling these dosages of "gawdily" in its show-rooms in the Haymarket.

But to return to the great anticlerical demonstration of Thursday evening. Could any indifferent person, in that babel of yells and shrieks, detect a particle of the spirit which, in his ignorance, he might attribute to an assembly of "the best gentlemen in the world?" Would he not, rather—seeing the "all persons," "rock-a-doodle doo," "m-aw," and fat-shillings, which emanated from certain distinguished quarters—have concluded that Giles and James had exchanged suitcases, or that "down east" had stolen a march on the "far west?" We think, our class, however, that the "row" took place where it did;—at any other London theatre it might have been regarded as a sample of English feeling—there, it naturally was none. The audience of that theatre habitually think, speak, and act with an implied contempt for everything English—except, by the way, the money they derive from the sale of their public demonstration, therefore, be so congenial with their system of amusement, although our slender acquaintance with foreign usage in such a case does not permit us to decide the point. From all that took place during this outrageous piece of mockery, we infer that neither singing, nor music, abstractedly, had anything to do with it. It was simply an attempt to form us Mr. Laporte an engagement which he considered unnecessary, and which formed no part of his unassured plan. The subscribers were perfectly aware, before the commencement of the scene, that Signor Tamburini was not included in the promised engagements, and yet, with a total disregard of all equitable principle, they seemed determined to quarter him on Mr. Laporte's treasury, without any other justification than an impulse of their will and pleasure.

Mr. Laporte's position with respect to Signor Tamburini, will be best seen in the following extract from his published letter on the subject:—

"In November last I received a letter from Signor Tamburini, the purport of which was to inform me that, unless I gave him an immediate answer as to my intentions, he would accept other engagements. I replied, by the letter which appeared in *Thursday* in the public papers. And here allow me to explain to those not conversant with the progress of the stage, that when a man is named who is offered to join without the negotiation being brought to issue, that negotiation is not entered, and accordingly in the execution of the work which I had taken for all delay, an accommodation being, on my part, then made to Signor Tamburini, in our parts of liberty to accept any engagement that had been offered. Why Signor Tamburini did not engage elsewhere when it was bound to me, why he kept himself in readiness to receive my engagement which ought to have been given me, the public or himself was, probably, best acquainted. Independently of these circumstances, and of internal difficulties which exist in consequence of the late price of paper, and other circumstances, which a manager is continually made to feel, I was influenced in my determination by the following considerations:—When my management was established, ten years ago, it was the London theatre which had the supremacy over every other in Europe. I brought *Lalanne* from Naples, and he appeared before *Koster*, and as early as *January*—and *Haravel* and *Bonzein*; and it was I that let his engagement to the Paris manager for the part of the year in which he was not required in London [of late years complaints of a serious, and if the circumstances under which I have been placed are not considered, of a just nature, have been made in consequence of the death of talent and obscurity of the season before *Koster*]. The five performers being engaged in Paris till the 1st of April, and *Mme. Trivulsi* being the only one I could obtain, it was incumbent on me to seek for talent elsewhere; I consequently engaged Signor *Colletti*."

The spirit and scope of the whole business, therefore, is established in the simple fact that Mr. Laporte and Signor Tamburini could not agree as to terms, and that Mr. Laporte, as he says, sought talent elsewhere, and engaged Signor *Colletti*; and perfectly justified was he in so doing. His prospectus gave no promise of Signor Tamburini, and he consequently violated no engagement with the subscribers. They, however, thought otherwise, and Mr. Laporte has yielded, avowedly we think, to their demand, and satisfied himself with the payment of an additional £200 per month, without any defect to be corrected and, we are convinced, without any real essential craving, on the part of the public, to be satisfied. Besides this wrong to Mr. Laporte, there is a positive injustice inflicted on Signor *Colletti*. We do not wish to be mistaken in comparing the two Italian houses, but the Opera-givers having, by the satisfaction of their subscription on Thursday night, established a virtual comparison of the present and most offensive kind, we can hardly be blamed should we contrast their merit within. Putting aside, then, fashionable feeling, prejudice, and the unwelcome influence of other artists on their would-be-beknown patrons, we cannot, for the life of us, see in what respects Signor *Colletti's* inferiority. He does not sing as *Font*, perhaps, as his celebrated rival, and this, being nearly the only point on which the critics are capable of a definite opinion, is doubtless his demeritory sin in their eyes; but in all other respects—in voice, style, and in careful handling of the music entrusted to him, he is fully equal if not superior to

Thanked. At any rate it is just all denied that he is a singer of the very highest class—rather too lightly, we should say, for the understanding of the folk who thought fit—first for the first time, by the way—to turn Her Majesty's Theatre into a tea-parlour, and his great merits should have secured for him that which could not be relied on from the correct feeling of his audience alone—as exempted from itself. Without the smallest wish to conceal the universally-acknowledged ability of Sigmar Thawerich, we must say that Collett will want self-respect if, after his signal success in the beginning of the season, he permit himself to be posted second base at Her Majesty's Theatre. Besides the bestowment of an admirable singer, this vulgar affair will not meet unchastely as a precedent. If an aristocratic wish is to have the virtual management of Her Majesty's Theatre, her play and systematic direction are at an end,—the operas of Donizetti and the singing of the "diva" will keep the stage in defiance of all new-comers, no matter what their talent or continental reputation.

Truly, this has been altogether a delightful affair. Very gratifying was it to the feelings of Englishmen to see some of the shames of their land protruding their author's wrongs from the boxes, and audibly choose quotations very strongly resembling "Nix my dolly!" and "Take away!" and finally making their exit, via the stage, just as the lights were extinguished, and the remainder of the audience left to find agents or doctors and Providence permitted! Matters are managed differently elsewhere. At the Eagle tavern, for instance, where the "new-fangled" rightly include the Gross simultaneously with gin-and-water and tobacco, any such disgusting scenes would have been cut short by the interference of the police. Doubtless, in more respects than one, there is one law for the rich and another for the poor!

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—Folding down Regent Street yesterday, my attention was attracted by a poster in Covent's shop-window of Miss Helena Joh. Laibler, pianist to the Queen of Hanover, and on looking over the notices of the Musical World for April 9, I perceive that she has arrived in London. I hope with the assistance of playing in public.

Miss Laibler is, I am told, a native of Saxony, and has travelled for herself in Germany and Prussia the reputation of being one of the first female pianists in Europe. The German newspapers, and the well known Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung, have spoken of her performance in Berlin, Leipzig, Dresden, Vienna, and other capitals as terms of high repute, and I therefore sincerely hope that on her return to this country she will not only make her appearance before a London audience, but will meet with the patronage which her talent deserves.

Having joined the number of 1838-9 in Germany, and having, in January, 1839, been in Hanover, I was gratified with the opportunity of hearing Miss Laibler's performance on the piano. She was at that time on her return from Prussia to Hanover, and had commenced a concert in the chapel of the Castle. The room was crowded with all the wealth and nobles of Hanover, and a more gratified and unreserved audience I have seldom seen. Miss Laibler played the Andante and Marche from Beethoven's grand Sonata in F major, with exquisite taste, and was most extensively applauded. This was followed by a series of studies of the modern German school of pianoforte-playing, among which was one by the celebrated Schubert, composed by him and dedicated to the first pupil, namely Her. Schubert, a sonnet by Heller, Chopin's grand Study for the left-hand (being the beautiful Study of his Sonata in A), and Beethoven's Andante in G, or Sonata in A minor. All these were given with consummate art and precision, and most delicious

expressions. Her performance of Chopin's study was remarkable not only for perfect equality of touch and tone, but from the determination that notwithstanding the left hand has to perform a series of highly difficult passages with great velocity, and subject the slightest pause from beginning to end, through the pages of notes, the most finished ear could not detect the slightest relaxation in the original time, down to the last bar. "The way made the theme of several pieces and variations by the author of the piece, who were familiar to it according to Mrs. Leslie the most of us being one of the most accomplished singers they had ever heard. The concert concluded with her performance of Thalberg's Grand Sonata on Russian National Air, which if not performed as Thalberg himself plays it, was executed in a way which leaves little to be desired, and which drew from all parts of the room a hurraha of applause. Mrs. Leslie has been *tried* everywhere, and I would have read your notices in her papers and printed in several of the German newspapers. I am induced to send you the notice of Mrs. Leslie, because I think the musical world will be as interested in her as in her own piano as in her own as in their ranks of such an order with indifference.—I am, Sir, your obedient reader,

London, April 23rd, 1842

AN AMATEUR.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—Being in the list of my studies in former letters down the necessity, as regards the public, of circulating a "national opera" in London, I will now, with your permission, say a few words with respect to the manner in which we must generally, and especially especially. For instance, how many musicians are there residing in London and elsewhere throughout the Kingdom, who, having such talents and industry completed a work, find that its production is a very difficult matter than they anticipated. Nevertheless each and every individual (nearly hoping that his name appears a respectable exception to the numerous quoted by his name stands a support of the reported case)—that is, money will take the name of an unknown author) will continue to devote himself with the same expectation that some one of his reported applications may be successful. It will be desirable to all reflecting persons that the chance of any occasional right by which an unknown composer may demand a hearing for his work, must be purchased at a price which is all but the fortune for who one to chance what they are denied by justice. Now I would inquire if the many disappointed authors of operas have many friends in the ranks of their world. Ever have they been most ungenerously treated by managers, musical directors, or her generous? And mark! my very good friends of the operations in the musical profession, as you will continue to be treated with very few words, very ungenerous letters—that most nothing, very unkindly messages—that some say thing at all for his, until you make as a body, determined to act as concert and put down by every possible means (the ungenerous managers and capitalists remain which nevertheless in the present theatre relative to English operas. As an illustration, let us compare a man) a composer with his work in a manager who is supposed to think the dramatic genre unprofitable, his general director who thinks the music heavy, &c. Are not the opinions of these people to be heeded? Have they every been mistaken with the public taste? Do not other artists receive their due owing to the lack of audience? I have the assurance of these questions to me rather company, and, if I am not misinformed, Mr. Esdaile could considerably enlighten us on the subject if he chose to do so. Who can pretend to answer for the public taste? I should think the only way of a work succeeded for public performance is the production, and even then is necessary. Water's Operatic was unfortunately destroyed at Vienna and killed itself at Darmstadt. Public was at first played with such indifference success that his withdrawal was the consequence, and ten years after was reported to succeed and delight civilized Europe. Many instances might be quoted to show how impossible it is to form a correct view of how the public may receive a piece, looking at mere daily general gross sense of judgment, how much more likely is one individual whose daily goodly induces ability on every side, and that person would have judged difficult on the merits of a musical piece—such "The Mexican Controversy," poems. What is the present state of dramatic music in London? The daily talk of the theatre are ungenerous reflections of indignity in that department. The *Magyar's Opera* is now the sole representative of native music on the stage—how we act as good?—say, have we not opera? The musical *Magyar's Opera* is not a drama with every circumstance, and the opera, like the ancient state of the miserable state of things is delicate management, to which may be added the want of a permanent establishment of which English operas and no others would be performed. Music, Italy, France, and Berlin have proved that we have seen who can write operas, and operate ones. Let the managers unite ("United is strength!") and they will be that they have in their own hands the power of establishing in England what is now being successfully—a NATIONAL OPERA—I am, Sir, yours, &c.

REVIEW.

The celebrated Spanish Overt, arranged with Variations, for the Pianoforte
By George F. Moore.

This is a tune which has become celebrated by some means or other—not for its merits, as a tune—to which Mr. Harris has appended six variations, all of the most out-of-the-way, business-like kind. We do not see to what consists the interest of such things.

Prince Albert's new Quadrilles, composed by John Faldens.

Prince Albert is exhibiting a course of very heavy treatment. Monthly spending, he is becoming a colossus for the district. All the balls, banquets, and balls of the metropolitan "companies" are discharging their duties at him, and in consequence, his Royal Highness's name is, or shortly will be, associated with more rubbish than that of any other person in the three kingdoms. These quadrilles are really worse and worse. The whole five would not yield material for one tolerable tune; and, by way of climax, there is a waltz, especially discommended the "Prince's Ours," which, we dare be sworn, the Prince will do over, without hesitation, should it ever come within reach of his ears.

Andino, "The Lord is my Shepherd," composed by the Rev. J. W. Briggs.

This, viewed as the production of an amateur, is really a clever work. Good feeling and piety are manifest throughout; and if we are not surprised by any vast originality of design, or elaboration in treatment, we have always pleasing ideas, smoothly and correctly expressed. Its best portions are the recitatives, "He shall feed me," which concludes with a grand and intensely beautiful progression, and the last-verse, "Yea tho' I walk," and the following duet.

The Challenge Ball—Song written and composed by John Perry, jun.

Mr Perry has gone out of his usual course of belted-up in the song, but not very effectively, we think. While he keeps to "warning talk," "dis-solute talk," and "passing scenes," all goes smoothly enough, but the "Steam" and its adjuncts, are slightly out of his reach. Nevertheless, with good performance, it may be found an effective song.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE,
METROPOLITAN.
Grand Opera.

Mozart's *Don Juan* was produced by the German company on Friday evening in last week. The smaller scale of the score of this opera, and the quieter style of the music, as compared with *Die Fliegende Holländer*, are evidently in favour of the limited resources of the company, and the small cast of the theatre they occupy. Still, though disposed to think the second performance an improvement on the first, we venture our opinion that M. Schumann's company elicits public approbation rather for a certain prevailing complaisance of effect, than from any display of individual greatness. One or two characters, however, stand out more prominently than the creation of the *Fliegende Holländer* led us to anticipate. Herr Fock is notable in this respect. His *Don* is a clever and spirited piece of acting, and he sings the music very effectively, albeit, now and then, with less strong a feeling of melo-dramatic intensity. The character, altogether, is, we presume, better than his *Chaper*. He wants the easy spiritfulness so admirably worn by Tamberlin, or our own *Don*, and his love-making is not remarkably interesting, but in the more forcible situations of the drama—such, for instance, as the close of the first act, and his final encounter with the *Ghost*—we do not remember to have seen any more efficient representatives. His last scene, especially, was a triumph in its way. Nothing but a thoroughly-German sense of the benefit could have worked

out the spirit of the *faute* with such breadth of coloring. Miss Schumann's *Zerline* was equally agreeable disappointment. *Juchas* is simply a scolding, light-hearted girl, while *Zerline*, beneath the treacherous disguise of innocence and coquetry, is a creature of intense passion and earnest affection, and we readily expected to find Miss Schumann, to whom the first character seemed her natural stage of existence, so exquisitely truthful in her conception of the second. Her singing equally attracts our calculations. The appropriate playfulness which she gave to the music of *Walter* lost anticipation as due to the tenderness of her " *Dein, Lieb,*" or the delicate sentimentality of her " *Waldes rausch.*" Above all things, concerned us to her speaking. The emotions with which she uttered the most appreciated phrases of conversation might almost establish a belief in German mystery, and what greater responsibility it could effect, we know not. The *Deutscher Juchas* of Miss. Fiesler Kikenschick, was a very unusual performance. His compensation gave promise of much larger amount of excellence than we detected in his progress. The whole of her first scene was extremely beautiful—sometimes even exhibiting the transcendent power of *Carli*—and the grand recitative preceding the air, " *Geht uns die Flucht,*" but little less ably treated,—from this point, however, her energy appeared to wear out; her voice lost its brilliancy, her manner became sluggish, and her latter scenes hardly reached the standard of mediocrity. Although the part of *Oliver* contains some of the finest music in the opera, it is usually reckoned among those up hill work which are properly allotted to indifferent singers, and to this point in the German performance there are exceptions. The lady who attempted it on Friday evening sang vigorously but, and otherwise betrayed instability for the undertaking;—we, however, she struggled hard with a very laborious duty, we say as little as possible in the subject. Herr Schwaeger reacted that most useful of all imaginable levers, *Don Giovanni*, with much dignified propriety—nothing further being placed out of the question by the nature of the character itself. His singing, though often highly satisfactory, disappeared us by the want of that finish which is just as necessary to the music of Mozart, as it is to the effects of that of *Wagner*; moreover, in points of execution, such as the *Coro* passages in " *Il mio bene,*" he obviously failed.

The merit of the performance, as we have before remarked, is attributable not to individual excellence, but to general co-operation. No one of the principals, except Miss Schumann, is out of the reach of censure, as some ground or other, and yet the whole effect is not only void of defects, but for the most part positively delightful. The chorus is superb. We have seldom seen anything more exciting than the *faute* which is stirred up among this body of singing-men in the *faute* to the first act.

REVIEWS AND NOTES.—Third concert, Monday, May 4.

PART I.

Symphony, F major, by Beethoven, Op. 68, No. 1	Beethoven
Violin Concerto, in G major, by Vivaldi, Op. 3, No. 1	Vivaldi
Pastorale, in D major, Op. 37, No. 3, by Beethoven	Beethoven
Waltz, in G major, Op. 34, No. 1, by Strauss	Strauss
Quintet in B-flat major, for Piano, Violin, Viola, Cello, and Double Bass, Op. 74, by Beethoven	Beethoven
Grand Duo, in C major, for Violin and Piano, Op. 22, by Mendelssohn	Mendelssohn
Quintet in E-flat major, for Piano, Violin, Viola, Cello, and Double Bass, Op. 74, by Beethoven	Beethoven

PART II.

Overture, in G major, by Mendelssohn, Op. 46, No. 1	Mendelssohn
Violin Concerto, in G major, by Vivaldi, Op. 3, No. 1	Vivaldi
Pastorale, in D major, Op. 37, No. 3, by Beethoven	Beethoven
Waltz, in G major, Op. 34, No. 1, by Strauss	Strauss
Quintet in B-flat major, for Piano, Violin, Viola, Cello, and Double Bass, Op. 74, by Beethoven	Beethoven

This was the best concert since the beginning of the season. The orchestral execution was admirable in itself and extremely well performed—Beethoven's *F* symphony and overture to *Agnes* especially drawing notice in this respect. To the level of instrumental performance, Mr. Jansen's horn part was a treat of very uncommon occurrence, as was also the bassoon solo by Mr. Hansen, who, were his tone more definite, would be a performer of the highest class.

Invitation, when they were encircled under the walls of Memphis, a romance song by Miss Birch, and a beautiful duet, sung by Mr. Phillips and Miss Brown. "Dear child of hope," Bennett's melody was encored. Madame Branda Warick is an English woman by birth, but has been abroad for many years; her voice is weak, and but little suited for the concert-room. In the duet with Tamburini she was scarcely heard. Mr. F. Casner played the staple in Martini's violin concerto, and it certainly was one of the gems of the evening, replete with taste, expression, and feeling. Winter's charming aria, from *Il Re di Persia*, was excellently sung; it is one of those melodies, simple but richly harmonized, which are more to please. The selection from Berthold's *Miser of Olives* consisted of the fine, but difficult recitative, "O terrible mistake! Jehovah's Son is here," the solo, "Prison the Redeemer," splendidly delivered by Miss Birch; and the appalling chorus, "But woe to you, who slighest," the accompaniments to which are most masterly; in the symphony to the air, the forte and bassoon parts were brilliantly played by Carl and Benjamin. The second part opened with Mozart's march, the solo in which was well sung by Tamburini, who also gave Faur's song with great spirit. Nothing could be more delightfully given than Winter's beautiful air, sung by Miss M. Brown. The selection from E. Taver's new version of Haydn's *Season* consisted of a portion of the "Summer," commencing with the tender solo, "The singing moon," sung by Bennett, then "Distressed nature flings its wails," followed by Miss Birch's "Oh, welcome now, the thickest gloom," in which Cecilia's voice told well; concluding with the "Storm Chorus," and the beautiful trio, "The Storm is past," by Miss Birch, Bennett and Phillips, and chorus, in which an instance of the service is given with amazing effect. This type sang Haydn's song with his accustomed ability, and the performance closed with Bennett's magnificent chorus, in which simple justice was done by the orchestra.

CHURCH HARMONISTS.—The last meeting of this Society, for the season, took place on Monday last at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate-street. The performance consisted of

PART I.

Quintet—The Miser of Olives..... Berthold.

PART II.

Quintet—The Singing Moon..... F. Casner
 Madrigal—All religions are the same..... Bennett
 Madrigal—Oh, welcome now, the thickest gloom..... Miss Birch

The solo parts were taken by the Misses Birch, Dobby, Cole, Capper, and Moore Bennett and Novellie. Leader, Mr. Deudo; organ, Mr. G. Cooper, conductor, Mr. Lucas. We have not space to enter into particulars.

Mr. HARRY DUNNAN gave his morning concert at the Hanover-square Rooms on Wednesday, the 14th ult., and it was exceedingly well attended. The performance consisted of a miscellaneous selection, comprising every variety in both departments—vocal and instrumental. Mr. Lucas conducted.

Mr. and Mrs. T. B. SEVERN'S Roman Nuptials took place at Willis's Rooms, on Monday evening. The selection was most judiciously made, and highly creditable to Mr. Severn's taste and judgment.

PROVINCIAL.

[This department of the Medical World is compiled and abridged from the provincial press, and from the notices of our correspondents. The editors of the M. W. are, therefore, not responsible for any errors or omissions, beyond what shall appear in the original.]

BRISTOL.—The Bradford (Glee Society's) Concert, in aid of the funds for erecting a new organ in All Saints' Church, Bradford, took place on the 24th ult., on Wednesday, the 14th ult. The company was very numerous and highly respectable, and the society have the pleasing satisfaction of being able to contribute something towards the erection of an organ for that church, of which their talented instructor and friend, Mr. G. Bridgman, is organist. On this occasion nearly the whole strength of the society was put in requisition. The instrumental band consisted of thirteen performers, and the choruses were performed by twenty voices, and the entire proceedings were calculated

to *relieve*, not only the greatest needs of the society, but to *exalt* likewise in the term. As previous concerts the society have left the want of trifling singers, but on this occasion, the difficulty of obtaining the important assistance, was removed by the kindness of Miss Quetch, and three other young ladies. To these ladies the thanks of the society are most justly due, and more especially to Miss Quetch, the daughter of Mr. Quetch, Professor of Music, at Marlborough, and who has been staying in Bradford, on a visit to her brother, previous to her going to town, to receive that instruction from Sir George Smart which will, we confidently anticipate, enable her to take a respectable rank among concert singers.

The first part of the concert consisted entirely of sacred pieces, and was commenced by Handel's Oratorio in "Samson." Haydn's Chorus and Trio, "The Messiah are telling the Glory of God," was then sung with great effect, and was followed by "Deeper and deeper still," a recitative and air, from Handel's Jeptha, which was executed in a style, but newly marvellous by being performed and professionally singers. This was succeeded by Haydn's air and chorus from the Creation, of "The Earth was Dark," the air sung by Miss Quetch, Paganini's air, "O Lord! how many years are," and Aron's air and chorus "Open the Lord's Window," the air by Miss Quetch: this was most deservedly received. Handel's aria, from *Nabucodonosor*, "In darkness of danger," followed, and was succeeded by Handel's air, "Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty," by Miss Quetch. The grand Ruffiniak chorus concluded the first part.

The second part, consisting entirely of secular pieces, was opened by Mozart's overture in *Figaro*, then came, Beethoven's plan, "Austria, Britain, Spain," was extremely good. Grieg's song, "The Acid Wolf," was then sung with much feeling and taste, and most loudly called for a second time. Schubert's merry chorus of "When the wind blows," Paganini's recitative and air, "The high-noon and," "The Church and Open" plan, and Beethoven's air from *La Sonnambula*, "Do not struggle," succeeded. The latter difficult and complicated air was sung by Miss Quetch, and was warmly applauded. The German chorale stanza, which is a deserved favourite of the society and its friends, then followed, and "God save the Queen," concluded an evening's entertainment, with which all were well pleased. The success which has attended the Society's various efforts on this occasion in pleasing and instructing their neighbours, may be gratifying to the members themselves. We hope it will stimulate them to persevere in their attempts in the " holy art," and bring the effect of improving the musical taste of the town and neighbourhood, following with England's greatest boast, that music was ordained.

— to relieve the mind of man

After his studies, or his usual pain.

MEMORANDUM.—We have the most expressive a treat of an ordinary character in the rich entertainment provided at the Theatre. On Monday evening, after the play of *Therese*, which was well sustained in all its characters, a grand concert was given by the Union Society. From the established fame of these celebrated performers we had been led to expect something good, but the most surprising and almost unaccounted for. The concerted pieces were "Miss O'Neen," "La Loin H'nd Le-Nobis," "No Herbs," and "The Fair a Kiss." The manner in which these compositions were given afforded a specimen of perhaps the finest taste instrumental art, which it is possible to produce, the dramatic and recitative passages were given with the utmost judgment and accuracy, while in the recitative and dramatic these instruments (which looked upon as obsolete, harsh, and most fitting for the "stern intonation of war") produced ideas of exquisite music and beauty—led on by Mr. Davis on the organ, from whose organ issued "dramatic music excellent music"—at times commanding the unaccountable attention of the audience by the richest forms of harmony, and then gradually drawing into the impassioned and by the plaintive and soul-like influence imparted to each note and phrasal, then, imperceptibly, into the ascending air. The audience were roused with various emotions,

"And look to heaven that might create a god

Under the robe of death."

We shall not easily forget the colours we beheld the scenes of the whole concerted performance. But we will not pass on to a short notice of some of the other pieces. The air, "Nora Tu Vieni O Maria," was given by Mr. H. Davis, on the French horn, in a finished manner; he afterwards played "The Light of other Days" on a walking-stick concerto, which he was remarkably correct, and very pretty so. But who that heard "O sea, we never parting her," by Mr. Davis, on the trumpet, will forget the distinguished feeling and delicious tenderness of his silver notes throughout the advanced air, and the most difficult strains (performed entirely by the lip) in an abundance? But perhaps the great gem of the evening was "The Soldier's Tale," by Mr. Davis, on the

more enjoyment. The pure profound sense of enjoyment that my other recollections, from the accuracy and brilliancy with which the English and other difficult passages were performed, finding the best execution that we ever heard on the keyed instrument." An extra banking sheet, by Messrs. H. and W. Steink, covered us over before commencing, and the speech and distinct responses of the listeners. We cannot believe too much praise on the manner displayed in keeping up the disease as completely and distinctly. The latest performance coincided with the National Reform, the whole program standing in the vocal part of the concert, we listened with pleasure to the soft and merry wailing of Miss. Kettler in "The star stream," "The Hunter's Tune," and the lullaby, "Do not weep." The glowing sensation will not be a little to her young lady, by showing her full variety of all instrumental and vocal. Mrs. Mayne and Mr. Tenney also sang the choruses very sweetly, the former in "The happy land," and "Oh the sweet when the moon is beaming," and the latter in "What is the end?" The arrangements coincided with a most delightful melody from "The Song of a Lover," and not a single mistake in the latter was, we believe, made on the occasion. On the following night an overflowing audience attended to witness a repetition of the last treat we have endeavored to describe. The *Mind of Music and Coaching an Opera* were the pieces selected, between which the concert was commenced, with ten slight variations from the preceding evening. The same extraordinary talents were set to work to entertain the company, who in their turn "murmured with applause." It is with pleasure we notice that the spirited manager, Mr. Bennett, in discharge to the largest public wish, has attended to rearranging the Opera freely for two other nights (Thursday and Friday) this week.

Admission Concert.—One of those very pleasing affairs took place on Monday evening last, and afforded a rich treat to the company who attended, which, however, was not so large as usual, owing to the unusual hour held out at the Theatre. The selection consisted of Mozart's celebrated pastoral serenade, two quartets, an air from Pizarro's "Lancers," and the "Impromptu" symphony of Haydn. The quartets were played exceedingly well. The first was an air of Mozart's, "Ah! perdona," executed by Messrs. Bennett (soprano), L. H. D'Agosta, jun. (alto), W. Hopkins (tenor), and J. Hopkins (bass). The other was one of Haydn's delightful compositions for two violins, tenor and bass, and was played by Messrs. D'Agosta, L. H. D'Agosta, W. Hopkins, and J. Hopkins. The melody in the quartet is perhaps one of the most exquisite pieces of harmony ever composed, and it was played on this occasion with admirable effect. The violins and symphony were well given, and we cannot but feel surprised we stand in awe of the efficient manner in which the performers on the wind instruments executed their various parts this evening. Indeed, taking the last number of the concert, we have never heard one, entirely unaccompanied, with which we have been better pleased. Mr. D'Agosta led the band with his usual skill.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Gallery Opera.—The Prince's Theatre has been visited during the past week by her Majesty, Prince Albert and Prince Ernest, her Majesty the Queen Dowager, the Duchess of Kent, the Duchess of Cambridge, Prince George and the Princess Mary, the Duke of Brunswick and Argus, the Marchioness of Londesborough, the Marchioness of Normandy, the Lady Anne, G. Villiers, Mary Christopher, Dr. Darnleyville, Miss Barlett Castle, the Lady Mowbray, W. Lubbock, Boscawen, Howe, Byron, Louisa, Baroness Kewstark and Arden, Sir H. Webb, A. Bernard, F. Serra, the Hon Major Mordaunt, Mr. Maule, and a host of distinguished persons.

The Song of the Gallery.—The annual performance is still of the funds of this excellent charity takes place in St. Paul's Cathedral, on Thursday the 14th inst. The selected organs of Mozart's *Derives To Dawn*, the "Madrigal chorus," the "Coronation Anthem," "Solo the Priest," Atwood's "Cantata Dances," composed originally for three performances, and Goetz's fine anthem "God is our Hope and Strength." Sir George Smart will be the conductor, Mr. F. Cramer, the leader; and Mr. Gore, the organist of the Cathedral, will preside at the organ. The rehearsal will be on Tuesday next.

Performances.—The subscription to the Philharmonic Concerts will be opened on Monday next with Mozart's *April symphony*, Beethoven's "Pastorale," and Weber's overture to *Alceste*.

ANNALS OF THE LATE SURGEON WATKEY.—In the neighborhood where Watkey resided was a school, at which he acted as practical instructor, there was also a weaving, to the benefit of which Watkey paid an occasional penny. The simplicity of his get and the frugality of his manners induced the weaver, at times, to enter into some small sweet converse with one of the best medical gentlemen that England has ever produced. The pupils of the school at which Watkey attended, were in the habit of playing their boyish pranks upon the weaver who was suspected of the heinous crime of furnishing plumes back to the master, which the latter received in a manner highly derogatory to their personal feelings. Their indignation was roused, and vengeance was denounced against the devoted weaver, who got a friendly hint of what he was likely to obtain. He allowed not his vengeance to slumber, and his lesson was therefore never absent from his fingers. Suspecting Watkey's influence with the schoolboys, he accosted him one day, and exhorted him to plant the premium which he himself went to riggle his thirty soul with a hardsome quest. Watkey obediently complied, and stood beside the workstone, as the lesson master of the weaver. At that instant, Mr. Laidy, the father-in-law of the master, was passing, and seeing Samuel Watkey planted beside the broom and the workstone, and judging from the construction of his costume and his air, that such was not a doctor, exclaimed with astonishment, "That Watkey, is it here you are?" "Yes, indeed, here I am," replied Watkey, "and I must except you to pay tribute." "Cheerfully, my friend," replied Mr. Laidy, placing a guinea in his hand. At this moment, the proprietor of the weaving made his appearance, and received from his prey the five which he had received, and which consisted not only of Mr. Laidy's guinea, but of some additional copper contributed to his funds during his absence. Laidy and Watkey left the weaver thinking his stars for his good fortune, and both retired to Watkey's residence, where they enjoyed the best of meals and the flow of soul. Watkey's conventional power, and literary attainments were exceeded by his own medical genius alone, and equaled by those of no other man.

THE ANTIQUE THEATRE closed for the season last night, somewhat abruptly, being three weeks earlier than usual; the reasons assigned by the manager in his parting address are somewhat singular:—"The necessity imposed by Act of Parliament of rebuilding the front wall of the theatre, and the unexpected death of the master."

THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The grand Fancy Dress Ball usually given in aid of the funds of the Royal Academy, is announced to take place at the Haymarket-square Rooms on Friday evening, the 15th of June, under the patronage of Her Majesty, H. R. H. Prince Albert, the Princess Augusta, the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess of Kent, the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, &c. &c.

FRANCIS'S CONCERT offers a musical treat of an ordinary kind. It is to take place in the Grand Room of her Majesty's Theatre, on Friday morning, the 5th inst. and in addition to the open vocalists, Messieurs Deyss Gray, Chandler Allen, Stockhausen, &c., are engaged. The instrumental performers include Gault, Doehler, and the Anglinists on the piano-forte, Malpas on the violin, Bate on the violoncello, and Paves on the horn.

A LARGESCALE musical treat took place on Saturday evening at the Haymarket-square Rooms. There was a rehearsal of the choruses, &c., to be performed at the August Concert last night, and among the full pieces was Weber's gem, "The Mighty Conqueror," the concluding words of which are "There's no death in war." While this very gem was performing, a number of persons entered the room, to attend a meeting of the British and Foreign Temperance Society!

J. B. CHAMBERLAIN.—His Majesty the King of the French has recently conferred on this distinguished painter the decoration of the Legion of Honour.

THE HARMONIUM TRIUMPH.—A new piece, entitled the *Irish Airway*, from the successful pen of Mr. Bernard, the author of *The Last Days*, was produced at this theatre last evening, and was highly successful. Power is the hero of the piece, and should any of our readers be in a dull mood, and want a remedy, we speak no better than personally a visit to the Harmonium.

YORK MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—The citizens of York have long been looking for some official announcement of a festival to be held in our venerable Minister in the next Autumn, and we regret to state that they have hitherto been disappointed in their expectations. We believe, however, that the subject has not been forgotten in an official quarter, and that at no distant period we shall have the opportunity of announcing the determination of the authorities on the subject. We had been led to suppose that it was so vital a matter to make the necessary arrangements; but we are assured that a vigilant committee with the experience derived from former festivals, would have ample time to do everything requisite for arranging a festival on a scale equal, if not superior, to any of its predecessors. We have it from good authority that in the event of a festival being held in York during the present year, it would be honoured by the presence of at least one distinguished and illustrious member of the royal family. In addition to this circumstance, the facility of travelling which now exists would bring an immense influx of visitors to Old Ebor, on so interesting an occasion, as an uninterrupted communication by railway from London, Birmingham, and many other important towns in York, will be completed previous to its opening. These are powerful arguments in favour of the undertaking being immediately commenced; and should the authorities concur in that opinion, we have no doubt that a musical festival, on a scale commensurate with the grandeur of the cathedral and the importance of the county, will bring together such an array of the nobility and gentry of the land as has not been witnessed in any provincial town.

ACCIDENT CONCERNING THE SIXTH PERFORMANCE.—The sixth performance, on Wednesdayrd next, will be under the direction of Lord Howe. Mr. Turle will be the conductor, and the singers engaged are Miss. New, Miss. Stanham, Miss. Chan Neville, Miss. Massey, Miss. Woodcutt, Messrs. Walker, Young, Hawkins, Foxwell, Bradbury, and Phillips.

ROBERT AN NAPLES.—This most brilliant composer is still at Naples, where he recently received from one of his countrymen a very high public compliment, but which carried, like the rest, a sting in its tail; more than ordinary jealousy. The anecdote is worth relating. A very talented improviser was performing before a crowded assemblage a glowing eulogium upon the genius of illustrious Neapolitan now no more. He proceeded his panegyric on each with a description of his work, which appeared from the swiftness and eloquence of the improvisation, to rise before the eyes of the poet as he spoke. After passing several in review, "And here," continued the orator, "have reached the term of our drive to Apollo, the immortal Rossini." "How," exclaimed one of the assembly, "Rossini is not dead, he is even present?" "No," said the poet, "his body, his earthly frame, is indeed amongst us, but his immortal part, his genius, has departed in the flesh." The exclamations which followed this rally of the improviser are described as loud enough to have rattled the seven sleepers, whether they were sufficient to rouse the slumbering spirit of the Great Master from its torpid rest remains to be seen.

MISS KELLY'S NEW THEATRE IN GREAT STREET, DUBLIN.—This play of a Theatre, built under the able direction of Miss Kelly, and now upon the verge of completion, is situated at the back of Miss Kelly's private dwelling-house, 17, Great-street, Ssbo. The theatre itself, though upon a small scale, possesses many advantages and conveniences unknown to larger theatres. The stage is constructed upon an entirely new plan, the whole of which can, at the touch of the prompter's bell, be lowered with the greatest facility to depths almost inaccessible to the imagination, and, by the same ingenious device, may be raised to the view of the audience. There are two tiers of boxes, many of them private boxes, taken for the season by Miss Kelly's patrons. The pit is so constructed as to contain upwards of 500 persons, but there is no gallery, so the "gods" must bumble themselves, and descend to the chaise below. Miss Kelly has announced her intention to open the 11th of the present month, and in her announcement says, she has a "small," but "talented" company.

ROBERT'S FAIR AS DEAD AT HAGGANE ON THE 28th of last month, aged 85 years. The intelligence reached Dublin yesterday, and the opera for to-night has been changed to *Macbeth*.

(List of New Publications continued.)

THEATRE AND PLAYS

De Smet—The Victim's exploit and its Tears in Barcelona	Money Drama
Henry, F.—The Maiden and Francis, or How I killed Myself a Whore	Drama
Reverdy—The Magnificent—One man's love (Drama)	Drama
Reverdy—The Magnificent—One man's love Act 1 (Drama)	Drama

VOICES

Malaga—The Good Girl, with accom- paniment of piano	A vocal
—Variations on the old French Air, with accompaniment of piano	Solo Duet
Montigny—The Girl in the Woods	Duet

VIOLONCELLI

Blumenthal—The Girl in the Woods with accompaniment of piano	Violoncello
—The Girl in the Woods, with accompaniment of piano	Duet

FLUTE

Claret—The Girl in the Woods, nos. 14, 15, 17, 18, with accompaniment of piano	Duet
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VOICE AND VIOLONCELLO

Felix, F.—The Girl in the Woods, no. 14, 15, 17, 18, with piano	Vocal Violoncello
Felix, F.—The Girl in the Woods, nos. 14, 15, 17, 18, with piano	Vocal Violoncello
—The Girl in the Woods, nos. 14, 15, 17, 18, with piano	Vocal Violoncello

MISCELLANEOUS

Ballades—The Girl, with, and vi- oloncello	Violoncello
—The Girl, with, and vi- oloncello	Violoncello
—The Girl, with, and vi- oloncello	Violoncello
—The Girl, with, and vi- oloncello	Violoncello
—The Girl, with, and vi- oloncello	Violoncello

SOLO

Mignon—The Girl, with, and vi- oloncello	Violoncello
—The Girl, with, and vi- oloncello	Violoncello
—The Girl, with, and vi- oloncello	Violoncello
—The Girl, with, and vi- oloncello	Violoncello
—The Girl, with, and vi- oloncello	Violoncello

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Rome, as a musical country, ought to be thoroughly informed of such
and London as a metropolis, ought more especially to hear the latest of the
capital changes which are gradually brought about it by all the rest of Europe.
What a heart-thrilling prospect is now open to the view of those unobtrusive
gentlemen whose poetical feeling, artistic enthusiasm, and all that sort of
thing, has enabled them so far into the bowels of a mass of music-paper, that
they can point with congratulatory sentiments at the actors of some two or
three new operas recumbent in their chairs on the shelves of their grand-
fatherly apartments! Truly, the real actors are enjoying, and, for aught we see
to the contrary, are likely to enjoy, the *diver per se* with a vengeance! Our
dramatic composers—be it known to our continental neighbours, we really have
each season among us—are in a most unenviable predicament at present,—they
stand in the neighbourhood of old Asby's barns—they have a great many bare
ribs, with the peculiar disadvantage of being paid (when they are paid) for
playing, not for resting. Without our extra intimation of saying a hard thing,
we do seriously aver that of all the attention scandale ever ordered by a musical
union, the state of that dramatic incorporation—that shadow of a shade of smoke
—that fraction of nothing, to which intimated people allude when they speak
of an "English opera," is at once the most and the most unaccountable.
Foreigners hearing the existence of such a thing hinted at, may well be excited
to profoundest speculation as to what may be the import of so mysterious, so
incomprehensible a term! They naturally look around them and ask "Where is
it?" and not only who, but every name musician, has nothing to answer save
"Where?" We have an Italian and a German opera in full operation, rightly

VOL. CXXVII.—NEW SERIES, VOL. VI.

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ingling us with triumphs of art, either creative or executive, and both are patronized and proffered—no might they be: we do not grumble at their success, for they deserve it;—we do not enough against the vulgarities who support them—far from it; it is the natural instinct of humanity, especially of the sleep-keeping humanity of this country, to lay out its money in the best market, or in this case, to support those amusements which furnish it with the greatest amount of enjoyment. Nevertheless, these two patronized, proffered, and favored establishments tread sorely on the corns of our national pride. How is it that London, the largest and wealthiest city of the world, with about two millions of inhabitants and Heaven alone knows what quantity of "filthy lucre," cannot, or at all events, does not, maintain an opera of its own, national and exclusive! We do not mean any such staid affairs as we have been accustomed to at Drury Lane or Covent Garden;—we entered somewhat lengthily in a former paper, into the details of such pretentious exhibitions, and proved that they neither could nor ought to succeed. We refer to a grander operatic establishment—a theatre in which we see neither tragedy, comedy, farce, pantomime, nor anything whatever save downright, sterling, unqualified opera. We need derive no self-reproach from the preference of the Italian performances in London, since Paris is equally beheld to the singing of "the five," who, like creative geniuses as they are, are, and deserve to be, the travelling wonders of the world. The Germans, however, at the French Theatre, have administered to us a dose of first-rate poetry. Not even the shade of the departed Bayard, with all the powers of the most drastic soplex, called in the regions, order above us below, and distilled in the glassy elements of an ultra-mundane laboratory, could concoct a poison so bitter, and so utterly mortifying to the stomach of our musical spirit, as we have imbibed with the performance of *Don Juan and Fidelio*. And the most mortifying part of the business is, that these people come here to teach us the proprieties of operatic performance, not as the best and most complete company to be found in Germany, but as selected here and there, as they could be spared, from Brunswick, Coblentz, Mayence, and other places which are so much important as compared with the principal operatic stations of that country; these are any of our fourth or fifth-rate towns when contrasted with the metropolis of England. Yet, with all this, the unity and truthfulness of their performance point out, by contrast, the worse than deficiencies of operatic attempts in this country, in a manner much too forcible to be pleasant. No quibbling, no hyper-criticism, no eulogistic qualifications, will overturn the undeniable fact that this London, this metropolis-city, with all its luxuries, splendours, and assumed capabilities, cannot, or, as we better reserved, does not, under any circumstances, produce a native opera in a way which will bear the comparison of even a baby's judgment with these performances of a company of artists gathered, almost hap-hazard, from a few insignificant towns in Germany. If we descend from the merit of the general effect to that of individuals, the London theatres are just as far as ever from fair competition with their continental rivals. To allow ourselves the greatest possible credit by way of beginning, we can outweigh the pretensions of

the German prima donna by those of Miss Deley, and one or two others, and there we come to the end of our tether. We have no second-ranger of such varied accomplishments as Miss Schumann, we have no tenor like Scherer, and no bass like Pook. To compare our dramatic chorus in its best condition, with that of M. Lehmann's establishment, were nothing less than sheer absurdity. Our chorus-singers are little more than vocal lags. They roar out as many notes as can be forced on their muscles, but without feeling, energy with expansion, or identifying themselves with the passions of the passing scene, never for a moment enter into a consideration of their duties. The reverse of all this is manifestly the practice of the German chorus. The same strain of remark applies to their conductors. At no period within our recollection has the band of a London theatre accompanied with the spirit and delicacy which are heard from that of the German Opera.

