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BERLIN, June 24th 1855.

GENTLEMEN:

Your polite communication and the copy of a translation of my work on Musical Composition, have been duly received, for which accept my warmest thanks. I find that your translator (as far as I am able to judge from a somewhat imperfect acquaintance with the English language) has done his work very profitably and successfully; and I beg you to express to him, as also to the eminent men who have honored my work with their approval, my sincerest thanks; and also yourselves to accept the same for the very elegant style of the edition.

The present volume comprises all that portion of the original work which was supposed would be well adapted to the wants of this country, and embraces two of the German books viz. The Elements of Musical Composition, and the Harmonization of a melody, including chorals and popular songs. The rapid sale of two editions has proved its adaptation to the wants of our musical teachers and students. It forms an elegant course volume, in cloth.

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ALPHABETICAL INDEX

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and may be ordered through Booksellers and Music Dealers generally.

THE MUSICAL WORLD & TIMES.

VOLUME IV, Number 1,
WHOLE Number 75.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 4, 1852.

{ RICHARD STORRS WILLIS, and
OLIVER DEXTER, Editors.

Special Notices.

Agents for The Musical World & Times.

Boston, OLIVER DEXTER, Philadelphia, G. S. BAYARD.
Cincinnati, THOMAS WELLS, Baltimore, G. S. BAYARD.
Cleveland, & BRADFORD & CO., St. Louis, JOHN GARD & CO.
Lesterfield, G. W. BRADFORD & CO.

Musicians in this Number.

We gratuitously introduce of Messrs. Hall & Son, enables us to present our friends this week, with one of the best sets of Waltham ever published. The "Sounds from Henna," has always received an answer when played by the Germanists; and now here we have them arranged in a masterly style for the piano. We advise young players to make them a study, and never give up their practice, till they shall have thoroughly mastered them.

The *Hypannum*, by Mr. Bradbury, is also an excellent composition of his kind: it goes off itself. Mr. H. to use his own language, "laid himself out on it," and we feel confident that "Golden Gate" will have a great run. Chorus and singing-soloists would do well to practice it thoroughly.

Teachers of Music

Will be it to their advantage to introduce the "Musical Studies for the Millions," (the first of which is given on another page,) into their schools. Leaders of Chorus can make good use of them, also; and in fact, any company of persons, desirous of studying Music, can get together and teach themselves, by the aid of these "Studies." There will be enough material given in each number, to carry on for hours in its discussion and digestion; and the course will be so strictly inductive, that, with a little effort, the most ordinary capacity will be able to master such exercises. "Study," provided the provisions are thoroughly understood.

Particular Attention

Is called to the article, in another column, on the Conservatory of Music, at Paris, by Prof. Croix. It will be found very interesting. Prof. Croix is now in this city. He was brought up at the Conservatory, under Cherubini's own eye, and is full of the ablest information concerning that celebrated institution.

Our Advertisements.

Read 'em. They are exceedingly interesting and valuable. They tell of many new music books, musical instruments, and other just coming out—every kind of musical instrument, and where they may be had at the lowest price—in situations for Teachers—of Concerts, and of many other useful matters. Read 'em.

Each Number

Of The Musical World & Times will be supplied, to secure to us our "Musical Studies," original Music, and other matter that we do not care to have published in book-form, by any one but ourselves. Editors are at liberty to copy (giving the credit) whatever they please from our columns.

Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Persons residing in these cities will please remember that our Agent, Mr. G. S. Bayard, has offices at 100 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, and in the Pacific Buildings, in Baltimore, and that all orders must be sent through him.

Crowded Out.

As our book reviews, several letters, and many other articles are unavoidably omitted this week—among others, a very interesting article on "Church Music in New York," by Prof. Julius Erickson.

Prof. Julius Erickson.

This accomplished musician may be found at 45 Factory street. He would be an acquisition to any Church or Institution.

Newark, N. J.

Prof. H. FAYO will receive subscriptions in Newark. Specimen numbers may be had at his office.

Editorial Articles.

MUSICAL STUDIES FOR THE MILLIONS.

NUMBER I.

WELL; here we are, at last. We—that is, you and I, my friend, now addressed. For, in commencing a course of study of any kind, it is much better for teacher and pupil to be alone by themselves, than to have any given number of persons present; such as the editorial *we*, for instance,—if used,—would inevitably suggest ignoring the outside world entirely then, we are strictly *entre nous*—closeted—to have a long talk about Music.

But, first, let me define my position, as to what I want to do; and your position, as to what I want you to do *with* me. I want to teach you to *write music*; I want to put a new language into your hands. You have one language, already—your mother tongue; by which you express your *thoughts*; but, this is a language by which to express your *feelings*—your emotions. Now, in acquiring any language, the first thing to be done, is to learn the letters. The second thing, is to put those letters into words. The third, to form those words into sentences. The fourth, to connect those sentences into a larger or shorter discourse. Very well; this, too, is our task in music. But, as in learning a language to speak, the teacher only tells you *how* to express your thoughts, and not what thoughts to express; so in learning to write music, I can only teach you how to express your feelings, and not what feelings you are to express. Your thoughts and your feelings are your own affair; of course; I have nothing to do with them.

One thing more. It is almost impossible for a person who has been a long time familiar with a subject, not to shoot entirely over the heads of people, in endeavoring to communicate the knowledge he has gained. I mean, that he presupposes *too much information*, on the part of other persons. Now, this, of all things, I want to avoid. I mean to make a desperate effort to be clear—intelligible. For that purpose, I shall consider you not only entirely ignorant of the subject, but an individual of rather weak mind, and slow of comprehension.

Well, the lesson is to commence. It is understood that you know nothing about music; you only know that it is; you have heard of it. Now, you are to explore this unknown *Tome-laud*, and see what can be discovered; and, I am to accompany you, as your guide.

Here we go.—The first discovery is, that, *music has to do with sounds*. Very well. Let us consider this matter of *sound*. What is a *sound*? Whistle, cough, cry out "ah!" "oh!" "halloo," or anything you please, and *hear* what a sound is: It is a very simple affair.

Learned men define sound to be: "Noise; report; the object of hearing; that which strikes the ear; or, more philosophically, an impression, or the effect of an impression, made on the organs of hearing by an impulse or vibration of the air, caused by a collision of bodies, or by other means, sufficient to affect the auditory nerves." And these same learned men talk to us of the "*tympanum*," or, "*drum of the ear*," the "*stirpes*," or, "*stirrup bones of the ear*," and many other things, admirably calculated to mystify young students of music, and drive them to utter despair. But, we will have nothing to do with these big words. We know what a *sound* is, and so thank to them; a sound is anything that can be heard; that is all we want to know about it. There is a department of Natural Philosophy called *Acoustics*, which any one, desirous of learning all about *Tympanum, Stirpes & Co.*, is at liberty to study; but we will have nothing to do with them here.

A sound, then, is anything that can be heard. Now, if we closely observe sounds in general, we shall discover that some are dull, harsh and unpleasant; and, that others are ringing, sweet and delightful;—that some sounds *we* end pain us; and, that other sounds soothe and please us. This is an important discovery. These harsh, disagreeable and painful sounds are simply *noises*; they have nothing to do with music; music does not even recognize their existence; they are "outsiders;" we will henceforth not our acquaintance. We have discovered, then, that music has to do only with ringing, clear and agreeable sounds; therefore, to these will we confine our attention. And now, we ought to have some method of distinguishing between these two classes of sounds, so that we shall clearly understand each other, when speaking of them. We will, therefore, name the agreeable, or musical sounds,—*Tones*,—a name by which they shall henceforth be known.

Now for these *Tones*. What sort of things are they, and how many are there of them? Are they all alike?—that is, is there but one univer-

* For the gratification of advanced pupils, I will try to give a more philosophical explanation of the difference between a sound and a tone. How, then, does a *tone* differ from a *sound*? A *tone* is the sensation experienced when a succession of *equal atmospheric vibrations* strikes upon the sounding-body, (so to speak) of the ear; and a *sound* is the sensation experienced when a succession of *unequal vibrations* thus strikes upon that organ. To illustrate this, I throw a stone into a lake; a single stone; and a single undulating wave immediately circles off in *equal vibrations*, from the spot, widening gradually to the shore. Such is the effect upon the air, when a *tone* is produced. But, I throw a handful of pebbles and mud into a lake, and each pebble, and each particle of mud, produce separate undulations; these undulations, interesting and crossing each other, become confused, and no distinct and well defined circle is visible. Such is the effect upon the air when a *sound* is produced. Or, otherwise,—I strike a table; I cut separate fibre of the wood has its own vibrations; these vibrations are unequal, they cross corresponding unequal atmospheric vibrations, and the effect of a *sound*, only, is produced upon the ear; or, and I pull the string of a harp, each fibre in the string has its own vibration, but those vibrations are equal, and the ear receives the impression of a *tone*.

diversity I have ever seen

THE MUSICAL WORLD & TIMES.

VOLUME IV, Number 4 ;
WHOLE Number 78.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 25, 1852.

EDWARD STORRS WILLIS,
& OLIVER DYER, Editors.

Special Notices.

Agents for The Musical World & Times.

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Cleveland, VICTOR WILLIAMS, Baltimore, G. S. SEAFARU.
Chicago, S. BRADSHAW & Co., St. Louis, JOHN GARD & Co.
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Each Number

On the Musical World & Times will be copyrighted, to secure to us our "Musical Notices," original Music, and other matter that we do not care to have published in book-form, by any one but ourselves. Editors are at liberty to copy (giving the credit) whatever they please from our columns.

Who Wants European Publications?

We call special attention to Mr. Praeger's advertisement, headed "Imports to Order, from Europe," &c. Any person, living any where, who obtains any European publication, literary or musical, in the most expeditious manner, and at the cheapest rate, by sending to Mr. Praeger, A book that costs an English shilling in London, will be furnished by Mr. P. for 25 cents, and so on. See advertisement.

To Advertisers.

MUSICAL, BANQUET, FIDELITY, Glee, or Concerts, Pianoforte Dealers, and all others interested, will please look at our terms for advertising before having their advertisements inserted.

That Lawyer.

Mr. J. C. Blodgett, of Fall River, writes us that he never subscribed for the "Journal of the Fine Arts," so, both his job and ours are in such.

For Sale.

A splendid notice from our *Times* Correspondent, dated from Lowell Mass., about the great Birmingham Festival. They will both appear next week.

Church Music in Holland.

The notice from Lowal Mass., was, published on another page, concerning Church Music in Holland, will be found unusually interesting.

Don't Fall

To read the advertisements in this number. They are important, spicy and instructive.

"Wheber" not Out of Print.

It appears that "Wheber" is not out of print, after all. See Mr. Dittson's advertisement.

Correspondents

Will please look to our "Answers to Correspondents" on pages 81 and 82, for replies to their questions.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. H. R., Plymouth, Ind.—Some of our young Amateurs desire to form a band of 7 or 8 for brass instruments. We do not want all ensembles, so please give us an arrangement embracing a variety of the most popular instruments now in use, with the prices of the same.—We would suggest the following selection of instruments:

1 Bass	100
1 Baritone	100
1 Horn	100
1 Trumpet	100
1 Trombone	100
1 Clarinet	100
1 Flute	100
1 Violin	100
1 Viola	100
1 Cello	100
1 Double Bass	100

If ensembles are used, they will cost more; but they are immeasurably superior in tone, make no doubt. (See First, Ford & Co's advertisement.) It will probably cost \$6 or \$7 for freight.—As to buying a piano, in the way we mention, we can give no information.

WHAT QUEER THINGS HAPPEN!

We sometimes think that we meet with more than our share of funny experiences; at any rate, we meet with a great many of them. The following is not bad.

A few mornings since, a man of ordinary appearance came into our office, and, after a few preliminary observations, informed our clerk that his name was Prof. Sandford; that he *professed music*, in this city—had a great many pupils—was an enthusiastic devotee of the art—wished to help along everything and everybody connected therewith—thought *The Musical World* the greatest musical paper that ever was, and was determined to *patronize it*, (with a strong emphasis on *patronize*.)

The clerk was glad to see Prof. Sandford—remarked that it had the appearance of a ralu, and invited the professor to take a seat.

Prof. Sandford took a seat, and the following interesting and instructive conversation ensued:—
Prof. Sandford: The Musical World is a great paper; a capital paper; I shall patronize it; Yes, Sir, I shall patronize it. Please to put down my name on your list.
Clerk: Thank you. Will you have a receipt? (Pursuing his statistics.)

Prof. Sandford: A receipt—oh—oh—oh—what an I is indebted by your remark!
Clerk: That our Terms are "indefinite in advance."

Prof. Sandford: Pay in advance! That will do, I never pay a paper in advance; I did so once, and the paper failed the very next day. I can't pay in advance.

Clerk: Yes, Sir, I regret to inform you that you can't have *The Musical World*.
Prof. Sandford: Oh, I must have it. Come now, I will pay the earlier quarterly; that's fair. I want your paper, but I want pay in advance.

Clerk: You can only have it by paying \$1. in advance.
Prof. Sandford: The fact is you ought to give me the paper for nothing. I can help you a great deal. And I think it would be to the advantage of the Publisher of *The Musical World* to give a copy of his work to every respectable Teacher of Music; as they have it in their power to reciprocate a favor, or to do any work, however good, much lajary. There's my sentiments.

Clerk: Well, Sir, when we fall it is either our duty or to our interest to publish a paper gratuitously for the benefit of Teachers, we may do so; and if because we want you give to *The Musical World*, you choose to resort to any measures to prevent its circulation among your pupils or friends, if you have any—why, that is a privilege that a mercenary advertiser can always exercise. (Here the Clerk began to exhibit strong symptoms of irritation.)

Prof. Sandford: (Holding up a little) Well, there goes as much of the joke as my head, as you have just said.
Clerk: That is a point, Sir, that I shall not for a moment neglect.

Prof. Sandford: (Moving towards the door) Well, you can set your own pleasure about giving me the paper, I am aware that gratuitous advice is always poorly received, and that the giver may sometimes be kicked down stairs.

Clerk: That is occasionally the case, and may be so in this instance, if you remain much longer.

Exit Prof. Sandford, in a manner much more hasty than graceful.

Will the reader believe that the above scene actually occurred in our office? Hardly—Yet it did occur, impossible as it may seem. Such are the strange experiences of the Editor of *The Musical Journal*! There are plenty of "Professors" in New York, equally as contemptible as Prof. Sandford; all of whose names will appear in our columns as the owners or patrons on occasion. We must have something amusing for our readers, and we have not the slightest objection to its being furnished by unadvised "Professors."

IMPORTANT FROM BARNUM.

PROFESSOR OF THE JENNY LIND CONCERTS—BARNUM TEACHERS OF THE "JENNY LIND" SONG PRODUCTIONS.

It will be seen by the letter below, that we understand, in a former number, the profits cleared on the Jenny Lind Concerts, although the amounts we gave, were considered (by some persons) proportionately large. Our information came from a direct, and, (as we had reason to believe,) a reliable, source; and several persons, who said they had "seen the books," corroborated it,—among others, Mr. Ullman, the energetic and skillful agent for Madame Bonteg. We are glad to learn that the profits were even more than \$60,000; and we think the public generally will be highly gratified to know that Mr. Barnum is "going to write a book" about the Jenny Lind engagement. We would like to have an interest in the copyright of said publication; for, the profits on Uncle Tom's Cabin will be nothing in comparison to the profits on Barnum's book.—"Barnum's Book!"—what a taking title! A fortune is in the very name. But, we are forgetting the letter. Here it is:—

"WHAT BARNUM AND JENNY LIND MADE."

MENAS. ROTUNDA.—Under the above caption, I notice in *The Musical World* of the 4th inst., what purports to be a statement, from my "books," of the net proceeds of the Jenny Lind Concerts, while that lady was singing under engagements with myself. That statement gives the following result:

Jenny Lind	\$20,000
P. T. Barnum	20,000

Total.....\$40,000

I cannot imagine who pretended to furnish you with a statement of such manifest inaccuracy; but, as the subject has excited some public interest, and occasioned no little newspaper commentary, permit me to mention, positively, that the amounts named, are far, very far indeed, below the plain reality. My portion of the profits certainly exceeded \$200,000, by much more than one \$50,000, and perhaps by several. If I am ever fortunate enough to secure the necessary "letters," I shall publish a book, already in hand, furnishing the full details of the whole Jenny Lind engagement, including the receipts, disbursements, net profits, and many other curious and interesting facts connected with that episode.

Truly yours,
AMERICAN MUSEUM, Sept. 15, 1852. P. T. BARNUM.

FANNY FERN.

It will doubtless gratify the readers of *The Musical World* to learn that the distinguished anonymous writer, whose *nom de plume* stands at the head of this paragraph, has been engaged to write exclusively for this journal. Articles from her pen having been published in nearly every paper in America, it is unnecessary for us to remark upon the characteristics of her style; but, it may be well to mention, that the quantity of matter she will furnish for *The Musical World* will be small, and as she will write for no other journal, it is confidently believed that the future productions of her brilliant pen will far transcend her previous efforts, remarkable as the latter have been. She will speak for herself next week.

of music, to omit a note, and to let the time which that note would fill, *pass on*. Such an omission or *hiatus* in music, we call a *rest*. As we may wish, sometimes to omit *any* of the notes with which we are furnished, each note must have a sign corresponding to it, indicative of *rest*. These signs, or *rests*, as they are called, are the following: and it will be well to familiarise yourself as soon as possible with them.

Whole note.....	Whole rest.....
Half note.....	Half rest.....
Quarter note.....	Quarter rest.....
Eighth note.....	Eighth rest.....
Sixteenth note.....	Sixteenth rest.....
Thirty-second note.....	Thirty-second rest.....

We have already spoken of the imperfection of our system of *notation*; inasmuch, as we can express only a division into *twos*, and not into *threes*. New, it may sometimes happen, that we may wish to sing, or play, three, five, seven, nine, eleven, thirteen, or any *uncertain* number of notes, to a certain part of the measure. Therefore, we must have some method of expressing this. The following method has been adopted. A figure expressing the number of notes thus introduced, is written beneath or above, and a mark called a *slur* is added.

2
4

3
4

4
4

In the first example above, it will be seen, that instead of performing two "eighths," we wanted to perform *three* "eighths." Therefore, the figure three was put underneath, and a slur was drawn below. In the first measure of the second example, instead of performing four "eighths," we wanted to perform *five*; therefore the five "eighths" were written and the figure and slur put underneath. In the second measure of the same example, we have indicated that we wish to perform *seven* "eighths" in the time of four "eighths," by writing seven eighth-notes and adding the slur and figure 7. And so, in the third example, instead of writing four "sixteenths," we wanted to write *five*: which five were written, and the figure and slur sufficiently explain the matter.

We often find this *arbitrary* number of notes, in music. In all such *rhythmical interpolations*, it is understood that the *time* of the piece goes on regularly as before, (unless otherwise indicated by the composer); and these uneven notes are to be brought *smoothly in*, each note having the same comparative length.

It will be observed, that in the last example I have introduced the time of "4." The measure of "4" has not been alluded to in our Studies on Rhythm, because I consider "4" a mere subdivision of "2." Sometimes, it is convenient to consider the measure as having four

parts, rather than two: in which case it is thus indicated by the *figure*, at the commencement of the music.

We have now concluded RHYTHM, and, in the next "Study," the subject of DYNAMICS will be discussed.

The Birmingham Festival.

POWER OF THE MUSICAL WORLD—THE MARKET—RESERVING THE SEAT OF HONOUR'S OWN PRICES—MUSICIANS' CLUBS—SINGERS—BIRMINGHAM OF THE MARTYR—NEW AIRS OF CHANTING—READING FOR THE POOR—WINTERTON CHAPEL—KINGSTON—HARTLEY.

ALTHOUGH we had decided, even before we left home, to attend the musical meeting in this place, yet, as the time drew near, we found ourselves so pleasantly employed in two simultaneous courses of lectures to music and school teachers, that we had well nigh come to the conclusion to forego the Birmingham Festival, and the long anticipated performance at the Great Birmingham Festival, and work on. But, a number of *The Musical World* came to hand, and it was no longer optional with us to come or stay away; for, the editor (without our permission) had pledged us to his readers for a report. We say, without permission, but yet we are certainly ready to acknowledge that he had a set of professional notes, or notes of fact, to be placed with us, in this matter, writing out of a relationship that has long existed—which commenced, indeed, when he, a lad wearing a jacket and a cap, was brought to us, with a beloved sister—now no more—but an affectionate parent, to commence his musical education in that of about a score of years, he was to occupy the editorial chair of the *American Musical Paper*. No mandate is so quickly or so cheerfully obeyed, as that which proceeds from love and good will; the way was now plain,—classes must be adjourned, lectures and other engagements postponed, and to Birmingham we must go.

It was Saturday night. The ride on the hard boards of the second class, had been tedious, for we had been detained nearly an hour by the circumstance of a luggage train ahead of us running off the line. As soon as we could get a little refreshment, we went out into the crowded streets. On Saturday (as we understand) the musical labourers, or operatives, are released from their weary toil at an earlier hour than usual, and they then crowd the streets in search of fresh air, and to see, or hear, or buy such things as they need for the coming day. The streets, and especially those in the vicinity of the market, were literally jammed full of people of all ages, from the child at the breast, to worn out, feeble and lettered old age. It was difficult for one to press along, through the dense mass of human beings who thronged the ways. How different the appearance, from that of the multitude at Dusseldorf, where we were a few weeks since, on a similar errand to that which brought us here. The circumstances, indeed, were very different; there, was the commencement of a play, and some of the people, and men, and women, and children, with clean faces, combed hair, shining shawls and "go-to-meeting" clothes, were thick on every side. They were more like the people of our own happy land; there being scarcely any evidence of deep poverty and degradation. It was otherwise here, for little children and old men and women were seen clothed in filthy rags, and it was enough to put to the test the officious ears of the stoutest man to crowd his way through the motley groups. The people, too, in Dusseldorf, were interested in the festival,—indeed it was the *people's festival*, and if there were some who could not bear, all took delight in seeing. But here, the common people are so entirely unacquainted with it, that they attend only for the tick, and only they can go to the expense of purchasing admittance. There, the people make their own music; here the greatest performers, vocal and instrumental, the world affords, are brought together, at an enormous expense, to give an exhibition of the triumphs of art.

We followed the multitude into the market-place, and it was an alleviation to the circumstance of their apparent poverty, to see for how little money they could buy bacon, shoes, cheese, lard, potatoes, trowsers, sausage, cabbage, stutes, candies, and other like things necessary and convenient. Very cheap are such commodities on a Saturday night in and about the market-places of the large manufacturing towns in England. There was a great plenty,

too, of good fruit,—pears, pines, and apples. A pint of ripe sweet plums could be had for six or seven pence. Many of them were taken upon the spot, and eaten now and then, one and another treading on the slippery pavement would slide and fall, as upon some of these slimy stones would slide and fall, who have not been sufficiently wakened enough for that, but against either by whom he was surrounded. The only music we heard here was the busy hum of voices, the eric of the millers, "this is the cheapest stall in the market,"—"a pint for a penny," the whistling of boys, the crying of children, and now and then the distressed howlings of a poor collection of sailors, and the noise of some of the streets, and the crying of some of the boys, who were not only trodden under foot by some heedless passenger. We stopped at a Billiard-stall and bought a very excellent copy of the *New Testament*, well bound, for four pence. Thanks to that noble institution, "the British and Foreign Bible Society," for such a provision as this, in the market-place.