Why then, with such examples before us, and the great amount of talent undoubtedly existing in this country, is there not some determined and concentrated effort made for the establishment of an English musical theatre? Our personal acquaintance with the best composers of this country enables us to affirm that there are operas in readiness, plentiful and excellent—in number more than enough to occupy the time of a long season, and of beauty and attractiveness superior to the ordinary productions of continental Europe. They want but the chance of fair performances, but until that can be procured and secured, their authors are fully justified in withholding them. We may safely argue of the future from the experience of the past, and from such a course we conclude that, under the present system of operatic management, the best operas of the most popular English composer would fail. It would inevitably undergo the old process of cutting and mauling, mauling and following, until the composer had nearly lost sight of his own work, and the public had manifested a decided desire to be rid of its acquaintance. Such has already been the fate of beautiful works, and such will again be, unless our operatic system be radically and permanently re-modelled.

REMARKS ON INFANTILE APITUDE FOR MUSIC.

Those who are accustomed to follow the path marked out for them by their predecessors in science and knowledge, may, perhaps, feel satisfied, with anxiety as it now exists, or if contradicted, would be willing to run the risk of making innovations on old-established customs and usages. Every thing with them has become sacred and permanent by long unbroken use. A change of opinion has been effected in this respect, by the introduction of new systems in education, some of which have proved highly beneficial, with regard to instruction in the sciences in general. Paris, and other towns, have developed principles in education, which overturn all our pre-conceived opinions as respects to mind and matter, and which will probably exert an important effect in the improvement of that talent which so nearly allies us to our immortal destiny. In no field of moral and intellectual science has there been a greater improvement than in the cultivation of music in children—a field which has for years had scarce and doubtful, considered unworthy the cultivator's toil. Music has hitherto been regarded as an amusement, and not as a science. The pleasure thus arising

from it could not be of that nature which results from the acquisition of any other kind of knowledge. The child has been left to obtain what else he has of music, from hearing others. A kind of natural talent with which some are gifted more than others, has enabled them to catch the sounds, and by imitation learn to sing them. Hence the reason why so few have become singers. Those who have been in the constant and daily practice of hearing singing, have acquired what is termed a musical ear, and thus have cultivated a taste for music which others, who have been deprived of this privilege, have not. Children are as equally endowed with capacities to learn to sing, as to read. And if music was taught as early to the child as he is taught to read, there would be no more difference in their acquirements in music, than there is in reading. Just look at the time which is spent in teaching children to read. We begin with them as soon as they can articulate a letter, and teach them the alphabet of our language. And what does the child understand of letters? If we tell him they are characters by which we convey our ideas, does he understand us? he does not. It is from the context and daily use of language we learn the length of time, that he is made to comprehend how the different letters convey ideas. But nothing abstracted we will possess, and the child is compelled to go through most of daily training in reading, for some twenty years or less, before he becomes an accomplished and popular reader. Now is not the child as early capable of learning to sing, as to read? Of this there is no doubt. The ear is susceptible of receiving pleasing sensations from melodious sounds, as early as the child is able to understand the use of language. How often and almost unconsciously, does the mother sing her song of lullaby, to lull her restless infant to repose—an incontrovertible proof, that even infants are susceptible of musical enjoyment. Could the infantile taste for music, thus acquired in the nursery, be continually cultivated as the child advances in strength and years, it would produce a treasure of never-fading pleasure and enjoyment, which would continually read forth its pleasant words to speech, and beautify the pleasure around. On all occasions and in every situation of life, the hour of trial and temptation, when storms and angry winds assail us, when friends forsake, and all earthly comforts fail, if we have a well-cultivated taste for music, we have an anchor that can outlast the storm, and like her benighted religion, breathe up a heavenly light, which will direct us to the port of peace. We may cultivate music as a gratified avocation without becoming a better man. It is susceptible of the highest degree of perfection. We may cultivate music from infancy till we arrive at three score years and ten, and make the greatest possible attainments of which mind is susceptible, and yet be unable to appreciate the sweetness of that song, which burst on Josiah's sleepers when they heard a woman's lute proclaimed. If music is capable of such high and important purposes, how desirable that it should become a branch of education in all the schools and seminaries of learning in our country. Let it be regarded as other sciences, and taught by the same teacher if possible. Let the child commence as early to learn music as he does to read, and with the understanding, that it is a science intimately associated with all the pleasures and necessities of life, that perhaps there is no other kind of knowledge so important or herbage that in a great degree through its influence, the character of society, the social virtue, and our national institutions are modified. Let every school become a nursery of the dome art, and our whole nation become a colony of singers, and no human mind can conceive the mighty change which it would produce on our national character. Music is the handmaid of virtue, religion, and morality, and no person can perform a mean and ignoble action, who under its sacred influence.

We need no discussion on this subject, and the time has come when those who feel so much interest in the cause of education should enlighten the public mind, and take measures for a general diffusion of musical knowledge.

[We extract the above from the "Musical Visitor," an American periodical which began its labours on the first day of the present year. It has a rightness seem at its back, it is conducted with talent and, above all, with the most hearty determination to do good. We sincerely wish it the simplest success.—Ed. M. W.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH MEDICANS.

To the Editor of the Medical World.

MR. FARRER.—Being from home, your number for April 1868 reached just reached me, through late, I cannot help offering you a sentence and barely commendation in behalf of the English branch of us, all of whom, I feel persuaded, will occur to your self in the Society of British Medicians—in walk and walk themselves.

Whichever has told us that those who have to meet in their work are "the business, the science, and the study," whereas we are told to "be that those who are gifted with "the will stamped out," and the best of good men and men. Now, it seems to me, that the duty of a true patriot in those passing years of peace, is to support the nation by following and following nature's will and nature, and thus to render them they worthy of defence in times of danger and trouble. It was obvious in this time of mourning that the Nation is quiet and its work, and we hope the small encouragement in his letters received, which I am that there is enough of liberty and national spirit in the country to uphold an institution with such laudable pretensions, if those pretensions be truly correct and, maintaining that the system of nature and the progress of the time have not yet expired, or totally expired in the—but the not be unmentioned in this relation—I hold that genius belongs to no man nor place, but, like the sun, is the property of all—a trait to enlighten and enrich the whole world; yet I do not willingly permit myself the exclusive privilege of German names in the Philosophy, and of Italian names in the Opera, seeing that we possess no similar establishments for the culture of nature itself, and that the Nation has long and time created, depend on country-men—the universities of Shakespeare and Parnassus—of any opportunity to handle command us in the universal numbers above alluded to.

The members of the Society have generously, but unwittingly, committed a sad mistake, by overlooking, in an honorary dimension, the value of language as the usual and useful language amongst them, instead of striking upon practical men in the most ready, whose experience and perseverance might have saved the leading into without energy and strength. It is ready that men of genius are men of talents, and, besides the use of an excellent instrument, the committee have been forced to the discovery of other language a change of system for the constant getting back of their own work—surpluses of which gifted minds are justly jealous—or of working on the line which they by the production of several members. I can assure those generous gentlemen, that none that are of the class who treated with such gravity in the early accounts of the Society have, by this regular arrangement, been drawn into other fields, or have acted themselves in right objects, unless they found the steps of such an institution.

The Society is, however, still in infancy, and may yet profit by experience; let the members be content into action by your committee, let them be "moved by the reasons of great minds," let them call upon the nation, then the poor progress of application of education must, in for who is the function of all progress, and the character of mind in particular, let them create the interest of her nation and liberal nation, who, born in the house of nature, may well expect to make the best of her local institutions; let them put forth the energies that are abundant, and they will necessarily meet competent nation represent; the patient and the nation, if indeed they be not separated, as the Christian spirit speaks almost nowhere, will you meet in the cause, and still them to win the British name's head of that good line of which already relate the other side of our country.

Hoping you will ring out the stream you have so judiciously begun, I am, Mr. Editor, your obedient and grateful servant,

LAMB, May 23, 1868.

LYNCH.

SOCIETA ARMONICA.

To the Editor of the Medical World.

MR. FARRER.—As several men generally read your periodical, I have some hope that they may catch the eye of Mr. Forbes, the conductor of the Societa Armonica. I have heard it stated that Mr. Forbes will not engage any additional general-player on those occasions for fear of following the same convention into the street. If this be true the subscribers will be much obliged if in view of your plan, for an extraordinary Joseph will of all kinds Mr. Forbes in the collection of the subscribers, they having much cause to be grateful to him for all the exertions which have tended to raise the Society to the important position it now occupies in the musical world. Your remarks of last week upon his choice

of phrenology made was most gross, and I can assure you that not a single one of the feelings of the audience, composed as it is of persons who listen with delight to the most severely rational compositions.

I think with several that we ought to have a little more variety than the operations of *the Preceptor* and *Assurance*. There is a splendid band who are willing, I hope, to play anything of sterling tone, and the Society would soon get a more agreeable way to enjoy it if European a plan as that the Philharmonic used to pursue were adopted by Mr. Parker.

I am, your humble servant,

GEMSBRYE.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

To the Editor of the Medical World.

MR. EDITOR,—Fully conscious of your opinion of the Opera here, your excellency, cannot I only regret that you should have overlooked a point most interesting to the present and the late lover of music, viz. that the Opera-house is a gross monopoly, injurious to art and obnoxious to liberal principles; and that the matter its well-wishers ought to have considered by their dissenting voices, in letting it into public possession, the better it will be for music and the national honour.

Yet we are, perhaps, aware of the fact that Her Majesty's Theatre is licensed exclusively by letters patent, and that this illegally protected licence not only guarantees the prohibition of similar performances elsewhere, but prohibits the production of any other species of entertainment, musical or dramatic, in the Opera-house itself, without additional special permission, by no means easy to be procured, from the Lord Chamberlain, under whose sanction the place stands as a licensed establishment.

Now, granting that the original intention of the British Opera was justifiable, in offering the best examples of the period, and thereby affording the sweet taste of improving both public taste and individual talent, I believe it will be readily conceded that Britain yet endures a monopoly, at least, operatically; but, if the licence acted for really a beneficial model, why prevent its introduction at other establishments? and if the highly-succoured and richly-endowed Opera-house is to be our sole British Athenaeum, why exclude the works of German, French, and native composers? or why place any public institution under the exclusive surveillance of a court functionary, who may, or may not be, just as it respects or obstructs, a person capable of appreciating the purposes for which it was created, and who, on account of other duties, and necessary pursuits, is extremely unable to attend to it daily?

In truth, Mr. Editor, Her Majesty's Theatre, if it be not a positive detriment to music in this country, has long tended to advantage one of her Majesty's Reges, and the low-estimated article whom the policy of our foreign managers values enough to share his bed. As a national office, it is, at once, important, desirable—and a private enterprise can do less, in respect to it, by no means, too cheap or unscrupulous—and in the course of patient acquisition and their expense, the numbers of the theatre are increased and art is lost; and if they, in their infinite wisdom, would cease the suppression of the whole establishment, the real lovers of music, both new and old, would derive a pleasure in their praise, in which the other-thinking patient would absolutely cry, *amen*.

Of all national gifts, monopolies are the worst; witness the numerous and equally impotent and inefficient, they have nearly killed our glorious English drama, and unless the Royal and Barber's clubs will rid us of that rival he creeps from the neck of the tyrant man, there is but small hope for her rising success, and but a narrow chance indeed of removing the old stages from the middle of our British opera theatres.—But we are not a musical nation, or of paying that Englishman one word opera almost as well as they are sold and not as the only temple they possess which is sacred to the gods of harmony and song.

There is much to be said on this Germanic subject, and on the form, and want of form which reduce the assembly in the midst of our generally liberal constitution, resembling even our nearly every one concerned with *theatre*, and however the moving direction to the most resistance and opposition may. I trust your eyes, Mr. Editor, will be satisfied of all that may lead to the removal of the grievance, and that assured job will be such made but gradually and even that "Maid" of which you are the most efficient and satisfactory pilot and captain.—Your most obedient servant,

R. E.

The works of Handel's sublime anthem which opened the performance were selected by the composer, and it was especially rare, while the poem was being brought to the attention of George II., in 1747. Mr. Farrant, who is a member of the choir at Lincoln, sang "Lord, what a host," extremely well. His voice is a tone of good quality. He kept to the text of the composer, and articulated the words distinctly. The solo, very sweetly sung by Miss Winifred, is one of Bach's chorales, nobly harmonized, the accompaniments to which are flowing and majestic. Miss Clara Neville gave the grand chorus from *Psalms* with great brilliancy; the accompaniments, which are very difficult, particularly the horn parts, did not, however, go smoothly. Farrant's anthem is a sublime composition, in the true professional school, with an accompaniment for organ only, which was well performed by Mr. York. It is almost needless to say, Corelli's trio was admirably played. Miss New sang "Dona vna" very sweetly; but her taste in the vocal style, as was evident from the brilliant manner in which she gave Verdi's song in the second part. Tyr's concert is a beautiful specimen of vocal music in parts. Miss Markham gave Mozart's song (adapted from "Le Cimarosa di Tito") admirably. Haydn's symphony was extremely well performed. Miss Neville sang the "Agnus Dei" beautifully, and the whole of Mozart's fine composition was given with a noble effect, particularly the exciting chorus, "Dona vna parem." Miss Mason sang Hans's delicious melody with noble expression and good taste. I was one of the guests of the evening. Mendelssohn's madrigal is a splendid composition. Miss Markham's singing of "With venture died," was most beautiful, and Farrant's chorus brought to a close a splendid classical performance. Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, as also Prince Albert, was present.

PERFORMANCE REPORT.—Fifth concert, Monday, May 11.

PART I.		Conductor.
Andante. Pachelbel's "Canon in D" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Mr. York	Mr. Farrant
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 10" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Winifred	Miss Winifred
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 11" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 12" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 13" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 14" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 15" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 16" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 17" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 18" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 19" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 20" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 21" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 22" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 23" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 24" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 25" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 26" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 27" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 28" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 29" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 30" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 31" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 32" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 33" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 34" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 35" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 36" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 37" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 38" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 39" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 40" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 41" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 42" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 43" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 44" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 45" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 46" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 47" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 48" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 49" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 50" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 51" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 52" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 53" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 54" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 55" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 56" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 57" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 58" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 59" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 60" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 61" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 62" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 63" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 64" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 65" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 66" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 67" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 68" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 69" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 70" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 71" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 72" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 73" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 74" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 75" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 76" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 77" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 78" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 79" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 80" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 81" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 82" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 83" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 84" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 85" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 86" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 87" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 88" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 89" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 90" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 91" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 92" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 93" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 94" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 95" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 96" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 97" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 98" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 99" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville
Andante. Mendelssohn's "No. 100" (arranged by Mendelssohn)	Miss Clara Neville	Miss Clara Neville

This concert amply indemnified the subscribers for the simplicity of its program. That wonder of music, the absolutely lovely, playful, joyful, heroic, and universally-popular *Pastorale* of Beethoven, was expertly played. The 12-8 movement was taken faster than we remember to have heard it—just fast enough, we thought, to obstruct much of its sentimentality. With this small reservation, however, try one who felt discontent with the performance of this grand composition need never be possessed of a most unhappy spirit of hyper-criticism. The best seemed all together in unusually good condition,—the two oboes (that of Mendelssohn, in particular) are seldom so well played as they were on this occasion, and the magnificent *Agitato* went as freely as the most untroubled Mozart could desire. Mr. Lortie's second performance in this concert was the chief novelty of the concert. With all due deference to the critics of Paris as well as to the stable admiration of such of the Londoners as had been wretchedly a previous experience on the subject, we confess that the playing of Mr. Lortie greatly disappointed us. His admission of the Concerto, which was indispensable, as not allowing scope for the display of his peculiar equipment, and it was somewhat tedious, we think, as a gratuitous establishment of comparison between himself and Mr. Moscheles, who, it will be remembered, played the same composition at a Philharmonic concert of about a month since. His playing was certainly an extraordinary exhibition of mechanical skill, but to our mind, it failed to give any idea of the feeling, as, in some cases, even the noise of Weber's music. His rapidity, lightness, equality, grasp of large sentences, and the power with which he threads out passages of stress through the frets of

the full orchestra, are perfectly surprising; nevertheless, if the performance of Monday evening was as far a test of his mental as of his physical attainments, he is one of the most accomplished players we ever heard. He executed about one-half more notes than are to be found in the Concert-stick with striking precision, but from first to last, we were unable to detect an atom of genuine feeling—style, of course, he could not but combine with his education, but even this is full of affectation and extravagance. He perpetually plays the most fantastic tricks with time—his expression is an elaborate caricature—by some frequently suggests the idea of a delicious post-mortem rather than of a refined artist. To assemble him one end of the key-board by the other in the least possible time, to march round with an aspect of ludicrous gravity, and to execute a long-phrase even on the modern school of playing, may be indications of genius—at all events they are safe hints for public applause—but, unfortunately for us, they are not to our taste, and by consequence we could not partake of the enthusiastic delight which Mr. Lest shared up in his audience at this concert. However we enter our strongest protest against the superlatives proffered on the Concert-stick—on the music itself, we mean. We saw and soon heard passages doubled, tripled, inverted, and transcribed in all sorts of ways; severely, we presume, because Mr. Lest found no sufficient difficulty in the original when he executed his powers. That, though perhaps a valid excuse in the performer's conscience, does not appear to us a satisfactory reason for converting—as frequently occurred—elegance into ugliness;—at all events we venture to assert that persons of taste would rather have heard Weber's concerto in its original state than as aggravated by Mr. Lest. Our opinions of the celebrated performer, as it remembered, relate solely to his efforts on this occasion, and, when summed up, amount to a declaration that we have repeatedly heard the Concert-stick more artistically played,—we should form a fair estimate of his ability from his performance of his own music. The violin *Sinfonia* was strongly contrasted at all points with the other solo performances of the evening. Mr. Nichols played, we mean, with perfect grace, address, and freedom from affectation or display. His *Sinfonia*, although less important in character than his concerto, is still an elegant and interesting piece of writing. It contains two or three subjects from *Missa*, with variations and a *Requiem*, through the brilliant texture of which the original themes are constantly developed by the orchestra in a very masterly fashion. The whole was a great treat—for the musician at least—and was vehemently applauded. Miss Noy, one of the principal sopranos at the French opera, is a good singer with a bad voice. Her two songs being decidedly of the "show-off" kind, we were unable to judge to what extent she possesses feeling for the higher branches of her art, but she unquestionably has rapid and neat execution and well-sustained style, effect the disagreeable, then and every quality of her tone well suits against her success with an English audience. Miss Howe sang charmingly both in Mozart's "L'Alfin" and the *duet* of Winter. Mr. Lubert led and Mr. Bishop conducted.

Miss Swales's *Concert* at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Friday evening, was somewhat attended. It commenced with *Samson's* duet from *Semiramide*, "Bella Inimiga," which introduced a new bass singer whom we had not previously heard, Mr. G. Marshall, a son of Mr. Marshall, of Oxford, in the duet with Miss Dalby he gave evidence of ability, but was unfortunately suffering from nervousness; he also sang the air "Non lunge s'è la patria," from Costa's opera, *Alto del*. The programme, although not possessing any great novelty, consisted of a delicious assortment. Miss Seribb sang a very pretty MS. ballad, by Lowe, performed for the first time, the words of which we cannot refrain from transcribing; Hornet's air, "Non più di Fede," nicely accompanied on the clavier by Lumley, and a Scotch ballad; she also took a part in the beautiful air "This night more sweet," from Barnett's *Alcibiades* Spith, with Mr. Bennett and Mr. Faury; and "Night's inspiring shades," from *Jour and Zouara*, with Miss Birch and Miss Dalby, and occupied herself throughout in a highly creditable manner. The air, "Frank per me," introduced in the programme to Benedict, whether rightly or not we cannot say, was sung by Clara Novello, who also gave a new MS. cantata, "Act thou thou devotee," the com-

position of Mr. Salaman, and performed for the first time; it met with an immense and deservedly so, on behalf of both singer and composer. Mr. Salaman, who acted as conductor—accompanying the vocal pieces throughout the evening—in addition to his various duties, played a difficult *Pastorale* of Thalberg, in a brilliant manner, which elicited the applause of the whole room. The other instrumental performances were a *Pastorale* on the harp by Mr. Frederick Chatterton, of his own composition; a solo on the violin, by Mr. Lobb; and a solo on the flute by Mr. Richardson, all of which were marvellous. Miss Stark sang Cook's air with variations with much precision, and obtained an encore; and Mr. Pary, a ballad and his "Singing Lesson;" the latter is well worth whatever his name may be, and was a highly amusing finale to the evening's entertainment. The following is Mr. Lobb's ballad,—

One man as freely flow the boat
And the humber's row,
A forest came and thicket came his grappling on the shore,
For the forest, too, was grappling there,
A captive man was he;
For he saw and loved a maiden fair, who dwelt beside the sea.

They loved each best, and years were fled,
And when a lady's maid
Was leaning in the forest's lee, he seem'd as sad the while,
He thought upon his forest child,
And look'd across the sea,
For he fear'd the day a forest wild his lady boy would be.

He lov'd the child and gave it back
Into his mother's arms,
"One other verse," he said, "and then—beware to gull's alarm."
He call'd the land, he gull's each hand,
He and sang he then down,
But stand as still as the rock, the forest came no more.

GLAS GLEN.—The last meeting of the season took place on Saturday. The permanent president, John Cappel, is the choir. The musical persons present consisted of Messrs. Boney, Harris, Bellamy, Evans, Collyer, Spence, Verrall, King, Moxley, Lake, Blackburne, Elliott, Goodbury, Wainman, and Sir George Smart. Among other vocal compositions performed were, "The Earl-Cress Knight," "The Squared," "Steak to my dear," "Fill out the glasses," "Come to my laughing arms," "Adieu, ye jovial youth," "Waxen gales," "Let's have a peal," "Fiddler's foolish boy," "To-morrow, no-morrow," "Close to the battle," songs by Collyer, and the harmony closed with Witke's glee and chorus—

"Happy are we met, happy here we been,
Happy may we part, and happy meet again."

Mrs. A. TAYLOR and Mr. JOHN PARRY gave an excellent concert at the Harmonic-squares Rooms on Friday evening last. The principal attraction was the first appearance of Lavinia in the country since he was a boy, about fifteen years ago, when he performed in public, and gave proofs of the future excellence he has since obtained amongst the piano-forte-players of his time. The pieces he selected on this occasion were a *Scherzo* on the French *de Parisien* and a *Morceu Allegro*, by these performances he showed a wonderful command over his instrument, and an execution continually corrected by Thalberg or any other living player we ever heard; but there is a manner about his playing—a feeling of his instrument (the piece we every moment expected that to our minds played Thalberg he above him—Nemethian, Lind is a great performer; his reception by the audience was most enthusiastic. The concert commenced with Weber's beautiful quartett from *Clara*, "Over the dark blue waters," which was nicely sung by Miss Katschek, Miss E. Haber, Messrs. Haber and Phillips. In the course of the evening Mrs. Taylor sang Mr. Pary's new song, "The Larkcatcher Bell," which was highly effective and met with an encore. A Miss Brookes made her first appearance, and sang "Let the bright seraphim," she was, however, suffering from

the facility incidental to the occasion, which prevented our judging of her capabilities; she was ably supported by Mr. Harper, who performed the trumpet part in his usual excellent manner. Tansler and Phillips sang a duet and Mr. Perry gave his "Sixty-six Lessons," much to the satisfaction of his auditors. Mr. Hamilton accompanied the vocal pieces. The concert was exceedingly well attended.

PROVINCIAL.

[This department of the Medical World is compiled and abridged from the provincial press, and takes the form of our regular correspondence. The address of the N. E. and Western, and papers made for any medical opinions of any value, beyond what their editorial opinion is expected to.]

Quebec, — *Michael Finkelman*. — On Tuesday, the 28th ult., Mr. Fay delivered his second Lecture on Music at the library of the Mechanics' Institution to a crowded audience, the ladies attending in great strength on the occasion. The following is a very good outline of the lecture, which combined the grave and the facetious with admirable tact, on the Marston principle of joining the instruction with the amusement. — The lecturer demonstrated that all the musical instruments of the present day are modelled from those known by the ancients. The most ancient instruments on record are the flute, trumpet, lute, sphenak, harp, lyre, and some instruments of percussion, such as the drum and tambourine. The lyre has, by various changes, become the modern harp. Harps were held in great estimation among the Hebrews, for the harp occupied the principal place at the prince's court. He held his lute close, and had a harp and a sphenak with him; he also allowed him. The flute appears to be a very ancient instrument, being found in the Egyptian sculptures of a very early date. Performers on the flute were held in high estimation in the time of the Greeks, as we read of their being most extravagantly paid for their performances. Among the Romans they were maintained in what the full instruments of the organ, as it was customary, when any one was in the approach of death, to say, "Domine deus Sabaoth milita," (now you may send for the Sphenak.) The earliest stringed instruments were the lyre, lute, and harp. Of none of the Egyptian sculptures was representation of a harp of irregular shape, one corner of which is joined under the arm of the performer. The organ, or Indian lute, is the property of the modern guitar, an instrument which increases the distance of the ribs of the middle organ, when required to produce cultivated the practice of resonance and bell-like, accompanied by the guitar. Although the harp is supposed to be a modern invention, yet some of the sculptures of the Hindu mythology represent a musician playing an instrument resembling a lute, with a harp nearly the shape of the modern double bass harp. Not that we emphatically believe can always be placed on the neck of a lute, if we notice the shape they assume. As regards music, we often see, in many of the old paintings, representations of performers on the lute, harp, and other instruments, which the painter has habitually placed on the wrong hand. The lute is on the right hand, the harp on the left. A vessel was very lately purchased from one of the Indian ports in our island, called the *Ayelle*. A kind of the god of music was accordingly placed for a "figure-head," and a pretty figure they made of him, for instead of his usual nose and eyes, he is dressed in a modern Indian-like coat, waistcoat, cravat, and striped collar. The deity was formed from the wood, and was formerly played with its strings, and thrashed with them like the guitar; but these were removed, and the strings reduced to four. At present the same mode of expression, with one or two exceptions, we find the deity, no doubt to use the phraseology, but formerly, with glasses on with each horn a "black bell," a "double black-bell," a "springer," a "cricket," an "elephant," a "double rick," all of which are now obsolete. It appears that the organ, in its present shape, was not introduced until about the year 1500. In the last century, one was played on the cathedral at Winchester, which required twenty men to blow the bellows, or rather twenty of a pair of bellows. The greatest number of pipes in one organ, as in the organ at Wimpstone, in Northampton, which contains six thousand and twenty-six pipes. The lecturer made some observations on the construction of the scale of the Celtic wind instruments, which appear to have had but four holes, which number, if arranged in the same manner as on the modern flute, will produce neither the fourth or seventh of the scale. The black keys of the psalterium gave the scale then in use, as a proof of which, many of the streets from the north to the south are still bearing, and several others, may be played by using only the black keys of the psalterium. Several of the finest Scotch airs were composed by David Rizzio, whose performance on the guitar met with such appreciation from his royal masters, that it was ultimately the cause of hastening his execution, and eventually his own death. Several experiments were made, during the sym-



pathy which exists between every one, and in third, and fifth or seventh chords, the same as the power which exists in the love of impressing themselves most kindly on the ear.

THE EVENING.—Mr. Foxwell's concert, which had excited a lively interest in the public mind since its first announcement, took place on Thursday the 22nd ult., and we are happy to say, was attended by the most numerous and fashionable audience ever assembled in our Town Hall since the last season's festival. Of Miss Clara Novello we are bound to speak in the highest terms; her singing is a happy choice and pure, and shows us but too the opportunity of being far superior, we think her voice much swifter and freer; "Sea Songs" and "In such paths" were splendid efforts, and seemed to speak to the best feelings of her audience. Of Mr. Phillips it is needless for us to say, that he surprised himself in his choice of compositions. His pure, clear, and gentlemanly style of singing cannot but to make him a deserved favorite wherever he goes. We much admired his new strain "Hope when I mourn," which appears to us to be a composition far above the usual run of songs. Mr. Foxwell sang his songs with great purity and good taste. His notes from the *Soprano* of *Beethoven* was given with much accuracy and feeling; and Kalkbrenner's beautiful ballad of "The Maid of Lorraine" drew forth a well-merited rapture. We think Mr. Foxwell much improved since we last heard him. Signor Feloni's voice is extremely rich and well-cultivated. His manner of singing is excellent, and that, coupled with the vigorous language which he directed into his vocal organs, was the first the enthusiastic approbation of all present. The concertists drew up two grand quartettes, by Mr. Charles Townell and Mr. Holmes, and a trio of the highest order; but owing to its being played first in the second set, many of the more graceful and delicate passages were lost to those of the opposite end of the hall. Mr. Holmes's concert in the organ drew forth many epithets (we mean, indeed, we never heard him in greater advantage). We must not forget Mr. Dean and his great little concerto, the beauty of which we thought at times perfectly astonishing; his tenderness playing was also very fine. Mr. Mosler concluded the concert with his usual display, and the whole arrangements seemed to give the greatest satisfaction to the audience.

MUSICOLOGY.—The Gentleman's Club held its usual concert on Thursday evening the 20th ult., in the large room in Leinster House, the room in which its meetings for its music are held, in which occasion there was a numerous and fashionable assembly, the room being comfortably filled. With the public performance the club terminates its season, so that its meetings are suspended for the last following month, till the first Thursday in September, or next night of meeting. The selection of pieces for the concert included some of the choicest compositions in the music, with the addition of a few dramatic selections from the operas of *Shelley* and *Wolfe*. The opening strains, "The waves a melody," from *Wolfe's Marguerite*, was as interesting as it was new on this occasion. It was sung by the united strength of the club with very great effect, and though such compositions must always lose much of their merit when detached from their place in the opera, independently of the disadvantage of being deprived of their dramatic accompaniments, it formed a splendid commencement of the performance, and appeared in great good satisfaction. It was well received. T. Cooke's splendid piece, "Studies of the lottery," was perhaps not of great worth from first and truth; the performance was altogether worthy of its merit as a composition. It was sung by Miss Barker, Wolfe, and the Schenckels, with additional voices in the piano which admitted an improved effect; Bishop's piece of "When weaned a mother," was sung with much feeling and expression; it was very appropriately given, and had a good response. Young's *Invitation* and one well known song, "Dance of a Fairy Tale" as a concluding piece was well received; the joining of some three hundred voices, as first and in chorus, in one. The great strength of the music and the splendor of the dialogue are remarkable enough, but we will bid us to the *Pharos* of the present day, that she exhibits a remarkable contrast to her ancient sister, worthy of an improved stage of the world, while the other one seems, as having obtained no support but praise for the public have remained retrograded. The marriage was sung by the whole force of the orchestra, and we unfortunately recollect Bishop's principle, "Where shall we make her great?" because more and more reduced of the features of melody and harmony with every fresh hearing. It is a perfect gem, and no wonder as it is beautiful. The other sets of poetry and music have nearly of every kind found a more happy issue; and no voice was spared, but its gift and laborer rather would deserve and acquire, except those who are appointed good music, an immensity of time for the production, but he was obtained a long notice, by his numerous and varied contributions to the amusements of musical men. It was delightfully sung, and gave great satisfaction. Beethoven's *Chorus*, "Cross ye the Alps," concluded the first part, and was as effect equal to any result which could be obtained by means of music. It was sung by the whole strength of the orchestra, and

went off very satisfactorily. The second part was opened by T. Cooke's grand gloe, "Hakadimber," which was very effectively sung. It was noticed that much attention had been given with the view of developing an descriptive colouring, and in this the effect was successful. The parts of the poem which describe the clouds of the arctic, the heat of lava, "the red volcano," were given with unusual spirit and fire, while in the snowed, or frozen, current, the calm reflection and quiet thought, "Few shall part with sunny morn," in tones of more thrillingly expressive of the poet's sentiment. These were given by Mr. Wilson with great skill and feeling, and most here found a response in every ear. In this as in the other gloe of this nature, the number of words was very judiciously increased where weight of tone would not be sacrificed. Of modern compositions in gloe music, it has seldom been our opportunity to listen to one which combines so many favourable excellences. The adaptation of this composition by the National and Continental Club in London on their programme, is greatly to their honour. "The snow-mountain" from Parsani's *Montes Apala*, was very well given by Miss Louisa Mason, G. Cooper, and J. Johnson, and it had a thrilling reception. The true and chosen, "Snow and ice," from Olsson, as well as the first and chosen, "Hans, follow night," we accept as evidence of the existence of a desire on the part of the literature to cater for their supporters and nothing is so noble, in intention, attempt or, successful but well-known aims of richness and beauty. Of the two adaptations, the second was perhaps the best adapted for the occasion, as it showed less in need of its dramatic innovations. It was most delightfully sung by Miss Gordon and Miss Graham, and we had little left to desire unless it was the substitution of the lead accompaniment by that of the piano; and in this we cannot but be fully satisfied, notwithstanding as to the side part of the choir, Mr. Wilson, whose services, we believe, are regarded as the highest degree. Wilson's gloe, "Ah, what were they," had ample justice done to it by Miss Louisa, Miss Graham, Henry, George and Elizabeth. It is a most admirable composition, and entitled to a more cordial reception. The adaptation from Kravitz, "Dark stars as on the mountain," was given with all the expression and delivery which has characterized the singing of these pleasing little pieces from the German composers. Sadler's gloe, "Where are those, home of light?" well deserved the warm success which its performance elicited. It was very impressively and tastefully sung. Miss Graham is a very pleasing and improving singer, and with the natural advantages she possesses, and the pains which appear to have been taken in her education, we entertain the most sanguine hopes for her future success. Wiley's chosen, "Merry boys sing," from his opera of *The Minnie*, by the whole strength of the chorists, almost with admirable and interesting success. It went off with its usual spirit, and gave much satisfaction.

WARM IMPROV.—On Sunday, May 2nd, the annual service was preached in London Chapel by the Rev. W. B. Mason, M.A., Vicar of St. John's Church, Chester, after which collections were made for the benefit of the orphans. Selections of sacred music were performed on the organ. Patrons, Messrs. Sturt and Mr. Watt, of Liverpool; and Mrs. Schuffield, Mr. Thorne, and Mr. Skelton, of Manchester; Mr. Norton, of Manchester, presided at the organ. The collection amounted to upwards of £250.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TRINIDADIAN FESTIVAL.—It has been found that the work fixed upon, after much deliberation, by the committee of the Medical Festival for its twelfth celebration, is that in which the Michaelmas Fair is usually held. Appropriation having been made of the circumstances to the high health, Rex Haysia, Esq., he has most conscientiously consented to postpone the fair to the following week, so that the music meeting will certainly commence on the 10th of September, as before announced. The most satisfactory arrangements are in progress to render the Festival in every way worthy the pre-eminent character it has hitherto maintained in the musical world.

MIRIAMINA'S "HOMAGE."—The opera of the *Miriamina* was recently performed at the theatre of Rouen with the immediate direction of Meyerbeer. At the end of the opera this celebrated composer was enthusiastically called for by the public, and a wreath of laurel was placed on his head by the prime dancer. The Duke of Angouleme sent him the order of Henry, the Lion, as a testimony of his admiration.

LES MARRONS.—The copyright of the opera, the last production of Donizetti, has been purchased by Messrs. Colby and Co.

MADAME DE BOURGOGNE QUAY, the celebrated pianist, whom Paganini mentioned "La Regina del Pianoforte," intends visiting this country by future residence, and has been already appointed one of the lady professors of her instrument at the Royal Academy of Music. Madame Quay is by birth a Russian, and a pupil of the same master as Liszt—Czeruy, in 1832 she was married to the celebrated violinist, M. Cary, and at that period played here at the Court Concerts, and also in public at the concerts given by Tagalini. Since then, to the time of her recent arrival in this country, she has made a tour through Russia, Austria, Prussia, Holland, Belgium, and France, and has everywhere met with the most brilliant success. Madame Quay performed at the Norwich Festival, last autumn, Thalberg's famous *Pavane* from *Missa in E-flat*, and at the concerts given by that distinguished pianist at Brighton during his recent tour; her talents deservedly placed her amongst the most eminent pianoforte-players of the present day.

PASTORALS CONCERTS.—These performances will continue at the English Opera House, and although the leading talent engaged elsewhere, are well attended. Mr. Collier, the Pastoral Harpist-player is amongst the solo performers, and next week it is intended to introduce a collection of vocal trifles; several of the choruses and concerted pieces in *Der Freischütz* having been arranged for the occasion by Nepp, the conductor.

DOWNING, who has been on the stage for upwards of fifty years, takes his final leave of it at Her Majesty's Theatre, on Monday evening, the 25th of June, when he will appear in one of his favourite characters. A committee of gentlemen and gentlemen has been formed for the purpose of arranging the benefit and receiving subscriptions, to ensure this remarkable comedian that ease and comfort during the remainder of his life, to which his long services so rightly entitle him.

CICILIAN KIDW was to leave the United States by the Great Western steamer, on the 25th inst., to commence an engagement at the Haymarket for twenty nights, at the rate of fifty pounds a night.

DEATH OF GIULIETTA GRISI.—A singular facility would appear to attend the great performers at Her Majesty's Theatre. We are sorry to have to announce the news of the decease of *Giulietta Grisi's* sister, which will deprive the public of *Le Dieu's* presence for some days. *Giulietta Grisi* is too well known in the world of art to require her history at our hands. She triumphed in vocal art on all the great theatres of Europe, and Her Majesty's Theatre, as we believe, possessed her more than once, but when she last came to England her talent was not at its height. Her voice was distinguished for remarkable control over those contralto notes which seemed so much her forte, although no essential quality lay in the soprano. Having amassed a certain fortune, and married an Italian merchant of considerable affluence, she had retired from the stage, when one of the most cruel diseases to which flesh is here continually brought led to the grave. In consequence of the temporary retirement of *Madame Julia Grisi*, *Signora La-Maite* has postponed her benefit, which was fixed for this evening.—*MIRIAM FOST.*—(*Giulietta Grisi* died at her country seat at Cremona, on the 10th of May.)

LEWIS has announced a concert for Tuesday, the 9th of next month, when he intends giving recitals on the pianoforte of the *Solenne* and *Finale* from Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony*; two songs of Schubert—a *Serenade* and *Ave Maria*; *Himmelslied*, *Neapolitanische Terzette*, and the great *Galop Chromatique*.

FRENCH ANTIEN'S PIANOFORTE was exhibited a short time since to the benefit concert given by Mr. Bennett, when his Royal Highness, in the most liberal manner, sent it, to the lengthways.

ANCIENT CHORISTS.—The next performance will be under the direction of Lord Brougham, who has engaged the following eminent vocalists:—*Messieurs Giesl, Carleton Allen, and Jacobson*; *Misses New and Miss Moore*; *Messes, Tindeman, Bennett, Harvess, Hawkins, Denton, Phillips, and Young*. Mr. Bishop will be the conductor.

LEMOIRE, who has recently arrived in the metropolis, after an absence of three years, during which period he has met with the greatest success on the Continent, makes his first appearance at Miss Lighthoot's concert on Saturday morning next, at the Music Hall, Covent-street.

THE
MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF
ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,
AND WEEKLY RECORD OF
Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

"*Te per dixeris aliquid et non desinere,
non desinere et non tibi cura.*"

PLATE. *Plaudite non cessate.*

Music is a something divine and inspired,
an obligation and a Christian duty.

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In resuming our consideration of the musical services of the Protestant church, we must once more of our correspondents the "Purveyors,"—we are not immediately about to speak of the choir and their singing, saying that we have not yet done with the organists and their duties. In a former article on this subject we noticed the extreme indifferences manifested by ministers and congregations as to the state of music in their churches, and pointed out that the neglect showed itself in the poverty of the means most in use, in the employment of organs incomplete as design however excellent in construction, and in the appointment of performers either unable or unwilling to discharge their duties. We now proceed to enter more fully on a discussion of these points. The indifferency of the church-organs of this country, both as to power and variety of effect, must be obvious to all those who, with any notions of the sublime and beautiful in music, attend the celebration of Protestant worship;—we need here recourse to no more forcible examples than the instruments used in the two cathedrals of the metropolis; neither of which are at all adequate to the importance of their employment, nor commensurate with the necessities of such performers as ought to be engaged in their management. It would cost us but little trouble to prove our case at large, by a catalogue to, and description of, the most important instruments in London; but as we do not intend a chapter on organ-building, we pass the subject for the present, and turn at once to the players.—And here, were ultimate detail permissible, we find matter enough to fill at least a monthly part of our Journal;—to bring the question, therefore, within any reasonable compass, we must attack it as systematically and briefly as its range will permit. We take it for granted, in the first place, that an able

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possessing an acquaintance with the structure of the organ, and enlightened opinion as usual generally, can hear organ-playing, as ordinarily heard in our churches, without perceiving that it is a mass of error. This error is of twofold origin—a total misconception of the characteristics and powers of the organ—or what the twofold of a pseudo-faculty deceiving generation call “the genius of the instrument”—and an ignorance that it is a defaced instrument of all—or rather, a fallacious notion that it is unassailable with the pianoforte, harpsichord, or any other instrument that may chance to have a *lupan-board* with black and white keys. The first of these cases exists as a perpetuation of the obsolete state of organ-playing in the country, commencing with its first recognition as an art some century and a half since. We are aware that this period includes the time of Handel, but this circumstance does not influence our position. We have many accounts of Handel’s wonderful performance on the organ, but which, from the vagueness of opinion on the subject in his time, may be very reasonably open to question. At all events we have nothing like accurate evidence of the fact, and therefore, without any dissent in tradition, may take leave on substantial grounds to withhold assent. That his powers of improvisation were of the highest order, we cannot doubt, and that he was a great performer on keyed instruments, may be easily supposed; but that he was a great organ-player, there is not a shadow of testimony to prove. He has left no compositions for the instrument like those of Sebastian Bach. His organ-concertos, fugues, &c. may be, as usual, beautiful; but they are compositions for keyed instruments and nothing more. There is nothing defectively organ in their structure, they display no evidence relative to organ-effect, and on one quality as regarded as modified by these tones: for in the harpsichord or pianoforte. To return to our point—organ playing, from the period we have mentioned up to the first last years, was, however excellent of its kind, totally in error of principle. Stanley, with his “cornet” and “trumpet” concertos, was the wonder of his day, and yet his music, still existent, sufficiently proves to what vile use the organ might then be perverted without compromising the performer’s reputation. Barlogh, who exhibited his talents at Dapridge Walls, or Farnleigh, or some such place, is still sometimes spoken of as a most accomplished performer; but as it is not recorded that he was master of any exclusive and particular effect, or that he differed in style from the players of his time, we conclude that he possessed a ready fancy and brilliant execution, or, in fact, that he was viced in the direction of keyed instruments, but not, abstractedly, an organ-player. In our own time, we may mention Benjamin Jackson, who, though one of the most popular performers on the metropolis, had but very slight claims to be considered an organ-player. Too prejudiced by nature and education to adopt and carry out the new lights which were then just appearing on the subject, he retained the current manner of performance, occasionally embellished by notions of his own which added no new vigour to the soil in which they were implanted. He had a certain tact for extemporising, or, rather, re-combining old-fashioned thoughts, and a clear and well-

practised exercises; but to those who do not remember his playing, his published arrangements will indicate that, of the two great and peculiar systems of the organ—disposition of harmony and orchestral effect—he knew absolutely nothing. With reversers we approach the name of the greatest player of his school—the late Samuel Wesley. Even with his mind, he was unable to forge the optimism—perhaps, we may be allowed to call them—of by-gone times, concerning the case of the organ,—he is even reported to have said that "pedals might be of service to those who could not see their fingers." But he was indeed a genius. His invention was as fertile, his taste as pure, and his mechanical equipment as perfect, that matters of practice which were prominent faults in others, abstracted nothing from the intense beauty of his performance. What such genius and equipment can produce when united to an enlightened feeling for organ-effect, his son—who, in the degree of metropolitan taste, now resides at Exeter—knew to prove.

The error, then, which we charge on the school to which the performers there referred to belong, is that its disciples have wholly disregarded the claims of the organ to be studied as a peculiar instrument. They have achieved its touch, but they have done no more. They had used its manuals but for the execution of certain equally appropriate to the pianoforte; its pedals, when employed at all, have merely served to double the slowest progressions of the left-hand, instead of being wrought to the formation of a fixed and independent source of power, whereby to accomplish clear and otherwise unrepresentable combinations of parts, and extended and powerful forms of harmony; and its steps have been turned to the use of mere *forts* and *pius*, without regard to contrasted qualities of tone, or those clear ministration of orchestral effect of which alto-modern practice has proved the organ as entirely capable. To talk about obstacles "against the genius of the instrument," is nothing less than feeling of the first water—or, rather, it is the apology of impotence for its infidelity. The "genius" of the organ is whatever the genius of the player suggests, or his fingers have cunning to execute. The practice of the young organists of the present day proves beyond dispute, that not only is their instrument adapted to the performance of the severe style of music, but that dramatic certainties, movements of symphonies, and vocal compositions with a faithful compressing of the most elaborate figures of accompaniment, may be executed on it with beautiful effect. To do this, we submit, the player needs an acquaintance with the mechanical details of his instrument, without unusual exertion, a perfect command of rapidity and smoothness in pedal-playing, and such a knowledge of instrumentation as will enable him to determine the exact weight and prominence of the parts in a score and their distinctness of quality, in order that he may include their combinations by the means placed at his command. But there are probably the points which we set forth in the ordinary performance in our churches: Thus, the former will commonly be mixed with discordant points in the bass and equally discordant chords in the treble, a clumsy-organizational texture of parts, a total absence of taste in the disposition of harmony, and a rigid and coarse-place alternation of lead and soft, without the

simplest attempt at graceful and varied effect. That this is not universally the case, we are most happy to testify. There are some very fine players in the metropolis, but for they are all pomp,—they have formed a style for themselves—they have found the quack, to the lasting confusion, as we hope, of the unacquainted musician who, from habit or a fortuitous of University degree and country other motives for lameness, systematically avoids this, and every species of excellence of which they are conversely-proportioned capable. The "power of the instrument," beneath!—Shaves defined us from the instrument, whatever it be, whose "power" is noted by such printed arrangements as they occasionally put forth. It cannot be the organ, at all events.

In our next paper on this subject, we shall compare the English arguments with reference to their directors of the vocal mass of the Protestant church.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE. FOREIGN.

PARIS.—Opening of the *Salle Favart*.—The fashionable and literary attendance of the capital gathered on Saturday evening in great force, to witness the re-opening of the *Opéra Comique* at its former quarters, the *Salle Favart*. This entertainment was first given in 1714, and after having been at the *Hotel de Bourgogne* and *Rue Mazarine*, the *Salle Favart* was built in 1782, expressly for vocal operas. In 1787 the company was attached to the theatre of Monsieur Comte de Provence (afterwards Louis XVIII.), Rue Feytaud, which they were bound to abandon in April, 1815, for the *Salle Ventadour*, near the *Revue-martin*, and in September, 1822, they migrated to the *Theatre des Nouveautés*, Place de la Boue. The society was dissolved in April, 1824, when the government appointed MM. F. Croizat and Cyrille as directors of the *Theatre Royal de l'Opéra Comique*. Last season the French Chamber voted a large sum towards the rebuilding of the *Salle Favart*, conveyed by the Italian company, well destroyed by fire in 1828. The *Opéra Comique* also has a large subsidy from the government, the maintenance of a second lyric theatre being considered a national object. It may not be uninteresting to mention, that under the present management upwards of thirty new operas have been produced,—first in May 1825 to May 1826. The present company consists of Messrs. Clark, Desrozier, Ross, Bava, Mass, Henri Poiré, and Mlle. Prevost, as the leading artists. The *Artses* are Blain, Maitre, Miellet, Rigot, Chéret, Comber, Mirein, Sarda, and Boute. The orchestra consists of about seventy performers, with some excellent solo players, but it is susceptible of improvement. If Stambach of the *Académie* was director, in three months this very same band would exhibit a much improved ensemble. Reform is required in the drum department, but, taking it altogether, the band is infinitely beyond any one in the English theatre, except of course, the Italian *Opéra-house* band, which, under Cigna's baton, is upon the whole unexcusable. The present theatre is, indeed, one of singular lightness, elegance, and comfort, as well as adaptation for seeing and hearing. Whilst the *Académie Royale* continues to give at the grand opera, the *Opéra Comique* can present the lighter ones, where good dramas, with sparkling dialogue and music of light and agreeable pretensions, will always find generous auditors, the musical connoisseurs, who are of opinion that, although *Beethoven* is grand and sublime, *Belini* is heart-stirring and melodious; and that music, like painting, may have its schools, which we may all worship in turn, without bigotry and fanaticism.

The inauguration of the *Opéra Comique* was granted by royalty, rank, and nobles. The royal box was occupied by the Duke and Duchess of Nemours, the Duchess of Orleans, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, and the Duke of Montpensier, and the party seemed to admire the new theatre exceedingly. The Duke of Nemours walked to the *oyer*, and extracted from neither than six *Andaltes* writers. The

opera was the revival of Verdi's *Prof. and Clero*. This was in a splendid hall, the receipts were for the benefit of the poor of the neighbourhood in which the theatre is situated. This was an admirable feeling, and nobody complained that the ordinary price of admission were doubled where charity and curiosity combined for an evening's gratification.

First Performance of "Zanetta," a Comic Opera, in Three Acts, Music by J. Auber, and Libretto by MM. Serio and St. George.—The numerous interest attached to the production of a new opera by Auber, with Gail Donnezzi in the leading part, may be imagined when it is stated that every seat in the splendid Opera Comique had been engaged for three months previously, and when the hall present was still only a mass of ruins. Each was, however, the determination of someone to be present, that when places could no longer be obtained even by paying the exorbitant demands of the ticket speculators (who had taken care to buy up the boxes, certain of a rich harvest, they got up with standing room in the corridors, content to listen to, if not to see, the performance). The coup d'œil was, therefore, brilliant as the lantern, and the only question to be asked was, who was not there of note in the musical world? This elegant effort again excited universal admiration, and the second inauguration was more successful than even the first, for the arrangements of a new opera, and by Auber, were superadded. The new systems of ventilation, by an ingenious piece of mechanism placed in the water of the theatre, and worked by horses, fully answered. Between the two systems of fresh air were introduced, and the temperature, notwithstanding a densely crowded house, was agreeable. A second glance at the picturesque paintings round many mansions that they were warmly referred to in the Versailles edition. The figures of the couple crowning the busts of Gorty, Polonois, Elton, and Rolland, are perfect. The chandeliers with its wax tapers mixed with crystal globes, and the candlesticks around the ceiling, as also the wax grates of the ceiling, afford the most graceful light ever created in any theatre. In short, three essential qualities have been most carefully observed by the architect, M. Theodore Chaperonier—acoustics, music, light, and ventilation.

The new opera was perfectly successful. The names of the author and composer were given out with enthusiasm, especially that of Auber, and the leading performers had the honours of the curtain call. So far as the music is concerned, there can be no grounds to impeach the verdict of the delighted auditory, but the drama would certainly be open to objection in England, and the incidents must be changed if your adaptation managers intend to produce the work and try, after the usual fashion, to meet the exigencies, caprices, and deficiencies of "native talent" by leaving the original writer no chance of recognizing his pen and the composer his notes. The libretto has about the delicate dose of French morality, with an unparliamentary sprinkling of absurdities and improprieties. The scene is in Naples, where a German baron and physician arrives for the ostensible purpose of finding a cure for the malady, a local fever, but, in point of fact, to negotiate a marriage between Charles F.F., Emperor of Germany, and the sister of the King of Naples. The design of the piece is apparently to exhibit the royalty of every performer (a hint) and its morality is to show young ladies how very dangerous it is to allow their lovers to "do the variable" in a third person in order to conceal and carry on their amour in the presence of relatives near relations, and, whatever may be the difference of rank or station, the tender persons will separate itself.

The ingenuity of the authors, throughout the drama, is very good; there is a constant succession of surprises, and the dialogue is very smart and amusing. The opera was thus cast—

Zanetta.....	Miss Gail Donnezzi.
Polonois.....	Miss Reed.
St. George.....	Mr. Gifford.
St. George.....	Mr. Gifford.
The Emperor.....	Mr. Weston.

The Baron's wife and Zanetta's father, although frequently alluded to throughout the drama, do not appear—in addition to be regarded, as two good parts

might have been created to add to the interest of the story, which, certainly, was not the most exciting one for Anker to suggest the world to. He has, nevertheless, given a very able score, abounding in pleasing melodies and agreeable contrived music. The music of the incidents afforded an scope for grand effects or grand effects; but the music is throughout light and champagneish, with brilliant bits and clever instrumentation. The incidents will prove one of Anker's most taking compositions. It is remarkable for the constant use of the wood band. Opening with a theme for the chorus and orchestra, the subject is well carried out, and given in the form of sparkling variations. Some passages for the piano and flute were very effective. The apparatus could scarcely be restrained during its performance, and the class was loudly cheered, for you see unfortunately have not passed by the existing system. A novel dividing chorus opens the first act, in which there is a cavatina for Milla, Rosa, the inventor of which was very good and well sung; a very nice trio between Morder, Origoza, and Milla, Rosa; a charming romance by Carl Danmora; a duo between her and Coslow, in which Rodolph makes his first appearance in making them love to Zuzette; and a spirited finale, in which every particular of the entire are specified. There is an agreeable symphony between the first and second acts. A well written duet for two voices follows, sung by Morder and Coslow. Carl Danmora has a long cantata, which she gave with astounding finish. The duo which followed between Carl and Rosa may be considered the point of the opera; it was admirably sung. A very dramatic duet between Coslow and Carl Danmora concludes the second act. Milla, Rosa again brought down great applause by her very superior singing of a difficult passage, some ascending scales in which were brilliantly given. The quartet by the leading singers told well, and affords a duo between Rosa and Coslow, a well designed finale terminated the opera with enormous success. From the above summary of the musical parts it will be seen that the weight of the opera fell on Carl Danmora and Milla, Rosa, and both supported themselves à merveille—the former possessing fine European reputation, and the latter leading her to acquire it. Carl's wonderful facility and precision in picturesque passages have long endeared his talents, and it is to be hoped that she will forget her intention of making Zuzette her farewell part, for she can't be spared. Coslow and Morder, the lovers, sang satisfactorily, but not brilliantly, but their acting was excellent. Indeed, this praise may safely be bestowed on all the performers. Origoza cannot sing, but he gave an amazing picture of a self-sufficient diplomatist, who is never out, as he says, but is still always spoiled. The new or score left nothing to be desired, either as to richness of costume or to pretty scenery and appointments. The next novelty will be a new opera for Mrs. Eugenie Garcia, who is re-engaged.—*Chronicle of the Morning Post.*

Danzon's Opera "*Les Martyrs*," has been drawing good houses at the Ambigu.

ART-12.—CONCERTS.—A Grand Musical Festival will take place here the first week in June, when the orchestra will consist of 1,400 performers.

METROPOLITAN.

GERMAN OPERA.

There is a certain set of persons—"Haven't changed their hearts," say we—who call Berthold's *Fishes* "dull" and "dry." Of this genus, there is two species. One, is your thorough-bred expatriate of her Majesty's theatres—who avows by Donizetti, waxes enthusiastic on three trombones, and glows with emotion at the spurious sweetness of a long drum and cymbals—who votes Handel "preach," and dilates with most accurate eloquence upon the last and longest waltz of "the only tower in the world;" and the other comprises the fishing-tobacco gentlemen of the self-styled "English school"—who talk of Handel and Bach as if, however, they understood the spirit of either—who vent waddy incredible remarks about "pure vocal writing," and perpetrate ineffectual glows in demonstration—who deem an alibiatic cross the climax of musical

suppleness, and try to outguess the feelings of guests in their younger brethren with the various devices of their "very well for a beginner!" Such are the folks who abuse *Fidelio*—we severely wonder at it; it was never intended for their liking. We thank Providence, however, that there is in London enough of people who carry lanterns about them to fill the Palace Theatre when this opera is performed. We like to see men pull down, shrug their shoulders, and groan at her music—it is a sign that they suffer by it. Old Wesley used to compare his sermons under such circumstances to the pouring of cold water down his back—and probably with infinite truth; the sermons so viewed as a service need by the preacher, may be, in their aggregate, phenomenal, but they scarcely bear an inference to truth or lightness of mind. When we look round the theatre, at a performance of Beethoven's all-perfect opera, as a host of faces beaming with delight—or many eyes glistening with the products of nature's best feelings—when we hear the half-suppressed words of rapture, and recognize the friendly hands with which the young artist almost unconsciously relates the tale of his burning agonies, we come supremely-ecstatic passages strike a responsive chord in his fancy—we neither regret nor notice the absence of the lug-wigs. In such moments, these silly old people positively annoy us. To know and love Beethoven, and to possess the smallest respect for the despotic police-masters who reign here, are things incompatible. We can regard them, living, but as "preventive-doctors" to the advance of real music; and when dead, we should best be disposed, instead of saying "peace to their names," to couple our respectful wish an allusion to the distinctive bath-tub of another master of the great art—viz. their own,—say, however, may they still enjoy them, if they afford them any satisfaction.

Of the merit of this same *Fidelio*—which is, to the teacher, a standing-block, and to the masses, foolishness—of its grandly-articulated form—in simple construction as it tells of simple things, and its progress in force and profundity, with the fascinating interest of the drama, and its realisation almost bewildering effects of power—of its grandeur, its beauty, and its sublimity, nothing need be said here. It is embodied in the hearts of all true musicians, as the most perfect opera of its class in existence,—to speak of it to the uninitiated musicalists were an occupation about as profitable as that of whisking eggs to a virtuoso—and we adhere it accordingly. Of its performance, however, by M. Schumann's company we may say a few words. *Fidelio* seems to adapt itself to the powers and inclinations of these artists better than either of the other operas they have yet played. Madame Fischer-Schwarzthron utterly surprises us with the nobility of her *Lena*. She takes leave of the drama, phlegmatic manner which clings to her throughout the performance of *Agnetta*, and steps at once into a full suit of the best German costume. Beethoven seems to inspire her, and we do not marvel at it, seeing that she wore a medical creature, and therefore rather an actress, and a woman, if he did not. If anything, the vice is the opposite direction, and necessarily gives way to pre-occupation—or, at least, what might be so termed by the general critics of the metropolitan—that we know no fault or remarkable while portraying such situations and things which musicists fall to the share of *Lena*. But we cannot seriously censure at such a performance. After admitting that it is not exactly the *Lena* of Schumann, and after allowing it no many faults as a conductor of other parties could desire, it is still an exquisite piece of acting. The shakings of her heart and soul are evident on the surface throughout, and we do not envy the mental condition of any man who could witness it unawed. Her singing in this part has also the same character of nobility and freedom. In the duet, in the first act, in which she brings from *Fidelio* the circumstances of her husband's life, and in the magnificent quartet in the second act, "Er sterbe," she displays an energy and even vehemence of manner of which we could scarcely have supposed her capable, and her part in the duet of the second act is equally remarkable for the most vigorous tenderness of expression. The upper portion of her voice occasionally falls in power in the beautiful scene, "Komm Hoffnung," still we can scarcely hope to have it sing with more graceful feeling. The way in which this song is accompanied gives a little much may be done by vocal discipline. The form in the German

orchestra, etc., for general purposes, by no means the best we ever heard, and yet they play the difficult *violin* parts in the *obbligé* with a completeness of effect which in no slight degree changes the charge of our best orchestral performers. Here Schumann, also, appears to far greater advantage in the part of *Piaçetta* than anything he had previously essayed. He sings the *verse* of the *romance*—most of the *second act*, especially; and in the *last scene*, his rich and brilliant voice tells with powerful effect. Herr Peck has not a first-rate part as *Piaçetta*, but he makes the most of it; as far as acting is concerned, we have a capital *Heide* and *Agathe* in Herr Krug, and Witt, as well as more than respectable singing; and last, though not least, Miss Schumann is as charming as ever in *Marcelline*. The performance of the *chorus* is in itself worth the trouble of a visit to the German opera. However little may be the remark that "they act and sing as though they were all principals," it is, nevertheless, strikingly true, and we know no expression that so completely describes their condition. The celebrated "Chorus of prisoners" is, of course, highly praised, and it thoroughly deserves the compliment for a more beautiful and affecting dramatic exhibition it is scarcely possible to conceive. Their responses to the song of *Piaçetta* in the first act, although they do not attract so much general notice, are not less admirably managed. The orchestra accompanies perfectly—at least, by comparison with the *moving* and straying of our "operatic" theatres. In one or two places, and especially in the *last scene*, a softness of the stringed instruments (the basses, particularly) is observable, but it is probably found inseparable to balance orchestral qualities with complete purity in a theatre of such small dimensions. In one or two instances the conductor's time appears inadequate;—thus, the *entrées*, the opening duet, and the "Revenge" song of *Piaçetta*, are, in our mind, taken considerably too fast. This, however, is a matter which concerns Herr Gass, and we are not greatly inclined to dispute it with him.

A very pretty opera by Count de Kottzar, called *Der Nückeliger in Gscheid*, was the novelty of last week. The subject of its story is enclosed in a very small compass. A hunter of noble mind arrives, married with his day's sport, at a village in Gscheid in such refreshment and rest for the night. He brings with him a dove, which he has found in an eagle's nest, and which turns out to be a lost favourite of Gelsch's, the belle of the village. The gratitude of the maiden for the return of her dove, brightens in its effect by her simple beauty, works up the hunter to the very brink of an amorous declaration, but he is checked by the discovery that she is already betrothed, and that her lover is gone to bespeak the prince-regent's favour as a means of amplying his wealth. The hunter promises his assistance, not without certain agreeable, albeit, very modest arrangements, which, taking place, most impudently, in the open air, as observed by *Piaçetta*, an unscrupulous wretch to Gelsch's, and his village companions, and heron, of course, under a general coat. The shepherds, suspecting the strength of some malicious intent, insist on his quitting the village without further ceremony, and, worse still, without either heard or lodging, but through the intercession of Gelsch's they at length consent to his remaining for the night—privately consoling themselves, meanwhile, with the truly baseless notion that, though he leave not the village, he shall certainly depart this life before the morning. From their fears and vigilance, Gelsch's dissipates their passions, and hastens to warn the hunter (thus sleeping) of the fact in store for him. She has severely accomplished her charitable mission, when *Piaçetta* and her fellow-villagers enter the hunter's chamber, and forthwith commences a battle-royal, in which the hunter, though strong of arm and valour, seems likely to get worried, when the note of truce is suddenly raised by the entrance of Gelsch's, the opponent of Gelsch's wife, having returned, is brought to the scene, in company with certain squares of the prince, by the demand of his love. The hunter, thus released from the truth, declares a fact which the wiles we had throughout suspected—viz., that he is the favored prince-regent, and with his blessing the union of the lovers, the opera concludes. Thus much of the drama, which, though simple as its incidents, is very prettily managed, and often highly interesting. We are somewhat puzzled to determine upon what we shall have the music. It has not any striking character—such, for example, as is found in the writing

before passing. In justice to the band, which was led by Mr. F. Crosser, it is but right to state that the accompaniments to these noble compositions were excellently performed. The choral department, too, under Mr. Bishop's able direction, acquitted itself well, and the general impression appeared to be, among the brilliant company assembled, that the noble devotes of the evening had prepared a musical treat which had never been surpassed, and had rarely equaled. Her Majesty and Prince Albert arrived some thirty minutes afterwards, attended by the Countess of Sandwich, Hon. Miss Carter, Hon. Miss Cavendish, Earl of Uxbridge, Viscount Torrington, Earl of Mordaunt, Lord R. Grosvenor, Hon. Col. Grey, Hon. Major Koppel, Colonel Wilde, Mr. E. Seymour. There were also present the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, the Princess Augustus of Cambridge, the Duke of Wellington, Lord and Lady Burghersh, the Archbishop of York and family, Earl of Wilton, Marchioness of Winchester, Countess of Jersey, Countess of Pevensey, Lady Lyndhurst, Duchess of Gloucester, Lord Harrington, Lady F. Hope, Earl of Devon, Lord Courtenay, Archbishop of Armagh, Marchioness of Albury, Lady Maryborough, Sir H. and Lady Williamson, Earl of Dartmouth, Earl of Devon, and an assemblage of upwards of six hundred persons of rank and distinction. Just before the commencement of the second part, her Majesty, accompanied by the whole of her suite, went from the tea-room to the director's box, leaving on Lord Burghersh's arm along the great aisle, amid the cheers of the company. The Queen looked remarkably well, and appeared highly gratified with the performance.

QUARTER CONCERTS.—The sixth and last of these concerts took place on Monday evening.

PART I.

Quartet in E flat major, op. 51, for two Violins, Viola, and Cello	Haydn
(Messrs. Diaprove, Gault, Lewis, and Lewis)	
Andr. Nello, <i>Waltz</i> — <i>Polka</i> , <i>Waltz</i>	Messrs.
Messrs. Diaprove, Gault, Lewis, and Lewis	Lewis
Tell (1881) for Flute, Violin, and Violoncello (Messrs. Gault, Lewis, and Lewis)	W. H. Bennett.

PART II.

Quartet in C minor, Op. 51, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello	Berlioz
(Messrs. Diaprove, Gault, Lewis, and Lewis)	
Beethoven's <i>Schubert</i> and <i>Waltz</i> — <i>Polka</i> — <i>Waltz</i>	Gault
(Messrs. Diaprove, Gault, Lewis, and Lewis)	
Quartet—(Messrs. Diaprove, Gault, Lewis, and Lewis)	Berlioz
Quart. op. 51, for two Violins, two Violas, and two Violoncellos (Messrs. Diaprove, Gault, Lewis, and Lewis)	Berlioz

Haydn's quartet is one of the most charming and graceful productions of its author. Beethoven's quartet in C minor is one of the finest in the art of our time which it belongs. Both were admirably played by Mr. Diaprove and his associates. The two for piano, violin, and violoncello, we scarcely thought worthy of Mr. Bennett's genius. The first movement is the best portion of the work—it is beautiful in conception and skilfully wrought. The "Suzanna," also, is pretty and effective; but the other movements are strongly impressed with an appearance of having been hastily written. Mendelssohn's quartet is a most extraordinary composition. The grandeur of its design and the power with which it is worked out by the five instruments employed are equally astonishing. It was played with infinite spirit, and, for the really musical part of the evening, formed the greatest treat of the evening. Miss Biddis improves rapidly; she sang Messrs. "Non teneor," with a force of expression for which we had scarcely given her credit. We cannot compliment Mr. Lewis on his song, "O whitish shell I fly," it seemed to us a dull and tasteless affair, made up almost entirely of a wearying repetition of one very stale phrase. This done by Gault ought never to have found its way into the programme of any concert of this class—it is a little like that an extravagant piece of folly. For these two vocal failures, however, Beethoven's beautiful "Song of the quail" made ample satisfaction. It was very charmingly sung by Miss Goodwin, and admirably accompanied by Mr. Bennett.

Miss Lewin gave a concert on Saturday last at the Music Hall, Broad-street, which was well attended. The performance consisted of a trio for the piano, violin and violoncello, composed by Miss Lightfoot, who played it with

at the last festival. The Duke of Cambridge was present, and afterwards dined with the stewards, at Merchant Tailors' Hall, where a further contribution took place. The sum collected altogether was very considerable. We cannot help entering our protest against the absence of the music generally performed at these meetings, by substituting an anthem of Dr. Gounod's, for the first one, "Lord, thou hast been our refuge," composed especially for the charity, by the late Dr. Bopce. Dr. Gounod's is a very fine anthem for the common cathedral service, but was never intended for instrumental accompaniments, which have been added by another person. Much disappointment was felt in consequence of the substitution. With descriptions of Mr. Holton's singing, the notes were below the dignity; the choruses, however, were well performed.

Mr. W. B. HOLTON and Mr. J. B. CHARLOTTE gave their joint concert at the Hanover-square Rooms on Tuesday evening, which was crowded. The vocalists were Charlotte, Phillips, Mills, Mrs. Sims Stockhausen, Miss Clara Novello, Bragg, and Farry, jun., who was named in both his songs—"Wanted, a governess," and his "Ballo Tiro." Charlotte performed on his instrument, as did also Mr. Holton in the course of the concert, and were well received. Malaga also performed a fantasia on the violin. The concert was a good one in every respect, and seemed to give much satisfaction. Sir George Smart was the conductor.

Mr. LEID, the excellent violinist, gave a concert at the Hanover-square Rooms on Thursday evening last, which was extremely well attended. The programme contained a very good selection; Mr. Leid performed a solo by Krumpholtz on the violin, with much applause, and played two delightful accompaniments. List played twice, and was extremely applauded, as was also Malaga, and Fantoni on the violin. The vocalists consisted of Mrs. J. Keble, a member of the German Opera company, who sang extremely well, and was named, Mrs. Stockhausen, Miss Saxe, Miss M. B. Brown, and Mr. Farry, jun., who was named in his clever *Ballo Tiro* Italian. Mr. Salsano conducted.

A PERFORMANCE OF SACRED MUSIC, for the benefit of the Parochial Schools, took place in St. James's New Church, Westminster, on Monday evening last, which was attended by a respectable multitude, who appeared much delighted with the music. The vocalists were Miss Clara Novello, Miss Brown, and Messrs. Holton, Young, and Phillips. In the course of the evening Miss Novello sang "Let the bright seraphim," accompanied on the harp by Mr. Harper. Mr. Turk conducted; and Mr. May, who has been recently appointed the organist, presided at the instrument, which is built by Bishop, with much ability.

ROYAL ACADAMY OF MUSIC.—The second subscription concert took place on Saturday, at the Hanover-square Rooms, and was honoured by the presence of Prince Albert, the Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge, and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge. Mr. C. Lopez conducted, and Mr. P. Coates led the performers, which consisted of a most brilliant selection, commencing with a new overture *Nikaranda*, the composition of Mr. F. B. Jenson, a pupil of the Academy.

The Germans of Lantz gave a concert, under the direction of Sir G. Smart, at his house in Pall-mall on Saturday evening, which was fabulously attended. The vocalists consisted of Miss Bragg, Miss Brown, and Messrs. Young, Holton, and Chapman. Signer Confaloneri performed a solo on the violin.

Mrs. ANDERSON'S CHURCH.—This lady gave a concert at the Opera House Room yesterday evening, which was extremely well attended. As Mrs. Anderson, or perhaps Mr. Anderson, who is one of the managers of the Philharmonic, had not the evening at hand at his leisure, we were not present; we have therefore merely to chronicle the event for the information of our readers, which we shall do in as few words as necessary. Mrs. Anderson performed in the course of the evening an "Introduction and Rondo" of Hummel, and with Lutz a duet for two pianofortes by Thalberg. The latter played his *March from Louis de Lorraine*. Malaga was to have performed, but a certificate of illness was read by Sir George Smart, the conductor of the concert, and Mr.

Engrove played on his stand. The vocalists were Miss Perkins, Kallini, Miss Stockhausen, Miss Robinson, Miss Hewes, Lottische, and Tancbman.

PROVINCIAL.

[This department of the Musical World is compiled and abridged from the provincial papers, and from the personal notices of many correspondents. The objects of this part are to describe, and register, the principal notices of opinion, &c. on musical matters, beyond what falls official notice as is reported to.]

WATERBURY.—*Orchestra Concert at the Concert Hall.*—The private concert of Wednesday evening, the 25th instant, went off very satisfactorily: the attendance was that of the commencement; but, before the close, it had increased to about the usual number. The following was the selection performed:—

Waltz by M. S.	Beethoven
Op. 22—New Orleans—The first in this evening's series; I rec.	Belmont
Quadrille—Le Plus Jeune	Wagner
Quadrille—Le Plus Jeune	Meyer
Quadrille—Le Plus Jeune	Wagner
Quadrille—Le Plus Jeune	Wagner
Quadrille—Le Plus Jeune	Wagner

The principal novelty of the concert, if such it may be called, was the insertion in the bill of Miss Graham's name for two songs—a young lady who has extremely much her appearance in this respect on former occasions, but not, we think, as a rule of age. In our private talks of her performance, we have always been able to make her a favourable report, and we are glad to find, on this occasion, that our estimate of her capabilities and talents has not been erroneous. Her two songs this evening were both delightfully sung, indeed, the performance of them would have been creditable to many vocalists of much higher pretensions. The choice of these choruses to be recommended on every account, especially in the first, by Schubert, belongs to a style in which the young dilettante will surely enjoy such efforts, and the audience which were present here, we are, however, sensible with the justness, they require a strain to regard as a total loss, inasmuch as they indicate a modest aim at something higher than the average piano performers of the day, and a disregard of the more well-chosen and stronger melody of our popular music. Miss Graham, throughout her first song, and part of the second, suffered from trembling, as might be expected from the novelty of her position; whilst it was equally evident she made an effort to overcome it, and that the audience became more kindly attentive to her performance proceeded. Her second song, by Bishop, was very nicely executed, and it was repeated, as she had before on more agreeable terms with her talents, she showed more confidence; and though she had, in the first instance, sung it well, her second effort was more effective. Her voice is a specimen of very fair compass and of considerable power and flexibility. The quality of it is of the best, and it possesses sweetness and beauty. Her intonation has an accuracy about it, and no tendency to become capricious, whilst her modulation is neat, distinct, and flexible, and free from the proscriptions which so frequently disfigure the pronunciation of our vocalists. Altogether, her performance was very pleasing and satisfactory, and we may repeat, as it is, that we had in entering her performance as a stated concert, that she possessed great intelligence, natural and acquired, and that application and study only are required to realise the promise she holds out. She was accompanied on the piano by her father with his usual ability. The firmness of the hand was much better retained than usual, and executed more general notices. They were throughout very spirited and effective, and appeared to give great satisfaction, if we except the last; though at the end all is improved, since there are always many; a such an assembly who deranged the last piece, and seem to think the One it appropriate as more suitable employed when spent in conversation. The concert was over about a quarter before nine o'clock. The director may very satisfactorily explain the presence, assigned in this instance, of giving the words of the vocal pieces to be sung at the private concert, which much to the distress of the audience fell in the performance.

A Grand Performance, consisting of a miscellaneous selection, will take place in the Concert Hall on Wednesday evening next, the 27th inst., for which the celebrated marionette Meloyne and Childer are engaged, as the New Birch and Royal Carillon in the vocal department.

A Philharmonic Society is being formed at this town, and it has contemplation to give a concert in such as a national number of volunteers are obtained.

Beverly.—*M. Rubin.*—The performance of Monday evening, the 15th inst., at the Theatre, afforded one of the richest musical and dramatic treats of the month. M. Rubin, apparently, has only entered upon the happy stage of life, but he, experimentally, possesses

a knowledge of the delightful science he has adopted, sustained by a musical education of the first order, whose study has done the work of years. His genius is rather of the modest and unassuming style, than of that brilliant and startling kind which secured the fame of Thalberg; he aims at pleasing in stead of exciting, his aim of his audience, rather than in astonishing them by bold and abrupt, original combinations of sound; and the effect delights more, while it fails to excite the same scepticism. In the "Fantasia of Tosti's *de Braccio*," from *deus deus*, M. Debraire introduced some of the most spirited, yet sweet and airy passages from the air that could be imagined, and in his *Esquise* there was a freedom and absence of affect, that spoke the perfect master of his instrument. His *Etude en fa* and *deux autres* cannot not be, however, from his appealing more directly to the feelings of the audience, more vigorously received. One of the two selected for improvement, "Gloves," was so admirably blended with the accompaniment of the performer, that the piece was highly successful. M. Debraire returned, armed, and gave "Patski's Rag," in the general gratification of the audience. This distinguished piece was performed the following evening to the great gratification of the musical people of Berlin.

Excursion.—The *Debraire Family* gave a concert in the City Arms Hall on Monday evening, the 14th inst., and by their performance both amused and delighted a large and highly respectable audience. The "Soldier's Land" was executed by Mr. Debraire on the trumpet in a manner which evoked universal admiration. As a specimen of brass instrumentation, the performance of the father and sons may be considered perfect.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE **WINDHAMPSHIRE MUSICAL SOCIETY** will hold its monthly meeting this day, Mr John Rogers Bart. its permanent president, in the chair.

MR. J. B. CALDWELL returned in London on Monday last, on a visit to his friends and relatives.

Mrs. Anne Calverley Allen and Tansworth will sing at the Philharmonic Concert on Monday next, when Beethoven's *Evros* and Mozart's No. 4 in D Spanghany will be performed, and Liszt will play.

Mrs. Anne Dorcas Gray is expected in town on Monday, and will sing at the next Ancient Concert; and is also engaged for the last two Philharmonic Concerts.

GOVERNOR GEORGE TEMPLETON will die on the 20th of this month, when Charles Matthews takes a benefit. The number of evening nights which the house is bound to give are two hundred, but in consequence of the Lord Chamberlain having permitted dramatic performances on the Weekdays and Fridays in Lent, the season will be terminated about a month earlier than usual.

THE HARRIS PIANO have announced a concert at the Haymarket-square Rooms for Tuesday evening, the 2nd of next month, at which Liszt will play, and Miss Frye (the eldest pupil of J. B. Cramer), and Miss Chapp (a pupil of Hans Delebec), will perform a duet for two pianofortes, the composition of Hans. Miss S. and Miss L. Frye will contribute their vocal talents together with Miss Stark, Mr. Perry, jun., &c. We understand H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge has announced his intention of being present.

LEAZARD, who is a native of Naples, though his father was a Frenchman, and his mother came from Ireland, appeared first on the Italian stage at Salerno, when his salary amounted to fifteen ducats a month, or in F. s. a day.

ANNIVERSARY CONCERTS.—The performance of next week will be under the direction of the Archbishop of York, Mr Fortescue, conductor, Mr. Bishop. The following singers have been engaged—Mrs. Capdore Allen, Miss. Ann, Miss Edwards, and Miss Dorcas Gray, Messrs. Harrison, Percival, Hawkins, Briggs, Phillips, and Tansworth. These concerts will close on the 1st of June, with Handel's Messiah, for the benefit of the Royal Society of Musicians.

Musgrave's Glee.—The Harmonious Society will hold its 25th meeting next Thursday, on which occasion Lord, Old Bull, and Lazarus, will attend and perform on their respective instruments, exclusively of a host of vocalists.

FATHER SACCHINI has presented Mr. Eschig with an elegant piece of plate, in testimony of his approval of the manner in which he conducted the performance of Ancient Music on the 29th of April, which was under the direction of the Royal Highness.

HARRIS arrived from Paris on Thursday evening last.

DEWEES.—A paragraph has appeared in several of the newspapers, stating that this composer had been presented to the Queen, who was pleased to accept the dedication of his new opera, *Les Martyrs*, such is not the fact. Dewees, although he has some idea of visiting this country, is now at Paris; and it is the Queen of the French to whom the paragraph mentioned alludes.

DELANE is now at Dublin, giving concerts with immense success. He is to play at a concert to take place at Manchester on Wednesday next.

LEON'S SACRIFICE.—The piece entitled *Sacrifice*, to be performed by List at his forthcoming concert, is the composition of no less than six pianists, hence its title. They are Thalberg, Chopin, Herz, Gavey, Paganini, and Liszt. The subject is the Grand March in F-sharp, the introduction is the composition of Liszt, and each of these have written a variation. Although this concert cannot be called a stupendous production, it is an uncommon one, and will no doubt, in consequence, create much sensation generally, and especially amongst the admirers of the modern school of pianoforte playing.

MR. W. S. BRONN.—This distinguished young artist gives his usual concert in concert evening. He has the best fingers, and a first-rate hand, which will perform Beethoven's symphony in A, the concerto to Oboe, and the concerto to Violoncello, by Spohr. Mr. Bronn will play his own concert in C which is his latest work of that class. The concert will be altogether of the highest order, and its arrangements offer a notable contrast to the mean and miserable fare provided by pianists who wait as with large instrumental reputation.

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENTS FOR THE WEEK.

The Drawing-Room and Mrs. N. S. Harris Concert, Harmonicon Rooms, Eight O'Clock, Don Giovanni, by C. M. V. (revised); *Queen's Opera*, 7 O'Clock.
 Wilson's—Musical Society and Foreign Concert, Harmonicon Rooms: Knechteloff's 8 O'Clock; *Queen's Opera*, 7 O'Clock.
 Musical Society of the West, Philharmonic Concert, Harmonicon Rooms, 8 O'Clock.
 Musical Society of the West, Harmonicon Rooms, 8 O'Clock.
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 Musical Society of the West, Harmonicon Rooms, 8 O'Clock.
 Musical Society of the West, Harmonicon Rooms, 8 O'Clock.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FRANCIS & TAYLOR.	HARP
Paper, George of Copenhagen's Grand	Gaetano, J. L. Polka March
Waltz, in two parts	Chappell
Waltz—Waltz in C, edited by J. M.	
Chapin, in 4 parts, for piano	
Four and six parts or solo in 4/4	Chappell
Waltz, F.—Polka, arranged in 4/4	
with solo	Chappell
Manchester, J.—No. 100 do in two, three	
and four parts	Chappell
HAFF AND THOMAS	HARP
Notes—Spanish Trios, No. 100 do in	Chappell
4 parts	
ELEMENTARY	HARP
Notes, H.—Elementary of Music, 100	Chappell
and several others with addition E. F. Parker.	

THE
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A MAGAZINE OF
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AND WEEKLY RECORD OF
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A LATE article in our journal, on writing—in *viz.*, English opera—has drawn on us a half-approving, half-reproachful letter, which, with the signature "Patriot" will be found in our present number, and to which we beg to direct the attention of such of our readers as are immediately concerned in the matter therein discussed. Our correspondent gently intimates that we have used a great deal to very little purpose—that is, he discharges at us, lockless rights that we are!—the upbraidings that "it is easier to criticize a bad work than to make a perfect one." We fully agree with him—very much more;—we think it easier to fall of fruits, than to do anything of any sort, either good, bad, or indifferent. Still—writing has its business—we cannot admit that the labours of our pen in this behalf have been wholly unavailing, since they have provoked his letter; and if his scolding and our usually kept more in a reader's possession, the "beginning of the end" will be accomplished, and, in the decision, we shall have promoted the remedy, of the grievance. We excuse the tenets of "Patriot" with most philosophical harmony, for we believe in the goodness of his intentions;—say, for that sake we even give him our share of absolution for the little exhibition of vanity contained in his offer to afford us the benefit of his experience in the "best and dearest school," and to place himself in the van of the musical phalanx, which, with Heaven's smile on a good cause, may hereafter, we trust, become as rollid as that of olden Marsden; will we really count any a something whereby, if possible, to extricate ourselves from the reviewer's dilemma to which he alludes. He is a shy man and acute, the "Patriot," nevertheless he has not wholly got us in the toils, neither in our hearts do we believe he deserves such a commendation. In the first place, who would put faith in a

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physician professing to cure a disorder of which he had not established a diagnosis of the symptoms? Who would venture to profess success for the general who drives his troops pell-mell on his enemy's position without previously ascertaining its available points? No one, we opine. We, as surgeons-critics-conscience to the true place of our operatic system, or "Patric," at the head of the illustrious phalanx, would, in such case, fail to a certainty; and on either of these antecedents rest our apology for the beginning we have made. "But," says our correspondent, "all the world long ago admitted the imperfection of English opera." True, good "Patric," but neither all the world, nor that part of it known as the Medical World, ever before publicly stated these imperfections with the resolute spirit in which we have commenced the discussion, and will, *deus volente*, carry it through to the end. On this point we are positive, even unto omnipotence: we lack neither courage nor training, but have not, until now, received anything in the shape of a lesson. What with church-mans and opera-mans we have our hands full. On one side comes the "Pretensor," and on the other, "Patric," each urging us with whip and spur to the completion of our journey before we have well made up our mind for the beginning. To both gentlemen we would present patience. Their halibut are not less rare than theirs, and it shall go hard with us but we will yet see each housed in a stable to the master's satisfaction. Concerning the performance of English opera, we have taken the first step towards the wished-for reform. We discussed the elements of its general system of management—its organs—its architecture—its main directors, and we further suggested what all three ought to be. Notwithstanding the imputed staleness of such remarks, we would ask "Patric" have not operatic performances been pulled in newspapers as articles which ought to have been treated as no differentials? Have not singers been permitted to exercise an important proprietorship over the works of composers, without public reproof or comment? Have not auditories been indignantly pointed the usual manner of scraping as would have subjected a stiver head in a really musical community to mortification in the nearest watch house? Have not "music directors" received large salaries for the privilege of typographising their names in play-bills, in conjunction with *Adon* which they never thought it worth their while to attempt? And, by the operations of these causes, have not composers, one after another, been reckoned,—on one, not even "Fiasco" himself, meanwhile, holding up a finger to arrest the evil? A remedy for this delayed state of our operatic world, is, we admit, a matter of great and difficult consideration. Our correspondent, has still, we think, the beam in his own eye as regards suggestiveness, but his letter nevertheless contains one practical hint. His references to the Royal Academy and the Philharmonic are apposite, and the inference he deduces, that composers should unite to work out their own redemption, is clear and natural. In this we fully concur, and with such a view we some time since proposed that the young composers of the metropolis should form a society—a corporation we then supposed it—namely, by the national industry of all nations, would not only teach them the existence of their rights,

but also their power to reform them. From such an institution, we doubt not, most important results even to the establishment of a national opera, might, and probably would, arise; but how this is to be accomplished, or even commenced, must be reserved for a more lengthened consideration than we have at present space to devote to it. But, meanwhile, are we to be the only workers in the field? Will none of the Students, Lecturers, Surgeons, Physicians, or any of the lesser luminaries, step forward with the aid of their advice or opinions? We pledge ourselves and our pages to their cause when and however they require them. Let them battle themselves—let them rally round the little standard we have unfurled, and they shall ever find in our Journal a ready medium for the expression of their sentiments, as they touching the formation of such a nation as we have proposed, or as they on any other point affecting that subject in which they and we take an equal interest.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A NATIONAL OPERA.

To the Editor of the Medical World.

Sir—Your article on the German opera this week is valued as being one—among its main aims, and borrowing from the almost impotence of remedy for the evils alluded to; yet you, like other philosophers, have proved that it is easier to condemn than to correct, and therein that the lesson of a few national opera reformers—"that it is less difficult and hazardous to criticize a faulty work, than to produce a perfect one"—may be applicable in many ways than one.