We left the market-place and the crowd at half past 8, and made our way to our lodgings; thinking of our happy country, and the better condition of the labouring poor there, than even in the best regulated manufacturing towns here. Sunday came, and we attended, first, the church of Rev. Mr. James. How could we do otherwise! What American, spending the Sabbath in Birmingham, would fail to hear this distinguished man, since there is no better preacher anywhere to be found, and since there is no living English divine so well known, by his writings, across the Atlantic! We will remember his influence in an early history of Sabbath schools in Birmingham, and in the times when they were yet in their infancy, his "Sunday School Teachers' Guide" did more to mould them and give them a right direction, than any other work; and during the course of years that have since passed away, many of his books, of great practical worth, have been republished and widely circulated. Mr. James presided from the text, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me." I wish I could give a detailed account of his sermon; for I am persuaded it would be a report as interesting to many as any that can be made of the progress of song, and it would do good as well as our readers good to comprehend the justness of the light he presented us, in the matter. He said, "I was very clearly as something to do; he made it out also to be an extensive thing, reaching the whole man, entering into the whole life; moreover, he gave it its great power, sufficient for any emergency, and leading, if necessary, even to martyrdom. Any self-denial not reaching this point, is not that which the text calls for. But I must not linger—Mr. James's delivery was very good, and he often allows his voice to sink so low in power as not to be heard in the latter part of a sentence. He is, as his manner, a son of consolation, and the kind, the gentle and liberal praver. Indeed, his whole manner, as well as the spirit which he manifests, seemed to say "thy goodness hath made me great." There are little things about his delivery that should not, we think, be limited by young men; for example, the frequent abbreviations of *can't*, *won't*, *don't*, *shan't*, &c.; however they may be tolerated in conversation or familiar address they do not become persons discourse, and pulpit dignity.

But we were not to be satisfied with the service that comes more immediately within our province. There is an organ in Mr. James's church, and also a choir; two things indispensable to the best results in church music. The organ was well played, yet not always with sufficient strength to support and guide the congregation. It is great fault, for the organist in congregational singing, to play so soft for the sake of some fancied musical expression, as to leave the people unattended, and even to ground in a slow way. The organ should ever maintain a fulness and depth sufficient to keep the voice from sinking, or to bear up the vocal song. In *choir singing*, (that is, when the congregation and not just the choir are the expression of the service,) the organ should be so arranged as to receive attention, and the organ which in its mighty power hold up, and bore onward, the chorus of the whole people, in a *choir performance* becomes a mere accompaniment, often "unheard, unnoon." We have known a congregation suddenly checked in their song, and thrown all into *psalm*—the prayer, or by some sudden stroke of an unperceptible organist, who, because he saw the word *psalm*, supposed he must instantly pass from forte to piano. This same fault was observable in the organ-playing here. There was also a painful pause at the end of each stanza, in which all rhythmic feeling was lost, and it became necessary to begin anew with an *ad libitum* at the beginning of every stanza. Surely there can be no reason for a full (apparently final) pause at the end of a stanza any more

* One in connection with the Home and Colonial Normal School, and the other a Teacher of the Blackburn Normal

than at the end of a line; but if it be desirable for the voice to stop for a moment, then let the organ fill up the space by a few chords of transition (where interludes are not desired), keep up the rhythmic form or structure, and thus prevent a mental collision, or an apparent fall close at the end of each stanza. An organ voluntary at the commencement of the service was in good style appropriate and religious; and we think that it is a regrettable fact that there was no voluntary at the close of worship. The principal effect of a closing voluntary is to enliven the vocal organs of the people, who are often obliged to speak loud to their friends and neighbors, in order to be heard, than is consistent with prudence and safety. The closing voluntary instead of covering or shading the voice of the retiring congregation. It is a most important musical signal, which, when reduced to language, says: "Now talk as loud as you can."

The choir in Mr. James's church did not seem to be much in advance of the people in the manner of their performance; they tried to *help the organ to lead*, but no choir song, either tune or anthem, was attempted by them. There was no chanting, as there is in many of the London churches, and metrical psalms were the only form of song. Extensive parts were sung near to me, and especially by a gentleman who knew enough of music to sing always a third below the treble; this knowledge he took care to bring into practical use, and, in some instances, was often producing fifths as much as variances with nature's laws, as we none in the plural in connection with verbs in the singular number, with the requirements of grammar. The first tune was St. Ann's, with the good old-fashioned cadence on the mediant at the end of the first line—good and effective; the second was St. Paul's; the third we did not know but while it was a pretty, *à la* modern kind of tune, it was unfit for congregational singing, and an affected, faltering air, or "oh dear!" result was the consequence. As in other places in England, so here, the hymn is just named, the organist then gives out the tune on his instrument, playing it through, then follows the reading of the hymn, and then it is sung.

At half past 3 o'clock we attended the church of St. Martin's (Episcopal). The congregation was small, and was (as we supposed from the application of almost every one who came in to the Breadth for a seat) composed mostly of strangers. The service was dull and monotonous, as we are accustomed to meet with at almost every place we desire to get through. The chanting, however, was an exception, and was of a character somewhat new. It was almost exclusively instrumental, being performed on the organ. Of course, we could find no fault with the articulation of words, or the rapidity of utterance, since the signs appeared to be their best. But what could not be heard in this part of the service, with the exception of "Gloria Patri," in which there was a feeble attempt at vocal effect. It may be well for congregations who do not wish to be at the trouble of opening their mouths and speaking forth God's praises in the "Venite," "Jubilate Deo," and other canticles, to confine this matter wholly to a faithful instrument; for, under a master's hand, it is always true.

We were pleased with one thing which we saw in this church: As we entered, we observed, near the door, a stall, capable of holding twenty or thirty books. Filled with nice-looking books. Over it was painted on a sign: "Mr. John Brintley's gift, 1859." I mentioned, on enquiry, that the good man had left a fund, by which a weekly supply of books for the poor was provided. But such a fund was not applicants enough to receive the benefit: "Enough, say, and forty times as many more," was the answer. "The works of the righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance."

In the evening, at half past 6 o'clock, we attended a religious service in the "Cherry Street Chapel," (Wesleyan) where a sermon was preached, and a collection taken, in aid of Sunday schools. The singing was mostly by a chorus of about two hundred children, who sang in two parts, girls singing first, boys second. They sang in tolerably good time and tune, but it is no better taste than we have heard some of the children's choruses in America. There was a kind of *à la* fashion, quality of tone, which was anything but pleasant. One of the things that I heard as in America, the good thing sought for, is to get as many children together as possible, make them correct their tender vocal organs to the utmost, strive for a loud noise, and perhaps the execution of something that seems very different, while all that tends to tone, or to a truthful musical education, is neglected. It is a singularly important that a child should be taught by one who has at

least, some practical physiological knowledge of the voice, and who has also a cultivated taste; otherwise the poor child suffers severely, forming habits which probably will follow him to his grave, through all after life. The singing, by children, of music unfit for them, or unsuited to their capacities, is a very common fault; on the present occasion a boy by Calvert was attempted, to sing a chorus, which had better been omitted; and at the close of the services, after the benediction, the choir probably will know what they were about, but led on by those who ought to have known better, made a loud attack on Handel's Hallelujah. It hardly need be added that the performance came as near to the ridiculous as may be; there was nothing good about it, except the intentions of the children, and their earnestness, through ignorance; but not so with their teachers, for ignorance cannot, in a teacher, excuse such error in judgment and carelessness in execution.

It is no unimportant lesson for a teacher or conductor of music to learn, what music is appropriate to the occasion, what comes fairly within the capacities of the performers and the understanding of the hearers, what is suitable for children, and for congregations, what for others without restraint, and for choirs with restraint, &c. And how shall we learn these things, and a thousand others? Ans. By the study of music under the direction of those who are competent to teach. How long will it take and what will it cost? Ans. Go to the numbers of other professions and ask them these questions, in relation to their own preparatory studies, multiply their answer by two, and the product will not deceive you.

Monday came. It was a great day of preparation. The streets were full of carriages, and strangers were constantly arriving. We went early to procure our tickets, but found a crowd already in the office. The office is a wooden building, erected on a vacant lot, for the express purpose of congregating the people during the Festival, and is almost equal to the stock exchange, Paris. It was interesting to see the rush for tickets, a great part of which had been already taken, by previous application. In order to prevent a preference being given to any one person, the names of all applicants are registered, the books assigned to each, and they are given four days before the sale, in name books, and then the places are disposed of, not in the order of applicants, but by lot. But here I must close. Next week I hope to send you such a report as I may be able to make. In the mean time, if I happen to draw on *The Musical World* for twenty pounds for expenses, I don't mind my paper will be honored.

From our Paris Correspondent.

Paris, Sept. 6th, 1852.

FRANCE THEATRE AND FRENCH ACTORS.—FREDERIC LEWIS.—MONTMARTRE.—ITALIAN ACTORS.—LAFRANCE.—ASSOCIATION.—THE CONSERVATORY.—LESSEUR AND NAPOLÉON, &c.

Norville distinguishes Paris more than its theaters. Full twenty in number, they offer every conceivable attraction to the multi-ethnic classes of all equally well off and well educated. It may not possess the heroic temper of genius, but it always has talent. Go where you will: mix with the people in ease and respect in one of the very minor theaters, and you will see artists. What determines the superior acting of the French is difficult to say. The Italian artists I yet more plastic, but Italy flourishes in acting the actor we witness that France does. Of the native Italian artists I know not one who is a great actor—a man of that exquisite fusion of perception and electric rapidity of execution which determines genius in whatever art. That man is Boncomp. Lelache's genius as an actor I never could discern, though so loudly and universally praised. His march, as an singer is admirable; his voice may not be fit its equal in the best thousand years—for history records none such; but his style, separated from the titanic volume of tone and intellectual culture, does not include the *epimete* horror of expression which strikes on the heart like Corinthian architecture when viewed by moonlight, or the typical certainties which the big dream of a mourning form in the painted majesty of an

Indian summer, calls up. When we have fathomed all the school teach, an essay remains yet to be filled with genius; that quality in Lafalache exists not. His comedy even has it not: it fails to be so much as a comedy. The first of them I mean attempt to court a young widow—to contemplate his efforts at picking up his father's game, &c. That is a matter of taste: but there is a serious lapse required for comedy—even with the best of an admiring audience.

As an actor, Lesseur, of the Porte St. Martin, is wonderful. He is not to be called a comedian (his English name is "The King of the Theatre"). He is a thing that never can be forgotten. The play is full of point and fire, the production of an earnest socialist democrat, who saw with a tear-dimmed eye and a swelling heart the fatal corruptions of life under the late dynasty, and wreaked his soul on paper in the play. Not so apt to be called a comedian with Lesseur—yet even with his drunken scene, his drunkenness reaches the stereotyped limits of the knee-jerks; he is a living glory of shifting intention—will, ghastly, terrible, god-deserted. His rage was epic. His cynicism as biting as *Thersites*, his ease so determined that you think the educated gentleman and artist, had, with a blind lamp in one hand and a book-case in the other, found his California in the dirtiest of gutters in the dead of the night.

Rachel's delinquencies are as indescribable as the fluttering of the humming-bird, when it stops at the shrine of some Bever and trills its devotions. A French pronunciation worthy of thirty-four quarters, a pose like that of some lost goddess of a lost island, a voice whose organs are nourished by the systole and diastole of the lungs, but not a speaking machine, an action that vibrates from the crib to the coffin in its large sweep of humanitas, from the simplicity of infancy to the murky agony of a broken spirit fast passing away—these all belong to the inspired Jewess. Like other gifted mortals of this age, Rachel is somewhat deficient in the Marcelline habit of being so good for their art—but she has not deserted her faith. Her reception card workshippers of kindred trusts with herself. If you would see the names most in man's mouths, you will find them at Rachel's side.

In regard to composers, France is not so happy. The Conservatory is a magnificent institution. Believed—nourished by the profound Thurnbull, or Bellini, or Rossini, or the other great names of the world, it is in their art for their art—but she has not deserted her faith. Her reception card workshippers of kindred trusts with herself. If you would see the names most in man's mouths, you will find them at Rachel's side.

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who lives a life of poverty, and whose corpse was honored only by a few flowers. My dear friend, if you have had a poor little platitude of a prodigal—went to his widow and children. George Henry of Mozart: it is a subject of doubt.—Napoleon appreciated Lesseur. "How many principal works, such as operas and masses have you written, Monsieur Lesseur?" said the Emperor, on being presented to him. "Twenty-three, sire." "That requires a great deal of music paper," he said. "Well, then, Monsieur Lesseur, you shall have 2400 francs pension for having been at the expense of buying so much music paper; do not consider it any recompense for the music you have put on it, for so money can reward such genius as yours."

In that quasi-mythological era just preceding the battles of the empire, when Napoleon had a poor little platitude of a prodigal—went to his widow and children. George Henry of Mozart: it is a subject of doubt.—Napoleon appreciated Lesseur. "How many principal works, such as operas and masses have you written, Monsieur Lesseur?" said the Emperor, on being presented to him. "Twenty-three, sire." "That requires a great deal of music paper," he said. "Well, then, Monsieur Lesseur, you shall have 2400 francs pension for having been at the expense of buying so much music paper; do not consider it any recompense for the music you have put on it, for so money can reward such genius as yours."

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ground we tread, holy. Through the resonant stanzas, hurriedly carved among the primæval woods in its grand theatre, and seeking to create awe in the human spirit by the form and size of its own impingement, Loewner re-creates his staging concept, that he has heard him "The opera has been transferred to Notre-Dame," said the public.

Mosart, too, at that time was at Paris. He gave lessons to the daughter of a duke—lessons in composition. "She has a most wonderful memory," wrote Mozart—"she can play accurately from memory two hundred pieces. She is an expert pupil at the clavier, but is as yet utterly destitute of musical ideas, and those I cannot give." Mozart, too, could not give ideas to the Parisians at that time to get a hearing for his opera. He was offered a place as organist at Versailles, with poor pay, but declined it; considering anything beneath a chapel-master's place, more worthy his worth. He afterwards wrote for the *galopettes*—the little group-gardens where dabbling and fiddling keep company—and was arrested for a detour of some few francs. Human intelligence is so great that the wonder is, that it does not act on the earth's orbit and drive us all straight into the sun—the centre of all life and being. But this is a digression.

Loewner did not lose his head; a little music was now and then wanted for the revolutionary fairs; and nothing sedulous in its tones could be found even by a Frequenter of the Tuileries. The Revolution gave extension to music. The new birth of liberty—of self-worship,—produced originalities in the open air; hundreds of thousands amid the soaring and rattling levantine heaving making the music of voluminous ecstasy as they shrieked out the Marseilles Hymn, the crash of the guillotine keeping time, and the startled auditory of furies and furies looking on outside of France, not able to see the remotest boundary as millions of patriotic hearts offered them the hospitalities of the world to come. Those were times for music: Awake, arise, or be forever fallen. The wars of the gods seem melodramatic along the tragedies of the flesh in those days. The last trump of this life was sounded for millions. What more sublimely colored melody on the music of the infinite than that which came out of the pellicle city of Paris, started 40,000 volunteers—one-half of its adult male population—to go to the frontiers, and, singing the Marseilles, crush and blast those who had despoiled, degraded and enslaved them? What nice measure marking was that of their women alone in marching—women alone which the Assembly voted the arms? For their value at France, and actually gave the generals 40 francs each, although the treasury was some millions then—empty. The writings in America on the French Revolution forget these things. Had Washington, on the Dorchester Heights, stood in hand, having to take the enemy by a coup-de-main, only had a Marseilles, and a staff out of the Fabian school to over-ride him—how many days and nights would the American war have lasted?

A statue of Loewner was inaugurated, the other day, in his native town, with brilliant and affecting ceremonies, his aged widow being witness of the scene, enjoying such luxurious transport as woman only can feel on such occasions. It is customary in France, to dot each gentleman with a statue to the man who comes from out the crowd. Amid the expenditures of the season could not a few thousands be spared in our country, to mark where Hith, Fazio, Godfrey, Whittier, were born—men who created for posterity, and whose only real genius was as indispensable to the national individuality and progress, as any the best speaking, writing and fighting. W. H. V.

From Fraser's Magazine.

Mozart, and the German Opera.

No man was more gifted by God with the power of enjoying life, and every thing in this beautiful world of ours, than Mozart. And this is a blessing which Heaven confers only on its especial favorites. Few men ever passed through a happier or higher existence. And we may say of Mozart, as Theocritus did of his valiant and noble son-in-law, "Whate'er of him we loved, whate'er we admired, remains, and shall remain, in the minds of men, the eternity of ages, the fables of things."

"Brief, bright, and glorious, was his young career."

He was at five years old, when other children are mere animals, an accomplished musician and composer. He died at three or four and thirty, just as he

had completed his world-famous re-tem; and if I did not firmly believe in the maxim inculcated by the Grecian sage and Roman satirist,

"When the gods love us young,"

I should say of the composer, in the language of the Frenchman,

"Mozart as brillante égaré,
 Qui se livre à ses passions;
 Son cœur courait sur les glaces;
 Sa gloire était son seul sort."

Perhaps no man living ever had a higher musical genius, or greater knowledge to support it. He did not for music what Pericles did for oratory, whereas Croly has well written—

"Full soon 'd to life the poet's power;
 Mourn from the Theban queen's brow;
 And see the soul the freed man's;
 That waved her mane o'er the land."

Since Mozart's day great additions have been made to the orchestra, especially in wind instruments; great improvements have been made in the instruments already in use; and men of exalted genius—Beethoven and Weber—have succeeded him, and taken their place near him, as men who have achieved that never which shall never pass away. But with all advantages and modern aids, now have surpassed him in any single effort; and for number and variety of compositions, which even an age of barbarism, could it ever again arrive, never would permit to perish, he stands against unrivalled and alone. The *Fidèle* and *Der Freischutz* are works of the very loftiest character—the composer has made the most skillful possible use of the enlarged orchestral means placed at their disposal; but if they have equalled some of Mozart's compositions, they have not excelled any one of them; and no other opera, except those that are for one moment to be compared to any opera of Mozart's.

I do well believe that no man ever had a higher inspiration than Mozart—he was the Shakespeare of music. In all his works, like the great dramatist, he unites tragedy and comedy, and is equally remarkable in both for intensity and depth of feeling. What a wonderful composition is his *Don Giovanni*! How various the characters, how admirably are they not depicted in his music! That character was ever better sustained, from first to last, than that of any of the ancient Greek dramatists; the heartless libertine; but in one whom, from his gay and dauntless courage, his grace and accomplishments, we never for a moment lose a breathless interest! We feel towards him as we do towards the Ananias of Hope's grand romance. Love him we must not, pity him we ought not; but we cannot help admiring—ay, and enjoying him. How mighty, too, Mozart is in the management of his ghost! Here he shows a genius which Walter Scott and Shakespeare alone share with him. The ghost of Hamlet's father, clad in complete steel, revealing the glimpses of the moon and making night hideous, is not a whit more dread than the apparition of the commander's statue shaking the earth by its ponderous steps, ushered in by unearthly music and singing in tones that seem to have come from another world, and for once permitted to be uttered in this. Byron's *Don Juan* is a fine dashing fellow; but the poet was noble, though he strove, to raise him to the standard of the maestro's *Don Giovanni*. He is of first to last an Englishman—the child of a cold climate—and not a Spaniard of Seville, whose veins run lava. The *Don Giovanni* of Mozart, on the contrary, is as regular a kidnap as blue blood at the balling point could make him; as fierce and haughty as Satan; and, like him, never humbling himself before any creature mortal or immortal—except the woman he is anxious to betray. But the whole opera as a work of transcendent taste and genius, is delicious most exceedingly.

German music is as superior to Italian music as the rich and nacreous language of the old Greeks was to the ponderous Latin. Italian music is rarely addressed

"As his inspired energy ceased at once his glory and his fate; his heart leaping, great, his genius had broken his heart."

to anything higher than the sense; it wants depth, devotion, and earnestness; German music is always addressed to the soul. I invariably feel hotter and happier after having listened to an opera of Mozart's or Beethoven's. I feel as if, through the music, I had held communion with thoughts that lay too deep for words. One also enjoys the delight of having been engaged upon a perfect work, into every portion of which a master-mind has been thrown. There is no delicacy, as there is no prolixity; the orchestra and the vocalists are made to work together on terms of as perfect equality as the singers in a duet; and both are managed, however numerous may be the bond, the chief vocalists, and the chorus, with the same consummate ease and with the same singleness of purpose—the same concentration of effect, that the less learned and enthusiastic composers of any other school could display with respect to one singer and one fiddle to accompany. The great charm of the German opera is the equality and equality in all points of interest between the vocal and instrumental melodies and concerted pieces; and the conviction that the whole work has been wrought by the inspirations and labor of one mighty mind. In Italian opera your present praise and pleasing recollections relate almost exclusively to the singers—Pasta, Grisi, Tamburini, Robini. The composer is comparatively little thought of; you know that his *aria* has been wonderfully embellished and improved by the art of the singer, and your gratitude is great in proportion to the vocalist. You prefer, as the notes come back to charm you in your bed—Oh! these are exquisite! but they are Grisi's. What would they have been from any other lips! Noe knew! but certainly nothing comparable to what they are. And therefore and forever, Grisi's *Mary Magdalene* (as Guido loved to paint the Magdalene) is forever associated with the air you have heard, and it wraps your memory as a thing of grace and beauty in the precise mode and form in which she executed it, and for this no other can be substituted. That you think little of the composer—the Rossini, Donizetti, Bellini, and you dream only of matches of the opera as such by this or that performer; the opera, as a whole, has raised in you no lofty and soul-searching sensations; there has been nothing of those Aristotle styles a purification of the passions.

In a German opera, on the contrary, you commune with the spirit of the master; and forgetting singers, fiddlers, and all other accessories, as you would the common file of officers and men in a battle-field, you think of the whole opera with a derisive feeling of the composer's talent. In fact, the very equalities and faults of the German character tend to make great musicians—dreamers, mystics, enthusiasts, transcendental speculation, intense powers of labor, and aspirations scarcely earthly—these combine in giving their great men the use, as some others have possessed it, of a language whose native seat is supposed to be in another world, and which is intelligible only to the most finely moulded of earth's creatures—those whose minds and bodies are alike tempered and attuned, and of whom you can say, with Dryden—

"This is the prelude style of human life,
 And therefore I am torn to shreds."

Otherwise to speak, I look upon Italy's operatic music (I exclude the church music) to be such to our senses and our feelings as Shakespeare's words might thus describe, or well might thus describe,—

"A violet in the youth of primy nature,
 But whose sweetest seed, from her own womb,
 The perfumes and supplices of a mistress;
 She dies."

On the other hand, one might say of the music of Germany, with Milton, that it is

"—such we mist
 To height of softest power; hence old,
 Arise, a battle, and retreat of rage,
 But whose sweetest seed, from her own womb,
 With death of death to fight; or of retreat;
 But whose sweetest seed, from her own womb,
 With pale and purple robes; or of retreat,
 From mortal or immortal mind."

[A PAGE FOR LITTLE FINGERS.]

Isabel, or the Cachucha.

Published by G. P. REED, 17 Tremont Row, Boston.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in G major, 6/8 time, and contains a melody with several measures marked with an 'x' above them. The lower staff is in G major and features a rhythmic accompaniment of chords, primarily triads and dyads, in a steady eighth-note pattern.

The second system continues the piece. The upper staff has a melody with an 'x' above a measure. The lower staff continues the chordal accompaniment with some variations in voicing.

The third system shows the melody in the upper staff and a more active accompaniment in the lower staff, featuring sixteenth-note patterns.

The fourth system continues the piece. The upper staff has a melody with an 'x' above a measure. The lower staff features a consistent sixteenth-note accompaniment.