Yoursell, sir, and your numerous correspondents here, for a long time, kept up a stirring line against the prejudices, opinions, false taste, uneducated opinions, existing against the , which have not only medical talent, and proved the unfitness of a national opera, but you did not only random shots, and one they look in vain for any regular sign of an systematic plan, or any plan for gathering, to cover the field with wisdom and systematic inquiries for success. To be sure, we had a project some few years back, in which a number of terms were introduced, and for which a number of prizes were established, but the scheme was so hypothetical, that philosophical people looked it as a sort of post-terram opus, well understood in the city, but not at a gathering for the sole purpose of showing various projects, and grilling a few others. In that as it may, the plan has passed unobserved, and the funds—by the way, sir, I hope it is not known or known to what strength the balance has been disposed?

Now, sir, permit me to remind your readers that the Real subscribers and supporters of our noble English drama, were the poets and actors themselves, who, concerned in the reign of Elizabeth, in its first infant years and months could never afford, and which perhaps is not too happy to write upon when one is inoffensive in way the pen and quill alone who opposed the revival of that drama, since Charles II. almost credit for his right-royal nation. Again, our Academy of the Fine Arts were its birth to a few pathetically-pained persons, who had the sanction by their own labours, and at their own cost, in a century from which the language of "royal" would no longer be withheld, and lastly, our worthy Philharmonic had its origin in a small domestic society, whose talents and genius consolidated the foundation on which the stability and possibility structure has been raised. It would even seem, that our dramatic students have but to turn, in the first progress, to curb their wild expectations, and by so doing, to succeed—at least it is worth the experiment, and if your correspondents and yourself will contribute through the pages of your valuable period such suggestions as may be deemed practicable and contrary to the object in view, there is but little doubt of some apparent leader leading the host of strugglers in the glorious cause. I will go further—should the proposition, from which so much general information may be expected, and by which it is presumed every useful name will be formed, fall for want of attention of some more potent and desirable contacts, I will cheerfully have recourse to the enterprise; and, with a considerable expenditure thereof in the best and most judicious way, bring to the rescue such a host and a prodigious whole some final gateway, and nothing shall remain to be, however, understood, that the fulfilment of the offer will be only contingent upon the

development of some laudable propensities—some pledge of assistance that may give considerable hopes to the undertaking, and some promises that the weight of the struggle shall not be an insupportable one. I desire but to participate in the glory of founding a National Opera, and it is but fair that the toil and expense, and the possible failure of even the most reasonable attempt, should be shared by my countrymen.

I shall look, Sir, with anxiety and interest, for your very valuable hints on this matter, as well as for the suggestions and queries with which you enter into all that relates to the glory of music, and the welfare of its professors, and am, Sir, your constant friend.

Liverpool, May 26th 1846.

PATRICK.

YORKSHIRE MEDICAL FESTIVAL.

To the Editor of the Medical World.

Sir—In a recent number of the Medical World, there was a paragraph concerning the Festival about to be held in York this year. The following paragraph appeared in the Manchester Chronicle (my own observance)—“Yorkshire Medical Festival.—At a meeting of influential gentlemen held on Friday evening in York, it was resolved to propose the Festival to be held next September, and a number have, there not being sufficient time to effect the proper arrangements.” It is a singular fact that the very next intimation of that paper contained the account of the distribution of the name of the Meeting at York, a very summary account of the conduct of the “enthusiastic gentlemen” of that city—York, &c.

Belton, Manchester, May 26th, 1846.

A B

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

METROPOLITAN.

GRAND OPERA.—The newspaper critics have staidled on a parterre at least for their “talented pen.” Spohr’s *Faust*, clearly enough, does not sit comfortably on their stomachs, and yet they are somewhat apprehensive about averting their distance for the door. Some of the products of this kind of criticism—arise we rather suspect.—In some quarters, we hear of *Faust* as “deficient in melody,” but yet possessing a great deal of “harmony;”—in others, it is represented to vary “aromatic, but not pleasing,” and much more subtle-facile of a like tendency, plainly showing that the critics have got into shall water, where they will probably remain until the next tide of Decorum, or some similar delirium shall float them off. The fact is that the “melody,” the “harmony,” and the “aroma,” of Spohr’s operatic *dis-fa-mers* are all equally beyond their ken. Be wiser in the London public favoured, for the first time, with dramatic music that is not either pure ship-stap, or else exaggerated beyond all bounds of refined endurance, that the duty of writing “deliciously correct” of such matters is a most innocent and master-of-music occupation, and the production of a first-rate opera, suddenly strikes us with the discovery that a critic really ought to know something of the subject on which he venturously has comments. We write for the musical, and not the fashionable, world, and therefore do not intend to give an “analysis” of *Faust*. Our musical readers, if they have not previously heard it in public, doubtless know it by the name poems of private study, and to those who do not, we earnestly recommend a thorough perusal of its score previous to a visit to the Prince’s Theatre, or—following for the difference of musical effect—they may not, perhaps, be more satisfied with it as a first hearing than the critics allowed. Those who know it, and, at the same time, have some pretensions to judicial capability, will not regret us to point out that, if it does not contain “melody” (for which, read “*See organ screen*,” “*Scene in transit*,” “*Viv la*,” “*Trou a success*,” “*See Crew*,” “*Ma my doll*,” run with this) it is full of examples in which the musical scale is at least thrown into forms of intense beauty—we will not quibble about forms—“melody” it certainly is not, if the term be at all applicable to the things we have just quoted, but it nevertheless frequently realises our utmost anticipations concerning work. Those who know it, are also aware that it contains some of Spohr’s most beautiful writing, and do not read us to help them to the contra-

sion that this, if fully executed, is rather more likely to be "pleasing" than any thing else. That an impression slightly unfavourable to *Finet* and its author should have been created by the performance of last Thursday evening is not extremely surprising. Spohr writes too much for his own proficiency to have any chance of pleasing all the world at a first trial. The quiet and gentle tone of his more substantial stuff runs the affection of the hearer rather than enters us there by absolute force. Its pure and delicate beauties must be again and again contemplated before their worth becomes apparent in its fullest extent. Thus, from the nature of the music, must be the case even under the most favourable conjuncture of circumstances,—a state of things which certainly did not exist in the first attempt of the German company. So far from admitting this to be an objection, as even Sir, representation of *Finet*, we cannot consider it otherwise than more than half a failure. The power of the score is evidenced by a hand disproportioned as to the quantity of its notes and bases, and the music, generally, recalls the singers on their most vulnerable point—emotion. Of this latter defect we had two notable instances in the scene for *Kaspar* in the first act, and the song in E for *Hugo* with *Anna*. On both these points Spohr was much more fully treated in the performance of last *Act* and *Anna* at Covent Garden some days since. Both the songs which we have mentioned, also, have been at various times heard in London to greater advantage than in the German edition of *Finet*. The scene, "in, in, in," was originally sung by Miss Knauth at a Philharmonic concert of last season, and the aria of *Hugo* was sung at one of the recent concerts a few years since by Mr. Hornosoff, who, if he do not possess the natural qualifications of Selmauer, at all events revealed all the passages which the Germans have found it convenient to omit! The most ably sustained character in the performance at the Prince's Theatre, is the *Melancholic* of Herr Fieck. It was the singing of a thorough artist. The quaver of the last few notes seemed purposely designed as a foil to the vigour of the conclusion,—it grew in force with the increasing interest of the music. Then, still, in the last scene, it reached a climax of power such as, in melodrama acting, we have seldom witnessed. His singing was equally admirable, although he chose to sing fully one half of the grand song, "Alle such die Welt verlassen." This piece of bad taste is wisely unavenged, since the composition was sustained without depriving it of any other difficulty than may result in its length. Madame Fiesler below-mentioned, we think, less succeeded in *Kaspar* than in any other part she has yet essayed. She appeared careless or indifferent as to the peculiar sentiment of the music, and sang it with a very unworthy degree of roughness, besides touching over what matters of execution it contains in a manner which discovered but slight acquaintance with the mechanism of her art. The part of *Finet* is laborious and difficult in its extreme. But few voices are capable of executing the music as written, and its length and complication are quite sufficient to secure a singer seldom of the very highest acquirement. We make these remarks by way of qualification to our opinion of Herr Fieck's performance, which we thought little, as measured by the capabilities of the character, but still respectable as a struggle with an difficulty. Any singer who could admit himself as did Herr Fieck of such a task as the scene, "Wir im wir," is entitled to allowance for a host of faults. Herr Selmauer, as *Hugo*, did nothing to obscure the character of mediocrity thrown over the whole performance. His brilliant voice had effectively in the concerted music, but his style was antithetical to a just grading of Spohr's intention. Next to Herr Fieck, Madame Schottman is entitled to favourable notice. Her beautiful voice was even more wanting than usual in the petty and very German sentimentalism of *Rebecca*, and she sang the lovely air, "Dach ich auch weinen," with a grace and good feeling which would have done credit to singers of far greater personage. On the whole, Spohr's *Finet* opens matters very warmly looked on. In addition to the defects of the principals, the bass and chorus set anything but excellent, the music is directed with but slight perception of its true meaning, and the stage arrangements were in the last degree miserable.

Another Concert.—The eighth and last performance took place last night, under the direction of the Archbishop of York, for Earl Fortrose, and

ton have done all in their power, during the present season, to render the performances as attractive as possible by engaging all available concert talent, both native and foreign, and by introducing compositions of the very highest class, sacred and secular, which have been performed in the first style of excellence, by an orchestra complete in every department.

Philharmonic Society.—Sixth concert, Monday, May 13.

FIRST.

Soloists (Singing) Mrs. South (soprano),	Beethoven.
Mr.—(bass), Octavia (alto)—Pavani, with Choral singing, No. 54.	Mozart.
Miss (Violoncello & Trio)	Haydn.
Quartet —Messrs. Cooper, F. Young, Ward and Dudley.—Pavani.	Beethoven.
Long Suite, Yule, and Polka, &c.	Mozart.
Chorus —(Singing) Trustees and members of Synagogue, "Psalm in English."	Beethoven.
Concerto in G	J. Kellberg.

PART II.

Soloist in B.	Mozart.
Violin of Solo—Miss (Violin) Miss—(Violoncello, No. 54).	J. M. van Wazer.
Violoncello—Messrs. Cooper, Leslie, and Lambey, Kelly, Yule, and Sir	Beethoven.
Trinity.	Haydn.
Quartet —Miss, Gravelin, Miss and Miss Trustees.—No. 54.	Mozart.
Concerto in G.	Haydn.
Concerto —Violoncello.	Haydn.

We had another specimen in this concert, of the comparative power of the Philharmonic band in the performance of Beethoven and Mozart, which, as usual, proved very much in favour of the latter. The execution of Beethoven's *Allegro* was good and vigorous, but still fell short of perfection by something which it would be very difficult to measure or define. It was always on the point of realising the composer's purpose ideal, and yet somehow ever unaccomplished. It fully developed those principles of colored perspective on which Beethoven piles up the materials of his great orchestral works, but seemed, almost instinctively, to pass over the profound sentiment which is so low their characteristic and in the state of tantalizing approach towards perfection, do we realize Beethoven's music, even when performed by the best orchestra of the country, though live as when under the direction of Mr. Moschieson than at any other time. Mozart's music has all the benefit of longer experience and better accommodations, and thus his D symphony was admirably so—we do not remember at any time to have heard the charming *Adagio* more beautifully performed. The orchestra, also, were playing in the best Philharmonic style, and which told especially in the beautiful and brilliant *Assault* of Spahr. After a long absence, John Cooper again delighted those who admire in him the perfection of pure and rational piano-forte playing. The Quartet of Mozart although neither extremely difficult nor in any way astounding, called forth from Mr. Cooper all those graces of style which have long since won for his playing the highest praise in the opinion of all those who can discern in music some other excellence than simplicity of motion. It was, in truth, an exquisite performance—firm, graceful, and united with the truest perceptions of Mozart's harmony. Moreover, it was warmly and, strangely enough, universally applauded. We say strangely, for, if there be any inconsistency in the words of approbation, the same people who were drawn into raptures by the playing of Mr. Lind in the last concert, could scarcely have been gratified by that of Mr. Cooper—at all events, no two things could be more dissimilar the one was the mastery, the other the ripe genius, of practical music. Mr. Cooper was by no means well supported, neither the violin nor tenor were as ably handled as might be expected. The use of Beethoven, in the second act, was a wonderful effort on all hands. It is the most difficult, and altogether the most extraordinary of Beethoven's works of its class, and the perfect style of its performance reflected the greatest credit on the parties engaged. We never heard Mr. Wagner play better than on this occasion—Lesley, of course, was no rival as ever—and we could scarcely have expected from Mr. Leslie, or any one else, such beautiful tone-playing as we heard throughout. Miss Gravelin Miss sang Mozart's "Piano" with her usual refinement of manner, and was admirably succeeded with the classical obligato. Mr. W. Young is one of the most beautiful clarinet-players in this country, and were justice impartially dealt, would have more in-

great opportunity of displaying his talent. The aria, "Fam van Elm," sung by Miss Cavadoni in the second act, was first heard in this country, we believe, at the concert given by Weber shortly before his death. It contains many characteristic traits of its composer, but on the whole, is not in his most arduous manner. Signor Tamburini's song in the first act, and the duet in the second act, were very satisfactory performances, and were abundantly applauded. Mr. T. Cooke led, and Mr. Moscheles conducted.

THE MANAGER, however had a very numerous meeting on Thursday, at the Freemason's Tavern, Sir John Rogers, Bart., permanent president, in the chair. A selection of sterling compositions was made from the works of Byrd, Purcell, Stanton, Bennett, Wilbye, Gibbons, Weelkes, Morley, Gossell, Anon, Donato, Mamontov, De Tye, Ward, Swefts, &c. This society, which will have been established, next year, just a century, has done more than any other towards preserving from oblivion the productions of the old masters; it possesses a library of nearly two thousand compositions, several of which have been rendered popular by Mr. Osbourn, who has adapted English words with characteristic propriety to the sentiments of the music. Among the company on Thursday were Lord Howe, Lord Salisburie, Lord Stoughborough, Sir G. Clarke, Sir A. Bernard, Sir J. Campbell, Hon. A. Macdonald, also, Messrs. Brown and Durb (conductors), Tyrrell, King, Lewis, Furry, Brownsmith, Evans, Killett, Hopkins, Loder, Walsley, and several of the Chapel-Royal cantors, as well as about thirty amateurs and members of the club, most of whom took a part, and the evening was passed in the most delightful manner imaginable.

MADAME DE BERTINONI GARY gave her Musical Matinee yesterday morning, at the residence of Mrs. F. Pettus, in Queen Anne-street, Cavendish-square. It commenced with Weber's Overture "Prymna," which was spiritedly played by a small orchestra, comprising the talents of Benedict, Lohé, Puzzi, Gary, Strangé, &c. In the course of the concert Madame Gary performed on the pianoforte the following compositions:—Mozart's *Andante in G minor*, the *Andante of Theobald*, a *March of Chopin*, the *Galop*, composed by Liszt, and performed by him at Mrs. Taitton's and Mr. J. Furry's concert, a *Sonata*—like duet with M. Gary, and the *trio*, in a duet, with Liszt, the *impassioned* of *Berlin*—and throughout displayed all those qualities which distinguish the *Academy's pianists*—a wonderful command over the instrument and a firm and elastic touch; her playing of *Mozart's Concerto*, which is extremely difficult, was remarkably beautiful, and the *Andante*, *Mazurka*, and *Galop*, which Madame Gary played from memory, were executed with the most perfect ease. Amongst the female pianoforte-players of the present day that we have heard, Madame Gary is entitled to the highest rank. The concert was extremely well attended. Besides Madame Gary's performance, M. Gary performed a solo of his own composition on the violin. Signor Puzzi, in his usual brilliant manner, made us the hero—the *Finale*, from Lucia; Miss Harvey sang a new ballad, "I'm the Queen of Spring," and Mr. Furry his amusing *Boho Trio* and "Wanted a Governess!" Signor Tamburini also sang two songs; *Millic*, New, "Fondle me me," *Millic* Garregard an *Aria* by Donizetti, from his opera of *Roberto* *Dreyer*, and a duet with a new singer, of whom we had not before heard, a Signor Marzulli, a response which sounds so unfamiliar to our ears that we cannot avoid thinking that he has been lately obtained—*he*, however, has a good voice even and is a young man of considerable promise. Mr. Benedict conducted, accompanying the vocal music with much discrimination and good taste, we refer to later. For his sake, that all the tickets for his concert, which takes place to-morrow, are disposed of, for the sake of our musical friends we regret the circumstance.

MR. W. B. BENNETT'S CONCERT.—The concert of this distinguished young artist, which took place on last Friday evening, was a treat of no ordinary order. A strong band was mustered in the orchestra, and opened the concert with Beethoven's symphony in A; but, in accordance with a facility which seems to hang over his most concert, the beautiful composition did not go satisfactorily. The other orchestral performances were Mr. Bennett's fine overture to *Perseus*, and Weber's concert to *The Echo of the Spirits*. The great attrac-

Gin of the evening was, of course, the piano-forte-playing of the longhair, and truly respects it was. Then Mr. Bennett, we know no better illustration of the character of an artist, so distinguished from that of a mountebank,—the truth is, he is something more than a player—he is a composer. He has not devoted his life to the task of scrambling over the keys of the piano-forte against time, or of demonstrating the possibility of that which most other people would deem impossible, or, at least, with Dr. Johnson, would devoutly wish were so. Opposed to the fulcrum, and yet determining, influences of fashionable performance, we find in his playing an such execution as the piano-forte need ever be brought to endure, and, looked with it, a grace, a refinement, and an intense personal possession which no performer using one production has surpassed. His music equally bespeaks the highest qualities of an artist's mind. It has always an intention—it is always about something—it always leads to some end; and may even be contemplated with more delight after a year's acquaintance than it inspired on a first hearing. It is, perhaps, scarcely so just as that of some of his fashionable rivals, nor are we ever permitted the entrancing satisfaction of seeing the composer seated from the orchestra in a listening state after its execution, but in those who draw a distinction between genius and luxury, and who have means for its luxury rather than its restless extravagance, it ever provides a fund of unalloyed gratification. Of such qualities, the concerto in G minor which Mr. Bennett played on that evening, furnishes a host of examples. It is, we think, his finest work of the kind, and a grander as more beautiful composition for the piano-forte we do not know. The concerto in E major, which, if we recollect rightly, was also performed by the artist at his concert of last season, is a delightfully imaginative work, abounding in rich tones of melody and the most varied and interesting treatment. It is almost needless to add that both these compositions were played—"cooled," we suppose, well because the artist's execution—with a perfection which very few living piano-forte players Mr. Bennett have yet attained. Next to the performance of our young artist, we were most highly gratified by the charming recitation which we encountered. Formerly successful as a English of the musical requirements of her children, she would be almost amazed that she could less than the highest need of encouragement to a man who is at once so content to his art and a credit to his country, and whose total freedom from vanity or affectation enhances, if possible, the perfection of his genius.

Ms. HAYES and Miss M. E. HAYES gave their concert at the Masonic Square Rooms on Thursday evening last. We regret that we were unable to be present, as it prevents our entering into the particulars of a concert, interesting, inasmuch as given by so talented a lady. We are glad to hear that it was most successfully attended.

St. MARYLENE CHURCH CONCERT.—The anniversary meeting of the charity children educated within this parish, amounting in number to between five and six thousand, took place at the Rotary Church on Tuesday morning last. At eleven o'clock, all the schools being arrived at the church, the two organs peared forth in peak, and the choir produced from the rising of such a mass of children are scarcely be described. In this church a choir has been lately introduced, who on this occasion were assisted by a portion of the young gentlemen of Wyndhamer Alley. They chorused the "Vesene" to the grand chorist, the "Te Deum" to one by Handel, and sang the "Jubilate" to a very pleasing service composed by the late Mr. Jackson, of Exeter. We understand these portions of our Church service are usually performed on Sundays by the choir at the church, which rather adds to their importance the downward linkage it is intended to produce. The children of the parochial charity school performed an anthem composed and presented by Mr. H. GASTON, the late organist of the church, in a manner highly creditable to them. Its melody is exceedingly effective, and the chorus, in which the whole of the children joined, produced an excellent effect. They performed two other pieces, which for profusion and effect could only be equaled at the meeting of the schools at St. Paul's Cathedral. The service was preached by the Rev. Frederick Oakley, Proctor of Leocole and Minister of Margaret Chapel. There were present nearly 3,000 children—Morning Post.

PROVINCIAL.

[This department of the Musical World is compiled and edited from the provincial press, and will be the means of giving you some acquaintance with the talents of all the musical societies in the Kingdom, and of giving you some notice of the progress of the art in every part of the Kingdom.]

MANCHESTER.—*Yield Ours Choir*.—This very excellent musical society closed a most successful and brilliant season on Thursday evening, the 14th inst., with a concert in which nearly seven hundred the highest talents in the performance, and the patriotic and applause of India were the attention to execution and the pursuit of success. The room was admirably attended by a very respectable auditory, amongst whom were some of our leading musical societies and professors. The celebrated stage was tastefully decorated and disposed for the occasion, and nothing was spared to give effect to the performance or gratification to the auditory. The concert opened with Bishop's chorus "Alleluia gloria et gratia," which was sung with all that spirit which an Italian acquaintance and a just appreciation of the merits of this distinguished dramatic composition can command. It was followed by another given "When celestial chorists" which was sung in a simple, sweet style by Mrs. Beck (late Mrs. Taylor), Messrs. Walker and Skelton. "Papa's plea or tale," "Hail ye mountains," introduced a delightful scene, in the person of Miss Stalk, a young lady seventeen years of age, a resident of Liverpool, who it soon concluded and delighted every one present. Her voice is a very fine contralto, of such sweetness and richness of tone, with great power, and we should suppose, extraordinary compass. The other singers in this part were Miss Leach and Mr. Walker; and the words of the composition and the beauty of the harmony produced an uncommon and enthusiastic success. The composition was sung a second time, and was heard with undiminished gratification. The next piece, Bishop's given, "Where I sing? ah, where?" also introduced another candidate for musical laurels in the person of Miss Bentley, of this town: this being her first appearance in public before any audience. She possesses a good contralto voice, of fine tone and some power, especially in the lower notes. As Miss Bentley sang only once, and that in a characteristic style, and apparently had to contend against that sacred faculty and power which nature has denied, we should not be surprised to see her performing to be able to judge from the first song, of what she may be capable. All we can say is, that she performs well, and that, when study and practice have given her that control over the voice without which no one can excel, we doubt not she will be found a desirable addition to our resident vocal talents, in which none of this quality are the more rare. Bishop's given, "What please and not ask," was ably sung by Messrs. Leach, Beck, Messrs. Walker and Clough; and the first, second, and third parts of this chorist were very effective. The first part closed with Mr. J. Stace's chorus, "Give us the key," which had a capital foundation of tone, and was well performed. The second part commenced with that sweet melodious, "O by dawn," for which we are indebted to Bishop's arrangement. The singers were Messrs. Leach and Beck, Mrs. Beck, Messrs. Beck, Clough, and Skelton; it was much relished and approved. Mrs. Leach sang English's "Gentle spruce into" very well; Mr. Nelson's distant obligato was an able performance—firm, full and loud in the beginning, and subsided into the sweetest pathos, as in its harmonies with its value. There was much applause, and some striking in voice, which was not given out in. One of the principal successes of the evening was a very fine four-voice given by Mr. J. Barry, captain of the Colleydale Church, which the ladies presented to the club, and which was sung there for the first time, accompanied by Mr. Moore on the piano. The words of the given are by our countryman, Mr. Mr. Gardner. The musical composition has done justice to the words. The given opens with a beautiful accompaniment by the organ and then the four voices then enter in a sweet and clear harmony. The words "Thy white wings' obedient angels" have a very fine effect, produced by the organ, which gives to the music a flowing and untroubled character, followed by some vocal but remarkably expressive chorist, which, in the seventh and eighth lines pass into a sweet and genuine melody, and then the given terminates happily in the feelings, like the well-arranged accompaniment of a tale of fiction. "When the late work" was very sweetly sung, and the concert concluded with another chorus of Bishop's (whose name constituted five persons, among the most gratifying and delightful of the evening's performances) "Hurry boys, hurry" which we need not say was well and spiritedly sung by the whole vocal force of the evening. The first solo was ably sung by Miss Stalk, and the first and last by the young lady, Miss Leach, and Mrs. Beck, were excellent. A heavy shower of rain, falling in the glass during the time, which the chorus gave the words—

* With us we have together
In some of the highest of wisdom.

named songs accompanied by the application of the words to the actual position of the company.—We should not state this account without stating that the pieces were accompanied on the piano by Mr. H. Clarke, with much ability. After the concert, a general invitation was given to the company to become the club guests at supper, provided in another room. Mr. John Davies presided; the vice-presidents were Mr. W. Moore, and Mr. F. Abbott. After supper the chairman gave "The Queen," which was duly honoured, and followed by "Hail, smiling moon." The next song was "Pleasure dithers, the royal instrument," followed by the waltzer "Greenish glass," "Lull, lull!" "The ladies," was the next song, and it having been acknowledged, Miss Flint sang "Tell me, my heart," in such a style, as to call for an enthusiastic response. After a most agreeable time, Mr. Moore, in reference to the advantages and delights of harmony, a suitable request was given by some members of the club, saying that gentlemen's tea, and truly English glass, "Wills proved a path of ease." The chairman next gave "The Blackwater-john," which Mr. Sir Gardner acknowledged. Several other musical pieces were given, and the evening concluded in a late hour, after a very pleasant evening.

The Clerical Society's last public performance for the season is announced to take place on Thursday next, the 6th of June.

WARRINGTON.—Musical Society.—The society's eleventh public performance of vocal music took place at the Music Hall, Bury-street, on Wednesday evening, the 5th inst. The hall was quite full, and the company consisted of the principal gentry and inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood. The pieces performed were selected from Handel's *Messiah*, and the principal vocalists were Miss Freshook, the Misses Goring, of Liverpool, Miss Ann Phillips, and Misses Taylor and Stone. "The sea," "The people that walked in darkness," was most effectively sung by Mr. Taylor. Miss Ann Phillips, who made her first public debut upon the occasion, and who is, by the bye, a young lady of great promise as a vocalist, sang the air, "Thou shalt not fear," with great sweetness and simplicity—a little more confidence would perhaps be desirable, but the time always was opportune. The duet, "Oh, lovely peace," by the Messrs. Goring, was most vigorously and decorously executed. The choruses were sung with great effect. Mr. George Egton of Liverpool, concluded the performance, which, as a whole, was general satisfaction.

BEAUMARIS.—Theophilus Concert took place on Wednesday evening, the 5th inst. It consisted principally of instrumental music, interspersed with some of Felley's most popular pieces. Mr. Rogers's gentlemanly manner of conducting the orchestra delighted all parties, and his aid to the artists was truly splendid. Miss Lark, Miss Thorp, Mr. Harby, Mr. Stoddick, &c., acquitted themselves in a most satisfactory manner. The time upon the concert, Miss Lark, Miss Lark, Miss Lark, &c., truly delighted the audience. We do not imagine that Mr. Thorp has received much by this experiment, but it is hardly on the spot, to determine a taste for instrumental, as well as vocal music in the town. We can only say that we wish him success in future.

CYRILLICOR.—Messrs. Budge and Light respectively gave each a concert here last week on the same day. Mr. Budge sang several compositions of his own, accompanying well, and his teacher, who presided, a good time was made by his appearance in Cheltenham. Mr. Light, at his request, played one of Dr. Brown's *Canzons* for the violin, and was much and deservedly applauded. For Lincolnshire mentioned in the preceding number.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE SACRED HARMONY SOCIETY will give performances of Mendelssohn's *oratorio*, *St. Paul*, on the 17th and 18th of next month.

FRANCE.—The following pianoforte concerto plays are in the metropolis in vogue.—Liszt, Mendelssohn, Paganini, Herz, Dohler, Peter, Scholz, Kallinark, Holman, Salaman, Bennett, Donelli, Lavoie, Nante, Kellerman, Farber, and last, although by no means the least, the father of the pianists, J. B. Cramer; Madame Dalera, Belleville-Cury, Holske, Mosse-Lodvig, Ludlow, Benschke, Everett, and Mrs. Anderson, besides several excellent performers belonging to the Royal Academy of Music.

St. Saviour's Church, Chelsea, New Town.—The organ recently erected in this church by Gray, was exhibited by Mr. Robert Gray on Monday evening last. The instrument is of a rich and brilliant quality of tone, and was universally admired. The church was consecrated on Wednesday by the Bishop of London, when Mr. Gray again presided. Mr. Bulchery has been appointed the organist.

Mrs. DEWE GALL arrived in town from Paris on Tuesday evening. Her first appearance was at the Acadist Concert last night. She is engaged to sing at the last two concerts of the Philharmonic, also at several benefit concerts.

SECURE OF FUTURE SUCCESS.—We have been informed that the members of the Royal Society of Female Musicians intend to give their first public concerts, by themselves, that is, they will not allow any of the naughty menfolk to assist them. Is it remembered that this is 1836, year?

YOUNG MISTRESS has again narrowly escaped destruction by fire. About seven o'clock on the night of Wednesday week flames were seen to issue from the lobby at the north-western end of the cathedral. The alarm was given, and fire-engines were speedily brought to play upon that part of the building; but the fire advanced so rapidly, that within an hour the lobby was reduced to a mass of ash. The walls fell with a heavy crash through the flames. Very soon the flames reached the roof of the nave; from which the melted lead poured in red-hot masses upon the marble floor below, melting and burning the carved wood-work and the windows in its course. Great exertions were made to prevent the fire from reaching the lantern-gallery, for the entire building must have been destroyed had that happened. The conflagration was put under about two o'clock. Next day, the fire-rod officer presented a melancholy appearance. The roof of the nave was completely stripped off, and every pillar damaged. The choir, the beautiful screen, and the organ, were unscathed, but of the lobby only a few fragments remain. It was conjectured that the fire might have been caused by the carelessness of some workmen employed in repairing the steeple; but a strict investigation as to its origin has since taken place, and there is not the least reason to suppose it otherwise than the result of accident. The injury is more extensive than that caused by the Bonfire Martin in 1833, and it is somewhat singular that it was this part of the Minster which he at first attempted to set fire to, but failed in accomplishing his purpose.

Mrs. MANNING and Fanny ANKER have visited during the past week Astley's Amphitheatre to witness the surprising feats of Mr. DUNN and his stud. The royal pair were at the Opera on Thursday evening last, *Lehar's* benefit, when *Don Giovanni* was performed, they took their seats previous to the commencement of the curtain, and on Thursday evening were also present at a repetition of the same opera.

TWO DANCES IN THE GARDENS.—The following is the heading to one of the Bath play-bills:—"Theatre Royal, Bath,—In consequence of the numerous applications bestowed on Rossini's *Emson's* grand opera, the *Mad of Palermo* produced for the first time, on the city of Bath, on Tuesday, May 16th—by eleven in the house! nine in the pit! and twenty-eight in the gallery! it will be repeated this evening, to give the lovers of music another opportunity of hearing the composition of that great master."

MR. VINCENZO NOVATI and MR. TORRELLI have been delivering lectures on music. The former gentleman is the only visitor of Italy, at the London Institution, the lectures were read by Mr. Charles Gordon Clark, and the illustrations supplied by Miss Clara Novati and others, accompanied on the piano by Mr. V. Novati. The lectures given by Mr. Torrelli were on the "Rise and Progress of Music," and delivered at the Three Tuns Tavern, Borough, but as we did not receive a notice of admission until within a few days past, in consequence of some accidental circumstances, we are prevented entering into particulars.

LOVE TO SUCCESS.—Not only are the subscribers to the Acadist Concerts indebted to Lord Burghersh for his exertions to uphold their dignity, but the musical public in general, and the profession in particular, owe his lordship a debt of gratitude for placing before us, in some of the finest compositions that were ever penned. The idea of establishing the Academy of Music originated with Lord Burghersh; and in present flourishing state is chiefly owing to his lordship's influence and constant superintendance in character of the committee of management. The institution will, at an distant period, be enabled to furnish an exhibition of native talent equal to any of the kind on the Continent, and there is no doubt but that the present tyro will, in the course of time, become Aristotle, at the head of this establishment is technically designated.

St. MARGARET, POOLTRY.—One of those forms of so frequent occurrence, the election of an organist, took place at the church of the above parish, on Wednesday week. There were no less than forty candidates, thirty of whom played upon one of those respectable short organ-organs to be found at every third or fourth church in the city. The exhibition commenced at half-past three o'clock in the afternoon, and terminated at half-past eleven straight. And who, readers, do you think was the conqueror—Mr Adams, or Mr Gumbrell, "the celebrated amateur pianist," as he designates himself when lately "doing the processions?"—Neither—but the good folks of the parish, on the very proper principle, that as they have to hear the music on the Sunday, they should choose the organist. The consequence is, that notwithstanding the excellent playing of Mr Treble and Mr. Worray, the only candidates who could play, a lady who cannot play is to be the future parish organist. It was highly amusing to observe the state of each candidate, when playing, displayed over the side of the gallery, written on a good bold hand, that the ladies' names might be the better able to form a fair and impartial judgment as to the merits of the performer.

HARPER'S Bazaar and Concerts. The *Musick*, will be performed on Wednesday next, under the special auspices of the Royal and Noble Directors of the *Academy of Music*, for the benefit of that excellent charitable institution, the Royal Society of Musicians, the public rehearsal of which will take place on Monday morning.

THE CONCERTS OF ANCIENT MUSIC have been more successfully attended this year than since the policy days of George III. Much credit is due to Mr W. Crofton (son of the late conductor), solicitor and secretary, for the arrangements, which were made under his superintendance, for the royal and distinguished persons who have honoured the performances with their presence.

THE CROWN CLUB.—The members of this club had their usual dinner on Tuesday last, at the Titchard House Tavern, St. James's-street. Mr. C. M. Baily was chairman. The Duke of Bedford and rather a numerous party sat down to a most excellent dinner.

THE BRILLIANT DEBATE ON PALANQUINS PLAYING.—Miss Channing had been seduced into the brilliant style of playing not only by her own remarkable power of execution, but by the high estimation in which that style was held, as well by amateurs as by distinguished professors. At a party one evening, at which Delamere was present, a lady of great repute as a pianist sat down to the instrument, and played the *Loboschewsky* sonata of Beethoven with a dazzling rapidity that was truly wonderful. "Bravely played," said one of the party, coming up to Delamere, who was conversing with Emily, "this shows what may be done by the pianoforte." Delamere nodded assent, not caring to intimate any difference of opinion; but when again left alone with Emily, he expressed his sentiments without reserve. "As in showing what may be done by the pianoforte, it shows what may be done upon it with ten fingers, but nothing more. If music had no other end but to exhibit the mental dexterity of the performer, it would not deserve to rank higher as an art than any other sleight-of-hand. In what we have just heard, the beautiful thoughts of Beethoven were all depressed as art. They were sacrificed to display. As a performance it was a specimen of nervous circulation, but, as embodying the conception, the genius, the inspiration of that great composer, it was a complete failure." Emily left the truth and force of these remarks, and from that evening she gave up the brilliant school for the intellectual.—*New News.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We will give a "Correct Reader" the indexes we are preparing this month and week.
 "A Provincial Physician" whose letter begs the insertion of a notice of a "Spoken Proseman" of London: we regret that we cannot give so notice in the volume as we desire to print.
 "A Volunteer" in a paragraph of whose signature we were (for the printer's oversight) obliged upon us to which we printed last month, we thought it as well to send you Mr. White's in the journal of the Temple Church, as you had never seen in our country, to say, like his choice of the many capital words there we have.

TO OUR PROVINCIAL FRIENDS.

We have received a letter from the Secretary of the Apollo Club, Manchester, and he will perceive that we have inserted the notice of the last meeting of the Club, in the provincial department of our miscellany, we beg to inform him, as well as our Provincial Friends generally, that we are always happy to chronicle in the "Medical World" whatever may be going on amongst them in a mutual way and to devote as much space as possible for that object.

Our Manchester friends are informed that we have applied Messrs. Green and Debenham, booksellers of that town, agents for the sale of the "Medical World," of whom, as well as of Messrs. Elmer, Bosc, and Co., and other booksellers, the work may be thus obtained.

At Liverpool, Mr. Waring Webb, of South Castle-street, has become our agent, and he will supply the trade and the public in that town and its neighbourhood. Besides at Birmingham, Messrs. Wightson and Webb. We trust from these parts, at any rate, we shall hear of no more difficulty in procuring our publication.

One thing we shall esteem a favour, which is, that our friends, from whom we shall always be happy to hear, will have the kindness to furnish us with notices of concerts, &c., or newspapers containing them, as early as possible in the week, and in future, anything received later than Wednesday cannot by any possibility be inserted in the number of that week.

MEDICAL ENTERTAINMENTS FOR THE WEEK.

Tuesday—Mr. Smith's First Series, Messrs. Green & Debenham. Meeting of the Medical Club, Apollo Room (Particulars inserted in Notice of Public Notices Department). Friday—Medical Society, Manchester Club, Apollo Room. Evening—Messrs. Green & Debenham. Saturday—Mr. Smith's Second Series, Messrs. Green & Debenham. Sunday—Mr. Smith's Third Series, Messrs. Green & Debenham.

Monday—Morning—Mr. Green, Mr. W. Debenham, and Mr. Debenham's Course, Messrs. Green & Debenham. Evening—Mr. Debenham's Course, Messrs. Green & Debenham.

Tuesday—Mr. Debenham's Course of the Month, Messrs. Green & Debenham. Evening—Mr. Debenham's Course, Messrs. Green & Debenham. Saturday—Mr. Debenham's Course, Messrs. Green & Debenham. Sunday—Mr. Debenham's Course, Messrs. Green & Debenham.

Wednesday—Morning—Mr. Debenham and Mr. Debenham's Course, Messrs. Green & Debenham. Evening—Mr. Debenham's Course, Messrs. Green & Debenham.

Thursday—Morning—The Medical Club, in the hall of the Royal Society of Medicine, Messrs. Green & Debenham. Evening—Mr. Debenham's Course, Messrs. Green & Debenham.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PAMPHLETS.			
London, J.—Four Paper Lectures, &c. (Part 1)	Friday	London—The Royal Medical Week	Friday
London, J.—Four Paper Lectures, &c. (Part 2)	Saturday	London—The Royal Medical Week	Friday
London, J.—Four Paper Lectures, &c. (Part 3)	Sunday	London—The Royal Medical Week	Friday
London, J.—Four Paper Lectures, &c. (Part 4)	Monday	London—The Royal Medical Week	Friday
London, J.—Four Paper Lectures, &c. (Part 5)	Tuesday	London—The Royal Medical Week	Friday
London, J.—Four Paper Lectures, &c. (Part 6)	Wednesday	London—The Royal Medical Week	Friday
London, J.—Four Paper Lectures, &c. (Part 7)	Thursday	London—The Royal Medical Week	Friday
London, J.—Four Paper Lectures, &c. (Part 8)	Friday	London—The Royal Medical Week	Friday
London, J.—Four Paper Lectures, &c. (Part 9)	Saturday	London—The Royal Medical Week	Friday
London, J.—Four Paper Lectures, &c. (Part 10)	Sunday	London—The Royal Medical Week	Friday
London, J.—Four Paper Lectures, &c. (Part 11)	Monday	London—The Royal Medical Week	Friday
London, J.—Four Paper Lectures, &c. (Part 12)	Tuesday	London—The Royal Medical Week	Friday
London, J.—Four Paper Lectures, &c. (Part 13)	Wednesday	London—The Royal Medical Week	Friday
London, J.—Four Paper Lectures, &c. (Part 14)	Thursday	London—The Royal Medical Week	Friday
London, J.—Four Paper Lectures, &c. (Part 15)	Friday	London—The Royal Medical Week	Friday
London, J.—Four Paper Lectures, &c. (Part 16)	Saturday	London—The Royal Medical Week	Friday
London, J.—Four Paper Lectures, &c. (Part 17)	Sunday	London—The Royal Medical Week	Friday
London, J.—Four Paper Lectures, &c. (Part 18)	Monday	London—The Royal Medical Week	Friday
London, J.—Four Paper Lectures, &c. (Part 19)	Tuesday	London—The Royal Medical Week	Friday
London, J.—Four Paper Lectures, &c. (Part 20)	Wednesday	London—The Royal Medical Week	Friday
London, J.—Four Paper Lectures, &c. (Part 21)	Thursday	London—The Royal Medical Week	Friday
London, J.—Four Paper Lectures, &c. (Part 22)	Friday	London—The Royal Medical Week	Friday
London, J.—Four Paper Lectures, &c. (Part 23)	Saturday	London—The Royal Medical Week	Friday
London, J.—Four Paper Lectures, &c. (Part 24)	Sunday	London—The Royal Medical Week	Friday
London, J.—Four Paper Lectures, &c. (Part 25)	Monday	London—The Royal Medical Week	Friday
London, J.—Four Paper Lectures, &c. (Part 26)	Tuesday	London—The Royal Medical Week	Friday
London, J.—Four Paper Lectures, &c. (Part 27)	Wednesday	London—The Royal Medical Week	Friday
London, J.—Four Paper Lectures, &c. (Part 28)	Thursday	London—The Royal Medical Week	Friday
London, J.—Four Paper Lectures, &c. (Part 29)	Friday	London—The Royal Medical Week	Friday
London, J.—Four Paper Lectures, &c. (Part 30)	Saturday	London—The Royal Medical Week	Friday
London, J.—Four Paper Lectures, &c. (Part 31)	Sunday	London—The Royal Medical Week	Friday
London, J.—Four Paper Lectures, &c. (Part 32)	Monday	London—The Royal Medical Week	Friday
London, J.—Four Paper Lectures, &c. (Part 33)	Tuesday	London—The Royal Medical Week	Friday
London, J.—Four Paper Lectures, &c. (Part 34)	Wednesday	London—The Royal Medical Week	Friday
London, J.—Four Paper Lectures, &c. (Part 35)	Thursday	London—The Royal Medical Week	Friday
London, J.—Four Paper Lectures, &c. (Part 36)	Friday	London—The Royal Medical Week	Friday
London, J.—Four Paper Lectures, &c. (Part 37)	Saturday	London—The Royal Medical Week	Friday
London, J.—Four Paper Lectures, &c. (Part 38)	Sunday	London—The Royal Medical Week	Friday
London, J.—Four Paper Lectures, &c. (Part 39)	Monday	London—The Royal Medical Week	Friday
London, J.—Four Paper Lectures, &c. (Part 40)	Tuesday	London—The Royal Medical Week	Friday
London, J.—Four Paper Lectures, &c. (Part 41)	Wednesday	London—The Royal Medical Week	Friday
London, J.—Four Paper Lectures, &c. (Part 42)	Thursday	London—The Royal Medical Week	Friday
London, J.—Four Paper Lectures, &c. (Part 43)	Friday	London—The Royal Medical Week	Friday
London, J.—Four Paper Lectures, &c. (Part 44)	Saturday	London—The Royal Medical Week	Friday
London, J.—Four Paper Lectures, &c. (Part 45)	Sunday	London—The Royal Medical Week	Friday
London, J.—Four Paper Lectures, &c. (Part 46)	Monday	London—The Royal Medical Week	Friday
London, J.—Four Paper Lectures, &c. (Part 47)	Tuesday	London—The Royal Medical Week	Friday
London, J.—Four Paper Lectures, &c. (Part 48)	Wednesday	London—The Royal Medical Week	Friday
London, J.—Four Paper Lectures, &c. (Part 49)	Thursday	London—The Royal Medical Week	Friday
London, J.—Four Paper Lectures, &c. (Part 50)	Friday	London—The Royal Medical Week	Friday

THE
MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF
ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,
AND WEEKLY RECORD OF
Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

"Hic pater hypochondriacis dicitur et non indignatus,
non indignabile et non dicitur dicitur."

PLATT, *Fish* are small.

Money is a something invisible and incorporeal,
an all-powerful and a God-like thing.

MAY 4, 1840.

No. CCXIII.—NEW SERIES, No. CCXXII

PRICE 5d.
NUMBER, 48

Ours more we appeal to the young composers of our metropolis—will none of them help us to fight the way towards establishing a national opera as a secure and worthy foundation? Or are they all sunk, like the pilgrim, in the "Slough of Despond?" We know not exactly how they fail on the subject, but it requires the power either of a "wizard" or an "illocutor" to draw the public's attention on the subject. For aught the public can see to the contrary, English opera is in a more sinking condition than ever. There is now not one theatre open in which a note of English music can be heard. Even that last haven of hope—that refuge for operatic distribution—the Lyceum, no longer performs its summer-season. Rumours are afloat of an intended venture in it by the Covent-garden company with the performance of *little pieces* after the manner of vaudeville, but they are still uncertain, and even should they be fulfilled, such an employment of the theatre but reflects a deeper stain on the intention with which it was built. From this theatre, however, as spite of its name, we are not even willing ought to be expected. For whatever it is, perhaps, thoroughly adapted, but its desecration and impotence are altogether unworthy of English opera as it ought to be. For such a purpose, no theatre less in size and rank than Covent-garden or Drury-lane could be directly selected. There, the ample of stage would permit the employment of a powerful chorus, while from the great capacity of the house, a really large orchestra would overreach but slightly on the space necessary for public convenience. In such a theatre managed in its audience-part with the most complete regard to elegance and decorum, with such a band and chorus as could be assembled and drilled to the fulfillment of their duties, and with the best

Europe which London at present contains played under a proper system of control, native operas could even now be played with an effect which has not hitherto been granted them, and would naturally meet with an amount of patronage pretty nearly proportioned to the excellence of their performances. But how is all this to be accomplished? becomes the question. From theatrical managers it is vain to hope for anything more than their usual course of limited exertion and certain failure. They are unacquainted with the necessities of opera, and therefore practically incompetent to undertake its direction. A committee of composers appears to us the only kind of government likely to administer the affairs of a purely-lyric theatre to advantage. To such a plan, there are, we know, a few serious objections, but the good would nevertheless be found to preponderate over the evil. The young composers of the metropolis, however, are not, generally speaking, overburdened with wealth, and would therefore need leaders in such a scheme; but these, we are convinced, would not long be wanting if the project were thoroughly set going and energetically taken up. Remarks of this kind, or, indeed, any effective measures in favour of a national opera, can only arise from such a determined musical union as we have already suggested. That our composers should, in each others' society, discuss their subject and its prospects, is essentially the first step of the normal march to success, and this we again press on their notice as a measure which will not brook inattention or neglect.

We again invite correspondence on this subject as the normal means of eliciting the most practical, and therefore most valuable, experience on all points connected with it and, in the same time, we undertake, previously to resuming the subject, to provide every information necessary for conversing with tolerable accuracy the experts of such an establishment as we contemplate.

ON CONCERTS.

The name concert, being derived from the Latin word *concertare*—to contend, to vie with—implies, that several persons are engaged in it, who meet in the performance, and vie with each other in the most perfect production of a composition. A series of pieces of music, performed by a single musician before an audience, cannot therefore be properly called a concert.

In Europe, the full orchestra is generally employed at the present time in concerts, whether they be vocal concerts, or vocal or instrumental concerts; and most certainly the orchestra is the proper material for a concert. In this country, however, the employment of a full orchestra is always expensive, and moreover, orchestral music is neither understood and appreciated by the public, and is seldom brought out in that style of uniform and effective performance that commands attention and interest.

When the performers does not consist of one single greater composition, the greatest care must be taken by the director, in the selection and arrangement of the pieces to be performed. His chief object must not only be a pleasing and beautiful entertainment for the audience, but also the subversion of their taste and feeling for the art. This cannot be done by mere solo performances, whose object, generally is more benevolence by association, than to teach the lesson, and give a real taste of the power and effect of art to the work. They should most certainly not be excluded from a concert, as the contrary, they are very useful to bring variety into the performance, and to create sympathy. They should not,

however, form the chief part of the performance, which should consist of unadorned vocal or instrumental pieces, such as choruses, symphonies, overtures, quartets, quintets, &c. The director must therefore not merely take the pleasure of the great mass of the public as a criterion for his selection; but with a due regard for this, he ought not to drive the audience away from the concert, and thus to frustrate its design altogether, he must so place it as to meet the public taste for the art. He must therefore take care—first, not to give too much: it is not quantity that is required, but quality; let the audience leave the concert desiring to hear more, rather than over-satiated; it will be better for the art and the artist too;—second, not to keep the long and heavy pieces at the end of the concert, when the ear and the mind begin to grow weary;—third, to give a pleasing variety of brilliant and more elaborate pieces;—fourth, not to break up a symphony or a concerto and give only pieces of them; they are written as one whole, and ought to be performed as such. We would recommend a selection like the following. First part: an entire symphony. Second part: an overture, a vocal solo piece, an instrumental solo piece, a concerted vocal piece with orchestra.

The attention of the director must next be turned to a careful rehearsal, as well of the single parts of the whole. In any greater performance, the director must study the composition himself, in order to direct every solo as well as choral performer in the proper expression of his part; for it is mainly by his activity, skill and tactfulness in the rehearsal, that unity in the performance is to be effected. In the concert itself, he must preserve a dignified calmness, bearing the time with the full score before him, so as to be able to direct, and quietly to point out to the individual performer, any mistake or inaccuracy.

The leader must co-operate with the director, following his directions, and communicating them to the orchestra; and especially by his own playing he must move the whole orchestra to energy or softness, as may be required. The individual members of the orchestra must have their eyes constantly on both, and follow the playing of the leader in his more particular expressions, while they take from the director the modifications of time and of the general character of the piece.

The position and right proportion of the orchestra and stages is the next important object. They must be so placed, that the sight presents the greatest ease in its effect upon the audience. The chief condition, and a one you see, is, that every individual member can see the director as well as the leader. The orchestra ought therefore to be semicircularly, having the director in front, turned towards the audience, and the leader at the head of the first violins, immediately at his left; the second violins at his right; behind the first violins, the flutes and oboes; and behind the second violins, the clarinets and bassoons. In the middle, between these two files, the double basses and violoncellos must be arranged down the whole length; and behind, on the last platform the brass instruments and kettle-drums should be arranged. The choir must by every means be placed before the orchestra, or at least as much so as can be; and the solo singers must on no account stand behind the orchestra.

The number of instruments and voices must depend of course on the size of the saloon, and on the character of the piece. Far more important than the number is it, to have the different instruments and voices in the right proportion to each other. The general rule is, that, as far as possible, all the parts should be kept in even proportion, that is, so that no one is covered by the too great preponderance of another. The right proportions would be, about six first violins, five second violins, three flutes, four clarinettes, two double-basses, and all the parts for wind instruments single. The wind instruments ought not to be doubled, even though the stringed instruments should be double the above quantity.

In vocal choruses, the four parts ought to be about equally mixed. The bass voices might be a little more in number, to give more distinctness to that part; as well as the alto, which is seldom strong enough, being mostly sung by sopranos. Care should be taken to have good first voices on the alto.

The conductor, in accompanying choruses, ought always to keep in mind that

his business is only to support the voters, and must therefore be subservient both in power and expression.

The director has a great responsibility resting on him in this respect also; and it is to him that the composer looks, for guiding them over whom he holds his scepter, to keep the right degree and measure.—*American Musical Magazine.*

A WINTER IN PARIS, 1837-8.

BY G. H. WATSON.

Every year, towards the end of the season, Paris is flooded with a deluge of concerts and musical "soirees," that generally produce much trash from which but few persons profit can be reaped.

In these "soirees" the greatest wealth is done to music. First of all, the vulgar is all but suffocated by the best. The Parisians vie with each other as to who shall invite the greatest number of guests, and thereby make half of them stay without doors. If their salons hold fifty people, three hundred are sure to be invited. A hundred of them may by good luck be otherwise engaged; but another hundred and fifty must, as just mentioned, take up their quarters before the door. But we are not only suffocated by heat, we are also crammed with ice-creams and French rousances to explosion. The "bon ton" requires the rousances to be sung in a hoarse, trembling, half-stilled voice (the new slang which Meyerbeer prescribes as *alter* in his scores). We are happy indeed, if, after being let off with a sound of six rousances, a star of the first magnitude, Thalberg or Ernst bursts through the mist that had set upon our minds, to re-join our longing hearts with the music of true art, and a characteristic composition.

At a musical soirée, where counts and dukes, princess of Charles X., were present, I observed a bust which although not colossal, may not be uninteresting to our readers. There was in it one of the seats of Rome that were crowded with guests, a painting of a battle where Charles X. and Louis-Philippe were represented fighting at the head of the French army. A Corsic wit threw a preserved lemon into the face of Louis-Philippe making it altogether invisible; and I only wish my readers could have seen the ladies and gentlemen, passing and repeating the passing, exchanging themselves in withness and ridicule. I was astonished at the delivery of this wit.

In another party, Beethoven sang a ballad by Meyerbeer, called "The Monk." The composer was present, listening very attentively, and began, after the conclusion, vehemently to applaud, to the great surprise of the party, who did not know whether it was meant for the performer or composer.

Eminent performers of the time proved themselves such in the concerts. Thalberg, Geborne, Kullinka, Gies, Horn, Laveschin, Ballo, &c. Among the viola-players, and without among the virtuoses, Ernst is by far the most prominent. He is one of the few that throw poetry into their playing, forgetting their audience, and drawing from the rich sources of an internal life of feelings. His performances come from the heart, and they reach that of the audience. Among other instrumental performers, Ballo, the violinist-player, and Liveroni, clarinetist, are the best of the day. Among the romance-singers, Barbier, Hauser, Bodegner, Negri, &c. The female pupils of the Conservatory exhibit themselves without any success to Hübner, choral and recitativo; and we feel greatly relaxed and rejoiced when a beautiful clear voice, like that of Madame Sonters, emerges from the mass, singing a song by Schubert or Beethoven. A young tenor, Schwaninger, who has sung at different places, has a very melodious organ, a good school, a German mind, and justifies high expectations of him. Probably the Royal Opera will soon get hold of and monopolize him.

Augustus Winkler, from the chapel of the Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt, played the double-bass several times in public and at the soirees. In spite of all the difficulties which the novelty instrument offers, he brings out all the passages with great ease, and all the melodies with sweetness and expression.

His bowing was very diversified, he sang the staccato successfully, and made his double and harmonic tones. His whole manner is free and without restraint. His compositions also, particularly the *Adagio*, evince decided talent. I have not yet heard any of them, without feeling an indescribable longing and sadness. They are sighs from this transient world for eternity, swelling from a breast that looks in faithful hope for a better future—a better world.

Whatever I have as yet heard of church music, shows that its meaning is not understood. The following experience, which I had in a little country town, in the neighbourhood of Paris, may show in what point of view it is regarded generally in France. I was invited to play the organ there on some holiday. I began a free fantasia, in which I introduced four country themes by Beethoven, and a fugue by Handel, when the shopman whispered into my ears—for the organ stood near him—"How does your respecter notice music; your does *quelque chose de plus gai?*"—[My dear friend, you see our people; play something more lively.] I did not wait for him to repeat this reproach a second time, but played, during the "elevation of the host," the drinking song of *Opéra*, in *Le Freylassat*, which by chance came first into my mind. After that a flood of rain drove his fare from his coat-pocket and played some variations by Talis, which I accompanied on the organ. O how well pleased was the congregation! The shopman came up to me: "A la bonne heure, vous le respecter religieux, amusante et gai en même temps."—[Well done! that is music, religious, pleasing, and lively at the same time.] "Shouldn't that you are?" I answered him, but happily he did not understand it, and was satisfied with the translation, "Je vous loue à fait de votre organe."—[I am entirely of your opinion.]

The theatre are constantly running a-ground. The new quality of new opera, and the same quantity of anything beyond the common among them, show the miserable state of the theatre. The Grand Opera gives occasionally, at short intervals, new opera, which, in themselves insignificant, and entirely uncoloured, sustain themselves for a short time, and then make room for others. To be admitted as competitors for the Grand Opera requires only to have composed five hundred comedies, and one good one among the lot. The Italian Theatre sustains itself only by the excellence of its singers. The new opera which it has produced, *L'air de L'assommoir* and *Stances*, are heavy coarse representations, which are neither remarkable for dramatic truth nor for originality. *Il Paradis* is the best opera on the present repertory, for *Des Jours*, by Meyer, cannot be counted, as it is not in the least understood, and is transformed into a heap of gross unmeaning with ribbons and flowers. The Grand Opera has for a long while promised a new opera, and has at last produced *Guise* and *Cléopâtre*, an opera by Halévy. A French journal declares very truly, that with the exception of one or two romances most splendidly sung by Duprez, and a chorus of robbers, "rien de plus," the whole is distinguished by artificial dryness. Another critic, who defends and praises Halévy's composition, excuses its weak points very good-naturedly, by alleging the impossibility of everything being good in an opera of his sort. There are new attempts in mythology; Hertha Schützinger, who has bought the copyright of it, is said to be in a rage with Meyer, who, in an extra of the *Nouvelles*, has given Halévy and his monster opera a great shock in public opinion. It is the greatest joy that Halévy's composition is insignificant and void of anything which we acknowledge to be beautiful, more than those productions stand in the way of all young talent with the cry, "On ne passera pas!"—[You cannot pass here.]

The difficulty of getting tickets for the best representation of a new piece at the Grand Opera is a direct way, that is to say, at the box-office, is constantly increasing; the administration keeping almost all of them to themselves, in order to hire cheaper (forced applicants). Some of the journals will then come out the next day announcing the seats empty of the piece. But when one or two representations, the administration want to reap the fruits of their goodness. The ticket-office are thrown open to the public, the cash-boxes tumble down, and the voice of true consciousness is heard. The new piece survives half-a-dozen forced representations, and then disappears from the theatrical horizon. Placed rather with his subscribers a privilege to the work of an estimate, plucking there-

from a flower, which he weaves into his wreath of quatrains. The flower fades quickly, and nothing more is heard about the great opera.

Muzer has opened in the "Arbuckle des chœurs," a course of sacred music, which is doing well. Part of Handel's *Crucifixion*, the "Hymn of the night," by Bachmann, "Ave verum," by Mozart, and the "Nigraque in the tomb of our Lord," by Nussbaum, have already been produced.

Muzer's course for women (operettas), which has been in operation for some time, is meeting the best fruits. It is affecting to see old men and children, artisans and mechanics, warmed by the fire of art, wanting their strength to accomplish a performance which fills our heart with elevated feelings, and which reminds us to the world, that in day after day burying our feeblest hopes, and filling our hearts with a shivering chill: at the thought of the trivial and low pursuits of the greater number of men. It is hoped that the French government has by this time sufficiently recognized the purely medical tendency of this association, to prevent for the future any difficulties being thrown in its way. Muzer's birthday fell a few days ago. Some sixty persons attended him in the ample yard of the hotel in which he lives, surrounded on all sides by high walls. Some of the choruses, which they had sung in his course, were recited: "Chœur de Jésus," "Chœur de guerre," "Chœur de Marat," "En son," "Hymne à la France," &c.

You would look in vain in all great Paris for a musical effect like that which these choruses produced. The greater part of the number of the house, amounting to about two hundred individuals, were at the windows; and their motions and gestures showed, that they all were in the highest degree interested by the effect of the music. A new halcyon remarked with great complacency to the poetess: "Comme je suis heureux d'être sous une telle maison, il y aura concert probablement tous les soirs."—(How lucky I am to have stumbled upon this house, there is probably a concert every evening.)

Amidst the Babylonian confusion of several languages that has reigned the Parisians, amidst the mass of dishonest struggling, amidst the mass of vulgarity, amidst the silliness of many persons, there is certainly some good left; and amidst all the vile caricatures of insignificant romances, romances, of trifling music teachers, of warty opera composers, and of dancing quadrille machines, some noble efforts have borne golden fruit. May the morning dawn of the present be to see the harbingers of a beautiful bright future!

THE SCHULLEHRER'S VOCAL FESTIVALS IN GERMANY.

The Schullehrer's Vocal Festivals, as they have now been celebrated for several years in various parts of Germany, are not only reasonable on account of their necessity, but calculated to be productive of the most important results. The object of these is, to excite musical compositions written for male voices only. Chorus is the main exclusively, in the advanced state of civilization to which they are now to be met with in Germany and Switzerland, are in themselves new. Twenty years ago there was little more of the kind, except drinking songs, serenades, and the like; but we are now very already in possession of an abundance of musical productions, embracing a class of works of the grandest character. Gustav Weber has furnished a register for men's voices; Hanslager, two masses; Lorenz an oratorio; in my clothing of Bernhard Klein's oratorio masterpiece, which appeared in Berlin, under the simple title of *Asiatic Song* (religious songs). There exist, also, in manuscript, some excellent compositions by Schicht, Dreybach, Berg, and others, choruses of men, which it is to be hoped will shortly be available, through the medium of the press, to the whole musical world. Very valuable collections of vocal compositions of a lighter character, for men's voices, have been furnished by Niggli, Brunsch, Berg, Fr. Scherler, Mülling, Scherffsch, &c, and others. And how gratefully have these compositions been received! How numerous are the Societies of the above description, which have risen into existence in Germany, under the greatest variety of names, within the last ten or twenty years! And

how shall we collectively command the soul which animates these masses, particularly the workings of the schoolmasters in Saxony and Prussia, where the individual members crowd together, in all variety of weather, to improve themselves in the art of singing, and this not merely once or twice, but regularly, from month to month throughout the year? It is this love of the art, then, which constitutes the firm basis of each vocal festival, and excites a hope that they will gain ground, and constantly increase in excellence. Who can be insensible to the importance of these festivals? Important they certainly are, not only to those who join them, but also to the whole mass of the people; for it is obvious that the advancement of the instructors of the people to the cultivation of the art of singing, must exercise a direct influence over the youth of the community. The time is not far distant, when truly edifying singing will be heard in all the churches; when the most sacred national song will rapidly advance; when Germany will be a "singing land." But these signs of mature years of the present generation are no less affected by the purifying influence of the Schoolmasters' Vocal Festivals; for now, indeed, the opportunity is afforded of hearing not only much more, but far better vocal music than formerly. In small towns, even in villages, where formerly scarcely any singing was to be heard, but that of some youthful choristers, supported by the solitary tenured voice of the parson, we may now listen to choruses of three hundred vocal performers. Always flock to these festivals from far and near; even the commonest people do not remain away—for the prize of admission is a mere trifle—and from the words of many thousands are kindled in the charm of song, to which they had otherwise remained strangers. The effect, indeed, that may be produced by these hundred men's voices is well-practised choruses, especially when supported by a proportionate number of tenors, may be considered as the greatest that music is capable of producing. The Schoolmasters' Vocal Festivals, therefore, are highly important, as tending directly to national cultivation in the art, and in this respect claim the attention of all who are anxious for the promotion of the greatest objects of state.—*Alfred von Zulp.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

A NATIONAL OPERA

To the Editor of the Medical World.

MR. THOMAS,—I repeat in chorus, in your last number, something like a successful proposition for the foundation of a National Opera,—something beyond the smaller institutions of individual towns and the reputation of men-of-fortune (managerial) theatres—something more usually sold than the average of joint stock opera companies—and, in my humble thinking, more worthy of the common sense of your readers and of the national pulse, than any but national provisions. I allude to the *Opera of Pavia*, which seems to be a fair challenge to all who are in earnest on the subject, and offers, at least, a satisfactory prospect of success, stages, and the remuneration, to companies (and several) of artists and writers and spectators; and, by so doing, to ascertain what is required, and what is possible and desirable to be accomplished. If Pavia be really a point of experiment—and, notwithstanding your former sailing, I suspect it is well known to you—of it be capable to grasp the details, and embrace the varied interests of such an establishment—I now set to which of the three most talented names above named be bestowed—say, of the late of another class, and possessing the useful knowledge, with patriotic feeling and liberal liberality;—for one, shall be most glad to send spirit to his phœnix, and cheerfully take the field whenever called to the war.

It is necessary that the singers and actors have made five or three experiments of the Lyceum, in their great and old success: the obvious success of their own success are equally well known to all who have interested themselves on the subject; but the criticisms have stood about, rather indifferent in their struggles, to produce of their excellent stage plays. It is true Mr. Belli was in the last volume; but though generally in the head of the association, he was, in fact, but a kind of passage, and left them in the midst of their country—the only individual who gained any thing by the enterprise. And what did he while among them, but flatter Belli's name, and his own weakness and (less successful) effect, the *Debutant*? To be sure he did back up Macbride's clever

Don't's Overt, to draw a few halloos, and fill the empty benches, which the music-master (Jillik) had considered; but that was nothing; rather than support an unwarmed crowd. Let the composer now stand forth and do their workmen in the cases which it most necessarily strikes and the public. We may find misers and robbers, but we shall never glimpse till the best of the set give us five scores to their babies and un-lucky treatment. I hope, Mr. Editor, in the many communications to your paper from artists and composers of the highest qualifications than mine, with a certain purpose to this, viz. to offer personal services and pecuniary assistance, to a reasonable extent, towards the accomplishment of my long-cherished plan for a National Opera; and to thank *Father* for the notice he has conferred for our guide-words.

London, June 16th, 1840.

I am, Mr. Editor, as every issue of the *phases*,

FRED. PATRICK.

REVIEW.

1. *The Fancies*. 2. *The Five Solitons*. 3. *The First Fancies*. 4. *March!*
Quintets written and composed by J. A. Pratt.

No. 1 is a lively and pretty little composition which will be found effective with a light and artless style of performance.

The *Symphony* of no. 2 is an elaborate piece of art-work. It comprises but four bars, and commencing on E four sharps, passes from G major, in the second bar, to the chord of the minor sixth on G sharp—from there to D major—next to the minor sixth on B—and from there through a flat seventh on E to the chord of the reinforcement on its way home to the tonic of the original tonic. With the entrance of the vocal part, the composition assumes a more pastoral character, although its melody is somewhat cramped by an obstinate use of bar-lines. A splendid movement in 3-4 time concludes the first, and goes on successfully enough until the last bar of the fourth page, which, and the second bar of the next page, contain progressions as ugly as any we remember to have seen.

No. 3 is by far the best of the set. The vocal melody is expressive, and the first figure in the accompaniment tasteful and appropriate. Were it not for some awkwardness in the disposition of the vocal parts, there would be but little room to find fault with this composition.

No. 4 consists wholly of a pretty phrase of four bars which covers four lines with slight variation, and is followed by a species of coda. There is a slight dash of Irish character about the melody of this last, which renders it agreeable, but scarcely appropriate to its subject.

Cupid and Campaign. *Quintets, composed by Henry Bay*

Mr. Bay's has cured, we think, in the choice of his words. The verses of John Lilly, repeats through they be with *poetic feeling*, are opposed in their structure to the composer's purpose; and hence we find the words of this sonata cut up into a number of short movements which, without mutual connection, impart to the whole an air of phlegm issuing rusty. With the dead metaphors of form which must, in some way or other, be imposed on music by its adaptation to each word, a large amount of sensitive shilly is requisite to render the product even moderately interesting, and the most necessary quality we have not discovered in Mr. Bay's composition. It contains one or two pretty lines, as well as many evidences of sensibility in the accompaniments, but the class after something remarkable and uncommon is too evident throughout, and not only is the purpose not accomplished, but dullness is begotten by the attempt to avoid it.

Four Fads. *A Glee for Four Voices, composed by Henry Bay*

This is infinitely better music than the preceding. With not half the attempt, there is more than twice the effect. The first movement, although not burdened with melody, is full of vigor; second melody, and may be made effective in performance. The *Allegretto*, in 3-4 time, is the best, because the most characteristic, part of the composition. The broad and simple contour of the tune is pleasing, and its twang of old-fashioned joviality is entirely in keeping with the spirit of the poetry. The bass solo is quite in the old glee style, and, of course, principally accompanied in unison. There is, however, a degree of heavy feel-

ing about the portion remaining of the words, "I'll give to his success," which stands for the violence of the remainder.

Mr. Boys would do wisely to look more minutely to the disposition and progression of the vocal parts in his next plan. His arrangements frequently and only afford relief, but also sacrifice effect.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

METROPOLITAN.

Don MANRÍQUE'S TRAGEDY.—Last Saturday evening ushered into the metropolitan world another of those misapprehension apprehensions of music, a modern Italian opera. *Don de Castro* is the name of the heroism, and *Fernando*, the husband of the celebrated queen *Isabella*, stands opposed for its nobleness. The drama, which is more stately tragic than those usually wedded to Italian music, is founded on incidents partly contained with Portuguese history of the fourteenth century, and is written with considerable skill, and perception of stage effect. *Alphonse de Portugal*, King of Portugal, contracts a matrimonial alliance for his son, *Don Pedro*, with *Isabella*, the Infanta of Castile; but, on the arrival of the princess at his court to fulfil the marriage, it is discovered that *Don Pedro* has an intrigue on hand with *Isabella*, a lady of noble birth, in the course of which he has become the parent of two children. He refuses to accept the wife chosen for him by his father, and renounces, at all hazards, to marry the object of his affections. The King, incensed at the disappointment, and spurred on to revenge by the suggestions of *Alfonso*, a rejected suitor of *Isabella*, sends her into prison, and deprives her of her children, but narrowly escapes assassination at the hands of *Pedro*, who has vainly attempted to frustrate his father's designs. *Alphonse* and *Isabella* continue to live, in prison, her victims of banishment and perpetual separation from her children; but, finally, moved to pity by her grief, the old King relents, and, somewhat unwisely, gives consent to her marriage with his son. In this, all processes to evil cease. *Isabella*, however, whose justice was hitherto a given of happiness for its object, resolves on the destruction of *Fernando* her children, and accomplishes her purpose by poisoning a goblet of wine presented to her, and murdering the children while asleep. *Alphonse* is described as dying of horror at the dreadful tidings, and the opera concludes with the death of *Isabella* by the poison, and *Pedro's* bitter grief and scene of revenge.

Of the music of *Don de Castro*, little need be said. Frydell is one of the many writers of modern Italy, who, while constantly re-producing stale waltzes, somewhat ably imagine that they compose operas, and whose style and manner, were they ever required, are wholly opposed to the requirements of lyric tragedy. We do not mean to say that such music does not occasionally display a certain species of manly-piano elegance, and consequent splendid attractiveness, but we unhesitatingly assert, that of two characteristics that ought to belong to the work of every dramatic composer—novelty and appropriateness to its situation—it is palpably deficient. But our pain is the opera betrays any attempt at depicting passion or sentiment—the death of *Alphonse* and *Pedro*, in which the latter attempts his father's life, and here, for an instant, a power hitherto hitherto with the music, which the preceding part of the opera gave us but little reason to expect. In the other scenes of the opera—all being more or less tragic—we are perpetually reminded of the worst habits of Demasius—*Isabella* is put forth to represent power, and hence capable of Masani and Strada spring up in a creature of war and despair. But even waving the question of dramatic fitness as a matter probably established by the present state of Italian composers, the opera is generally deficient in interest. *Frydell's* music, while differing in the brief the peculiar construction of *Donizetti*, lacks his point and brilliancy of character;—it is not only unattractively old, but, for the most part, unacceptably dull. The songs which are habitually considered "includes" in such works, are here but shreds and patches from old waltzes, often thoughts which no man of musical sensibility would adopt, are any one of

musical feeling would give. They perpetually prompt us to the question, "How can such things be derived now, or in any way worth the trouble of working up into compositions?" Musical forms are here elevated to the dignity of principal subjects, which, when examined, prove to be nothing more than the middle or fragments of better forms, or those contents and obvious progressions of sound which correspond in intrinsic worth to the fit and scale of language. The various pieces, as we have observed, offer no variety of shape to please the desperate curiosity of their materials. They are as rigidly manufactured to measure to the taste of any nation. They are not to a pattern which was first devised by Kozelka, and afterwards enlarged and approved by Liszt;—but every small invention—any nation has—of any kind of harmonic philosophy which has occurred as handy to their ears, or the usual orchestral expedients, accede to a perfection, leaving the singer excepted, as it were, as a high note, from which he descends as his fancy will to a repetition of the above-said common base of " melody," which, terminated, makes way for the solo, and that in its turn, for any amount of applause which the singer may have the address to command. We have no heart to discuss, *seriatim*, the merits of music thus offering us ground for fair criticism;—it is made and made to stand, and stand fairly, when measured by the purpose to which it is applied. While such refinements are regarded as the perfection of opera, it is no marvel that compositions spring up like mushrooms, or that works come from their hands with a rapidity which would have terrified even the female Mozart into a fit of palsy. The truth is, that the public is either ignorant of, or indifferent to, the distinction between music and its performance, and hence such a work as the *Don de France* is generally applauded, and even actually praised, for beauties which are created wholly by the singer. In this instance, nothing could be more appropriate than the performance to which a most noble opera is indebted for its success. Miss. Ferriani as *Don*, and Rollin and Lablache as *Prote* and *Affonso*, were absolutely wonderful in their excellence. Miss. Ferriani has, as we always thought, scarcely enough of woman's softness for the more frequent scenes of the opera, but in her developments of gentle and womanly feeling, she was remarkably superior. Rollin surpassed us by infinitely better acting than in his worst; and Lablache's magnificent style of singing and acting was more than usually conspicuous. The timing and grouping of the scenes were equally effective, and the whole displays the greatest determination to secure success.

SEVERA ANTIQVA.—Fifth concert, Monday, June 1.

PART I.

Concerto, op. 3, B major,	Frédéric
Dieu! quel Dieu! Dieu! quel Dieu! (Mozart)	Rollin.
Dieu! quel Dieu! Dieu! quel Dieu! (Mozart)	Rollin.
Dieu! quel Dieu! Dieu! quel Dieu! (Mozart)	Rollin.
Dieu! quel Dieu! Dieu! quel Dieu! (Mozart)	Rollin.
Dieu! quel Dieu! Dieu! quel Dieu! (Mozart)	Rollin.
Dieu! quel Dieu! Dieu! quel Dieu! (Mozart)	Rollin.
Dieu! quel Dieu! Dieu! quel Dieu! (Mozart)	Rollin.
Dieu! quel Dieu! Dieu! quel Dieu! (Mozart)	Rollin.
Dieu! quel Dieu! Dieu! quel Dieu! (Mozart)	Rollin.

PART II.

Concerto—The Gate of the Sea, and a Progressive Nocturne,	M. Berlioz
Concerto, op. 3, B major,	Rollin.
New Fantasy, op. 3, B major,	J. B. Cramer.
Concerto, op. 3, B major,	Rollin.
Concerto—Cello, op. 3, B major,	Rollin.

We give the above as the programme intended for the occasion; but, owing to the indisposition of Miss. Doran Gray, and Miss. Dolley's utter inability to appear, it was in reality cut, curved, and altered in all sorts of ways. The instrumental selection for this concert possessed an unusual degree of interest. The symphony of Haydn and the last overture went with admirable spirit and effect,—they are still and valued acquiescences, and nothing has been done with a virtuosity that their beauties could, at a concert of this class, be expected or endured. The great novelty of the evening was the concerto in *Waverley* by Rollin. No artist has required such a reprieve for power of unusual description, even to the mi-

quality of whatever literary he undertakes to illustrate, as Beethoven and even allowing for the national pride, the acute imagination, and the susceptibility to strong impressions from weak stimuli, which characterize his countrymen, he appears still to claim enough of serious commendation at home to render the fact perhaps one of his cause with us a matter of very justifiable curiosity. Where opportunities in massive, disappointedness is frequently in the extreme; and precisely in that way were we affected by the creature to *Wanderley*. Presuming it intended an illustration of Sir Walter Scott's novel, we endeavored to trace even the broadest features of the story, but there was nothing in the sound which could be derived as other to the sense except a slight and ineffectual attempt at national peculiarity. Unless Mr. Beethoven saw something in the novel the probability of which has escaped other readers, or unless his musical comments on Sir Walter's text be not greatly above the level of ordinary commonplace, the creature to *Wanderley*, as a descriptive work, an unqualified failure. On its illustrative power alone, we presume, could its reputation have rested at any time; for as a work of art, substantially, it never reaches the condition of beautiful, while it is frequently extravagant and approaching to the bad degree. The first movement is in the manner of a fugue in its design, and distinctly has an intention of some sort, although we believe few persons except the composer would be able to pronounce upon its identity with any tolerable exactness. It is full of strange solitary notes from individual instruments, short phrases, impulsive elements, and picturesque passages, which together with a systematically-grumbling style of counterpoint, whose effect we could only liken to the process of protest following from educational disarrangement, prepares the ground for a starting and tremendous allegro. And thus, in the latter sense of our adjectives, certainly followed. It is too long, too rumbly, and too unobscure, to impress the memory on a first hearing with more than its general effect; which was, to our taste, very far from agreeable. The progression of the first four chords is ugly in the attempt at originality, and from this point, as a theme, it falls off through a succession of strength requires, which the suitable subject—the only national musical of the whole-orchestra list to render itself recognizable the most respectable. There is just this possibility—the parts may be ill or unconsciously copied; if that be not the case, the creature to *Wanderley* contains some of the most unbecoming combinations that were ever put on paper. In all fairness we must add that it was far from well played, the band seemed unusually nervous and not without reason; but whatever it might gain in style by a better performance, no evidence of playing could make it beautiful, or, in quite, even endurable. The *Scotts Swans*, we believe, claim the credit of introducing Mendelssohn's fine creature, *The Meer-Strick*, to the London public. It is a singular and deeply interesting composition, full of genuine richness of thought and of strange yet effective possibilities of instrumentation, and is altogether such a work as would abundantly relieve the occasional stiffness of a Prussian program, besides doing a much-needed credit to the taste of the worthy directors. Mendelssohn's, however, was roughly handled on this occasion. Not to use ungenerously harsh language, we could scarcely have believed that, with music not outrageously difficult, an orchestra so coordinated could have been so much at fault. Mr. Hussman's solo feature was a very clever and extraordinary performance, though our prejudices do not permit us to wish either that kind of music or the talent of playing for which it is intended. Mr. Chatterton's harp feature, also, was of a kind just clever enough to make us regret the labor thrown away on the delicacies of so unworthy an instrument. Of the vocal pieces but two deserve particular notice—Kuhn's singing of the "Sabbath," which was deliciously out of his usual style, and Miss. Doris Goss' playful and brilliant recitation of her favorite "O moment de Venise." Mr. Tolboep had and Mr. Fisher concluded.

Mr. Brewster's Concert.—This concert took place on Friday morning last, at the concert-room of the Majesty's Theatre. Mr. Brewster always provides by wholesale for the amusement of his patrons, and his efforts on this occasion produced their usual effect—a room crowded to the last point of reference. The concert opened with a trio by Meyerbeer, "Für die Kunst," from his opera

Meyrabœuf's songs, sung by Signor Tamborini, F. Lablache, and Lablache. As far as we could judge from the circumstances of its performance, it is a clever and interesting composition, but, as usual, much of the mixed German and French school in which Meyrabœuf writes, its great points of effect are developed only with the aid of a band, and were therefore, on this occasion, sacrificed by the pianoforte soloists. The amount of vocal novelty in the very long programme of this concert was extremely small. With the exception of Meyrabœuf's lita and an elegant romance composed by Mr. Benedict and sung by Hubini, none of the "new" compositions had any other merit than their professed novelty. Miss. Parnis currently sang an air from the *Jeux de Cléopâtre* of her husband, Miss. Gray favored her listeners with a composition by Taubert, and Miss. Doris Gray did the honours of introduction to a "new" air by Herzogstein, followed by a great deal more to a similar purpose; nevertheless in the description of such things as sometimes, we take to be a previous misapprehension of the parts of speech. They are made up of words and wordless phrases, and passages were to indicate by the droopery they have been forced to extract from them out of mind, we really believe that were all these compositions submitted to some extractive process analogous to straining, they would not, compared, yield the consistency of one tolerable melody. About all, the "grand air," by Herzogstein, a set of the most delightfully dry and tasteless things we ever had the pleasure to encounter. It was, however, very cleverly sung by Miss. Doris Gray, who also gave the celebrated air from *Le Serpent et l'Arbre*, with all that perfect finish or manner by which her vocal technique during the late London season were eminently distinguished. The instrumental solos were plentiful, and generally of a higher character than the vocal arias. M. Diez played his celebrated "Palace garden," and "Queen's solo." While regarding the extravagance and want of interest beneath the surface of his music, it is impossible to be otherwise than delighted with the performance of this artist, whether we test it by the greatness of the mechanical achievement, or by the gentlemanlike feeling which it displays. The French violinist, M. Batta, played for the first time last season, a grand fantasia on themes from *Don Juan*, and *Le Romanero*, a large piece of the national country. His two former successes suggested since his last visit to London, and his style remains unaltered in its truth and grandeur. Both his performances were indeed beautiful in an extreme degree. M. Lutz played a "grand fantasia," in which our indefatigable discernment of judgment could perceive no manner of merit over an extraordinary hardness and rapidity. We are quite willing to accord to M. Lutz the credit of producing, with the ordinary resources of his fingers, as many notes within a given time, and of expelling the tone of his instrument through so many cubic feet of space, as any parent that ever did, or, we hope, ever will live; but he must be content to take with such praise, the opinion of all who like music, that he employs his acquisitions to some of the slight and least useful combinations of sound that ever found acceptance in a concert-room. Mr. Benedict's only performance was in Thalberg's duet for two pianofortes on themes from *Norma*, and so thin he completely ruined the reputation which his neat and refined style of playing has deservedly won for him. M. Deller was announced to share the task of this duet with Mr. Benedict, but, in consequence of illness we believe, his part was transferred to M. Lutz. The concert terminated with a "grand fantasia" for six hands on two pianofortes, composed by Czerny, and played by M.M. Lutz, Benedict, and Litzell, in the absence of M. Hubini. There is a certain amount of distress and confusion about M. Czerny's fantasia, as well as novelty in the employment of the instrument; but, with the general fashionable school of writing, the rule of clear and natural melody are more likely to be aggravated than anything else by an excessive use of pianoforte or phryns, and this is precisely what we considered the state of the case on this occasion. "Every one for himself, and God for us all," says the old proverb, and did we even wish, we could not interfere with its duty and hearty application to music as well as every other pursuit in life. Still, granting the general hardness of such a music, we do not think that, at his concert, Mr. Benedict might do more for the cause of art, for his own gratification, and for that of each of his friends as society can for

ness. The spectacle of an orchestra crowded with ladies to the exclusion of its legitimate tenants is becoming far too common in our metropolis, and it is no less discreditable to the fair ladies of the concert-giver than to the executive ability of the public. At the high charge for admission, the public, if compelled to evaluate the value of the talent and other vocal compositions of the most musical school on earth, has at least a right to demand that when trials of space the use of an orchestra was contended, should be afforded them, and moreover, in order still further to ease the burthen of listening to five or six hours of listening, that at least fine orchestral compositions of the highest class should occupy three or four sessions in the programme. The pianoforte system we take to be a very unexpedient system as the part of the concert-giver, of supreme confidence in his own powers of attraction, and also in the possibility of the public. We have ever considered Mr. Mendel's a good musician, whose suggestion, in our view, extends farther into general character than is usually imagined, and we therefore the more regret that his shutting the eyes of which we complain, appears here to be the unexpedient consequence of his preparation.

Ms. Nourse's Sunday Matinees.—We have an especial respect for the whole train of small concerts, whether concert-musicals, quartet concerts, classical chamber concerts, or by what other name they may be called. In them, nothing is over-attempted which is not strictly within the means employed, and, of its kind, good music and good execution are more within the possibilities of such performances than of any others. Mr. Nourse has again commenced a series of chamber-concerts, and we sincerely wish him success. The first took place on last Thursday evening. The instrumental portion of the programme was particularly interesting. It contained a charming quartet by Mozart, for piano, flute, violin, clarinet, horn, and bassoon; worthily played by Messrs. North, G. Cooke, Lestrade, Jarrett, and Keating; a solo by Mr. Lisle on the violoncello; Beethoven's grand sonata for pianoforte with horn accompaniment, admirably executed by Messrs. Nourse and Jarrett; and Beethoven's symphony with several marches, and an overture by Thalberg, which Mr. Nourse enjoyed as his share of solo performance during the evening. The vocalists were also highly satisfactory both in matter and manner, and the whole gave much pleasure to Mr. Nourse's numerous subscribers. The next concert of the series will take place on Thursday, June 11.

Miss Denton, Ms. W. Denton, and Miss Bayne's Concert.—This concert took place on Saturday morning at the Hanover Square Rooms. Ms. and Miss Denton played Kalkbrenner's grand duet in D major for two pianofortes; the former also played a concerto by Mendelssohn, and the latter, Weber's Concerto Black, and all displayed ability of a high order. Miss Bayne sang a sacred air by Mrs. E. Leonard, Handel's "Let the bright Seraphim," and took part in Bennett's trio, "The eagle now soars," with Messrs. Powell and Service, and in the duet, "Quatre Amors" with Sig. Tumborin, much to the gratification of her audience. The charming performance of Miss Emma Gray was also included in the morning's entertainment. There was a good band which, led by Mr. Lester, and conducted by Mr. W. S. Bennett, executed Beethoven's overture to *Ryonski*, and Macfarlane's overture to *The Merchant of Venice*.

Miss Mason and Mrs. Haines Beaumont's Concert.—In the course of this concert, which took place on Tuesday evening, the Misses Frawdon gave a very clever performance of a duet on two pianofortes, by Haas, and Miss Emily Beaufort played an Introduction and Nocturne by Chopin with great power and elegance. Miss Mason thoroughly supported her reputation as one of the most perfect of English singers by the execution of Schubert's aria, "Nicht tranke ich," and also of a part in Paur's quartet, "O Nicht leere," with Miss E. Dobbin, Mr. Bennett, and Sig. Tumborin. There were also vocal performances by Madeline Macfarlane and Doris Gray, and Miss G. Noyes, as well as a specimen of pianoforte-playing in extremely by Mr. Lester. The room was completely filled by a highly-distinguished audience.

PROVINCIAL.

[This department of the Musical World is compiled and checked down by provincial agents, and from the returns of the country correspondents. The editor of this W. M. W. Magazine, who requests that all any matter of opinion, in any manner, beyond what limits shall be apparent, be kept brief.]