The fifth system concludes the piece. The upper staff has a melody with a 'p' (piano) dynamic marking above a measure. The lower staff continues the sixteenth-note accompaniment. The piece ends with a double bar line.

Katy-darling!—A favorite Ballad.

Published by WM. HALL & SON, 239 Broadway, New York.

Andantino con espressive.

Oh, they

tell me thou art dead, Ka - ty - - dar - - - ling! That thy smile I may ne-ver more be - hold! Did they

tell thee I was false, Ka - ty dar - - - ling! Or my love for thee had e'er grown cold! Oh, they

know not the lov - - ing Of the hearts of E - - rin's sons, When a

love like to thine, Ka - ty dar - - - - ling! Is the goal to the race that he

piu lento.
runs. Oh hear me sweet Ka - ty, For the wild flow'rs greet me, Ka - ty,

dar - - - - ling, And the love - - birds are sing - ing in each tree: Wilt thou

nev - er more hear me, Ka - ty dar - - - ling! Be - - - hold love, I'm wait - ing for thee!

The musical score consists of three systems. The first system features a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the piano accompaniment. The third system shows the piano accompaniment concluding with a final chord.

I'm kneeling by thy grave, Katy, darling!

This world is all a bleak world to me,
Oh, could'st thou hear my wailing, Katy, darling!
Or think love, I am sighing for thee;
Oh, methinks the stars are weeping,
By their soft and lambent light,
And thy heart would be melting, Katy, darling!
Could'st thou see thy lone Dermot this night.
Oh listen sweet Katy!

For the wild flowers are sleeping, Katy, darling!
And the love-birds are nest'ling in each tree;—
Wilt thou never more hear me, Katy, darling!
Or know love, I'm kneeling by thee!

'Tis useless all my weeping, Katy, darling!

But I'll pray that thy spirit be my guide,
And that when my life be spent, Katy, darling!
They will lay me down to rest by thy side;
Oh, a huge great grief I'm bearing,
Though I scarce can heave a sigh,
And I'll ever be dreaming, Katy, darling!
Of thy love ev'ry day till I die.
Farewell then, sweet Katy!

For the wild flowers will blossom, Katy, darling!
And the love-birds will warble in each tree;
But in heaven I will meet thee, Katy, darling!
For there love, thou'rt waiting for me.

Musical News from Everywhere.

New York.

We have thrived in the moonlight on Tuesday evening last in the great rehearsal-chamber of Horatio Sontag the German "Queen of Song." The beauty of the night seemed befitting the Queen's first musical "reception." On passing casually through Union Square, we saw the brightly illuminated hotel, where she is accommodated, and fancied the possibility—after the serene-outburst and her exceeding liberality in preparing to meet the formidable Götter of Gotham.

Floating along with the dense mass down Broadway, the gleam of an occasional white glove betrayed at last, our proximity to the Hall. Around the entrance stood throngs of people, among whom the ticket-speculators were busily passing disposing of their wares. Also "poor Sontags" we thought—that you and your divine Art should be put to such unworthy uses. But pressing our way through the crowd, we watched one of the programmes which bestowed the stairway, and, disdaining the libretti and book-boy, (what has an editor to do with such extravagant luxuries?) we took our seat as one of the vastous "dead-wood" and found ourselves, perhaps, the first to follow immortals—into one conglomerate mass of humanity; being partially distinguished from our neighbors, by the "number," up against our back.

The tam-tam, and clat, and noise of preparation gradually subsided, the air cleared, the gas flushed up, and afterwards and confused murmurs died softly away. The doors, lights, male and female, filed in, and took their places in front of the dense orchestra; an imposing array of musicians, altogether to start with. Carl Kerkel came in; a pale, Polish-looking young man, with an ample forehead, (like a German Shakespeare) and a staiden's stoop in the shoulders. The wind was raised, and Weber's weird creature of Der Freischütz boomed out upon us in its rustic style. The orchestra was very numerous: 250 did not fill the violin, supported by Noll, who is a lover of strength in himself; (producing a volume of tone equal to about two ordinary instruments.) The horns were smooth, and the wood of the entire creature was square, vigorous and unaccountably effective. However, but a few moments came forward. The poor fellow had been an hour or all day as severely to be able to speak, but he did his best; which, of course, was not his best, nor very good. The voice seemed strained and unmanful, his effort to bring it out, causing him to sharp-up from the pick. His act and skill, however, but, as a traitor, he is evidently inferior to what we have had already.

A few moments more, and the celebrated Sontag died before us. How different it is to reconcile a real with an ideal celebrity!—She looks like a North German; has lovely, warm blue eyes, fair complexion, slight elegant carriage, and her very face, a true, pure, and good nature. Her air is simple, veiling and slightly demure. She has decidedly more intelligence, in her general bearing, than any singer we have yet had among us—exclaiming upon you an impression of lone quiet, seclusion, privacy and tranquility. Her voice is not very powerful, but this is atoned for by its purity of tone, which renders her organ almost as valuable as though it were a very strong one. (This is easily accounted for upon acoustical principles.) Her peculiar excellence lies in the consummate management of her voice—the incredible rapidity and fineness of her execution—and more than all, the *never-forgotten* *ring* and *color* which she pours into her tone, even in her softest and all-embellished tones. This we cannot describe, nor have we heard it in any singer before. It is so natural, in passages of desperate difficulty, that the mind should be wholly and solely occupied with the execution, to the exclusion of feeling and sentiment. *Foeling*, indeed, as opposed to an intellectual estimation of *acting*, during performance, we consider a prominent feature of *foeling* in style—like most singers, the German songstress has her little tricks, which without being part of her music, are accompaniments of it. One of these, is bringing her head slightly forward and down, with her clear eyes intently fixed on the audience, when she has a difficult passage to perform; (a peculiarity, by the way, of Jenny Lind.) This position seems to assist in the concentration of all the vocal and the instrumental. Another peculiarity is the quick little movement of the muscles of the throat, by which she seems to choke-off—

as it were—the last voice of a difficult cadence. There is, also, about the mouth, a very slight distortion, occasionally, which a little more the otherwise beautiful repose of her features. Her quality of voice is sweet with unusual clear-

and then, in the upper register, when great strain is put upon it, the tones seem slightly overlaid with silver—the delicate silver of 47 years, we are forced to presume; but then, disdaining this naturally very pure and sweet tone, it, even then, disdains this.

The assistant performers at the concert played well their parts. Of the merits of Jaell, (pronounced Jael) we have heretofore had occasion to speak. He ranks, unquestionably, among the very first pianists of the day; and, in point of slight reading—interpretation of the classic works and general musical capacity, he far surpasses the majority of modern musicians. We speak advisedly on these points, having known and heard Jaell in foreign musical circles, where the profession we assign him was acknowledged—Young Paul Julien took the audience by surprise. In his becoming costume, his dreamy little face and beautiful little head, (we hope, and presume, these words will not meet his eye) he was certainly a poetic object—a veritable little monster. His playing, we really think, has all the elements of future greatness; and this to an extent attained by few. He is precocious, but it is the right kind of precocity; he is not over-old, or mature, or backward in his style. He is a finished, and yet it is a childish, player. He does not perform with the expression of a grown up man, but he throws his own pure, innocent, warm and sensitive nature into his music. It is this which we admire. As we said of him, in a former article, His playing is altogether familiar; he moves up and down the handle of his instrument most dexterously, and always main and catches the note in the right place. The delivery of his frame, and his look, as yet, of great strength, is most evident when playing on the fourth string (I) and on the first (E). The *pianoforte* were, perhaps, the best instrument as yet, for an accompaniment, rather than an orchestra; but will soon grow up to the greater mass of an accompanying orchestra; which we think, will be very affairs; and we think, in taking this "bit of his affairs at the foot," he may achieve a very brilliant career. He is certainly a delightful feature in Sontag's concert.

The programme closed with Eckers' "Swiss Song" and "Home, Sweet Home." The former was very effective and very good. The accompanying choir was well drilled, and kept in tune during their subdued performance better than we thought they would. There were no instruments to betray a falling from the key-note, so that any *exhibition* was done together, and was not perceptible. Sontag gave us a Jenny Lind trick or two. (If trick it is, we do not object.) She then sang "The Bird Song," all, it is *done*, and not inaptly in the list of most accomplished. The only danger in Sontag's vocal scale is, that she performs them (like Sals) in so piano a tone, and, aim, with such incredible civility, that the audience will fail to appreciate, nicely, their perfection, and their clear, neat, finished character. We presume a greater strain of tone, might interfere with the *edvity* as such a strain might lead to over-act the chest voice, in certain cases, thus impeding the execution—"Home, Sweet Home," that sentimental, poorly put together, and—*literally* speaking—badly executed melody, was very simply and sweetly contrasted; which we consider.

"The Trilling on the Birch Singing Song," was done on Mr. Kyle's Strie (Jenny Lind did it herself) and Sontag kept striking us her way, trifling only on the word *like*, at the close. Her conception of "Home, Sweet Home" was the popular one, which is of a sentimental and languid character. Jenny Lind's conception of it was otherwise; this she seems to express a certain enthusiasm about home, and joy at the thought of it; therefore she put it up three or four notes higher than the key in which it is written, (a shrewd idea, by the way, to make it brilliant and effective, which she could not make it, on the pitch where it is set.)

It is a pleasure to bring this country, from all present appearances, is decided. We cannot do better, in closing our notice of her work than to lower the following interesting communication, which we have just received from our Paris correspondent. Having expressed our own sentiments, we present with much pleasure, those expressed by the ablest musical mind of the continent.

"We Countess Rem is now among you. Such an artist! If you wish to enter the United States a musical company, it will be necessary to keep such interpreters among you. In this lady you will find the perfect culmination of Italian *edvity*, with a voice like rose leaves on velvet—if one may be allowed the whimsical comparison of *liking* round to *substance*. This artist was the pet of the great Weber—the like to write his *Esquisses*: *The Philadelphia*, at *Witten*,

elocuted the world, she being "Again." It has been questioned if any one could execute the chromatic scale rapidly; that question is set at rest by her matchless clearness of execution in two octaves. The uninitiated in music will remember that the chromatic scale is that, on which all airs are written, and is composed of twelve notes, which the eighth added as an octave. The eight notes are composed of several conjunct intervals, two notes in some succession forming such an interval. Of those intervals, counting from the lowest note, the third to the fourth is a half-tone, and from the seventh to the eighth is a half-tone; but all the other notes are whole tones. When the whole tone are also divided into half tones, the scale of the octave gives thirteen semitones, the octave included, and is called the chromatic scale. To sing rapidly and clearly these thirteen notes, and double them in the second octave is prodigiously difficult, and in such execution it is exceeded, but Madame Fitting—so to give her title, the Countess Rossi—attempts as great perfection as ever mortal has achieved, or can ever hope to do. The execution of the chromatic scale indicates equal mastery over every other form of rapid, brilliant and elegant execution. Not only has Madame Fitting a rapid, but a large execution. She looks a note as well as she plays it. Her high notes, a performance of Rossini's air in its simple beauty, is as admirable as her transcendent execution of the variations thereto attached—What might not the stage become if all the professions were of it what the Countess Rossi! *Bartholin* will said, "I predict for her a glorious career, for she has heart as well as voice." It will be little, the history in the career of an accomplished lady, and readers her hardly less charming of, than on the stage, or in the concert room. Those grand precepts of vocal study, which culminated under the great Porpora, and made Italy the new home of a brother Europe, than Italy, sent Italy every where, which denied royal roads to achievement, but asserted the majesty of labor as the price of excellence;—we all followed by MADAME ROSINI, Sontag in her early studies. Her first appearance at Prima Donna, at *Strozzi*, was a decided success, and unmerited application, in her young years, made her name a watchword of musical beauty.