NEWCASTLE.—Mr. Kobbé's Recital took place at the Theatre last Friday evening; the performance commencing with a miscellaneous vocal and instrumental concert. On this occasion Mr. Kobbé presented himself to his audience to the several purposes of some plays on the flute and viola, and composed for the latter instrument. When we consider that these qualifications are ungratified in his former labours as leader of the parades and singing, we do not feel justice in saying, such a combination is most rarely to be met with. Mr. Kobbé's first piece—a grand concerto for the flute, by Weber, a composition little known in this country, but greatly esteemed as a pianissimo work on the instrument, is an elaborate composition, in a vocal style for the instrument, and was fairly performed; the first movement, in particular, exhibiting great taste and feeling. The second piece—suitable for the flute, by Mr. Kobbé, consists of a graceful air, treated in a masterly style, and affected full scope for the finished execution of the performer. This elegant composition embodies all the legitimate resources of the instrument—the cantabile, double stops, unaccompanied and double chords, the staccato, and many varied applications of the art of bowing. Of Kobbé's grand concerto upon the viola we can hardly speak in terms of sufficient praise: it is a truly splendid and unique composition, drawing largely upon the powers of the violist, both in respect style and execution, and involving ample justice at the hands of Mr. Kobbé, especially the sensitive and slow movements. Mr. Kobbé concluded his recital by some most successful efforts with a brilliant and popular set of variations for the flute, by Spontini, on the well-known air of "the Wagner d'un fils." This composition abounds with bits of variation, which were richly captured by Mr. Kobbé. His upper voice was remarkably clear and brilliant; but in the last movement, a specimen of double stopping for the notes that formed the accompaniment to the successive notes of the air was, perhaps, deficient in power. We must, however, particularly notice the infallible double, introduced by Mr. Kobbé at the close of the air (reference to E minor), very difficult but well covered, and as a surprise to the ear as to witness the expression that we were listening to the flute. The vocal part of the concert was divided between Miss E. Adames and Mr. Barrow, and they were generally applauded. The choruses, and difficult and striking accompaniments to the instrumental parts were played in a manner highly creditable to the able leader, Mr. Barrow, and his orchestra, which must have been very gratifying to Mr. Kobbé. We wish we could say as much of the accompaniment as the vocal melody; but here the want of success on Kobbé was, at times, painfully evident. Between the last and second act of the concert, an Adames piece brought forward the Messrs F and E. Hill, to whom the audience awarded much applause; and previously to the third act, Mr. B. Farrow gave the "Jockey Dance," which was cheerfully received, from the splendid manner in which he depicts the riding of a race. The evening's entertainments concluded with the drama entitled *The Government*, in which the acting of Miss Hill, as *Frances*, was both able and impressive.

NEWCASTLE: FRIZES.—Mr. George Gill has been appointed organist of the Holy Trinity Chapel, Barton upon Trent, in the place of Mr. Thomas Greenway.

WIND INSTRUMENTS.—CONCERTS.—On Thursday and Friday, nights, a Mr. Wainwright gave a very extraordinary instrumental performance in the large room of the Mechanics' Institution. He played on no less than five instruments at one time—on two harmoniums, two flutes, and a violin. The violinists were played by the motion of the feet—one foot governing the strings by means of steps ingeniously contrived, and the other drawing the bow. The two flutes were singularly constructed. They were so contrived that the holes should be opened to each side, with such a space between them as that one double bow should act upon each simultaneously. The harmoniums, which were played with the mouth, apparently on the same principle as the Plectro-pipes, were placed in parallel lines, and seemed covered the ends. The music produced by the simultaneous performance of these instruments was remarkably sweet. No difficult pieces were attempted, the aim being chiefly to succeed tunes, which are familiar to most persons. In the course of the evening some tunes were given on an improved set of musical glasses, the effect of which was very good—the basis of the performer, as in generally the case with the kind, being extremely low.

The Glass Concert.—The inhabitants of this town had the opportunity of enjoying a rich musical treat on Wednesday evening last. Among the pieces which were presented with the most applause was Hunter's piece, "Let the bright seraphim," which was sung by

Mlle. Bixiois, accompanied on the trumpet by Mr. Bixio, whose execution was masterly. It could scarcely have been supposed that her soft utterances would have been accompanied, even in the most rapid and difficult passages, by notes sometimes so very soft, and at others so impressively powerful, as those produced by Mr. Bixio. The brilliancy of the execution and accuracy of execution surpassed our previous conceptions of her effect of brass instrumental music. Mlle. Bixiois has a voice of considerable range and power, together with great sweetness of tone; she appeared to manage her part with entire ease, and exhibited singular skill in all her places. In the "Sala d'Henry Deux," by Henry, R. and W. Dumas on the French poem, the responses (by the same performers) had a singular effect. Mr. Dumas's solo on the trumpet, in the same part of Auber's "Salaire d'Henry," was beyond comparison the most superb of the kind, and the most perfect instance of the human voice we ever remember to have heard—it was like no other effort of human muscle. Bixio's "Light of other days" was played by Mlle. Bixio on the well-known contralto, and the plaintive air seemed well adapted to the instrument; it was loudly cheered and repeated repeatedly. From the position Waterloo-hampton has held in the musical world of late years, Mr. Bixio, no doubt, expected to be superseded; but, we repeat to say, we believe that the expenses incurred were handsomely repaid by the receipts.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE BRITISH SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS gave its second concert at the Hanover-square Rooms last night, under the patronage of the Directors of the Concerts of Ancient Music, when Handel's oratorio, the Messiah, was performed. The principal vocalists were Mrs. W. Kayrett, Miss Buck, Miss Ransford, Mrs. A. Trotter, and Miss M. E. Harris; Mr. Bennett, Mr. Peasall, Mr. Crofton, and Mr. H. Phillips; Mr. F. Cramer led, and Mr. W. Kayrett conducted. The oratorio went off exceedingly well. About six hundred persons were present, and at the rehearsal on Monday nearly seven hundred.

MADAME PARRIS has accepted an engagement for the coming winter at St. Petersburg.

Mrs. MANNING gave a concert on Friday evening at Buckingham Palace. The selection was chiefly Italian, and the vocalists were those belonging to the Italian Opera. Costs presided at the piano.

SEN GEORGE BARNES.—The museum of Salzburg, a society for the promotion of the literary, scientific, and artistic interests of the Duchy of Salzburg, have sent to Sir George a diploma, nominating him an honorary member of that institution.

DEVRY LOVE DEWAR has been taken by illness and Julia, who will open it this evening for promenade concerts. No expense has been spared to render the house an agreeable promenade in hot weather. Several novelties are to show their sparkling wares among the pagodas, and glowing stunts and flowers are to be introduced. The band is to consist of one hundred performers, and twenty-two vocalists have been also engaged.

LAST WEEK OUR BELL will play a concert of Beethoven's at the next Philharmonic Concert, and the former will play a fantasia, concluding with some studies, the composition of Mendelssohn. Beethoven's symphony in D will be performed, and Madame Dora's Glee will sing. A symphony will be performed at the rehearsal on Saturday, composed by a German of the name of Strauss, but not in of dancing society.

FRANÇOISE BACHARD is writing a second oratorio.

MADAME DE LAUNAY has recovered from an attack of small-pox which has prevented her from fulfilling her engagements of late.

Mrs. RAMM.—This lady received her chief vocal instruction from Mr. James Effon, to whom she was attached for several years previous to her debut at Covent Garden in *Les Bachelés*.

MADAME PROCHAZKA, with her husband, and Mlle. Bixiois, left town yesterday for her cottage on the borders of Switzerland.

THE PROMENADE BELL closed its summer season on Saturday evening. The house was crowded, and the performances were much applauded.

MADAME KOWALSKA read a new tragedy in the green room of Covent-garden Theatre last week.

THE
MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF
ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,
AND WEEKLY RECORD OF
Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

"*Hi per digna dipenda re ad digneque,
an indigne re ad digne ferre.*"

PLAT. *Phœn. act. scena.*

1. Made in a smacking window and incorporated,
an allegorical and a Gothic thing.

JUNE 11, 1848. No. CXXI.—NEW SERIES, No. CXXVII.

{ PART OF
REVIEWS, &c.

LIST'S PIANOFORTE RECITALS.

Three various exhibitions took place on Tuesday morning at the Hanover square Rooms. As we have a few remarks to make upon the tendency of such performances, we shall dispatch the critical part of our office in the fewest possible words. Viewed, then, as a display of pianoforte-playing, and getting much out of the question, it was little short of a miracle. No system of words can adequately describe the power which least persons of striking intellect, as it were, and two, or sometimes, even, three performers—the feebly deficient of his touch at one moment, and its numerous fits at another; and the exquisite maintenance of the artifice by means of which he, almost every moment, appears to relieve physical impossibilities—such as obviously unreachably extensive, playing figures of opposite character, widely-contrasted power, and running through and encompassing each other with the strictest freedom of motion, an *arpeggio* base of large dimension, meanwhile maintaining an uninterrupted course, and the whole giving such the effect of what some extremely dextrous organist could accomplish—as regards the involution of the parts, we mean—on two staves and pedals. In that kind of straight off-hand which addresses itself to the ear, we think he goes towards Thalberg. He seems to occupy more space on the instrument than even his great rival; reflection constantly reminds us that the human contrivance does not permit the simultaneous execution of three groups of passages, lying respectively at the extreme ends, and in the middle, of the key-board, and yet we are incessantly required to take the evidence of our ears that List does all this in seeming defiance of the matter.

of notes. His most wonderful performance throughout the morning was the adagio, staccato, and *glissé* of Beethoven's *Sinfonia Pastorale*. We are not at all disposed to admire the capricious and affected reading he gives to many passages, nor his fluctuations of tone to an extent even unusual with modern players, but as a display of mechanical acquirement, it surpasses everything we have yet heard from the pianoforte. With very attentive listening we could not detect the omission of a single point on the scale—we heard several things, by the way, more than Beethoven has written there)—and this, to those who know the music, will be proof sufficient of the performer's consummate dexterity. The "Storm" movement was an extraordinary effort, with consideration of the number and situation of the notes played by ten fingers only, but if intruded as an imitation of Beethoven's archaic style, it was and could not be otherwise than a failure. The *glissé* was a delicious performance. All the brilliant and varied figures with which the composer has developed the subject of this movement, or "Hymn of Gratitude," as it is called, and all the lights and shadows of the score, were drawn from the pianoforte with a perfection which experience of the fact alone could render credible. M. Liszt also played two songs by Schubert—*"Serenade,"* and *"See Meide"*—in his arrangements of which the voice parts were made to stand forth from amidst whole clusters of accompaniment after a most astonishing fashion; "Himmelsweh," a kind of *phantasie* with variations on the air "Sacht in trübem," from the *Pavane*, the past composition, we understand, of six pianists—Chapin, Thalberg, Liszt, Coeng, Deller, and Fisk, and containing some difficulties of memorisable intricateness; "Toccata"—whether genuine Mosquitos or not, we cannot say, but introducing a well-known national tune, and very lively and diverting, and his own "Galop chromatique," which is without exception the lightest piece of music appropriated to dance purposes we know. On the whole, Liszt has never manifested a display of his wonderful powers, since his arrival in the metropolis, at all comparable to any one of these, his "revue," on Tuesday morning. On other occasions he appeared to give way to a feeling of indifference for the opinion of his audience—he sometimes even seemed careless enough to allow his rapidity to run into confusion, but here throughout he was evidently bent on making an impression, and he assuredly succeeded. The force of pianoforte-playing could no further go—he fairly met Thalberg on his own ground, and its mechanical acquirement, we think, surpassed him.

So far as all this is evidence of how much may be done by intense application and personal fitness for working out and overthrowing great difficulties, nothing could be more satisfactory, but the influence of such exhibitions on musical art is wholly another question. To undervalue the industry and talent of such performers as M. Liszt, and to express discontent with that which is, abstractedly perfect, may seem harsh and hypercritical, but we as critics have ever our conviction that, as music, the cultivation and encouragement of this kind of mechanical handiwork exerts a most baneful effect. To lay our objections at the root of the evil,—if it develops the magnitude of art in a string of false positions, it

relates the understanding to the ear—it draws attention from the composer to the player—from music to its performance; it places the last first, and the first, last. We neither intend to speak obscurely nor to hasten after paradox;—still we take it that, while playing cannot exist without music of some sort, music may be created and remain in being without the help of playing of any kind. The symphonies of Beethoven and Mozart are written creations of genius which no one can re-write or manipulate;—to those who know music as a language, their beauties are as evident on the pages of their scores, as the best efforts of the Philharmonic or any other band could make them. To the general public, or what may be termed the mass of associated ear, performance is requisite for musical impressions, but to the artist's mind, its importance is but equivalent to the service rendered by means of the stage to the plays of Shakespeare; by it, ideal beauties are not created, but merely offered to the masses through widened and altered channels. This property of the musician—this abstract perception—this mental ear—is precisely that quality which must be universally cultivated in order that a people may be thoroughly enlightened as to the true power and location of music; but it is not less peculiarly that state of equanimity which is retarded by admiration of the fashionable playing of the present day. The music of which Plato speaks in the motto of our journal as "something visible and incorporeal, as all genuine and a god-like thing," is not the crowd of instruments or voices;—it is that system of ideality which, as a pure emanation of mind, is rendered generally demonstrable by the appliances of mechanics; it matters not whether vocal or instrumental. To those noble and beautiful contents of genius, when thus rendered palpable to the external senses, belong alone the soul-ennobling capabilities ascribed to music, but will any one seriously tell us of tactile emotion, of sight, and shiverings, and writhings—of bittered pleasures and of horrid pain,—in short, of that state for which we know no other name than *musical enthusiasm*—can any one include all this within the sensation produced by the playing of M. Liszt? We think not. The feeling he excites is what we should term *musical amusement*. The remarks he emits are such as "What wonderful playing!" "What rapidity!—what delicacy!—what power!"—"Where are all the notes come from?"—and the like. At the best, it is but a state of physical enjoyment—great, doubtless, because previously unproved; but neither hath not less in the extreme degree to those feelings of love, reverence—nay, almost of devotion, which lie at the command of true music. We may perhaps be asked "Whence the necessity that people should be so worked on, so long as they are satisfied with love, and superficial, delight?" We answer, there is none, to show, if they be content to prefer ignorance and folly to knowledge and love, but greatly does it concern music, and those who know and estimate the true sources of its power. To resolve ourselves entirely to pianoforte-music and fine process, who—not being rightly musical at least—would trouble himself to give the thoughtful listening which they require, to the grand compositions of Mendelssohn, or his English type, Frederick Boccini, while he can be tickled into animal spirits by the whizzing evolutions of Liszt? But the heart

of the musical is in the fact that, on more or on all other subjects, idleness and thoughtlessness are growing habits, and that, by indolence, the kind of effortless versatility may attain such universal licence that all incentive to sterling composition will be extinguished, and that, as in the case of the modern Italian Opera, music will cease to be estimated more as a test of executive ability. To such a state of things, the worldly fortune of Mendelssohn readers has indifferent, and we trust that, if not already accomplished, the great merit of our countryman, Bennett, will secure for him an equally independent position; but what is to hold out, under such circumstances, as the heads of its many associations, but not less devoted, professors?

No one can more sincerely admire Liszt's playing than we. As playing, it is wonderful and exquisite; but we feel it a duty to protest against his system of trying success for the effectness of the musically-unnecessary. He is practising his great power to the worst of ends. He is playing the waltz with a noble and beautiful art, and stirring up a passion for music in those who have appetite enough to prove all things, but lack discernment to hold fast by that which is good.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A NATIONAL OPERA.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—Finding myself in your last number, persuaded by the discussion on a national opera, I shall offer you a few remarks—primarily, that as my attention has always been directed more to notes than to letters, you are at liberty to laugh at my opinions if they deserve it, but have no right to call my English into question. I am at much more at present, as your correspondent, of the bad state of the English opera, but I am by no means so sanguine as my hope for a better—about I do not, complain of my own state: for I consider I have had, at least, my share of opportunity with the public, but I speak for “the cause,” and for the sake of the whole profession of opera-ists. In the first place, I wholly object to the notion of a joint-stock company of artists entering into the speculations of theatrical management: for to do other work, management or composition should engage a man's whole attention. However, were opera as well-succeeded as to be able to give established employment to both these pursuits, I am of opinion that the habits of calculation and economy, inconstant on the manager, must destroy the continuous impetus essential to the artist. In the next place, I suppose that if an English opera were instituted and directed after the best models of continental establishments, it would surely fail for want of patronage. You are perhaps not aware that, during the five seasons of British Opera, the only really national performances that have been attempted in London, only three tickets have passed the subscription list; and that, except the privilege to grant three tickets at the head of the programme, no encouragement whatever has resulted to them our royal patron. The present playing, before and since his accession, has disposed every citizen of this Society to constant in performance, proving that all the British musicians have to expect from their sovereigns no encouragement.* His are all means of the line extent in which English music is held by English people; and this opinion being constantly fixed upon the public by the organs, say, the meeting appearance of all music notes, by those who ever lead the general taste, must result a leading incident of an exhibition of the music of a Future Opera!

In my opinion, judging from a long consideration of the musical situation of the present time, the only thing that could make English opera respectable by the world, or place their authors in a level with men of equal talent in any other country, would be to form a colony of British composers in some great continental town, whence their works, being met the encouragement they might derive from the world at large, would bid their way

* Having noted this note, I am perhaps bound to add that a number of the British Society is at present being taken the Society, which has for its avowed a performance of English music by English people, who ever and the present way and for royal patronage. The result of this in future will show what way is hoped for any other Nations' music long.

home with the credential of a foreign reputation—the best, if not the only, recommendation to English songs.

I have only further to say, that for whatever the art, or the painter has a right to expect from me, I have a right looked to the same, and an anxiety for an opportunity to jump into the struggle. Hoping your benevolent endeavours may produce something more than mere inactivity among.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

14, North Circus, Bedford Square, St. John, 1849

G. A. MACFARREN

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—Would you be good to assure that my communication has looked me with favour in the good sense, and presently shall I cover to my best advantage in your columns, if I find that my humble appeal procures the slightest degree useful or stimulating in producing the desirable effect.

I intend the impetus of my effort, to become a leader where I ought, most probably, to follow in my few words, to be associated with a forward station, and as such I should be, if I saw the "movement" in progress; but, however, remembered that the present efforts are made with a view to a process of constant negative self-cultivation, that no man should voluntarily upon the difficult duty, and my anxiety for whatever things or conditions that impetus offer may express me in, is the fact, that the middle, the forward, and the downward process of the more-head eye by no means the most important parts of the step, and yet are essential to its safe conduct, to be the figure head, which leads the front of the wave with the smooth communication from the crew, would to me be an essential station, provided the vessel were truly alert, loosed from its groundings, or hindered, from the danger of dry rot on the stocks, with "good sea room" to swim in.

I perfectly coincide in your action for the formation of a National Opera Society, or Corporation, it is the best reasonable proposal I have met with on the subject, and I trust it will prove the precursor of a numerous and vigorous family. Let us combine and call upon Mr. Bishop, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Ellis, Mr. Shakespeare, Mr. Cooke, Mr. Loder, Mr. Redwell, Mr. Kewer, Mr. Thompson of Edinburgh, Mr. Latham, each of whom has been the composer of at least one successful opera; Messrs. Bennett, G. Lewis, C. Lucas, Phillips, White, and Goodrich, all said to be composers of opera the merits of which are yet to be revealed—together with T. Cooke, Adams, Alexander Lee, Nelson, Nelson, and others of the Italian opera school, who might have directed their talents to superior works had the use of their talents been more profitable, and whose hard earned earnings may be of vast importance to those who venture upon lighter and more dangerous ground. Let us, my proposal for the formation of the above list or chairman of the National Opera Corporation, and the rest is a professional constitution, with power to add to its number: we will not doze the waste of their time, which we hope may be devoted to better purposes, in undue public meetings or large communications; but, as you have already offered, we will invite them to congregate as speedily and frequently as possible in a far more appropriate arena—the Musical World: thus we shall be sure that their discussions will take place with open doors, that they may advance their opinions without danger of being coughed down, and that they may legislate without debate, which expensiveness in other quarters daily proves to be the more productive of what they term. Right glad will I strive to, to all ability, in some obscure corner, involving the operations of the important teaching, taking with regard to your judicious arrangements on their proceedings, and working, with unobtrusive assistance, the moment which we have at us long and already limited.—I remain, Sir, your faithful coadjutor,

Wimborne, June 2nd, 1849

PATRIA.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Sir,—As one of the young composers, late of the metropolis—having produced two operas, "The Conqueror's Son," and "The Convent Bell," and several of the principal more elegant of the English Opera House, and also a short-folio, I may be excused for expressing your certainties and also what I conceive the wants of the friends of English opera. First: That the want of a writer capable of furnishing the English composer with a dramatic story of his own (the poetry of course included) Second: The necessity that the librettists Third: The necessity to be always complete, for at least six rehearsals, and the same performers as rehearsal as on the evening of its being produced Fourth: That the composer should not be obliged to write for any one singer in the highest or lowest of number Fifth: That if perhaps he is engaged, a certain sum should be secured to the composer by the manager (of course in proportion to the opera may be successful Sixth: That the composer should be expected to conduct his work for the two six nights,

and that there should always be a conductor at the orchestra. I think if these things were more attended to, and our previous Queen could give encouragement in her appointments, there are many English composers ready to try their talent. Suppose there was to be London, or if not might be found in the country, quite capable of whatever music might be given them; and many who are now without an engagement. I do not think a larger theatre necessary for any more, so I have suggested the opera at the "Theatre Italien" quite as much as at the "Academy Royal," and bring in some of the best singing, I quite agree with you, Sir, in the necessity of having a committee of English composers, and trust to have this well shortly in done. With regard to the opera, &c., I should be most happy to contribute my talents, if there was a chance of doing any good to my brethren of the musical profession.—I have the honor to be, your obedient humble servant,

T. P. MILLAR, Professor and Teacher of Singing

3, Edward Street, Bath, June 7th, 1846.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—It is with feelings of unfeigned satisfaction that I perceive the laudable efforts produced by your leading article of May 14th relative to a National Opera.

The letter of your correspondent Paris is, I hope, the precursor of some measures to remedy the national defect. But I would, in all humility, inform your correspondent that I have been the more assured of National Opera for two years, through your liberality in giving publicity to my letters on the subject, and although these "random shots," sent from a pocket of small calico, may not have proved effective, I have reason to suppose they kept up some interest about a matter which the public and musicians were apparently neglecting. But as you have now, Sir, Editor, taken the matter in hand, I have no doubt of your making the British musician in this necessary activity which must eventually secure success.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

S. T.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—I have observed with the delight of a young aspirant after renown here the decisions sometimes you are making in behalf of the English Opera and English composers. I am, as you observe, not "over-burdened with wealth," but I shall, with you my confidence for the purpose would not want lackers. What I would propose is this.—

Let those composers who are willing to join in the scheme send in their names to you, let a meeting be called and let something tangible be done, let the first name be that of a national affair, let a plan be proposed, and depend upon it if we can get architects we shall not lack incomes.

The following sketch of something I would beg to submit—

When the composition and execution have met, let a committee be formed to take subscriptions among the wealthy and wealthy gentlemen of the realm. Let each one be authorized to pledge himself in such his brother artist in the production of his works, if approved by critics above the rank of popular, to be chosen hereafter, and I think among them all something might be done.

I, Mr. Editor, am an admirer without reserve, but I have been working hard to make for some years, and am now engaged upon an opera, nearly completed, part of the proceeds of which, if successful, I would be ready to devote to the furtherance of this cause; I have also another which might soon be completed.

I merely mention this to show that I have some slight grounds on which to stand & claim to be heard in the truly national matter.

I enclose my name and address in case this should lead to nothing.

I am, Sir, yours truly,

A YOUNG COMPOSER.

June 6th, 1846.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Having read your last issue valuable number, I find you have been pleased to enter therein the appointment of Mr George Smart to the Library, Museum, and Record Institute of the Society of Antiquaries, and that he had received a diploma constituting him an honorary member of that institution. I beg to observe, in the enthusiasm of praise and valuable subscription, that the main work of dissection has been performed upon Mr. Moushine and Mr. J. A. Simpson, of an Great Portland street. If you will please to give the above business in your next valuable journal, you will greatly oblige a constant subscriber.

A. MURPHY'S Place, Southampton, June 6th, 1846.

R. J. WALTER.

REVIEW.

Lyral Revue, No. 5. The Glasser. Composed by Charles W. Glasser.

Without being at all extraordinary, this song has a very pretty and natural vein of melody running through it, which will probably render it a favourite. We are catching especially objectionable in the accompaniment save the transition in the key of G at the foot of the first page,—viz. G-G no G; sharp G-G no A; common chord no G, and which has a widely ugly effect on a moderately well-regulated ear. Nothing could be easier than to harmonize the passage differently.

"O! tell me not the lovely, dear," Song, composed by P. C. Casabianca.

This is a most graceful little song, evoked with expression, and proclaiming in every bar the feeling of the true musician.

Instructions for the Guitar, by C. Massart.

This is an excellent book of its kind. Its precepts are clear and simple, and its exercises remarkably copious and well adapted to their object.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Melrose Melodist, a Short Discourse on the Passions, composed by Fred. W. Merivale.

Comic Vale Melodist, composed by Frederic Chopin.

Foreign Solo, pour le Piano-forte, par Henri Berlin, jeune.

Over Contrabasso, for Violin and Piano-forte, by Louis Spohr.

The Compositions (Nos. 13 and 14) for the Viola, by N. Minsky.

Six German Songs, composed by Mehler, translated and adapted by J. W. Baker.

"In the silver tones of Love," composed for the Voice and two performers on the Piano-forte, by Louis Spohr.

"Evening," a Cantata; the melody by Franz Alton; arranged in English words by Fred. W. Merivale.

"The Ocean," composed by Fred. W. Merivale.

"The Dawn of the Spring," Song, by Fred. W. Merivale.

"The Fairy Tree," Song, composed by E. P. Conant.

"Oh! don't say that I love her best" Edited, written and composed by Mrs. John Nelson Anderson.

"The Memory of the Past," By Mrs. John Nelson Anderson.

"There, among meadows, from the dew-drops' track" Composed by E. Long.

Old to the Queen. The Peony, by James Montgomery, Esq.; the Music composed by Catherine Cook.

MEDICAL INTELLIGENCE.

METROPOLITAN.

PROLAPSUS SCROTUM.—Several cases, Monday, June 8.

PART I.

1841-1842 (25)	J. Thompson
1842-1843 (26)	Spencer
1843-1844 (27)	Spencer
1844-1845 (28)	Spencer
1845-1846 (29)	W. H. Bennett

PART II.

1846-1847 (30)	Spencer
1847-1848 (31)	Spencer
1848-1849 (32)	Spencer
1849-1850 (33)	Spencer
1850-1851 (34)	Spencer

The symptoms of Stricture in a very clever, and, in some respects, a good, work. It is, however, faultless all throughout, and the *Stricture* in particular. With this slight reservation, we are obliged to discuss it at present, as we shall probably consider it more fully on a future occasion. Thus, and the other es-

selected pieces of the programme—a good selection, by the way—were capably played. The solo performance of M. Lestz was in his most extraordinary manner, and, so far as his playing was concerned, simply rivaled the applause it received. The treatment of Beethoven's *Kreutzer* sonata was, however, anything but what ought have been desired. Certain portions of it were admirably played by both parties, but the system of amplification and embellishment pursued in general, was quite sufficient to obscure the composer's intention, and, once, indeed, prevented unexpressed expressions of displeasure, which M. Lestz noticed by very easily going from his seat, and commanding the room with his glance as if in search of the violoncello. Miss Siskie sang his two songs with great feeling, and Miss Doro Gray sang her celebrated aria from *Le Nozze* with a fascinating elegance and faultless intonation which, we verily believe, could not be rivaled by any other living vocalist. Mr. F. Comar led, and Mr. Bishop conducted.

Mrs. Dejazani's Concert.—This distinguished pianiste gave her annual concert on Monday morning. It was one of the ever-glorious chamber concerts so much in vogue at present, a large quantity of singing to a pianoforte accompaniment, and several instrumental solos forming the main body of the entertainment. Miss Dejazani's performances were, a part of Lestz's *Sonatas*, "*Comme au Fortissimo!*" a grand duet by Herz for two pianofortes with Mr. Lestz; Mendelssohn's *opercos* in E; and the ten for three pianofortes by Mendelssohn, "*Herrnsga's* *Doctores*," with Messrs. Herz and Lestz. We have often had occasion to remark on the characteristics of this lady's playing—her brilliant and correct touch, her whirling rapidity, and the almost insupportable force with which she executes a *trillo* or *trillato* of the most impetuous character—and her performance on this occasion fully justified the most flattering opinions she had previously won. The more difficulties of Herz and Lestz, and the more masterly composition of Mendelssohn, she executed with extreme clearness and power, yet without needless effort. Her reading of Mendelssohn's *Adagio* in *opercos* was much less satisfactory—not that there was any symptom of executive failure, but, on the contrary, that the display of physical ability was far greater than the music required. Both movements were played so much too fast that their character underwent a total change, and an air of breathless haste compellingly distinguished the peculiar softness which is one of the strongest distinctive features of Mendelssohn's writing. Our opinion on this point is backed by the effect of this charming composition with the performance of its author, who very clearly demonstrates that its intended impression differs widely from the mere exhibition of dexterity which we heard on Monday morning. In the pianoforte duet and trio Miss Dejazani was most ably assisted by Messrs. Lestz and Herz. Mr. Ole Bull played a *Sonata* and his "*Quintet Solo*" on the violin in his truly extraordinary manner—the latter piece, especially, being a marvel of skillful playing such as we never heard from the solo-violinist, *Quintet* himself. The vocalists were Madame Gris, Ferenc, Yon, and Doro Gray, and Sigeei Katos, Tamara, F. Lakatos, and Lakatos, who contributed a variety of pieces more in vogue at moments of this description, and were accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. George Smart.

Ms. Blazsanyi's Concert.—The concert of this eminent violinist took place on Wednesday morning, at the Harmon-square Rooms. Mr. Blazsanyi played a new *Fantasia* of his own on subjects from Mozart's *Figaro*, and some exercises by De Bériot. His playing was delicious in the extreme,—for the most part better than we remember previously to have heard it, and was enthusiastically applauded throughout. A portion of Beethoven's celebrated *Sextet* was executed by 12 violins, 3 tenors, 4 violoncellos, 4 double-basses, 3 clarinets, 2 horns, and 3 bassoons, and commanding the extent to which numbers increased the difficulty, the accuracy and expression of the performance was extremely remarkable. The recently-arrived pianist, Mr. Lestz, played Weber's *Concertstück*. His execution is brilliant and sparkling, but we cannot admit his reading of the music. The commencement of the first movement was treated in a style obviously at variance with the composer's intention, and which rendered it totally meaningless and unapt. The march and last movement were, after the

Section of Mr. Loeffl, used as so much frame-work wherein to hang any kind of interpretations and alterations which struck the performer's fancy,—at last it is often difficult to say whether Loeffl or Weber could claim more of the notes which were heard. All this is very surprising and very clever, doubtless; but to preserve the integrity of Weber's music, at least to some moderate extent, would be far more modest and consistent. Mr. Loeffl also played the grandioso part of a portion of Hummel's *Sextet*, and here we thought his performance infinitely more satisfactory. His execution was firm and brilliant in the higher degrees, and his style pure and masterly. The other parts were thus distributed, Solo, Mr. Richman; alto, Mr. Baratti; bass, Mr. Amott; viola, Mr. Hill; violinello, Mr. Leadley; and double-bass, Mr. Druggoeth; and, we think, the exquisite temperance which was, now and then, more skilfully played. Miss Dorcas Gray and Miss Clara Novello contributed some favourite vocal pieces, and a great hand performed Spohr's concerto to *Violoncello*, and Weber's overture to *The Robbers of the Square*.

SOCCORSO POZZI'S CONCERT took place last evening, at the residence of Lady Southampton, in Great St. James-street. Gipsy, Paganini, and Bellini were the vocalists, and during the concert sang some of their most attractive pieces. Pozzi, who was present, although not as a performer, was prevailed upon by her Ladyship to play his *Violin Chromatique* and another piece. The whole terminated with the piano from *Aben in Egypte*, which was admirably executed by the vocalists present. Lady Southampton is, we understand, a very able performer on the Organ, and that Whittelsey, the son of Lord Southampton, possesses one of the most beautiful Chamber Organs in the kingdom, built expressly for her Ladyship by Gray.

Don L. M. De Cagna, the guitarist, gave a concert at the Hanover square Rooms yesterday evening. He performed, in the course of the concert, a fantasia upon his instrument, and with his son, a promising youth, a duet for two guitars, upon one from Krumpholtz. Miss Harris performed a solo on the pianoforte, and also Mr. Lohel on the violinello. The vocalists were Mrs. A. Cook, the Misses Flower, and Sappho Kingsford, Paganini, and Marcell.

Mrs. V. Novello delivered a lecture at the Eastern Institution, on Wednesday evening, the 3rd inst., on English church music in general, and particularly in particular, comprising a sketch of the various writers from Tallis downwards, for the benefit of the *Anglo-Pedernary Society*. The lecture was read by Mr. Gordon Clarke. The comprehensive nature of the subject and the miscellaneous character of the portions of the audience, which retained the lecture to hasten the termination somewhat abruptly. The illustrations were sung by Miss Lucie, Misses Novello, Turner, Fossile, and others, and accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. V. Novello.

The Society now was *Koncertantissimo* at Villa Magna held its annual meeting at the Royal Institution, on Wednesday evening, the 3rd instant, when several compositions were sung, without any instrumental accompaniment, by a choir of sixty voices—members of the Faringdon Street Choral Society.

THE NINE MIRACLES.—The fifty-fourth anniversary of this admirable charity was given yesterday evening, at Her Majesty's Theatre. All the vocalists of the Italian opera assisted; and, in addition to them, Dorcas Gray, Miss Novello, Miss Birch, Miss Hays, and Phillips. The instrumental performers were Lutz and Ole Bull, who performed upon their respective instruments, the former played his *Galep Chromatique*, which was executed. In consequence of Her Majesty's lucky escape from assassination, "God save the Queen" was sung in the place of the overture to *Alceste*, which was the last piece in the programme. The lecture was, we repeat to say, but thinly attended. Sir George Smart conducted.

SUCCESSOR CHURCH.—Last Sunday being Whitsunday, the principal Catholic chapel in the metropolis almost great musical attractions, amongst them we may notice a very interesting performance at the above chapel, consisting of—Mass by the English (who was formerly the director of the music in the chapel, but has since retired from the profession to his native city, Milan, where he now resides), "Veni Sancte Spiritus," "Nativitas," "Ave Virgo," Hummel and Tartini's

"Ergo," De Angeli. The vocalists were Parnana, Robini, Tamburini, and Lombardi, in addition to the usual choir which, in judge from the performance of singing, is highly efficient. The organ was not used, but a very good band, led by Telescopo, and including Bassano and several belonging to the opera orchestra accompanied the vocalists. The Mass is a highly toned composition, and the singing of the "Gloria," by Robini, was in exact keeping with its character—the contrast was great between it and the singing of Napolitano's "Veni Sancte Spiritus," by Lombardi; Parnana gave the "Amen Virgo" of Haendel; and Tamburini, De Angeli's "Te Deum Ergo" most successfully.

[We have purposely confined our notices of concerts that took in the smallest possible compass, in order to make room for the mass of correspondence on that most interesting subject—our national opera. The same reason has induced us to defer one or two reports of performances of other importance.]

PROVINCIAL.

[The department of the Musical World is completed and enlarged from the provincial press, and here it is believed to be necessary to give extracts. The editors of the N. B., are Grimsby, and please should they say so, in special if any desired, by what their editorial department is reported to.]

Leicester.—*Philharmonic Society's Concert.*—The second public performance of this interesting Society, at Mr. Lane's Palace, Great Eastwood-street, on Thursday evening last, was honoured by a crowded, respectable, and delighted assembly. The orchestra was not quite so well filled as on the former occasion; but, in both the instrumental and vocal departments, was sufficiently powerful for the size of the room, and to give full effect to the following compositions, which formed the programme of the evening:

PART I.

Overture.....	Beethoven
Missa No. 2.....	Haydn

PART II.

Overture.....	Beethoven
Concerto in G major for the Flute.....	Mozart, Beethoven
Ballad.....	Wagner
March—the son of the Lord.....	Haydn
1. 2.—The son of the Lord.....	Haydn
March.....	Wagner
March.....	Wagner
March.....	Wagner

The organ erected for the use of the Society was found to be an admirable auxiliary, whether as regarded the performance of the more solemn pieces, or the lighter and sparkling movements. It was particularly effective in the provincial hall of which we were possessed for the first time in Leicester. They were very brilliantly executed, the latter especially, which elicited a hearty and enthusiastic applause, and was repeated with better reason, if possible, than the first performance. The vocal performances were equally confined to novel music of this novel kind, and were remarkably interesting, comprising the works of Haydn's Missa No. 2, and several pleasing variations. The Service was given with great freedom, and the choruses generally displayed much freedom. The rich parts were well sustained by the Messrs. Hammond and Stevens, and Messrs. Field, Waring, Eades, and Sutton. Miss Aldridge was prevented attending by indisposition. The band was led by Mr. H. F. Aldridge, jun., Mr. W. Sedden presided at the organ, and Mr. J. Russell conducted the vocal performances, and we need scarcely say that all the gentlemen discharged their offices in the most efficient manner.

Leicester.—*Oratorio's Concert.*—The first concert of Wednesday evening, the 25th ult., was extremely attended. Anticipation had been highly excited by the expectation of hearing the celebrated German vocalist, Frau Helwig, whose recent performances in Leicester have commanded an almost unparalleled approbation and esteem; but she had been taken to travel, so as to be unable to fulfil her engagement; to prevent an anticipated disappointment, the directors obtained the services of Miss Kells, a very superior performer on the violin, who has, during a recent residence in London, acquired considerable reputation. The contrary change, and slight indignation on the part of Miss Kells, in behalf of whom the indignity of the audience was requested, occasioned an entirely fresh arrangement of the oratorio, and also a substitution of new pieces for others. The following is the programme of the concert:—

PART I.

Quartet (Elymet)	Madame
Madame (Miss Dally and Miss Dally)—Choral piece, first time	Madame
Madame (Miss Dally and Miss Dally)—Choral piece, second time	Madame
Madame (Miss Dally and Miss Dally)—Choral piece, third time	Madame
Madame (Miss Dally and Miss Dally)—Choral piece, fourth time	Madame
Madame (Miss Dally and Miss Dally)—Choral piece, fifth time	Madame
Madame (Miss Dally and Miss Dally)—Choral piece, sixth time	Madame
Madame (Miss Dally and Miss Dally)—Choral piece, seventh time	Madame
Madame (Miss Dally and Miss Dally)—Choral piece, eighth time	Madame
Madame (Miss Dally and Miss Dally)—Choral piece, ninth time	Madame
Madame (Miss Dally and Miss Dally)—Choral piece, tenth time	Madame

PART II.

Quartet (Elymet)	Madame
Madame (Miss Dally and Miss Dally)—Choral piece, first time	Madame
Madame (Miss Dally and Miss Dally)—Choral piece, second time	Madame
Madame (Miss Dally and Miss Dally)—Choral piece, third time	Madame
Madame (Miss Dally and Miss Dally)—Choral piece, fourth time	Madame
Madame (Miss Dally and Miss Dally)—Choral piece, fifth time	Madame
Madame (Miss Dally and Miss Dally)—Choral piece, sixth time	Madame
Madame (Miss Dally and Miss Dally)—Choral piece, seventh time	Madame
Madame (Miss Dally and Miss Dally)—Choral piece, eighth time	Madame
Madame (Miss Dally and Miss Dally)—Choral piece, ninth time	Madame
Madame (Miss Dally and Miss Dally)—Choral piece, tenth time	Madame

The concert commenced with Parfouev's rhapsody in E-flat, which was played by the band with excellent spirit and precision, and was received as it deserved to be. The first from Henry, by Miss Dally and Signer Kostoff, pleased much, and Miss Dally gave the son of Medford's with her usual excellence. Mr. Dally's performance on the piano is extraordinary. His execution, or ability for presenting the independence of the hands, whilst sustaining a stroke of the same time, though perhaps not so interesting as according to a considerable portion of the audience, was a most wonderful achievement in technical skill, and we doubt not would be so regarded by all devoted to the art, but especially by those who have made his proficiency on the instrument. The part of his performance where he took a subject, exclusively with the left hand, and passed it like a long line, showed what may be accomplished by constant labour and perseverance, by one devoted to the development of the capabilities of his instrument, and the extension of his art. The physical power displayed throughout this, and the unflinching certainty and steadiness with which the notes were executed, were beyond any thing, perhaps, ever heard in the room before; and though we have long known what may be executed on a single string of the violin, we have not till this concert observed how firmly one hand may be made to do the work of two. The freedom of finger work which these were executed, the precision, in each of its the greatest in strength of tone, and the distinctive character which each executed, and each precise condition, executed an effort and achievement in musical skill, the accomplishment of which would not some years since have been thought of. It was most impressively applauded at the close of his performance, as well as during the intervals which occurred in his program. Miss Dally, a talented in the room, and very pleasing and interesting singer. She gave Dancy's song in a very good style, and afforded throughout it some of the best strains in popular music. Her performance was listened to very liberally, and much applauded. Dancy's first, "O lovely maid," was commended by the ladies, as it was well regarded by all who have been happy of it, of course, for she has twenty, say fifty years, and she by those who had been players of it, in one proper time, which might have continued, we may say almost forever; but Miss Dally thought proper, in commencing her part in it, to substitute the speed in an almost 20 years, and then to sing the words of one who is he rescued from the clutches of a second pair ladies, and fully consented to receive such a success, in any nothing of the kind in the audience, who have been players and lovers of her music all their lives. Such theories may lead us to think Miss Dally has more confidence in her own judgment, than in that of all good hearts, and she may stand a chance in popular favour at the expense of the lady and head, by such theories, but she will not say so. We heard my other than a retrospective movement amongst the juries. Our interest in the performance manifested by the attendance, the first was, however, very slowly executed, and was allowed. As to the audience appended to the show, it was in very bad taste, and had much better have been left out. It was strange we in its made in exhibition Dancy's production, they ought to be restricted with reference to the style of the composition and the time of the act when the author lived, and not borrowed from the time which it did not concern the half a century afterwards, as was the case in this instance. Dancy's and performance was exceedingly well executed by Miss Dally; a style of music which, we imagine, compares but too well with lady's taste than any part of all of a monumental character. In as to the words, in the execution, they are only an appendage, the object of the vocal being a display of execution. Her performance was highly deserving of the applause which followed it. Madame Dally, a French vocalist, as to it Dancy from our own

kindly as it is possible to see her, not only as regards type of style and execution, but also as reference to the great desiderata which there is between the terms of two portions of the same instrument. That he is a most extraordinary performer on his instrument, and possessed of almost unlimited power of execution, with an energy of style, and a direction in the legitimate objects of the art, he can not doubt who has heard him, and is at all competent to appreciate his music. His intonation and his harmonies are faultless, and on the command of his bow, and the management of the sticks he produced unanimity in his first piece, he is perhaps better fitted to Paganini than any other performer. In connection with this, we may allude to the use he makes of the tremolo, and the great violence he appears to place on the effect of it. Of his tone we need scarcely say it would be unnecessary to him to make a comparison with our English models, both as regards power, strength, and help, and perhaps no other distinction can be found in conformity to ideas of this difference than a preference in the prevailing tone of character by which the two pieces are distinguished. To speak of his whole performance, it is characterized by an expression of style and pathos which cannot fail to interest the listener, whether assent or not. The reception given to his fantasia was most extraordinary. Our remaining remarks need be as brief as possible. The concerto in D minor was given with the confidence which has always distinguished his performances by the band. The *Trois* in G major passed off nicely enough. M. Botta's second solo was a simple and pathetic appeal in the minor key, as he received its due from his first performance as possible. It was too short for the audience—he was considerably cheered, he returned, and went through another equally simple and interesting, and drew forth the warmest plaudits. Miss Heath was received in her ballad, though the call was not general, she sang it very sweetly. The soloists were favorably judged by Signor Schuffe's effect in *Madame's song*, but it was not less evident that he was suffering much from indigestion.—M. Dethle incorporated Miss Dally in *Hubert's* song. "This Wanderer" she sang it delightfully, and was much applauded. M. Botta's second solo was so popular to us not just as any thing he could have selected. It was, altogether, a most admirable and stupendous performance. The structure of the solo was revised throughout, except the intervals of rest which occurred in the course of the piece, in which they released themselves by a longy vocal of applause, which was received with a perfect storm when he had concluded. The two ladies had to go through *Mozart's* lower ballad, under a host of departures, and this, though the concert was over by ten o'clock.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE TRIENNIAL FESTIVAL.—Considerable doubt has been entertained as to whether the meeting of the three dioceses of Hereford, Worcester, and Gloucester, which is due to-morrow should this year be held at the first named city, would take place at all, but we are very happy to state that the most essential difficulty has been removed, or nearly so, and a commencement of the arrangements for the Festival is at length entered upon. The difficulty, it will be recollected, arose from the fact that although a sufficient number of gentlemen residing in the Herefordshire part of the diocese of Hereford were ready to act as stewards, yet in the archdeaconry of Stroupeham, which enjoyed its full share of the proceeds of the meeting, a delay was experienced in inducing gentlemen to take upon them that responsible office. At length, however, the number of stewards is so far completed, that there is now scarcely any necessity as to the Festival's taking place at all, though it will, doubtless be necessary to be as economical in the arrangements as possible, in order to secure the gentlemen who have so kindly come forward in the time of need from heavy pecuniary loss. We would just make one suggestion, the adoption of which may secure a large number of visitors; it is, that those who let out lodgings should charge as reasonable, for them as they can with a due regard to what may justly be claimed; it is well known that many families of limited income are debarred from attending the Festival owing to the exorbitant expense, not the least of which is the high rate of lodgings. The interior of the Cathedral of Hereford will present a rather different and certainly more interesting appearance at this meeting than in former years: The white-wash or plaster, which has hitherto concealed the beautiful stone-work of the many columns, the Norman arches, and the capitals in the choir is now being removed, and when the whole is completed, the cathedral will exhibit a wonderful and interesting specimen of "hoar antiquity." It ne-

hardly earlier some indignation that such lectures should, by the barbarous taste of a former age, have been resented; the success that attended the dissections often led competent judges of medicine to speak slightly of the method. We are rejoiced that it is to the indubitable assistance of the Very Rev. the Dean of Hereford (Dr. J. Marwood) that the public and the objects of the charity are mainly indebted for the success of the Festival this year.

ROMA, AND Mrs. BAKER.—The following is extracted from the *Morning Post*—

"We begin to receive our copies of the *Journal de St. Petersburg* of Mrs. Budge, first singer of the *Opéra*'s concerts and of the Philharmonic Society of London, and member of the English Royal Academy of Music, and of the celebrated deep voice ladies, one of the greatest of the same Academy. They are to give a number certainly on Sunday next in the English Church, Rome. The talent of M. Budge is too extensively known to require any commendation, but we call the attention of our readers to that of Mrs. Budge who seems to us provided by the unanimous praise of the journals of England, Scotland, Denmark, and Sweden, where she has just been lauded.—*Journal de St. Petersburg* of May 27."

The claims to the patronage of the Roman public set forth by them are both almost equal in magnitude; the one assumes herself as a governor of the Royal Academy of Music here, and the other as possessing the common praise of the "press" in this country—the is "doing" the people in Rome with a vengeance.

THE BARRINGTON FORTUNA, for which *Macmillan's* is engaged with it is said, to be issued with the presence of her Royal Highness Princess Alice.

THE MS. COMPOSITIONS OF THE LATE MR. ARBUTHNOT have been placed in the hands of Professor Walsley, of Cambridge, previous to their publication.

Dowton took his farewell of the stage on Monday evening last. The theatre selected for the purpose was the Italian Opera House, and the performance consisted of Colonna's play of "The Four Gentleman," in which Dowton created the character of *Don Alvaro Brando*. The house was exceedingly well filled, and must have contributed greatly to the final raising for the benefit of this talented comedian and his family. The scene was altogether an exciting one, especially when after the play Mr. Sheridan Knowles came forward and delivered an appropriate address, and the strains sounded on the stage accompanied by a host of his theatrical brethren—all anxious to pay a farewell tribute to the man who, for so long a period, has adorned the British stage. The long and loud applause of the audience amply testified the high estimation in which the actor was held. The whole of the characters in the play were most ably sustained by Walsley, Huxley, Hardy, Meadows, and Mrs. Glover. A success followed in which Grim, Deane Grim, and Graham sang, and also a farce in which Miss Kelly and Winch appeared; but the interesting feature of the evening was gone, and many departed previously. We understand that the benefit produced about eight hundred pounds, and that a list was but shortly been raised by subscriptions.

LEARN—A small tract of this eminent pianoforte player has lately been published by D'Almonax; it is executed by Danco, the Parma artist who has so ably executed those of Thalberg, Thalber, Ross, and others. A portrait has also been published by Hugel—both will be acceptable to the admirers of so wonderful and talented a pianist.

JOHN BARNETT.—There is not the least truth, we are happy to state, in the report that our talented countryman is about to proceed to Norway where some lucrative appointment had been offered him.

THE CONCERTS AT THE commenced at Devereux Lane Theatre under the direction of Elmore and Julia on Monday evening last.

THE CELEBRATED RUSSIAN FAMILIES, HARTWIGSON, has recently returned from the provinces, where they have been highly successful.

THE CROWDING, OR CROWING, was a grave, grand dance, much in use in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, though now only known as a musical movement. It is always in three-measure time and generally on a ground-bass.

THE MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF
ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,
AND WEEKLY RECORD OF
Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

*"Nisi quis spiritus dixerit se non dixerit,
non dignabitur se non dicit dicitur."*

PLAT. Phæd. in verb.

*Music is a something divine and uncomposed,
an all-powerful and a God-like thing.*

JUNE 18, 1866. No. CXXVI.—New Series, No. CXXIII.

Price 2d.
Extra 4d.

Again we turn to the most important subject in the musical politics of this country—a national opera. We may occasionally pause between our discussions of the matter—to take breath for a fresh attack—to debate, perhaps some more ephemeral question—or, profiting a little worldly wisdom, to avoid retarding our musical readers with that which, of all other things, we would have them always come with a vigorous appetite—in some way or other a work that new and then interesting; but we return to the charge, determined not to relinquish the ground until we have fully tried whether the young composers of England have spirit and self-respect sufficient to make a resolute effort in their own defence. The doctors of our office, at least, bear testimony to the vigorous spirit of letter-writing that is abroad just now upon the subject. Our last invitation has been accepted in almost every corner of England—we are constantly deluged with correspondence, and slight glad are we thereof, for it shows that neither ignorance nor negligence have occasioned the absence of those most interested in the matter, but a kind of literary modesty which—however desirable in some cases—we cannot but think misplaced here; seeing that we have brought our correspondents the ideas rather than the words, and which modesty, it seems, only required a certain quantity of poking and stirring up, to make it yield to the desire of looking a head towards dragging the question into the notice of the general public. As it is, we cannot promise to insert all the letters addressed to us on this subject, since the whole surface of our journal would be too small to contain them; we are therefore compelled to take those which appear most important, and in the order in which they arrive.

We rejoice, also, to find that the letters of our correspondents on this subject,

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are beginning to take a more practical form, the "random shots" of which "Patra" very justly complains are gradually getting way to well-timed discharges at point-blank distance;—in short, those who now stand in the way of the attack first, we trust, the urgency of Mendel's application to the players—"Leave your damnable faces and legs!" Some of the items of the suggestions are at variance with our notions, and how, and in what they are so, we will fairly state, at the same time wishing it to be most clearly understood that however much we may dissent from the opinions of our correspondents, we are not the less thankful for their help, and shall always publish their letters if their general importance appears to warrant such an occupation of our page.

The first, and, in some respects, most weighty in our last number, is the letter of Mr. Macfarren. At the outset of his epistle, this eminent musician shows symptoms of that literary diffidence to which we have alluded, and which we fear may have deprived us of many valuable expressions of opinion from other quarters. We are most anxious to express on the heads of our really musical friends that nothing can be more groundless than the apprehensions that by confiding their written opinions to the Editor of the "Musical World," they expose themselves to any species of quizzing on the score of their "English." Once more—*alas, not words, are the requesters in musical discussions; and so long as the former are present, the assentment of the latter is a matter of the purest indifference; and were this not the case, the letter of Mr. Macfarren, at least, should occasion him no blush for his first appearance in print.* We have merely to add, that should any of our young composers be restrained from addressing us by any similar dread, they do the cause injury and no injustice. Mr. Macfarren objects to the notion of "a joint-stock company of artists entering into the speculation of theatrical management;" equally so do we! but we think Mr. Macfarren misunderstands our "joint-stock" proposition. We never contemplated for a moment—*no, we think, did "Patra," in his first letter—that a fraternity of artists should take on them that which they obviously could not understand—such, for example, as classifying and apportioning the business of the theatre—as to all the minor details, we mean, which are found in the working of a large establishment—procuring and making terms with the subordinate assistants, or such of the higher functionaries not entirely musical; and half-acting, half-composing, to a "pull altogether," the incoherent elements which usually form the live-stock of a theatre. Duties of this kind, naturally, can only be properly discharged by a person skilled in the qualifications of theatrical management. But we would turn Mr. Macfarren's argument on himself, and assert that, in the same degree that musical artists are unfit for offices of this sort, theatrical managers, for aught we ever saw to the contrary, are incompetent to govern the musical affairs of a theatre, and for precisely a similar reason—they do not understand them. This, however, is rather a dilemma of shadow than substance, since we see no difficulty in appointing a manager for the more mechanical concerns of the theatre, under the committee of composers on whom must devolve the musical direction of the establishment. We differ also with*

our independence as to the probability of public support to such an undertaking. English opera has hitherto failed of patronage by means of its failure in execution;—our musicians have no right to expect the endurance of their countrymen for anything less than first-rate performances—they enjoy it at the Italian Theatre and they will not be satisfied with much less elsewhere; give them this, and it would require very earnest to induce a nation for their withholding their patronage.

"Petra" takes our joking very good-naturedly, and we like him soon the less on that account. With his proposal for nominating a committee, or rather the forming, at once, an *operative* committee, we readily agree, but we think his mistake in wishing the members to confine their discussions to the pages of the "Musical World." Writing is useful enough in its way, but it is at best all, but a tedious process;—one good one hour discussion would do better service than all the writing they so we could compare within the next three months. With this view, the suggestion of "A Young Composer" comes in for the purpose of being practically useful—viz., that all composers, willing to try the question fairly, should send in their names to us in order that a meeting may be called when deemed advisable. To this, we would add a request that those musicians who address letters to us on the subject, and, at the same time, have a determined spirit for the struggle, should enclose—confidentially, if they please—their names and addresses, in order that they may be called on for their advice and assistance at any meeting which the apparatus of the project may warrant.

Mr. Miller's offer to subscribe fifty guineas is spirited and liberal, and will doubtless be fully appreciated by his musical brethren. Several of his propositions, however, militate greatly against our operative notions. The English Opera-house is a pretty theatre, and probably somewhat endeared to Mr. Miller, but it is ill-constructed for use, and neither would the stage permit a change, nor the pit a band, commensurate in our view, with the dignity of a National Operatic establishment. A large theatre does not necessitate the "loud-singing" for which Mr. Miller expresses his detestation—the richest tones of Fichini's falsetto are heard in the Italian Theatre with nearly the same distinctness as the most strenuous effort of Lablache. Mr. Miller is a singer, and therefore we may feel some difficulty in discussing with him on the capability of the representatives of his craft in England, nevertheless we must express our conviction that, at present, there are not stages—male singers at least—in for any means that might be extracted to them. On the question of manufactority, we think, our correspondent's suggestion would, if put in practice, only perpetuate a fatal error. The well-going of our orchestras demands not that a composer should "conduct his work for the first six nights," but that there should be accessible conductor. At the *Académie Royale* of Paris, Balzorech permits no composer to interfere with the direction of his work: he sometimes from the author the fate of every movement, and, being a thorough musician, sits at once on the firing of the composition confided to his care, and to the task of its direction, brings a

power over the effects of his hand which can be acquired only by the force of habit. So it should be with us. Our conductor only should be appointed—but he must be selected, not by the ordinary means of indiscriminate reputation, but by the suffrages of those who feel that, in trusting their works to him, they may securely rely on his feeling to interpret faithfully every point in their designs.

Spain will not allow us to proceed further in the matter at present, but those interested in the success may rest assured that we will not relax in our endeavours until we have brought to bear the first point in our plan—the formation of a medical association.

ON THE TONE OF THE FLUTE.

It is well known that in the flute, as well as in all the other wind instruments, the volume of its tone is only the body that produces the tone, as the vibrating string in its stringed instruments. The tone itself has its foundation in, and takes its peculiarities from, the molecular spaces of the solid mass of the instrument. The wood of which the instrument is made, is therefore of the greatest importance to the tone; but practical flute players and professors of music do not agree as to which is the best kind of wood. Paganini gives the preference to box-wood, for this reason, that a flute made of it has a much softer tone than any other; but professors of music generally think a very material worth better adapted; and we use of the same opinion. If the flute has only correct dimensions, which of course is at the first importance, it will, if made of ebony, wood, widely give a softer, and at the same time a much sweeter, purer, and more penetrating tone, and the tone will appear easier. We should infer from this the principle, that the harder the wood, the stronger and more powerful will be the tone. When Theobald Boehm played on his flute during his last stay in England, his tone nearly equaled that of the lamented Nicholson, in every other respect except in the power of tone. Nicholson's flute was made of cocco wood; and when Boehm played on that flute his tone was but little inferior to that of his other master. Boehm does not even therefore take any other material for the manufacture of his flutes but cocco wood, of which he makes them after a new invention of his own; and his flutes are distinguished by their full, powerful tone. He discovered also the circumstance, that in flutes of this material, the thickness of their wood has the good material influence on the quality of tone. If it is too thin for the back of a hole thicker than what he has found just to be the correct thickness, the tone will be dull and without resonance; if only so much thinner, it will be tolerably thin and spreading. These same faults will appear more or less if the wooden tube of a flute, or only its mouthpiece, are inlaid with metal (brass or silver). The cause is less the hardness or firmness of the metal, than the probability of its molecular vibrations.

The same variety of opinions as on the material, exists also in regard to the best method of producing the higher tones. To effect this, requires the production of a shorter undulation of the column of air, corresponding to the tone wanted. This can be done in two apparently opposite ways: either by blowing so strong, that by the resistance of the undosed column of air the undulation extends only for a short length; or by blowing very light wind into the flute, and thus immediately producing an undulation too short to reach directly the length of the tube in the moment required for vibration. The first, blowing strong, is effected either by immediately increasing the velocity of the stream of air, by blowing from the lungs, or by narrowing the lips, and thus propelling a less quantity of air certainly, but with greater velocity, towards the edge of the embouchure. The former method is not applicable in playing methodically, and the latter is therefore better adapted; and in the same way, the blowing less wind into the flute is effected. For by narrowing the opening of the lips, a proportionally smaller, and therefore necessarily shorter undulation of air only enters the flute. The natural formation of the lips of some flutists not allowing

such a narrowing of these, other means have been thought of; and that has proposed to decrease the mouth-hole of the instrument, by means of a movable bellows. But this is too uncertain, and only half fulfils its object. Turning the lips more inward or outward, altering the angle under which the air strikes against the embouchure, has the effect on the tone, that the former, bringing the upper lip more over the mouth-hole, produces a lower tone; by the oblique angle which the stream of air from the mouth meets with the aperture of the flue, the force of the dash on the edge is lost, which also lowers the tone. In turning the flute outward, the upper lip is drawn back from the aperture, and the vibration can freely proceed into the air without being thrown back by a vent.

* This of itself gives the best rule for the best embouchure. If the flute is so put to the mouth that the aperture comes too far covered, a full, beautiful, flexible tone can never be produced: it will always be thin, cutting, hoarse, without sweetness or power. A cantabile can never be thus performed well and correctly, with good portamento.

To produce a really beautiful and singing tone, the lips must at most but half cover the aperture. In this position the player will the better be master over his instrument; after having by practice acquired some ease and firmness, he can execute every shade in the cantabile style, as well as every difficulty in bravura parts, and he can give greater variety and interest to his whole performance. This embouchure possesses, it is true, more difficulties to the beginner, in producing a good tone; but the eventual advantages which will proceed from it are altogether worth the exertions of acquiring a facility in playing in this manner.

ON ORGAN PLAYING.

One of the greatest advantages which the organ possesses over all the other keyed instruments is, that the tones sound as long as the key is pressed down; and this advantage makes that majestic instrument peculiarly adapted for the linked or severe style so called.

It is besides an instrument particularly intended and used for the church and its service, and to be found no elsewhere; and its style of playing must therefore be in conformity with its place and object: it must stimulate devotion, and, applied to the church choir, must assist them, and should therefore carefully abstain particularly from everything which would be contrary to their character; such as repeated passages, allegros, short, broken chords, *for. Basso*, *trillo*, *triple* includes, *trilling* the heart, *trilling* on *trillo*, powerful and thrilling harmonies; these are the first fundamental elements, of which alone all organ-playing ought to be composed. Ornaments and graces cannot but appear as a diminution of what is holy, as a stain on what is beautiful, as a degradation of what is venerable.

Of the greatest importance in playing the organ is the right application and combination of the different stops, of which the whole work is composed, and it is here that the skilful organ-player, who ought by no means to be considered in the light of a virtuoso, develops his great art. For as the organ is in itself the most complicated and artificial of all musical instruments, its correct treatment in playing requires peculiar art, and great knowledge and skill on the part of the organist. We will further examine into these qualifications, as derived from the general character of the instrument on which we have touched above; and the rules for the detailed parts or attributes of a good management of the instrument will be easily deduced.

It is in the first place absolutely necessary that a good organist should have a complete knowledge of harmony; since the instrument requires always full and complete harmony.

It is further of the greatest necessity to have the most complete and exact knowledge of the external and internal construction of the instrument itself, which, however, can only be acquired by thorough instruction and long experience. For instance, the different degrees of force and pass, which the organ

tones cannot produce by themselves, can only be reached, through whole pieces, by the use of the different stops; none all the attempts at composition of the paper, such as the *swell*, &c., have hitherto not fulfilled these aims. There are, however, not only a great many different stops, but each of them has its own peculiar character, being, as it were, a proper vocal instrument by itself, and the organist has to apply all these stops, single or combined, according to their peculiar character. It may be easily conceived that this requires great knowledge, and great experience of instruments, if the intended effect of closing the wind to reaching it is to be reached. The consideration alone of the different extent of the single stops, not only compared to each other, but also to themselves, and their different application and disposition on the manuals and pedals, requires knowledge and experience. J. B. Wagner's "*Compendium für Lernende in Orgel, Harmonium, Orgel u. Orgel*" (Göteborg, 1830), is a very thorough, useful book on this point of view, but you may learn it by heart, and yet you will not know how to treat the playing of an organ in this respect. Cultivated taste and rich experience must assist instruction, or the best instruction will be useless; although, on the other hand, none will succeed without it.

The organist has the best opportunity to show his art at public worship, in preludes or voluntaries, or in long interludes, which some parts of the service admit. Here he has room for, and is allowed to play figures, variations, and fantasias full of art, but they must always correspond with the above-mentioned general character of the instrument, with its dignity and destination; he is here allowed to show his genius for invention, his knowledge of harmony, and his skill in the treatment of the instrument, to their fullest extent. The prelude in particular, however, must always maintain a connection with the worship, and be a suitable preparation for it.

Organ-playing shows itself most simple in the church. Its object here is to support, to conduct and fill the singing of the congregation; and it must therefore not fall into disrepute with it, either in respect to time or modulation, unless the singing be spoiled by the fault of the congregation, by their bad habits; when the organ-player, by his accompaniment, may oppose himself to it, nay, it is his duty to do so, but again, he must do it gently, in an soothing way, and by no means abruptly.

In church music, and the public performance of the greater compositions in churches, organ-playing appears partly as an accompaniment only, partly as an *ad libitum*. In the first case, the organist generally plays only from a figured bass-copy; that is, in the organ before him only the fundamental base of the piece is written out, with figures for the chords. Here again it becomes evident, how much knowledge of harmony is required of an organ-player, to be useful in all cases where his art is required. It is also necessary that he should be fully acquainted with the full score of the piece or accompanying large works, in order to keep the organ always strictly within the limits of a mere accompaniment, and never to make it a solo or predominant instrument, except when it is expressly prescribed. It is therefore very desirable in this case always to have the notes fully written out for the organ-player.

Good instruction books for the organ have been written by Drechsler, Henig, Knecht, Bach, Turk, Vogler, Schwaner, Wurzer, and G. Gumbert.

CORRESPONDENCE.

AN ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA.

To the Editor of the *Musical World*.

Sir,—As you have been so recently afflicted with correspondence on this important subject, I regret to address you, while I should have done long since, had I not been, somewhat unfortunately diverted on another journey by the conductors of the *Musical World*, who unfortunately always invade against me their ready pen, without being paid or compensated enough to meet my expenses. The quantity is so great, and must be so all followers of mine in England, however remote, and of such interest, but you will admit that it is both loss of time and waste of labour to hold in long opinion, which, for some or other reasons, are given

published. Enough of this, I think both yourself and your correspondents have said to let us see the real elements of our literary national intelligence—to speak—in England. To my mind it is almost wholly to be traced to a more high principle and purer regard to any one who will bear the master's careful reflection on the subject. You will suppose what kind of a failure—and every wish confidence, founded on every and painful consideration, is a *fatal delusion* in the part of almost every member of the profession in speaking for opinion on national matters. By this I do not mean to say that the most talented writers are unimpaired; unimpaired opinions are correct, and may hold their own which, though corrected by a glare of apparent light, are in themselves better and deeper. However that—*Mr. John*—and *Henry the other*—are great men, because, besides, the newspaper and the great body of general readers have, and so, and hereafter, because those who are competent to give an opinion keep such opinions to themselves, or, at any rate, to their very intimate acquaintance, for fear of being called doctrinaire, and thereby creating a kind of obstacle in the press and elsewhere. Showing plainly that they hold the opinion as no rather for a difference of temperament to the pleasure of self-writes, and the good of their art. And thus the public, which in all countries, from the beginning of time, has been the slave of such talking, or what in Paul calls profane volutes, consists of opinions held almost entirely, not from their natural and personal equity, and compared with like plenty, corrected into the doublet nature, instead of the best part of what is really good in the art; and thus solely as a result of the like nature the small share in every case, uncorrected by the natural current of observation, which can only come from within themselves. Of the good I have but little hope, it is wholly in the hands of half of the nation and more or less of persons who imagine that knowing where the matter was long, so it has really nothing to do with the real or, sometimes more of influence. Among all the best of apparent writers (and I mean especially *Shakespeare* above the rest for many than an ordinary share, still) in the most important cases, *The Abolition*, *The Spectator*, *The Economist*, and *The Monthly Chronicle*, made previously good and corrected by general opinion or the strength of the discussion of national questions, the ordinary paper—the *Times*, a paper worthy of the highest responsibility, and in every department most distinguished, but one day, one hour, one hour like the manner in *Palmer's Affairs*, one unimpaired like *Brinkley*, therefore the spirit a kind, a single direction against all that of the most, some of the best. So much for the press. I shall not soon forget the personal of a long and rambling article in the *Westminster Review* some years or two ago, and in the course of the history of the platform and its progress, what were half dozen pages who determined to themselves, though much better—the *Review* and *Professor Thackeray* (I, the wild and *Imaginary East* (1)), the *Imaginary Claret* (1), and the *Review* and *Imaginary Claret* (1), and about a third of a page appeared in *Montebank*, and then the line to *Montebank*, though, who, putting aside *Montebank*, could easily realize the whole rate of them, in *Montebank* did the picture of you. The *Review* I easily forget I stopped and gave you a reply in the *Monthly Chronicle*, called "The *Review* as *Review*," which I spoke, in the most interesting manner, is stated to have contained in various passages the *Review* (1), composed by the same *Review*. Those who know their spirit or the man, and are consequently aware that he is one of the most competent, and one of the best-regarded things that ever existed, will not believe his capable of such a miserable change of office, such a petty effort in uniformity to be with others to be one. But this appeared in a *Review* history review, conducted by Mr. E. Lewis *Dalton*, one of the stars of the world of letters, and therefore is greatly respected by those who, themselves unable to judge, look to the opinions of others, and consequently will not think from what they can only to be the best source. (4) The case of *Henry* being something of a *Review*—even so far as the pleasure of talking could be better than nothing, though but a small gift I must own—we do not then perhaps have a shadow of a shadow of the healthy representation of what has been till now unrepresented, or the influence of man. So much for the press.—Now to come nearer to the point about which I have been saying, like a dog that cannot get into port without another divine effort—What are the signs of the times, especially considered? With respect to me, and the old more excellent government of the times, what, to speak, is your present, or your religious, nothing unimpaired within dread of any—In the atmosphere of opinion, the moral world (not years, Mr. John, as you will see by the volume of reports), and so at most of all to speak out frankly and candidly. For I, consisting in speaking and in the presence of "Truth," and the confidence and perspective "For Peace," will at least attempt to set up over the *Review* of these opinions, and to set the influence of some separation. Can your opinion, Mr. John, and there is in just invited by your readers, over the general course, and for the result here, more or less of national opinion, especially, of all, so it really is like taking of course.

composition, as the best, being the highest, and in fact, the only department of science which at present concerns us. I will endeavor to send you, let us find time into Germany. What do we stand on in that most pastoral country? A certain of composers equaling in number the houses, in whom the doors of Placard's palace were profuse. First, let us remember the names of such as are celebrated even there, and then let us single out those to whom you, and I, Mr. Editor, are occasionally owed a real writing of commendation. To begin then, what a splendor marks the following phalanx of reputed stars: Van Speke, Schindler, Lantoni, G. Krieger, Straus, Neukirch, Herzog, Vogler, Mandelkow (Berthold), Kallwies, Carey, Loh, Lamm, Strauss (the symphonist), Mayer, Mauser, Bruchman, Lindemann, Muller, Rehnert, Lehmann, Schuman, Miller, Thieling, and so on ad infinitum. Out of these—and I speak of chiefly, being well acquainted with most of the works which have given them celebrity—Speke and Mandelkow are men of first rate power, distinguished men, whose names stand a little over their country and a glory over their art, which they have never the one instant degraded by vulgar music. In the warlike phalanx of the north, or harkening after the better celebrity which is the gift of the left. Those are high points in the religion of music, and not to be the second avenue of the master temple. To these we may add, as a man less high, but still of the first magnitude, Mendels, whose compositions for his particular instrument, in my opinion of his beautiful quaver, will bear the test, being perfect in their kind. Mendels is a highly-talented man and an excellent musician, but he really lacks originality; his opera-are numerous, and contain much to please and much to depress, but he is, taken less all in all, a less specimen of an accomplished musician in whose power has not been exercised. Schindler is a dry dreamer, of great dexterity as a harmonist and contrapuntist, but incapable of producing any law of music containing anything. The commonest melody. His symphonies and marches are the expressions of depression—sorrowful or wretched chords—concentrating in the power of the National Anthem, or the speeches of the British Parliament—general sentiments to speak. Mauser is a clever pianist and not devoid of power. In it there and other compositions for the piano are quite among the world of such that is daily and hourly perpetrated abroad; he is, however, a young man and vigorous will. Neukirch, about whose music there was some sound, has just England a war, and has quickly lost a compass for his reputation which has been dead—died! yet I beg—the same loss—he being certainly a most dull dog, a wholly unoriginal composer, ignorant to just? (adding to his late reputation?) Carey, with his few hundred and eighty opera (works), would do much better if he would confine his hundred and eighty of them to the drama, the remaining ten are, in my the least, respectable. Richard Schuman is an excellent, and we therefore respect him. In it, besides, the writer of the best musical journal in Europe, and a clever and accomplished scholar, his taste is by no means devoid of class, but in the highest degree cultivated; in sum up, he is a kind of Rufus or gold, or when, by the law, he does to man, and frequently compares him to Mozart and Haydn. Yerke is a young Dutch composer about whom an immense reputation is made of both in my own country. I have not written by him anything very little is mentioned there. Handel is a great pianist who plays the organ in Ghent a marvel, and writes a power of "love poems" and "stanzas" dedicated to his chamber lady here, there are three things in a bad school, yet that of the great musical singer (who was honorably compared to Bach by some of our amateur artists) Sigismund Thalberg. Thalberg we already know to be a splendid pianist, who writes, with the single exception of Liszt, the greatest music extant. Of the latter's compositions it is hardly worth while to speak, except to say that they often show more "wisdom" given in the more positive, with variations of these kind, could have done just as well, and very likely his name better? He is, Kallwies, Loh, Lindemann, Lantoni, and Strauss, are certainly five of the most successful musicians by reputation, their structure and symphonies would dignify the most eye in the earshop in Lombard-street, young Jensen's picture (the more metaphysical terms of which I am not prepared) says Kallwies, a better than any one of them, though the prodigious of years are represented and a very young composer. Mr. Captain Polzer would make and have if they were taught the art of composing, and yet these make which are themselves are presented in the Philosophical school, who with the most judiciously complimentary pay their fair praise for with respect to would deprecate a hand. Mauser is a clever man, but writing skillfulness; we have been pleased with a somewhat quiet and a water towards of his skill, for now, meet heartily with him at Vienna. He remains in spite of Strauss, I believe who has written a symphony, and being a German this and speaking, through a little

* From notes of Charlotte Krieger about some new performing of the Fifth! That he is a clever thing? To write him, let us say something? The world says of John Strauss and Miller, a few phrases, and perhaps should believe, improve, enlighten, and venture to

production, it is to be treated down the throat of the Philadelphia audience, with the symphonies of Beethoven, Bachofen, Mendel, Paganini, and Liszt, and amongst these they are the productions of Englishmen! How strange (within his knowledge the composer of eight hours' music!) looks so ably adorned of, truly obscure, like the moon in a perfect eclipse, unknown, as he puts his foot on English ground, "I have written a symphony"—mark first, a symphony, and consider the still women of the Philadelphia (what could Mendel, Liszt, Paganini, and Bachofen have been doing at home!) arise around by the hundreds, to hear the night effect, and pronounce the world's verdict, "let it be done at our next concert," and in it it is done! Meanwhile Bachofen's symphony in *F* minor is returned from abroad, unperformed at, in the company, and Mendel, whose symphonies (I recollect, Mr. Editor, I have promised to speak out) are hardly inferior to those of Spota or Mendelssohn, is wholly forgotten, the result of which is the retirement from the musical arena of one of the finest living musicians. But even now—Mendel and Mendel are surely Englishmen; and what is a mere *symphony*? according, I imagine, to the definition of the same *Melomane* at the time of the Gallic's performance of which you may read in Captain Hook. And what does the whole turn? simply, from the unpardonable efficiency of the great mass of professors who are about to say what they think, and are thus directly loaded with contempt by the thinkers with lies on their persons, is the shape of uneducated mountebanks and exploded impostors, who thrive in the palace as in the private mansion of England, where Englishmen alone by right should claim admission. My letter has consisted in no great length that I must defer re-statement till next week, and its conclusion is hereby done. You want a few more results as to my own way, and I promise to come home to the point of debate, viz. on English Musical Opera, as soon as I possibly can by circumstantialy convenient.—Adieu for the present. Your friend and well-wisher, INDICATOR.

[Some of our correspondents's letters were referred, we understand, not for the purpose to judge, but because they contained several personalities with which it was considered the interest of our journal had no concern.—Ed. W.]

To the Editor of the Medical World.

MR. EDITOR,—Right glad and grateful should your readers and the whole musical public of this country be, both to your correspondence "Phœnix," for its repeated stirring down of the gauntlet, and to yourself, for writing and writing on to the struggle for a national opera. I applaud and second your bias for the formation of a society or association, to discuss what is possible and what is best to be done. From such a meeting we might gather what the singing societies expect, and of what we are capable for the performance of the national opera, and thence be enabled to form an estimate of the assistance likely to be required, both individual and collective, for the perfection of the plan. I do most earnestly urge the assembling of such a society, and that no time may be lost in forming a report, to the publication of which I doubt not you will render your most valuable assistance.

There are other points in your notice with which I do not so readily concur. I do not perceive the necessity for a theatre of operatic dramas, nor an establishment of un-qualified power, such would appear the beginning of the wrong end, would be following the safe precedents of the Royal Academy and the Philharmonic, and would entail the dangers and delinquencies of the enterprise far beyond their reasonable and careful hope which has ever been the guarantee of the truly successful. The Lyceum was sufficient for the full triumph of the *Melomane Opera*, and, with very crippled means, carried the *Grand Opera* through a long run. "These are pretty beginnings," as Mrs. Pechell says, Mr. Editor, and such as I trust the musical world will be fully entitled to have witnessed, and they shall be so educated the public in appreciation and reward greater efforts. I have been the public judge that there is a theatre of music dramata in progress Calverley—why not appropriate this? Against the proposition that the project of operatic of the mountebanks should become the nucleus of the National Opera, I yet more earnestly protest; seeing that, as I mentioned to you a few weeks since, with an exception has already been raised in the Society of British Musicians. No, Sir, the young composer will be better served the more he shut his studies, and by expending the profusion of their works, till they are sufficiently perfect to give a fair notion of what they have imagined and intended, a criterion to which few musical men in this country have hitherto come forth. Let us have some experienced and careful commentators, poets, and directors, more than or more of business, who are masters of the beautiful details—librettos and part-books, and whose all placed beyond the suspicion of calumny—"Pars," if let in the strongest person be profuse, or any one, or any number unsharply chosen,

Over these we should have a committee of judges, to whom the management should refer works proposed for publication; these judges should be persons not likely to compete as competitors. All to the end it should be with vested expenses, or, at least, with competitors have established their reputation by a previous course—the last regulation seems indispensable.

But those and other necessary matters will doubtless suggest themselves in your proposed society, and, beyond an occasional hint, it will be enough for me to repeat the promise of "Pro Fama," and be ready, heart, hand, and purse to support the much desired undertaking.—I remain, Mr. Editor, yours ever faithfully,

LEWIS, June 26, 1852

L.T.H.

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To the Editor of the Medical World.

Sir,—In reference to the establishment of a National Opera, and the correspondence on that subject, allow me to say that I think your journal should not be made the vehicle of such pulling letters as one which appeared in your last number. My opinion about a National Opera is just this, that Stern's Grand and Marston are the only composers capable of writing an opera, and that the idea of making Mr. Bishop chairman of the new society can be nothing more or less than a joke played off in revenge for the inhibition of some such thing as the contract to *Don Misericordia* upon the ears of the subscribers' tables. The people of England must be educated for a long time ere they will patronize good music independently of fashionable opera, and no more hope that the Musical Congress, by judiciously mixing the structure with the more striking compositions, will gradually lead the public to a taste of discrimination. Perhaps Mr. Bishop will give our countrymen a chance by allowing at times such compositions as *Partino* and *Ilona's* place in his programme.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, A LOVER OF MUSIC.

P.S. It will be ungenerous that the prices of volumes be reduced to the continental level, with equal sacrifice of performance, or how can equal success be expected?

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REVIEW.

Characteristic Songs of Shallop, set to Music by Henry Hugh Pearson, Trin. Coll., Cambridge. I. Introduction. II. Introduction to Night. A Song of Sorrow. Cuck & Wren in Prison.

In noticing these remarkable compositions, the reviewer has to lay aside every thing that may be formed technical in character, and judge them wholly by the feeling they excite, not by the manner of expressing it. That feeling appears to be of a very high order, both for music and poetry—for the former, it is indicated by an instinct organically, and in some cases a luxury, in the ideas, which are not the product of a commonplace imagination; and, for the latter, by the selection of words of the highest excellence, which require half a poet to appreciate them, and are fully calculated to kindle the best thoughts in such a person's mind; but the author is to the last degree dilatory in music, breaking nearly every rule of preparation, modulation, false relation, and harmonic rhythm, which must be distinguished from metodic rhythm as intending to signify the taking a harmony on a weak accent, which continues to a strong one, or the transcending a phrase of harmony where the melody decidedly comes to a cadence. Hence, with the rarest exception as considered for high art, it is necessary to return Mr. Pearson's works by the name they portray, in hopes their author may not be discouraged from the pursuit of art sufficient to train that nature to maturity.

No. 1. is the first stanza from the beautifully descriptive poem describing the course of the stream over Andover through the Acconrussian mountains, and has a gay, elastic character, well suited to the subject. A passage on the words "Streaming among the streams," is very happy, and another, at "The earth seemed to love her," one of the loveliest all-expressed.

No. 2. contains the proper feeling for the words; and the return to the original key of D flat from an unharmonious modulation into A natural, is quite new.

No. 4. is more simple than either of the preceding, and in the form of a ballad, with a varied accompaniment to the second verse—still the general character of

the song is too dramatic and wild to express the idea Shelley appears to have intended by

"Some low, slow, stony tone,
Not cheerful—nor yet sad;—some dull old thing,
Some un-war-mid' and un-war-mid,
Such as may come by groups and and again,
Till they almost forget they live."

No. 3, being something exactly pointed in its character, and the objects that part evinces a good idea of instrumentation, but the words appear to be a fragment which do not convey their complete meaning.

Upon the whole, these songs give us great pleasure, because they evidently display the germ of great musical genius, which, properly cultivated, may become an ornament to the art.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE. METROPOLITAN.

HIS MAJESTY'S CONCERT—As we had the honour of being present at this concert, at which her Majesty and Prince Albert took a prominent part, we extract the following from the Globe newspaper—"The concert given by her Majesty to a brilliant assemblage of guests at Buckingham Palace, on Friday evening, a programme of which we insert, was "Royal" in a highly gratifying and profuse sense. Her Majesty and Prince Albert, as will be seen, by taking part in several of the concerted pieces, gave an interest to the entertainment which mere talent, however splendid, could not have imparted to it. The tranquillity of her Majesty's feelings, as well as her possession of health unimpair'd by recent circumstances, are thus most satisfactorily evinced to her anxious people—

PART I.

Overture (Lobell, Williams and Rogers), <i>Symphony</i> (Lobell, Le...	Piano
Chamber-piece (Prince Albert), <i>Symphony</i> (Kramer, Gade, and Lohmann) (Lobell)	Piano
March (Prince Albert), <i>Symphony</i> (Lobell, Williams and Rogers) (Lobell)	Piano
March (Prince Albert), <i>Symphony</i> (Lobell, Williams and Rogers) (Lobell)	Piano
March (Prince Albert), <i>Symphony</i> (Lobell, Williams and Rogers) (Lobell)	Piano
March (Prince Albert), <i>Symphony</i> (Lobell, Williams and Rogers) (Lobell)	Piano
March (Prince Albert), <i>Symphony</i> (Lobell, Williams and Rogers) (Lobell)	Piano
March (Prince Albert), <i>Symphony</i> (Lobell, Williams and Rogers) (Lobell)	Piano
March (Prince Albert), <i>Symphony</i> (Lobell, Williams and Rogers) (Lobell)	Piano
March (Prince Albert), <i>Symphony</i> (Lobell, Williams and Rogers) (Lobell)	Piano

PART II.

The Queen, <i>Symphony</i> (Lobell, Williams and Rogers) (Lobell)	Piano
March (Prince Albert), <i>Symphony</i> (Lobell, Williams and Rogers) (Lobell)	Piano
March (Prince Albert), <i>Symphony</i> (Lobell, Williams and Rogers) (Lobell)	Piano
March (Prince Albert), <i>Symphony</i> (Lobell, Williams and Rogers) (Lobell)	Piano
March (Prince Albert), <i>Symphony</i> (Lobell, Williams and Rogers) (Lobell)	Piano
March (Prince Albert), <i>Symphony</i> (Lobell, Williams and Rogers) (Lobell)	Piano
March (Prince Albert), <i>Symphony</i> (Lobell, Williams and Rogers) (Lobell)	Piano
March (Prince Albert), <i>Symphony</i> (Lobell, Williams and Rogers) (Lobell)	Piano
March (Prince Albert), <i>Symphony</i> (Lobell, Williams and Rogers) (Lobell)	Piano
March (Prince Albert), <i>Symphony</i> (Lobell, Williams and Rogers) (Lobell)	Piano

His Majesty's Concert—In the midst of the trifling and trifling music of pianoforte-accompanied Italian *mezzos de force*, interspersed, but not relieved, with un-accompanied instrumental displays which are daily heard in our concert-halls, a musical performance worthy the name of a concert—that is to say, comprising some of classical pretensions executed by talent and numbers capable of doing it justice—deserves the encouragement of every lover of the art. Mr. Fother is one of the very few professors who maintain the standard of good taste against the rage of foppish and impudences that seems likely to root it from the public mind for ever, and this he does, by the selection of great works by great authors—by the careful selection of them in his own writings, and by the engage-

ment of a first-rate orchestra, then he commands the gratitude of all who hope for the future glory of the English as a musical people, and it is to be hoped, receive their support. The first success of Monday's performance was the symphony in A, of Beethoven, which was admirably played, and did great credit to Mr. Linn, the conductor. Mr. Potter played a Concerto in E flat of Mozart, from a MS. arrangement by Hummel, said to be new to this country. The first movement is bold and remarkably clear in the plan and the instrumentation, but while it would do credit to any author, contains nothing to stamp it a work of first-rate genius; the slow movement, which is in G minor, is in the form of an air with variations, but here different in character from the usual of rubbish that runs under that head in a modern catalogue! It is a perfect specimen of romance: it implies—it is a treat upon the shack of sleeping infancy—a downy in the woodbine; the last movement is less striking, but contains very much of great beauty, particularly in the finale. Of Hummel's arrangement it is impossible to speak, as the original is unknown to us, but the musician, which it is to be supposed are his, are not very striking; that of the first movement is perhaps the better. The fugitive played also his own concerto in E flat (one of his best compositions, the subject of the last movement is very happy, but the employment of the Turkish instruments out of character with the tender nature of the work, and a pedal figure in G, of G. Bach, with Sig. Draparnoch, who played the pedal part on the double bass; this is a mistake which should not, and, it is to be hoped, will not again take place. The "veteran Drago," to use the expression of someone who scores this remarkable exhibition, has a surprising command of his instrument, but he cannot make it a pianoforte, and without a similar quality of tone between the pedal part and the musette, the performance of these figures cannot produce the effect intended by the author, and must step over the bridge between the sublime and ridiculous. Mr. Potter's playing throughout the concert was characterized by good taste, clear attention, and light touch, but was sadly deficient in power, which might have been from his own weakness, or that of his instrument, for lined wood's pianoforte—and this was one of them—are remarkably less effective than those of any other make that are now used in public. Mr. Potter's concert to Cybele, which commenced the concert, does more honor to his knowledge than his genius; there is some clever writing and some beautiful instrumentation in it, but on the whole it is surely not an interesting composition. The vocal music was just so bad as the tyranny of our great empire constantly obliges us to listen to, and the room was tolerably well filled.

SONATA, ARGENTINA.—The last of the series of these concerts was given at the Opera Concert-room, on Monday evening, when the following selection was performed.—

PART I.

Symphony in G major	Beethoven
Quintet—Mozart (Violin and Violoncello—Horn and Clarinet) (by Mr. Potter)	Mozart
Concerto—M. Potter (First Movement)	Mozart
Concerto—M. Potter (Second Movement)	Mozart
Concerto—M. Potter (Third Movement)	Mozart
Concerto—M. Potter (Fourth Movement)	Mozart
Concerto—M. Potter (Fifth Movement)	Mozart
Concerto—M. Potter (Sixth Movement)	Mozart
Concerto—M. Potter (Seventh Movement)	Mozart
Concerto—M. Potter (Eighth Movement)	Mozart
Concerto—M. Potter (Ninth Movement)	Mozart
Concerto—M. Potter (Tenth Movement)	Mozart

PART II.