MADAME ALBANI's last concert in New York during this season, was to have come off on Tuesday evening last, but was unavoidably postponed on account of an irreparable disarrangement of the gas works. It may be proper to remark, in this connection, that no public performer, however meritorious, can now a-days get on, without plenty of gas—Albani's farewell concert will be given on Tuesday evening next, when we hope the Hall may be filled to overflowing.

MADAME CAMILLE UDO's first concert was set down for Thursday evening last, but as our paper goes to press on that day, our notice of it will be deferred till next week.

Miscellaneous.

—Catherine Hayes.

Ms. BARRY has secured contracts for Miss Hayes and her mother, Herr Mangs, Signor Herold, and attendants, for California, per steamer Illinois, which leaves New York on the 20th inst. Contracts have been signed by the parties above-named, and preparations are being made for a vigorous American campaign. Col. Henry Sanford, late manager of *Barnum's* (the name of the company) has returned to San Francisco on the 20th ult., as *Barnum's* agent. He was accompanied by George Beach, as assistant. Mr. Bushnell, who served in the Jenny Lind campaign, under *Barnum*, will accompany Miss Hayes to California, as assistant manager.

—The Binkley Family.

This company appear to be gaining in popularity. They are now giving concerts in Vermont, Burlington paper, in speaking of one of their concerts in that village, says: "It was one of the very best we have ever attended in Burlington. Each member of the company is thoroughly accomplished, thus rendering the solo not the least satisfactory part of the entertainment. The young ladies' voices are especially sweet and well cultivated. The violinist, Mr. Hubbard, is a complete master of his instrument, and his solos were vociferously received."

—The Vieldi Troupe.

This company, composed of Madame Pie-Vieldi, who has been so long and so favorably known in this city as a *comedia*, Signor Vieldi, Signor Ottavio, and other artists of similar abilities, will give a series of well-entertained theatricals, for the purpose of giving a series of mat-

ent entertainments, to consist of English songs, ballads, duets, &c., with scenes from operas, given in appropriate costume. We wish the company much success.

—The Glen Cove Band—

We were pleasantly surprised, not long since, while at Rocky Pt. L., by a part of the excellent Band, who, comfortably seated in a two-horse carriage, were making a musical tour for the purpose of dispensing harmony to the inhabitants of the Island. They favored us with several of their best pieces, which were performed with commendable skill. The members of the Band are solemn musicians, and good fellows, and the citizens of Glen Cove should see that they are abundant encouragement in their efforts to establish a permanent musical organization in that village.

—Lexington, y—

W. W. BACHELOR, Esq., recently of Boston, called on us a few days since, on his way to Lexington. Mr. B. has the most striking testimonials from Prof. Webb and other eminent teachers. We wish him success.

The Mission of Criticism.

WHEN a man stands upon Richmond Hill and gazes from its picturesque heights upon the varied landscape before him—the wooded slopes, the comely mansions near, the silvery Thames winding through the fertile plain, the grey distance with "huge Augusta" under her abiding glory of smoke, her skirting "sister hills," and, as his uttering eye makes the circuit of the horizon, "lofty Harrow," and the princely brow of "majestic Windsor,"—whatever he is, whatever his breeding, he is lost in ineffable delight. He asks nobody's sanction or allowance before committing himself to the diary traces of pleasure, and, without hesitation, perils himself and his credit on the ostentatious exclamation—"This is beautiful!"

When a man listens to the Pastoral Symphony, knowing, perchance, besides the mere name, little of the author and no more of the reputed merit of the work; when he hears, in those wonderful combinations of sound, the pattering of the summer shower and the wild rush of the storm; when he is placed by the fairy chords amidst the actualities of rural scenery and may, as they assume us even, if he is so disposed, behold the grass grow; he listens, patiently or otherwise, until the performance is over, and, if he is a cautious man, defers his emotion until he sees the morning papers. He then either finds himself at liberty to expend his enthusiasm amongst the glowing periods of the critical notices, or he learns that the symphony was badly done, and of course he becomes perfectly sensible that he was not at all pleased with it.

If after descending from Richmond Hill, our observant swain should—in all probability, if he were a literary swain, he would—take up the poem of James Thomson, the druid of those groves, he would find the varied scenes, over which his bodily eyes had been wandering, reproduced before his imagination; scarcely any of the leading features of beauty slighted or passed by, and a thousand suggestions of delightful interest added, beyond those which the prospect immediately supplied. That splendid prospect may be for a moment considered as a mighty work of panoramic art, and Thomson's descriptive verse may, with some little allowances, be looked upon as a criticism. The poem is itself a work of art; but it may also be considered in the light of a criticism on the greater work of art whose glories it describes and enlarges.

But the poet no doubt might have given, had he been so disposed, a more sombre cast to this critique of his, and that even without receding from truth. He might have fixed his eye and imagination upon the low level, the abode of woe and misery, beside the stately mansion, and shown how shapeless piles of brick defend the base of the hill, affording a hideous shelter to poverty and crime. He might have marked that lurid tract along the edge of the silvery stream, in which the deadliest power of pestilence is known to dwell; he might have wondered, poetically, how it is permitted that the hind who tills the soil

should derive so little of happiness or dignity from those hills "on which the Power of Civilization lies." He might have told how the tall trees attract the fate-bringer lightning, or, clustered in all-excluding masses, retain the pestiferous droup, giving berth to agues and inviting fever. He might have told still other good much more. But he has not done so. All this good must have been true; but we suppose it will be admitted that the view that conveyed would not have been, upon the whole, truthful.

The morning critique on the Pastoral Symphony, to which we alluded, would probably have informed us that the allegro was taken in quicker time than a certain virtuoso had determined it ought to be; that the horns did not keep well together, and the drums were a given fraction of a comma above pitch; that, from want of sufficient decision in the notion of the baton, the several movements of the Symphony were deficiently separated; in short, that *Scherzo V.* was by no means such a conductor as Herr W. All this may be literally true; but, if this be all, what is the poor man to do who is waiting to know whether he has had his half-guinea's worth for his half-guinea? In short, he was resting in the hope of being informed what it was he went to hear, the previous evening. All you tell him may be very true; but the effect produced is any thing but truthful. He wanted to be informed in what exactly consisted the points of beauty in the great work he had heard, and whether the performers had succeeded in giving effect to the intentions of the author. In place of which, he finds a list of deficiencies couched in terms which he does not understand, and from which, all he can infer, if he can infer any thing, is, that the performance was one great blunder.

There are some astronomical observers who are particular in recording with exactitude the position and dimensions of the spots on the disc of the sun. But how strange it would be if these observations were made to form the sum and substance of a popular lecture on the nature and uses of that great luminary! How strange if such a lecture scarcely contained a hint that the sun, in spite of its spots, continues to diffuse a glorious radiance upon the world, and to direct the stupendous movements of the remote planets!

We are not, to be it observed, by any means insensible of the talent, united not infrequently with that very rare quality, judgment, which is employed in the critical department of the daily press. The methodical lucubrations thus given are occasionally themselves works of art and genius. In truth, the critic is imperfect, if he have not himself the soul of an artist; and if he have, he will never lose sight of the beauties of his author while enumerating the trifling defects of his scoring, or recording his imperfections and errors in his interpretation. We do not wish to admire in the current criticisms of the day; but our homage of talent does not make us blind to his mistakes; and we suspect there are one or two leading errors of principle into which critics, following in the wake of their predecessors, are apt to fall.

In criticism, for instance, to be taken as synonymous with finding fault! If so, the word should be altered, for it is no longer expressive of the thing intended. Criticism is derived from the Greek verb *krino*; the original meaning of which is, to sift or ridicle. It signifies the sifting of out words "which are as chaff," we believe. Now, we have seen many operations of sifting performed upon many varieties of substance, but we never found the objects of the process other than one and the same; namely, to separate the valuable material, and reject the refuse.

We are told, and we are not disposed to question the solidity of the dictum, that an unbending independence, a stern fidelity, is among the most indispensable of the qualifications of the critic—that of all things he must not shrink from the exposition of an author's faults. Certainly not. If an opinion is asked or offered, it should be an opinion—an opinion

honest and unbiased: otherwise it is not what it professes to be.

Criticism is mostly held in esteem in proportion as the critic is severe and inflexible. The literary character is accounted to be a good driver in proportion as he lashes the animals subjected to his mercy. Let us, however, bear in mind that truth and illustration are not precisely the same quality. An allegation is not true, simply because it is defamatory. Let any one look carefully round upon the proceedings of his acquaintance, and he will find that a greater amount of falsehood originates in spleenetic ill-humor, even than results from polite flattery so proverbially insidious. If a man be determined to enlighten his neighbors on the subject of another's demerit, he seldom allows his resolution to be restrained by so feeble a barrier as metaphysics or logic as truth; and, we suppose, the same may be said of written and printed criticisms on the works of others. A "cutting-up," as it is technically called, is no doubt a very good thing in its way; but it is not to be considered honest only because it is a cutting-up. It is, at any rate, a very unamiable thing; and when it comes itself to be cut-up, it often turns out to be as fool as it is ill-favored.

It is no doubt true that there are audacious pretenders who must be stripped of their assumed distinctions; but surely it is not necessary that the world be frightened out of all its properties by the license of the high tribunal of public opinion. The innocent exaltation of those delinquents. The looseness of the high tribunal of public opinion will, however, take effect upon them; and that sentence will be, not that they be "dragged on a hurdle to the place of execution," but that they "be left to die;" and die they will from the mere want of vitality. Between the organdy clasp, which is the standing nuisance of our theaters, and the clamors of mercenary criticism, pretentious mediocrity contrives to wriggle into a position which it can only retain as long as people's minds are blinded by the struggles of partisanship, and deafened by noisy polemic. The single tendency of this perverted system is to retard the progress of art, and to prevent the diffusion of correct taste.

With regard to writers and artists of the highest cast of character, criticism (we speak of genuine criticism, not of that ferocious invective which is mere ruffianism)—can hardly be too severe, provided only it be honest and rational. True and accredited genius, mostly, like the honest horse, gives out its strength and speed to the whip. The only objection we can see to criticisms of this nature is, that it seems a little absurd for a scribe, perhaps without name or character, to think of setting right an artist of high fame, and to assume a judicial irresponsibility in doing so. Are great artists often the wiser for the very profound suggestions which issue from the anonymous tribuna!?

But if established reputations may be attacked without much injury to the rights of persons or things, it is not so with the weaker talents, which are apt to succumb under the cruel infliction. Mediocrity has its uses, and is not to be indiscriminately crushed. "Mediocrity, even," says Horace, "non illi, non homines, non concourse columnæ;" and the critic might leave the young composer and artist to their chance with this triad—namely, the gods, the art-gallery, we suppose), the public, and the publisher—without encroaching to spare them out of the arena. If the friends of Miss A. declare her singing of "Ah, non giungo," at her concert, was remarkable, it was not at all necessary that the critics should inform the public that the lady, here called Miss A., is not Jenny Lind. The public know that right well; and they understood the word "remarkable," as applied to Miss A.'s performance, in a sense perfectly different from the same word when applied to Giulia Grisi or Madame Castellan. And Miss A. herself, however she may feel herself flattered by such apparent epithets, will hardly think of coming out, upon the strength of them, in the arduous character of the

heroine of the Somanbala. Yet, all this notwithstanding, Miss A. is really the centre of a small circle, in the midst of which she performs a function by no means unimportant.

However it may be with release, it should be recollect that elegant art has always thrives most under the fostering sunshine of favor and patronage. The highest talent requires moment for its full development.

Gen. A. Trilce Albert reminded the artists assembled at the last anniversary festival of the Royal Academy, "is a tender plant, which will thrive only in an atmosphere of kindness—kindness towards the artist personally as well as towards his production"—"a sentiment wearing a positive artistic beauty in the pricey month for which it emanated. It is not, as we said, an incontrovertible truth that mediocrity should be extinguished. It is not out of the level plain that the mountain rises?

Not, however, for the use of the artist himself alone,—or even principally, as we remarked,—are the laureations of criticism designed. It is upon the million minds of the public that these diurnal dissertations are intended to operate.