Symphony in G major	Beethoven
Quintet—Mozart (Violin and Violoncello—Horn and Clarinet) (by Mr. Potter)	Mozart
Concerto—M. Potter (First Movement)	Mozart
Concerto—M. Potter (Second Movement)	Mozart
Concerto—M. Potter (Third Movement)	Mozart
Concerto—M. Potter (Fourth Movement)	Mozart
Concerto—M. Potter (Fifth Movement)	Mozart
Concerto—M. Potter (Sixth Movement)	Mozart
Concerto—M. Potter (Seventh Movement)	Mozart
Concerto—M. Potter (Eighth Movement)	Mozart
Concerto—M. Potter (Ninth Movement)	Mozart
Concerto—M. Potter (Tenth Movement)	Mozart

The instrumental selection was exceedingly good, and the whole was well executed by the orchestra. Messrs. again played at this concert, and throughout both of the compositions he performed was loudly applauded. The latter part, the famous "Tramite" of the Forest, was omitted. In the vocal department,

PROVINCIAL.

(This department of the Musical World is compiled and abridged from the provincial press, and gives the latest and most interesting news regarding the status of the N. W. art-theatres and opera shows for any or all of a season. It may be obtained, beyond what their editorial assistance is capable of, by

YANBURY.—The lovers of classical music had a rich treat at the Catholic Chapel, Southwick, on Wednesday. The music was selected from Mason's Mass, No. 1, and Haydn's Mass, Nos. 1 and 11, with full orchestral accompaniments. The principal instrumentalists were Mason, Scholer (violin), Oddy (viola), and Stankiewicz (cello), who performed their parts as a matter of fact with general satisfaction. The choir were steady and effective, but the *Sanctus* in number, as was apparent in the *Sanctus* parts, but the solo was admirably the "Qui Tollis" was well sung by Mr. Mander. It would be unjust to omit mention of Mr. Lawson who presided at the organ. The gentleman's performance bespoke him a good musician and one who understands his instrument, his style of accompaniment is truly delightful. On the whole the performance was highly creditable in all respects, and gave great satisfaction.

BRISTOL.—The *Edith* Party are now giving several performances in this town. The management of the company by the artist Dudge, who conspires to give the whole of the night and more in the "Soldier's Song," with the music provided, is very successful, but not many so close the performance of his own on the French horn and the cornet. The fact that these performers display, no very remark, is the plain old three tone instrument, without a single mechanical appliance, and yet there is not a note or semi-tone in the piece that they do not manage to effect therein. The *Edith* Part is the most serious exercise that we ever happened to hear. The solo part (which as it came from some hill or valley had a solo effect). The effect resembles the most perfect work of a Mademoiselle Rubini, who never the concert by a series of well selected vocal pieces, in a course of week work, her voice grows more woefully, and in tone and least all-sufficient. On the evening that we heard her, she gave "Edith's Song," and a little lively Vincenzo ballad, "When I marry you I," in a very superior style. Several of her songs and several of the instrumental pieces were missed.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PROBATIONERS LAST CONCERT.—At this concert, which takes place on Monday next, Mr. Henry Field of Bath will play a Concerto on the piano-forte, and Ole Bull a Fugue on the viola. Madame Dorcas Gray and Trenchard are amongst the vocalists engaged, and Eastover's Symphony in D will be played.

THE FRANKFURT.—Mr. Hunt, of Hartford, and Mr. Moore, of Birmingham, are at home making engagements for the coming festival, which will take place at the third and fourth weeks of September.

THE FLOWER DANCE BALL. for the benefit of the Royal Academy of Music, on Friday last, was triumphantly attended by upwards of a thousand persons of rank and distinction. Wolppert's band, consisting of fifty-eight performers, was engaged for the occasion.

GRAND CHAQUE.—A correspondent informs Aubert's last opera in the following terms:—"It is a very splendid production, and will add but little to Aubert's reputation. The plot is frivolous and uninteresting, the music light and airy, but destitute of original features. It may be added that there is no opportunity in the *marriage d'assemble*, the solitary bass being quite incapable of sustaining the superabundant load of tenors and sopranos. Miss Desobry's part is written expressly for her, and affords much opportunity for a display of her peculiar excessive accomplishments. Among the most curious in their plotline I was gratified by hearing a fine soprano artist—Miss, Eugénie Girard. This lady appears to be chosen by preference, except on jealousy; she has as yet performed but one part—that of Eve in a French version of Coppola's *Mis*. She displayed therein a beauty of voice and an earnestness of feeling that went directly to the hearts of her auditors.

MRS. SELIGER'S CONCERT.—Mr. Anderson, and the committee for conducting Mrs. Seliger's concert on the 24th inst, have received several donations from del-

THE
MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF
ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,
AND WEEKLY RECORD OF
Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

"*Musicae dignitas dignitate et non largiatur,
sed dignitate et non dabitur.*"

PLAT. *Philo. art. mus.*

Music is a something serious and composed,
in all persons and a God-like thing.

JUNE 22, 1856.

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A serious plan is said to be in agitation towards the establishment of a national opera. This is no other than that a list should be taken from the *Académie Royale de Paris*, and a theatre be attached, as a dramatic school, to our present academy of music. It is proposed that a small theatre be engaged—say the St. James's, or that in Oxford-street—and that the best, chosen, and principals be sent up, as far as possible, of the pupils of the Academy, or at least, with the addition of such other professors only, as are willing to submit to that rigid system of discipline, without which, it is justly contended, specific performance cannot be brought to perfection. A musician of European standing and acquirement is to be permanently appointed conductor; and, as a check, no composer will be permitted to direct his own work, thus ensuring the acquiescence of the band with our system of schooling. Two chorus-masters, at least, are to be appointed—not, as hitherto, selected because possessing some trifling knack of singing at night, and nothing more, but chosen for their unusual perception, or, in other words, for that ready and perfect appreciation of a composer's meaning, and ability to impart it to others, which have never distinguished the holders of such an office in this country. This important post, in fact, is intended to be made, not one of drudgery and insignificance, but, as it ought to be, one of responsibility and honour. The chorus-masters of the *Académie Royale* are, or lately were, *Derive*, a principal bass-singer of the theatre (for whom, by the way, we should be pained to find an equal here), and *Blavet*, the celebrated composer, and in a similar way it is proposed to fill the office in the projected establishment. For those who may feel disposed to avail themselves of it, a school of dramatic composition is to form part of the scheme. A dramatic

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composer is to be appointed to decide on the merits of works offered for performance, and his political functions are to extend to the librettos as well as the merit of all works submitted to him. Reasons for objections made to either the literary or musical portions of operas, are to be publicly given in the form of lectures by the censor, and these poets and composers will be made acquainted with the obstacles which, as practices, are likely to oppose themselves to the success of works, which, abstractedly, may possess great merit.

It is contended by the promulgators of this plan, and, we think, justly, that much excellence is lost in this country for want of a sufficiently practical method of cultivation;—that many singers, whose voices, style, and execution, are of the strict excellence, fall completely on the stage for want of practical dramatic instruction or an early *habitu*;—that while we have in London a host of instrumentalists of the highest merit, we have not one good theatrical orchestra, and for the reason that pupils in this branch of art never receive a course of practical instruction in operatic accompaniment;—and that while we have composers whose genius cannot be questioned, there is no practice-ground open to them, where they may acquire an acquaintance with the conditions of success in dramatic composition, and which are unquestionably totally independent of abstract beauty in music.

We give the earliest notice of this scheme in the rough way in which it reached us; but as it will, we believe, be clearly given to the public in detail, we abstain from all remark at present. As a system of privilege, it possesses many and great advantages;—how it may operate with regard to composers and performers of already established reputations, remains to be seen.

SINGING IN THE PRUSSIAN SCHOOLS.

Our readers are probably aware that singing, as a branch of popular education, was not first introduced in the public schools of the city of Paris; but had been taught, as one of the regular branches, in the common schools in Switzerland, Prussia, and other parts of Germany, for many years before. The teaching of singing in schools, the most of the modern improvements in education, owes its origin to the celebrated Pestalozzi; and the method by which it is taught, though it has undergone great changes and improvements, is still very generally called by his name.

It is now, perhaps, generally known to our readers, that Professor C. K. Stowe, of Ohio, in 1835 and 1837 visited "England, Scotland, France, Prussia, and the different States of Germany," for the purpose of becoming acquainted with the systems and methods of education pursued in those countries. Whether he was sent out by the legislature of Ohio does not appear; but he was "requested" by a resolution of that body, "to collect facts and information" on the above subjects, and "to make report thereof to the next General Assembly." On his return, he submitted a report, making a pamphlet of about seventy pages; which documents the legislature of Massachusetts did themselves the credit to reprint. This is a most interesting document; we do not, however, refer to it here on account of its interest in general education, but only for the purpose of quoting from it the few paragraphs which relate to that branch of education, which it is one of our chief objects to promote.

The national songs and very beautiful recitals with which the art of drawing and singing, vocal and instrumental music, moral instruction and the Bible, have been introduced into schools, was another that positively interested us. I asked all the

teachers with whom I conversed, whether they did not sometimes feel children who were naturally incapable of learning to read and to sing? I have had but one reply, and that was, that they found the same diversity of natural talent in regard to those of the organs of reading, writing, and the other branches of education; but they had never seen a child that was capable of learning to read and write, who could not be taught to sing well and draw neatly, and that you without taking any time which would do all branches well, could think much and still be prolific, his progress in other studies.

In Berlin, I turned an establishment for the relief of the poor into a school. As I was passing from room to room with Dr. K., I heard some beautiful voices singing an interesting hymn, and on entering I found about twenty of the poor sitting at a long table, making clothes for the establishment, and singing at their work. The doctor expressed my surprise, and we going out afterwards, I said to him these little people stopping at their work, for which the children sing, do not waste time among them at all, he can only sit and draw there and growl, but if they stop singing, on the floor comes." The Bible and the singing of religious hymns, are among the most efficient instruments which he employs for cultivating the hands and heart, and bringing the various and restless will to order.

The method of teaching music has already been successfully introduced into Constantinople, and wherever visits the schools of Europe. Muzio or Soliman will have a much better idea of what it is than my description can give, nor will any one who visits these schools entertain a doubt that all children, from six to ten years of age, who are capable of learning to read, are capable of learning to sing, and that the branch of instruction can be introduced into all our common schools with the greatest advantage, not only to the comfort and discipline of the pupils, but also to their progress in their other studies.

The students are taught from the black board. The different sounds are represented by lines of different lengths, by letters, by figures, and by musical notes; and the pupils are thoroughly drilled on each successive principle before proceeding to the next.

The following extracts are worthy of notice: words, through music is only introduced in them incidentally, yet they strongly illustrate the importance as a branch of education, and demonstrate the beneficial influence which may be brought to bear by means of it on the young mind. In describing the teaching of the elements of reading, he says—

The first step is to exercise the organs of speech till they have perfect command of their vocal powers, and this, after the previous discipline in conversation and singing, is a task soon accomplished.

Again, describing the moral and religious exercises—

The teacher may then read them the description of the garden of Eden in the second chapter of Genesis, sing a hymn with them, the imagery of which is taken from the fruits and blossoms of a garden, and explain to them how hard and beautiful God is, who gives us such wholesome plants and fruits, and such beautiful flowers, for our sustenance and gratification.

Other instances of the same—

The national hymns also make an interesting lesson.

In the catechism the teacher may read to them the 104th and 105th Psalms, and other passages of Scripture of that kind, sing with them a hymn, celebrating the glory of God in the creation, and culture the moral teaching of such various passages by appropriate remarks. A very common lesson is, the family and family duties, here to parents, here to brethren and sisters; concluding with appropriate passages from Scripture, and singing a family hymn.

Again—

The children of the day are always constituted and closed with a short prayer, and the Bible and hymn-book are the first volume put into the pupils' hands, and these books they always retain and keep in constant use during the whole progress of their education.

Describing a manual labour school he says—

At the close of harvest, when they first enter the field to gather the produce, before commencing the work, they form into a circle, and march to the response of the superintendent, linking and together into the harvest hymn—

"Now let us all thank Thee!"

After singing this, they set to their work with great cheerfulness and exertion.

Where shall we experience these beneficial results in our English schools?

CORRESPONDENCE.

[The following rough draft of a letter, fixed by one of our "devils" at the instance of Drury-Jane Theobald, must have flown from the rebricks of some unskilled old dog's pen. We hope the gentlemen whose names are mentioned therein will not feel affronted at the ancient medical dog's remarks, but profit by them as far as profit may be possible. Should the gentlemen, however, feel a moment's upon them really to be affronted, and will send us word to the effect, we will most assuredly punish our pen-wringing little dog for daring to feel such an atrociously quantified document.—E. M. W.]

"If you please, Mr. Elyon and Mr. Justice, I heard you and the other powers of Hellian play the Platonic Sympathy last Saturday night, and very well you played it indeed! My dear! when the poem came on how you did make a job with them those you (if wherever they be) is that there matter—and then, oh, how well I to get out the gun too—how very elegant! I was almost quite overcome! The new dog you cited—I say, did you think—that if you was both to put on little black breeches, and red stocks and pattern, and was to dance about among the ladies—(you might put down some words on purpose)—and was to hold up your petticoats with one hand, and hold up umbrellas with the other—it would be fine, and much more like to a scene of vice, than any to have the poem written by themselves. I think it would—just as does my neighbour Mrs. Langston, who has a very strong ear for these things and "knows what's who," as the Frenchman said, or will so say so. She also says that if you was to leave out the name we should hear the poem better.—Yours faithfully as ever,

MELINA SHARP.

P. S. I like the Sympathy better with the poem, because when I heard it without, the beginning of the poem made me feel very chilly and all over as if it was going to have out of my clothing the oil of the rheumatism, about the year twenty previous!"

[Since the above was in type we received a very peculiar little three-cornered note, all related with the frequent remark—the which we appear, neglecting of the same kind to our sensible correspondents for our anxiety to withdraw the matter as unprofitably obtained by our sharp-witted little D.]

"Dear Madam Justice or two Madam Witches,—I am to wish a congratulation. I kept a little bit of paper on Saturday night at Drury-Jane Theobald's, and a little bit of a stamp of a sort of a dog, who put his fingers up to his nose, and said he was the ———— stretched it up, and was right every word of it, somebody was the Madam Witches's dear (oh! Oh, Mr. Justice) which of he is, and has given it to you, please had him and don't publish it—because I have spoken to Mr. Elyon about (oh! such a new thing was not so perfect), and he says that Drury-Jane did not put anything down on the score for pattern and umbrellas, and that Mr. Justice and her both think it would not help the effect of the poem at all for them to go for to dance about in pattern and umbrellas, and red petticoats, and so he begged leave to be excused (as people had gentlemanlike). Now if Drury-Jane did not put anything down for pattern and umbrellas, I don't think he could have put anything down for the poem, Mr. Justice, do you? and if he does, what do they play the part for at all—don't what Mrs. Langston said we were to know, and what Mr. Elyon don't tell us—] say, Mr. Justice your very much obliged,

MELINA SHARP.

P. S. Perhaps if all the Hellian was to come out the end of the poem, as if they had caught hold of it the effect might be as good as the poem—and any one of's worth trying. How very foolish Drury-Jane must have been not to have thought of all this, but to have trusted so much to name for its effect—and how very clever of Mr. Elyon and Mr. Justice to have discovered his blunder. R. B.

To the Editor of the Medical World.

Sir—Your correspondent, "A Lover of Names," displays a remarkable ignorance of that which he nominally expresses his affection. Mr. Rutley is no more to be judged by his courtesy to Gasp. Mistravering, than John Barrow by his courtesy to Monsieur Mellet, or Edward Leaver by his "knows all man." I willingly resign, with your consent, the great mass of names which "Felix" or (if possibly I must write) "Richard" has his last letter, but I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that Stephen James, though he has a tolerably humane affected mind for the bosom of the English school, has never put

writing as open, and that Hascher has only given us one, which, to those acquainted with his instrumental music and his remarkable genius for composition in general, is the sort of what may yet be expected from him as the domestic hero. On the other hand John Brown has produced three operas—not to mention his *Pat of the Platoon*, a charming opera and last operetta in the grand mode of modern sentimental operas. It rarely has one would designate Schubert, his last and best, is a work like the *Temple and Grove*, of Hascher, which, though a first rate specimen of German operas as it now stands, is a much inferior work to his (by numerous) classical symphonies of Beethoven. Edward Loder, again, is, in my opinion—and those who know him and his great and various powers will agree with me—by many degrees superior to any of the modern Germans, with the exception of Spota, who no longer writes operas, and Mendelssohn, who has never written one since he was a mere boy, and which is actually a very good one. I am inclined to think that the *Der Schatz Amel* of Loder, which was to have been performed at Drury Lane last evening, and which I have frequently had the pleasure of hearing in MR. it would do the best English operas yet written, were it published, it would do infinite honour to the English school, and, what is more, be of further service by putting the composers of the *Deutsch Opera* and *Parasels* on their heels, and setting this to the generally uneducated and expelling or exceedingly weak operas in any of their published efforts. If I may judge by general opinion, and the knowledge I can gain from his printed works, which, though not numerous, are exceedingly beautiful, Mr. Henry Smart is also very capable of producing an opera, which would by no means disgrace his country or his art—but the direct question, can either become up with it, also, the composition of a great work like a symphony be a proof that he who composed it can produce a work of less importance—or he it cannot be denied that an opera, or even an oratorio, is nothing but a collection of movements, the longest of which take infinitely short, in importance, of an overture, or the first movement of a symphony—there it would be equally admitted that Mr. Moser, who has produced some of the finest of modern symphonies, is fully capable of writing an opera, and a dramatic opera. If to these be added Henry Potter, Loder, and W. L. Phillips, all of whom it may not have written operas, the number of which may be justly believed from these published works, (for these which have been publicly performed) there will be found, I think, a list which would look rather favourably by the side of the modern Germans, with all their boasted pre-eminence. To run up Hascher's my opinion (which is at least as good as that of "A Lover of Music.") the following responses are well able to write operas which would do the great work of raising the English school into an important position in the domain of European art. These Germans, Beethoven, Schubert, Loder, Loder, Moser, Phillips (W. L. S. Potter, Smart, &c.) To these I feel compelled to add both, whose genius are a disappointment, though they have been really persecuted. I should not be inclined to draw any other name to the above, though I am acquainted with several of operas and oratorios, as well, by other English composers, as before. Your friend may say what he pleases to this; I will never believe that his knowledge of music equals the love for it which has assumed some English. It must by its merits be left rest from the above, that I imagine all these productions to be capable of success, so that a work so would doubtless proceed from the pen of Beethoven, but it must be taken as a shew of what British talent stands as England, which, after I have seen the correspondence of these compositions, I cannot be prone to oppose to the individual productions of Germany, France and Italy, and even otherwise of them, I think it will be able to show procedure in spite of the forces of fashion, and the experiments of critics. To come home to the subject which we have chiefly in view—I like your idea of a symphony instrumentally, in illustrating the table of the benefits of study, which students both the great moral from that music is enough, but how is it to be effected? You have given us an idea to this. Do you propose that it shall take place alternately at each member's table, or that a given student be taken a specialty for the morning? &c. for we, will cheerfully concede in any proposal you may think proper to bring forward to facilitate an admirable object. Few persons voluntarily give talents on the subject. I wholly disagree with you about the necessity of letter-writing, and the efficiency of one over nine discourses. Consider, that the latter is even a couple of hours, whereas the former may be continued and amplified, or at least as long as is necessary to open up the latest subject which may occur in the heart of every learner of his art and of his country. Adieu, till next week.—Yours, &c. &c.

EDUCATOR.

A list of the published works of these professors I can only meet with a sympathy in it myself, and on some are published, London, and Glasgow, by Fisher & Co. in 1814, and a few more by W. L. Phillips; &c. &c. I have been the subject of some correspondence publicly published, and two, have, I think, written other papers with some accuracy.

To the Editor of the Medical World.

SIR,—Your invitation to the dramatic composer to write upon the subject of a National Opera, had induced me, amongst others, to sketch my "Prologue" in the good sense, and I hoped (with some experience which I have had) to have been able to see private my article through a "superscription" as I might say, and I send a letter to "The Medical World" signed "A Lover of Music," which has induced me, in lieu of a structure upon a National Opera, to make some remarks upon the extraordinary opinions contained in it.

It is pretty generally accepted that when a letter is admitted into a journal or periodical without any remarks by the editor, the truth of the argument is by him allowed, taking that for granted, with respect to the letter in question, I shall not presume to offer any remarks in "The Medical World" upon the matter proposed for establishing a National Opera, but I shall merely remark with your correspondent upon the stupidity of his assertions.

If what "A Lover of Music" advances be true, viz. that Messrs. Barnwell Bennett and Matheson are the only two composers in London capable of writing operas, it would indeed be very absurd for us to attempt the establishment of a National Theatre with such slender resources, and a more waste of time to write about it; for if there are but two men who can write operas, it is obvious that with a theatre could not exist one while exists, however intelligible those composers might be. That your correspondent is either very stupid or very ignorant of his subject, I will not venture to prove. Mr. Matheson is doubtless a man of talent, and the author of the celebrated libretto (if not as much as "A Lover of Music" and his anatomy friends, at all events, as much as any unparalled lover of music can, but by his wit, I will maintain, been treated sufficiently to null forth such unqualified professions; he has produced but one opera, the *Devil's at Sea*, which, although showing very great promise, I maintain to be a crude and unimprovement as it, neither will have still for success, and looking destitute things. I am quite sure Mr. Matheson himself must feel that such a work does not justify his best friends in placing him before every established operatic composer. Now, as for Mr. Barnwell Bennett, he has never produced any dramatic work whatever, yet your correspondent has the benevolence to declare him (with Mr. Barnwell) the only operatic writer in England at this time. Mr. Bennett has produced very excellent comic operas, but it does not follow that he has no room of being for the grand, the most poetical and imaginative of all classes of theatrical dramatics. It is possible that he may not be able to write a much better opera than either Mozart, Rossini or White, but still such a work has been made. "A Lover of Music" will have no hesitations or doubts about the fact that he is the only operatic writer, but on the contrary he is not only justified in saying they are all!

I suppose a "Lover of Music," according to his peculiar mode of reasoning, considers, at this moment, there are but two legitimate operas in England—the one, the *Devil's at Sea*, and the other, as yours, is composed however, by Mr. Barnwell Bennett; his remarks upon having, who has the operas of thirty years maintained a high musical reputation, are really very odd, and whoever permits them must be struck with their stupidity.

It appears to me, Sir (to use a vulgar but expressive term) that there is a "get up" amongst a certain narrow-minded class, to change the name of the Royal Academy of Music at the expense of all other resources, some of whom have, without any of the usual patronage, won fame and reputation fully by force of talent and industry. I think "The Medical World" ought to get down all such partial opinions as those which have lately appeared in letters published in its pages, as being not only prejudicial to the whole profession, but highly injurious to those whom they praise or positively—and see, Sir, your obedient servant,
A SPHAGNATIC COMPOSER (as I was kindly signed).

To the Editor of the Medical World.

SIR,—The publication of foreign non-copyright names in London has increased so much within the last few years, that at this moment (and I can prove my statement) the English composers are entirely unable to obtain a single consultation. When they offer their works, they are told by the music publishers that they have no longer room to pay for copyrights, since they can publish foreign music, both vocal and instrumental, without any expense except that of the mere publication.

If this indignity is referred to them, the English composers must either call their names from their father-land, and work anonymous, or become pauper as before.

The Government permit the commerce of this country—they levy heavy duties upon all foreign articles of taste and luxury, as well as all foreign manufactures, and yet

should not be made to be protected as well as the trademark? There is one way, and a very simple one, to do away with this monopoly. Let the Government see the publication of all foreign music in England as freely, that it will become more advantageous to the music publishers to purchase English copyrights than foreign non-copyrights; by this means, the English composers will have sufficient employment, the rest will always reply, and those who prefer purchasing foreign music can still buy it (as imported) if these manufacturers also prefer to sell more but foreign print. Trusting that through the medium of your popular journal this will claim attention from those interested.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant

A YOUNG COMPOSER.

London, June 24.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE. METROPOLITAN.

GERMAN DRAMA.—Spöhr's celebrated opera, *Jenny*, was produced at the Prince's Theatre for the first time in this country, on Thursday evening last week. We submit an elaborate account of this opera, extracted from a German periodical, which will be found interesting as one of the first public expressions of opinion on the subject, and as entering into details of the work with a minuteness thoroughly characteristic of the country from which it emanated:—"The story is taken from Lessing's *Frau im Schloß*, and possesses a considerable degree of interest and stage effect. The scene is at Gen, on the coast of Sardinia, and the outline of the story is as follows:—*Jenny*, the young widow of a deceased rajah in, after the manner of the country, devoted to the dance. Having been forced to accept the hand of the rajah, and though she had previously pledged her love to a Portuguese officer, whom the chance of war had thrown upon their shores, she advances reluctantly to meet her fate. The Portuguese sees at this time belonging to the town, and the officer bearing of the intended marriage of the object of his former love, scales the wall with a band of faithful followers, rushes into the town, and rescues the intended victim. The creature commences with the subject that is afterwards employed in the scene of the funeral of the rajah, and is full of powerful and increasing effect. The first scene displays the interior of a temple, where Brahmins and Egyptians are assembled to celebrate the funeral obsequies of the rajah. The powerful choruses of the former, contrasted with the more softened and lovely strains of the Egyptians (which are interspersed with dances, by the latter) and terminated in a grand hymn to Isis, form the introduction; yet amidst all this variety, the beauty and unity of an entire whole are preserved. In this, as in his other works, Spöhr, trading closely in the footsteps of Mozart, has proved that dramatic music may be brought into regular forms, without injury either to truth of expression or theatrical effect. How great a master is Mozart in this respect! What a variety of objects does he unite together in his *Sinfonia*, and yet how admirably has he combined them into one grand, harmonious, and effective whole! How bold are the touches, how strong the coloring he has thrown into some of his choruses, and yet without destroying the rhythm, symmetry, and keeping of the whole. The mass may rest satisfied with mere force of expression, but so critics of more refined taste. It is true that they make indispensable requisites in a finished product of art, but they also require something more; they demand that a due proportion of all the parts to the whole, a proper subordination of inferior efforts to the great predominant tone of the piece, should be maintained throughout. That this can be done, is sufficiently proved in the works of these two masters. But by genius alone can that be effected, by that genius which possesses an entire command of all the materials upon which it has to work, of that genius of which it can be truly said, *Musa spiritus nativa*. Many composers, however richly gifted by nature in other respects, and however melodious their compositions, in general want the power to form a consistent and harmonious whole; with them it is case of *after-painter* passes. But to return to *Jenny*. The military crew, the chief Brahmins command a young priest to announce to the widow *Jenny*, the destiny that awaits her. In a recitative and duet which follows, the characters of these two persons

are strongly marked; the first has all the wild fierceness of an old poet, while the other, who has only been forced into the service of *Dracula*, is impressed with a sense of the inferiority of his custom. The contrast of feeling is powerfully marked in the duet, which is considered as one of the most striking things in the opera. An old man warms appears, and announces that the Portuguese army is in motion, and advancing towards the city. This news the men of the deep hated felt towards these strangers, and gives occasion to a short but powerful air and duet, in which destruction is threatened, and imprecations called down on the invading foe. After this we are introduced into the apartments of *Joséphine*; she is overwhelmed with sorrow, but anxious to console her desolate sister: We learn that she is faithful to her former love, which is announced in an air of great tenderness and pathos. After a short recitative, the finale commences with a scene in duet alone, in which the *Requiescens*, by the breaking of stars, reaching under a veil, and the extinguishing of torches, in the accompaniment of characteristic music, announces her intended sacrifice. The young priest now appears as the messenger of death, with armed hands, and with feelings opposed to the duty he is obliged to perform, he declares her doom in a plaintive and monotonous melody, with a slowly moving accompaniment for the stringed instruments, broken in spots by occasional beats of the drum. He raises his eye, and warts the look of the actress, his speech falls low, and he stands motionless. Conformably to his moral character, he has never yet beheld a woman sacrificed. He at once becomes an altered being, and the music expresses the new state of his mind, in a manner which is undeniably striking, and full of exalting effect. Then begins an impassioned quick movement, in which joy and sadness alternate, he is to love, and yet remembers he is a priestman. Being partly reminded by *Joséphine* of his duty, he tries to revive himself, and to finish the sentence which he has to pronounce. The water approaches him in the attitude of supplication, and overcome next by her charms, he is borne away by her feelings, bids his whole nature changed, and is determined to throw off the yoke which religion has imposed upon him. There follows an extremely beautiful, though somewhat long, scene, with which the first act concludes. The second act begins with a chorus of Portuguese, which is the same subject that has been introduced in the overture. Their leader appears, and is saluted with warlike hurrahs. A very spirited and original march follows. When the scene is changed, *Dracula* remains alone with his friend Lopez, wept in unwhimsical thoughts: he recalls to his mind the story of his early love in these lands, before the late of war had separated him from its object. This is expressed in an air with *Esquissade*, it is very beautiful in itself, though it appears of too soft a character for the hero *Dracula*. Lopez observes a train of women advancing from the tower, they come from the *Archbishop* to announce that a female is on her way to a sacred spring, to prepare herself for a pious vow, and to solicit permission for her to pass without interruption. This is obtained, when *Dracula* and Lopez have retired, *Joséphine* and the *Requiescens* appear. The introduction to the narrative that follows, is full of heavenly calm, and representative of the composer that reigns in the bosom of *Joséphine*. She begs to be left alone with her sister. When the curtain retired, the sister has need to gather some of the flowers that cover the meadow in rich positions, in order to form a wreath of pines in the memory of her former love. During the singing of this wreath, a duet takes place between the two sisters. One space will not allow us to concentrate all the beauties that are thickly contained through this opera, and therefore we are obliged to leave very much in the press, of an air of the young priest, and a duet between the sister and *Joséphine's* sister, who acknowledge their mutual flame, and then goes to save the water. The young priest determines to have recourse to the Portuguese leader, and he accordingly returns to him. *Joséphine* and the *Requiescens* return from the spring. Finally, a short duet of the *Requiescens* interwoven with a solo air by *Joséphine*. In the third act, *Dracula* appears in haste; *Joséphine* observes him, utters a cry, and falls in a swoon. She never makes his way through the women that surround her, saves her veil, and discovers his faithful *Joséphine*. The music employed during this scene is simple, but of powerful effect. *Dracula* kneels

before his beloved, and supports her in his arms. She opens her eyes, and expresses her rapture at beholding him again. Lost in these sentiments, the two lovers do not hear the warning voice of the Spaniards, who announce the approach of the high priest and the other Brahmins; and are aroused from their delirium only by their appearance. Surprised at beholding her who is sacred to the Gods in the arms of a man, and he too an enemy, they wish to tear *Jesunde* away by force. *Madride* draws and defends her. Portuguese and Indians rush in from different sides, and prepare for an attack. A fine contrast takes place between the two different religions, which produces a very striking effect. The high priest reminds *D'Almeida* of the trust, and of his promise to allow the women to pass without interruption. He recalls that to stand in the deepest anguish. An allegro agitato follows, which is finely taken up by the chorus of soldiers, who stand menacing each other. This leads to a rich in ideas, originality, and effect, and shows Spohr to be a complete master of his art, and deeply versed in the knowledge of scenic effect. The introduction of the last act presents a picture of *D'Almeida's* distracted state of mind, which is happily expressed by broken and interrupted music, with scattered pieces from the last finale overture, which serve to awaken recollections of the perishing scene between himself and the object of his love. He is now wandering in melancholy mood along the seacoast, (it is his guess, he sees his *Jesunde* expiring in the flames. This is expressed in a radiance of such power, that we scarcely know anything that will stand in competition with it. From a soft and plaintive wondrous movement, the music gradually advances through harmonies of the most rare and touching kind, till it terminates in a burst of despair, at the moment when it fancy to behold *Jesunde* thrown headlong into the flames. At this point he makes exclamation into the arms of his friend Lopez. The young priest explains, and announces that the chief of the Brahmins had himself broken the treaty, and had issued an order to set fire, that very night, to all the Portuguese ships. These words recall her to life; and, being released from the obligations of the treaty by the treachery of the enemy, he is determined to attack the town, and a call to arms of an inspiring nature, concludes the scene. We are next transported to the square in front of the temple of Indra, in the centre of which stands the image of the god. It is night, and thunder is heard rattling at a distance. From the upper of the temple the musical hymns of the Brahmins break upon the ear. The thunder-storm approaches. A procession is seen moving from the temple, led by a group of white-dressed *Bayaders*. They approach the statue of the God, and the chief Brahmin utters an invocation of terrible effect. The storm increases, and a thunderbolt strikes into pieces the image of Indra. This is attributed to the effect of *Jesunde's* grief, and it is resolved that she shall immediately be sacrificed. The composition of this scene is in the highest degree grand, both with respect to the music and the scenic effect. *Jesunde*, ornamented for the sacrifice, appears flying in desperation before the pursuing *Bayaders*. A grand scene and a full fellow, expressive of the striving hope of life, and of being united to her beloved, this moment is full of truth, and is a tour of genius which admirably harmonizes with the rest of the scene. At this moment *Jesunde's* sister *Isabelle* is, and announces the approach of their deliverers: the Portuguese storm the town, the chief Brahmin denounces the death of *Jesunde*; the Indians are seen flying in all directions, pursued by the victors; the *Bayaders* are forced to retire, *Jesunde* is saved, and a triumph chorus concludes the piece." The performance of this opera, although by many degrees better than that of *Just*, does not measure of justice to the talents with which Spohr has endowed his paper. This remark we apply to the general effect, since there are many individual points of striking excellence. The new prima donna, Miss Susel Elizabeth, to whom we owe the part of *Jesunde*, seemed to be highly successful;—that is, she procured a large amount of applause to the course of the opera, and was compelled to re-appear at its conclusion—will we confine to a strong feeling of disappointment. In the matter of sitting and deportment, she was narrowly that *Jesunde* whose personal identity may be so strongly anticipated from a perusal of the story, neither in her style of singing (except in one or two instances) adapted to the peculiar traits of Spohr's music. The performance of

been heard in this country. We regret to say that the room was not more than half-full, but there is a satisfaction in remembering that the attendance at concerts of this description is an index of the prosperity of the institutions with which they are connected.

Philharmonic Society.—English concert, Monday, June 21st.

PART I.		2
Violins in E-flat Alto—Miss Gussie Goss—Solo, <i>And. Mos.to</i> , No. 10044 Clarinet—Mr. W. Field— <i>Andante</i> , in G Alto—Miss Gussie Goss—Solo, <i>And. Mos.to</i> , No. 10044 Contrabass—Mr. F. Bennett	Piano Concerto—Mozart Sonata—Mozart Sonata—Mozart	Violins Viola Cello Double Bass Trombone Trumpet Horn Tuba Snare Drum Bass Drum Cymbals Triangle Gong Chimes Muffled Drums Timpani Organ Harp Violoncello Double Bass Trombone Trumpet Horn Tuba Snare Drum Bass Drum Cymbals Triangle Gong Chimes Muffled Drums Timpani Organ Harp
PART II.		
Violins in E-flat Alto—Miss Gussie Goss—Solo, <i>And. Mos.to</i> , No. 10044 Clarinet—Mr. W. Field— <i>Andante</i> , in G Alto—Miss Gussie Goss—Solo, <i>And. Mos.to</i> , No. 10044 Contrabass—Mr. F. Bennett	Piano Concerto—Mozart Sonata—Mozart Sonata—Mozart	Violins Viola Cello Double Bass Trombone Trumpet Horn Tuba Snare Drum Bass Drum Cymbals Triangle Gong Chimes Muffled Drums Timpani Organ Harp

The last concert of the Philharmonic Society was very nearly the worst of the series;—the selection was not first-rate, and the performance was even more indifferent. No exception, certainly, can be taken to the choice of orchestral pieces, nor to their situation in the programme, except that Spohr's overture "Der Hesperritt" being much less new than that to *Der Freischütz*, ought in all fairness to have concluded the first act;—we raised no atom of objection to Weber's beautiful overture, but merely that the less known work of Spohr should have occupied the latter position. Mozart and Beethoven were, for once, rightly placed; and this change in the ordinary course of Philharmonic arrangements was, we are inclined to think, the saving point of the concert;—had the discords persevered in their old plan—had they at first, as usual, dazzled their audience with sunlight and fallen off step by step in their dimness until they reached the gloom of twilight—had they, in fact, commenced with the grand symphony of Beethoven, we know not what could have averted the veil from the gloom of insipidity. Mozart's E-flat symphony—though it be sparkling and beautiful, and though its melody in one of the most perfect pieces of orchestral loveliness ever imagined, even by its composer—would scarcely have served the purpose;—neither it, nor anything of the kind we know, ought in fairness, to be heard after the enormous masses of sound which Beethoven starts up in his great orchestral works. The symphonies and overtures were played with straight-forward scenery, but nothing more. Our Philharmonic performance is a fair type of all its fellows;—there is a large band—all the notes are usually played well, in tune and time, with great spirit, and with an abundance of noise; but we never hear a pause—as far as our memory serves us, such a thing never happened since the formation of the society—neither is the directorship of the orchestra swayed by any considerations for the feeling or satisfaction of the notes that may chance to mis-play themselves. The Philharmonic band often plays music well, but never to perfection. Mr. Field played the E minor concerto of Hummel deftly;—we thought a little more power wanted in some places, but whether the instrument or the player was responsible for the defect we cannot say. Mr. Ole Bull did not play so badly as usual at this society; he secured equally raves of Mozart and his audience, and the band evinced his indifference. The orchestral accompaniment was so vile that we are obliged to suppose either that the Philharmonic band is the worst accompanist in the world, or that some spite exists against Mr. Ole Bull, and that the worst possible style of playing was purposely adopted as a means of vengeance. The whole was so unconscionably bad that we fear the latter supposition is correct;—Mr. Ole Bull has perhaps too independent a spirit for the company in which he finds himself, and they accordingly manifest their dislike of him by indulging in a style of playing which would have disgraced any of the sixteenth century concertos of the *arcangelo*. If speaking of the vocalists we go a step lower—there had no worse. Harvill's air, "Pours de mon enfance," is pretty, but scarcely not worthy of being heard at concerts of this class. It was very well sung by Miss Gussie Goss, and very badly accompanied by the band. Mr. Goss, who played the *violin obbligato*, is

we believe, one of the repetitions at the Académie Royale,—he is doubtless a good fiddle-player, but his pretensions to stand forth as a violin in the Philharmonic orchestra, are extremely small. He is not English and therefore his claim are not questioned. Sig. Tamburini sang the "Missa pia melius" beautifully; but who can catch out the concluding symphony? A most disagreeable incident was, we really believe, never heard at any concert, and, as it deserved, it was exceptionally heard from all parts of the room. The fact from the Ballerine was the only vocal piece with which some glaring fault could not be found; and even in this, the band seemed determined to support its reputation for coarse accompaniment. Agnes Mass. Doras' Grand featured her audience with the contemptible solo, but "composed for her" by M. Bergmeister. Is this done in threat the composer sets a notorious Aery which he cannot obtain in Paris, or for what reason? The "composition" itself is a rummy mixture of the French and Italian schools (the worst specimens of both being adopted as models) and contains nothing whatever either of emotion or interest, even for the did-it-it poetry who patronize Desroches. And to bring the hero to a climax, M. Bergmeister turned the George Smart out of his post, to produce, in person, this stupid piece of what, in these days, passes for "composition," which would have gone quite as well as it deserved without either context or lead. We have a few comedies already suggested touching the future prospects of the Philharmonic Society, but must defer them until a better opportunity. Mr. Locker took, and the George Smart conducted.

Missa. *Baron's Concert*.—This daring young genius received her friends and the public in the Hanover-square Rooms, on Tuesday evening. The bill of fare included no less than twenty-three pieces, the execution of which was good, bad, and indifferent;—the only defaulter being Mlle. Krömer, whose absence was not explained. In the first part, the fugitive looked up with a concerto by Mendelssohn, with orchestral accompaniments; a very charming composition in three movements, with a capturing vein of melody running throughout; and executed her part with great brilliancy and expression. It would indeed have been perked with a better instrument, though one of Bezd's, the tone was dull and smothered; the deficiency being the more felt by reason of the liberal employment of the brass band in the dull parts. Her next performance was in one of Doehler's showy operatic pieces, reaching all the more de fire as popular as present; it being absolutely necessary for a modern painter to stand as an end towards a progressively with the times. In conclusion, she played a duet by Thalberg, with Miss K. Bell, which was a fair display of ready and earned a just mood of applause. The other artists were Miss Doras, Miss Esch, Miss Von Philgen, Signor Lohsche, and Mr. Perry, as vocalists; with Otto Hall as the violin, Massmann as the violoncello, Mlle. Portant on the harp, Meiers, Cotte and Blum on flutes, and Mr. Edgwick at the orchestra. With the two latter performers we could well have dispensed. It has often been said, that to contribute a good singer in five years is a rare gem—Miss Doras seems to be an exception to the rule, with an organ of decidedly inferior quality, and decorated with by the wear and tear of the French opera, she is yet a star of the first magnitude in an English concert-room; rightly deeming that purity of style and intensity of feeling will compensate the lack of funds, and vindicate her superiority over all such as are characterized by a use of grotesque skill.

M. Desroches's *Concert* took place on Monday. It would seem that every show passed appears to himself the right of occupying a large assemblage of fashionable ladies, dotted with here and there a gentlemanly enough to sit out a catalogue of no more, reserving over to himself the piece most remote from the established notions of what is beautiful and artistic. M. Doehler, one of the clearest of the highly distinguished performers now in London, took full advantage of this suggestion and exercised the privilege in every particular, more in the number of his estimated instruments, who mark the time by the vibrations of their basses, the acrobatic was an interesting and the performance as brilliant, in an any fashionable concert of the season, but the room was most unobscurely ill-attended. He performed his fantasia from *Guillaume Tell* in a surprising manner, and it is to be supposed that the merit of the performance





14 1940



14 1940

the 1990s, the number of people in the world who are undernourished has increased from 600 million to 800 million (FAO 2001).

There are a number of reasons for the increase in undernourishment. One of the main reasons is the increase in the world population. The world population is expected to increase from 6 billion in 1999 to 9 billion in 2050 (UN 2000).

Another reason is the increase in the number of people who are living in poverty. The number of people living on less than \$1 per day has increased from 1.1 billion in 1990 to 1.5 billion in 2000 (World Bank 2001).

A third reason is the increase in the number of people who are living in rural areas. The number of people living in rural areas has increased from 3.5 billion in 1990 to 4.5 billion in 2000 (World Bank 2001).

There are a number of ways to reduce undernourishment. One way is to increase the production of food. This can be done by increasing the area of land used for agriculture, by increasing the yield of crops, and by increasing the number of crops produced.

Another way is to reduce the number of people who are living in poverty. This can be done by increasing the number of jobs, by increasing the wages, and by providing social services.

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There are a number of challenges to reducing undernourishment. One of the main challenges is the increase in the world population. The world population is expected to increase from 6 billion in 1999 to 9 billion in 2050 (UN 2000).

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