The critical department of the press is the proper instrument to inform and train the popular intelligences in matters of taste. It is a branch—and an important branch—of public instruction—an aid to the labors of the moral teacher.

Notwithstanding some surprising relics of earlier barbarism, it is now pretty extensively admitted that elegant art has its effect upon morals. The emanations of genius, like the light of day, are intended to shine upon all. Nature abounds in beauty; but when man has shut himself in towers, and withdrawn himself from the purifying and elevating influences of the beauty of nature, then breaks forth that light from within which tends to adorn his home and to illumine all his institutions.

Letter from Philadelphia.

We hope to hear from E. K. often. However, his communication shall not be missed. We wait by theoretical now, as it has become of.—Ed. Mus. Times.

TO THE MANY WELFARE OF WELFARE, GRATING.—We, the pleasant artist, representing in this document the highly, level, quiet, scientific and clean City of Right: And do hereby testify that, in our own incontrovertible opinion, the same city has been, and is, unaccountably and heinously neglected by the important journal we now address. And we therefore cite the editors thereof to appear before us, that they may show cause why they have overlooked the same distinguished village, which has had the honor, for seventy-six years, to supply the world with a peculiar description of their democratical woefulness. The fact is, our dear unknown friends Dry and Wile, you treat our city,—our little mathematical problem—with the most outrageous and irritating of offenses. It is because you cannot spell a Greek word or it is because you think there is nothing to be said about it? If the first is the case, state the pretext of this communication; if the second, permit me to inform you, that you labor under a melancholy delusion. "We are up to a thing or two," Quakers though we are called.

Assembly Rooms shall be finished; which will happen in a month at most. Their proportions are very elegant, and the decorations are planned upon a superb scale; the building has a front of two hundred and twenty feet upon Third street, and is opened in its architectural effect, though constructed of our everlasting brick-work.—It is said that the new Concert Hall, in course of erection on Chestnut street above Twelfth, is built expressly for a recently-formed Sacred Music Society, called, I believe, the Harmonia: it will be known that this Association is to have place in the building, its magnificent organ, (now the property of J. C. Stansbridge,) which will, we apprehend, will be the largest in the United States. It will contain over three thousand pipes, and will cost between five and ten thousand dollars. L. E. S.

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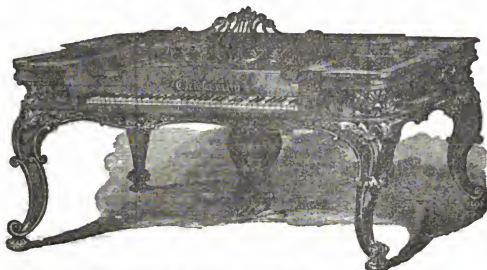
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VOLUME IV, No. 6.
WHOLE No. 50.

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Special Notices.

The Birmingham Festival.

We cannot allow this occasion to pass, without acknowledging our gratitude to Mr. LAWSON MASON, for the magnificent report he has furnished us, of perhaps the greatest musical performance ever witnessed in the world. And it is appropriate that we should say, further, that Mr. MASON has exhibited, not only in this occasion, but on many previous ones, a public-spiritiveness, and a disregard of his own comfort and interests, for the purpose of gratifying his friends and the public, with full and truthful accounts of the great musical performances, and the general state of music in Europe, which place the American musical public under very great obligations.

Each Number

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SERENADE.

[The following pretty verses should have been published with the Serenade by Jacobson, that appeared in number 3 of *The Musical World*.]

Sleep not, fair maid, we crave thine ear;
Thy Friendship's gift we hither bear;
For one brief moment rest resign,
That sweetest slumbers may be thine;
Then wake, oh wake!
Our offering take;
Nor chide the friends thy rest that break.
Perchance response was no'er so sweet!
Perchance no dream was so'er so sweet!
—Slay—our charms thy soul that hold,
By our first music-love dispell'd!
Yet wake, oh wake!
Our offering take;
Nor chide the friends thy rest that break.
Repose again this eye shall see;
A dream as sweet will o'er thee be;
The golden chain our song has given,
By music shall again be given.
Then sleep, oh sleep!
Thill morning sleep;
And wake to smile and not to weep.

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Many persons have written to us, in relation to the preparation (by us) of the postage on *The Musical World* at the price world, thereby, he refused our offer. Our friends are entirely misunderstanding the new postage law, on this point. It is true that we can prepay the postage, but there is no necessity for our doing so; inasmuch as a subscriber can prepay it himself, at the office of delivery, and thus save one-half the postage. Therefore, we advise any subscriber who wishes annually to save from a dime to a dollar, or more, on his postage, to call at the Post Office, and make good the heart of the Postmaster by prepaying the postage on all the publications for which he has subscribed.

Fanny Fern.

We give a short article, this week, from the pen of our new ally. We have several others in hand, but the unusual length of Mr. Mason's report of the Birmingham Festival, compels us to defer them.—And here we will mention that several letters,—including a couple written in a familiar hand—our Review of Music-books, and many smaller matters, are unavoidably crowded out of this number. However they will all keep, and, like good wine, will grow better as they grow older.

The Philharmonic.

This noble instrumental corps commences shortly the eleventh season of their performances. (Read the advertisement.) The society was never so flourishing a condition as now.—The Philharmonic is the finest body of associated artists on this continent. Let them who doubt it, be the organ of their success. We intend, soon, to speak at length on the propriety and prospects of this institution.

Father Heinrich.

Two veteran musical sages, intending giving a Farewell Concert before leaving these shores for Europe. We shall announce the time in a future number. In the meanwhile let all our friends prepare to be present on the occasion, and do homage to this worthy old minister from the Fairland.

The Newburgh Female Seminary.

We call attention to the advertisement, in another column, of this institution. We are personally acquainted with the system of instruction pursued by the Faculty, and unhesitatingly commend the Seminary to the notice and aid of patrons of female education. Newburgh is one of the pleasantest and most healthy villages in the country, and all the "surroundings" are such as a person of taste and culture would desire to secure for his daughter.

The Musical World

Office is at 25 Broadway, directly opposite the CITY HALL.

SCRAPS.

"A rose for your date?"—as the *Burman* man said to the *Tunisian*.
"Let every one take care of himself!"—as the *denkey* said when he danced among the *chilvans*.
"Buxen be nothing!"—said the old woman; "nothing to get, nothing to lose."
"Thee sleep, oh sleep!"
"Thill morning sleep!"
"And wake to smile and not to weep."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We ask the indulgence of our interrogative friends; this week. We delight in answering their absurd questions; but, not being able to indulge in that luxury this time, they will oblige us by answering themselves satisfactorily answered.
—By the way, will Mr. S. Herbert De Lacy please inform us where he can be first? He has written to have his address changed; but not knowing his address, we cannot change it.

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The Birmingham Festival.

September, 1855.

Published expressly for *The Musical World*, by
LOWELL MASON.

The Birmingham Musical Festival for 1852 is past, and its success has been most triumphant. The highest anticipations of its warmest friends have been fully realised, and they are satisfied, both with the musical and pecuniary results. This Festival is fraternal. We will remember the gratification an attendance in 1852 afforded us. At that time Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* was performed under the direction of the talented composer himself. It also gave, during an evening performance, an example of his wonderful power in extemporaneous organ-playing, which we can never forget. At the same Festival, the Chevalier Neukomm brought out an oratorio, *The Assuration*.

The Birmingham Festival has existed for almost a century. It had but a small beginning, but has been gradually increasing, until now its occurrence may be said to move the whole musical kingdom. Its profits are devoted to the support of the Birmingham Hospital; and, notwithstanding the great expense, it never fails to pay over a large sum to the charity. It brings together the very best musical talent that can be found, and the works of the greatest masters are performed, under circumstances more advantageous than are elsewhere afforded in the world. In looking over the list of performers, we find the names of Catalani, Malibran, Grisi, Sontag, Jenny Lind, Lablache, Tamburini, Marie, Standig, and all the first vocalists that have lived within the last fifty years. Several oratorios have been written expressly for this occasion the greatest of which is undoubtedly, *Elijah*. This masterly production of Mendelssohn, was first produced here in 1846. "I feel," said Mendelssohn, "much more interest in this work than for my others, and I only wish it may last so with me." It was his last great work, and it will carry down the name of the gifted author to many succeeding generations. It is remarkable, that, in making alterations in this oratorio, after the first copy had been given out, Mendelssohn gave directions to omit the beautiful song "O rest in the Lord." To this, Mr. Bartholomew, the English translator, so strongly objected, that it was allowed to remain. After the first performance of the oratorio, in 1846, Mendelssohn was many alterations, and yet more when the German copy was finally published at Leipzig.

Great preparations were made for the Festival this year, and it is believed that a better band and chorus were brought together than on any previous occasion. The instrumental department was as follows:

First Violins.....12	Oboes.....4	Oboloes.....1
Second Violins.....12	Clarets.....4	Double Basses.....2
Treble.....12	Flutes.....4	Double Basses.....2
Violas.....12	Trumpets.....4	Double Basses.....2
Celli.....12	Trombones.....4	Double Basses.....2
Double Basses.....12	Timpani.....2	Double Basses.....2
Flutes.....12	Drum.....1	Double Basses.....2

In all, one hundred and forty instruments; to which must be added the great organ, one of the most powerful in the world. The vocal chorus consisted of eighty to ninety voices on each part, as soprano, alto, tenor and bass; in all, about three hundred and thirty or forty voices. It must be understood that these were all real (not merely nominal) singers, capable of sustaining their respective parts. The parts were well balanced, and the chorus blending was admirable, no individual voices being heard. The alto consisted of both female and male voices; yet the men's voices were kept in good subjection, and only once or twice, during the four days' performance, did they appear severe or hard. The solo singers were the best that could be obtained in Europe; they did not include some of the best artists, because they could not be obtained; for example, great efforts were made to procure the assistance of Madame Henriette Sontag, but the Americans had drawn her away, and no inducement that was held out,

could prevail upon her to remain. Madame Goldschmidt was also applied to in vain; nor could Lablache or Marie be obtained. But still, such an amount of vocal talent as was procured is not often brought together, as will appear by the following catalogue of names, all of whom were present:—

Madame VIARDOT GARCIA,	Madame CATALLAN,	Mlle. ANNA ZENA,
Mrs. POLLY,	Mrs. MRS. WILLIAMS,	Mrs. MRS. WILSON,
Miss MRS. WILSON,	Madame CLARA NOVATI,	

SIGNOR TAMBURINI,	MR. LOCKY,	MR. WOOD,
MR. WOOD,	MR. WOOD,	MR. WOOD,
MR. WOOD,	MR. WOOD,	MR. WOOD,

Besides the above, there were solo instrumentalists, as follows:—

Yvlin, M. BAUVIN,	Double Bass, Sig. DUVREY,
Violoncello, Mr. FLETCHER,	Flanconino, Herr VUKA,
Organist, Mr. STOVNER,	Conductor, Mr. COSTA.

The general rehearsal was on the day previous to the commencement of the Festival, at which the band, the chorus, and the solo singers were brought together. The former took their places in the orchestra, but the solo singers came into the body of the Hall. This gave us a fine opportunity of seeing them all, and of shaking hands with some of them. Bellotti seemed glad to meet an American, and his countenance brightened as he spoke of Castle Garden, and other concert places. He remembers his tour, and his American friends, with gratitude, and expressed a hope yet again to sing in the United States. Madame Clara Novati looks almost as young as SHEET, and is as sweet and pleasant as before she became a comedian. Her Formosa is a noble specimen of a man; he is full of pleasantries and good humor; his voice in conversation is rich, full, sonorous, and, as a gentleman near us observed, "seems to come from a thirty-two foot diapason." Madame Viardot Garcia is most interesting person; perhaps she appeared the more so to us, since we know her to be one of the greatest singers living. She seems to be firmly set and unshaken in her deportment and simply as a little child. Frankness, honesty and firmness of purpose are strongly indicated by her open and intelligent countenance. She is not handsome; she may be called plain in her personal appearance; but, nevertheless, one cannot look at her with indifference, or hear her voice without a drawing out of the heart towards her. Miss Dolby, the greatest of English alto singers, has a noble countenance; generous, open, honest and intelligent. Madame Castellani is always smiling and apparently happy; she turns her head one side, and looks as if smiling troubled her,—sure, perhaps, Time; who is evidently making inroads upon a fair and blooming countenance, and a brilliant, sparkling eye. It was interesting to study the physiognomy of the fine company of artists, and to mark their cordial greetings, as they first met. The rehearsal commenced at 11 o'clock, and (with the exception of the necessary intermission for refreshments,) continued until nearly 12 o'clock. Such pieces only were taken up were new, or not generally known. A part of Sampson, a new posthumous motet by Mendelssohn, his fragment of an Oratorio, *Christus*, and also of *Lazarus*. Beethoven's great B-flat and various other pieces, belonging to the evening performance, were more liberally rehearsed. Beethoven's Choral Symphony occupied about two hours. It was evidently the piece for the success of which Mr. Costa felt the greatest anxiety—since it is the most difficult composition on the programme; and he spared no effort to make its performance perfect. It was originally written for the London Philharmonic Society; but it was not performed with any success until long after its production.

This rehearsal-day was full of interest and instruction, and afforded us an opportunity of standing a little behind the curtain, and of seeing something more of the principal vocalists, than we otherwise could have done. Though tedious, the result was

satisfactory; and when it was nearly 12 o'clock, and the company parted, there seemed to be a general assurance of a successful performance on the morrow.

FIRST DAY—TUESDAY. "ELIJAH"

The morning was inclement. The clouds, dark and heavy, at one time shed the fearful light of the sun, and poured out a cold, continuous rain, which was saying that music in its appearance and influence. We left our lodgings about an hour before the time appointed for the commencement of the performance, and as we came to the street leading directly to the Hall, we found the side-walks filled with people of all ages and descriptions, who, notwithstanding the mud and wet, had taken their stand to look into the carriages as they passed. The row of carriages at this time extended full a quarter of a mile from the Hall. The police regulations were excellent, and officers were stationed all around, so that they were observed. As the carriages were not permitted to break the line, and moved very slowly, a fine opportunity was afforded to those on the side-walks, to get a glimpse of the beautiful ladies, and their elegant dresses,—and this was about all that the common people could get of the Festival;—the eye was gratified with a passing view of elegance and splendor without, although the ear might not be permitted to hear the wonderful combinations and associations of sounds within.

On arriving at the Hall, we took a stand so as to have a view of the carriages as they came up, and of the ladies and gentlemen as they alighted, under cover, and walked up to the entrance. No person was allowed to come within about two hundred feet of the outer door, where the carriages stopped, unless he was going to attend the concert; so there was no crowding, or pressing together, at any of the places of entrance. At a quarter past 10, the unreserved places were well occupied, and those who had taken reserved seats were fast coming in and filling them.

The great Hall now presented a most splendid appearance. It seemed as if all the beauty and fashion of the kingdom, all the colors of the rainbow, and all the resources of embellishment had been called in to calve and give effect to the brilliant spectacle. Not the least interesting was the organ gallery, choir, or orchestra; its lowering seats being so arranged as to bring within the view of almost every spectator, the whole number (nearly five hundred) of instrumental and vocal performers. As the time for beginning approached, the organ poured forth its solemn key of D minor, setting the whole atmosphere in motion, and filling the space with a torrent of sound. This continued for three or five minutes, and afforded an opportunity for the instrumentalists to tune and prepare for action. At half past 11, Lord Leigh, the President of the Festival, took his seat in the front gallery, opposite the conductor; at the same moment, the solo singers came in, and took their seats. These were followed by Costa, who was received on this, as on every other occasion on his entrance into the Hall during the four days, with warm applause, by the performers, as well as by the audience. After bowing repeatedly to both parties, he lifted the lid of a box, in an instant, all was washed; and Madame Castellani led off (in the key of B flat) with *God save the Queen*. The whole audience instantly rose, and remained standing during the three stanzas; and the second of which was by the solo voices in F, and the third by the whole hand and chorus, in the original key.

As soon as this was closed, Herr Formes, (For-mes), as Elijah, arose, and in his deep, solemn voice, announced the curse: *As God, the Lord God of Israel, liveth, before whom I stand; there shall not be dew or rain these years, but according to my word.* The effect was fearful; and a sense of awe or dread seemed to rest upon the people. The gloom and

mountains, who, with their dreadful appearance, hovering round the fire, and slushing with their weapons, frightened the enemy, and the ceremonies were proceeded with." On this tradition Goethe founded the poem, which Mendelssohn has set to music. It begins with an overture, describing a Winter storm, and the gradually approaching Spring. It is thoroughly Mendelssohnian. The power of stringed instruments is wonderfully brought out, and the whole piece is most effective. A spring song of the Druids follows:

Now My again
Breaks Winter's chain;
The bud and bloom are vigorous;
No snow is seen.
The leaves are green,
The woodland choir are singing: &c.

This was finely given by Mr. Lockey and chorus. A solo by Miss M. Williams, "Knew ye not a deed so daring," was sung as well as need be. Miss M. Williams has a charming alto voice (we repeat it) and sings finely—A chorus of Druid Guards, "Disperse, disperse, ye gallant men," brought out in a remarkable manner; punnification: It was whispered by both orchestra and choir. This is soon followed by a most extraordinary chorus, to the following words:

Come with torches brightly flashing;
Bark along with billows flashing;
Through the high-noon low-d and fallow,
To and fro each rocky hollow.
O'er and o'er
Bleat with us, and cease the craves.

Most brilliant and characteristic is the music; Mendelssohn seems to have felt at liberty to employ all the powers of instruments and voice, and he has done so, in his own masterly way. The sweep of the tempo, the tinkling of the glaze of the torches, the rush to the battle, the gloom of the thick darkness, and the serenade of the birds of night, though not attempted to be particularly described, are yet, in general, well portrayed. The *staccato* is admirably employed. The violins are fully occupied, the trumpets and brass instruments send forth their blasts of horror, the symbolic clash, the drums roar, and the yelling of voices is heard, altogether forming an aggregation of sounds as frightful as ever entered the imagination of mortal man. It was brought out, one would suppose, according to the full intent of the composer, and the effect was terrific indeed. The "legion," "an invader from Satan's region," "in flames advancing," "an invader and dragons riding," "Imp and Devil" having been successful in driving away their enemies, the cantata closes with a full chorus of Druids:

"Unloaded now, the same is bright,
Toss flung from error's track;
Though few expecter, yet one light,
Thy light shall this forever!"

And thus they chaunt their hymn unostentatious, in grand and solemn strains. The Walpurgis Night seemed to give great satisfaction; and, for aught we saw, the people were as much delighted, and as well satisfied, with the success of the Druids, as with the triumphs of a more mild and rational religion, based on the revelation of Him who came to save from sin. The moral effect of song may be regarded as of much less importance than its artistic excellence.

"The overture," "Jensens," and "William Tell," were played with great spirit, and the latter called out a hearty encore. The Violoncello solo was finely done by Mr. Ch. Lucas, successor to the veteran Lindley. Signor Bellotti did himself great credit by his "Sergente" of Rossini, which he sang with the same unerring certainty, good taste and perfect execution, as in America. Madame Castellan was quite at home in the evening concerts; she has a great power of vocalization, sings well, and generally pleases. It has been remarked that she has much improved since she was in the States. The duet from the *Prophet* "Per serbar me fedeli" was well sung, by Madame Viardot and Madame Castellan, but it was ineffective, and appeared quite out of place. It belongs to the opera, and loses its interest when taken

out of its connection. This remark is also applicable to many of the pieces which were sung at this and at the other evening concerts. Most extracts from operas are quite dependent upon their relation to the general plot, or other musical pieces, with which they are originally connected. Madame Clara Novello sang very successfully the *Aria* "Deh! Vieni, son t'adoro" from *Norco de Figan*, by Mozart. We should have been charmed with it, had we not heard Mad. Jenny Lind Goldschmidt sing it both in New York and in Boston; besides which, we have heard it by Madame Henriette Sonntag, in its regular place in the opera. It is hardly possible under such circumstances that any other performance of the same song should be satisfactory. The closing chorus in "Moses in Egypt" was well worth hearing, as done by Madame Castellan, Madlle. Bertrand, Signor Tamborini, Signor Polidini, Mr. Lockey, and Signor Bellotti, with the full choir. The final chorus, especially, was animating in a high degree. This chorus was performed many years ago at the concerts of the Boston Academy of Music; it is very brilliant, and we always wondered why it should have been altogether omitted by the Boston Handel & Haydn Society when they sang the music to this popular Opera of Rossini. Madlle. Anna Zerr sang a song requiring very difficult vocalization, and did it well; but, it failed to please us, for we could not help fancying the comparison between the *Contralto*, whose powers of execution are such greater. Here Formes sang the delicious melody "Poesenti Nami," from *Il Flauto Magico* by Mozart, to perfection; but the accompanying chorus was rather dull, and heavy—not much so, indeed, yet so much as to be quite intolerable in the Birmingham Hall. One of the most interesting performances of the evening was that (Violin and Violoncello) by Mr. Salaten and Signor Platti, both artists of great excellence.

We have never heard so good a solo from the Violoncello before, nor even where is the hands of Romberg of Berlin. An incident occurred towards the close of the concert, that awakened some feeling. A duet near the beginning of the programme had been omitted, and as was naturally supposed, on account of the absence of one of the singers. The duet was to have been sung by Madlle. Anna Zerr and Mr. Sims Reeves, and the supposition by some persons present (concert goers) was that Mr. Sims Reeves was the delinquent, consequently when he came on the stage to sing a song, ("Soft airs around me play," by Weber), he was received with a chorus of hisses. He looked up aghast, bowed and retired. Mr. Costa immediately arose, and turning to the audience, said: "It is not Mr. Reeves fault—Mr. Reeves was here; it was not Mr. Reeves fault." Loud cheers followed—Mr. Reeves re-appeared, and, after greeting Mr. Costa, by a warm shake of the hand, proceeded with his song; he was loudly applauded—bowed—bowed—and retired, amidst shouts of commendation, so long and loud as to make ample amends for the inhabitants of his first appearance.—The concert this evening closed at 11½ before 12½ o'clock; the amount received was somewhat more than TWO THOUSAND AND ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, "CHRISTUS," "CREATION."
Although the night was dark and full of rain, the morning opened brightly. At a little past 10, the streets were full, and a long line of carriages extended nearly half-a-mile from the Hall, filled with ladies and gentlemen, making their way towards the grand scene of attraction. The streets were almost impassable, because of the crowd; we took care to have a hand on the purse, for some of these English rogues are expert at extracting the contents of one's pocket. The Hall was well filled at an early hour, and looked gay in the bright sunshine of to-day, than in the dark clouds of yesterday. Exactly at the appointed time, the immense organ threw out a volume of sound, in minor chords, majestic, sublime. Oh! that those

little organists who delight in fancy steps, and play very sweet voluntaries from Donizetti and Verdi, on the flute, oboe and clarinets, could hear, and bearing, feel, tremble, be converted, and made to appreciate the greatness of their instrument, and its true use in worship! Let the fall and rich diapasons sound on the Sabbath morning, for it is they that tell of God's glory. "The organ is in his holy temple, let the whole earth fear before him."

Thus far, the Festival had been quite Mendelssohnian in its character; and this morning, again, the concert commenced with a new motette by our great modern composer.

"Savior of sinners, throned in glory,
Atonation, praise, and might be unto Thee
Ely Redeemer, hear us in mercy!
Hark and bless us, in mercy,
Lord, forgive our sins,
Lord, let thy mercy fall upon us,
Savior of sinners, hear us in mercy!"

The motette is written in eight parts; its character is truly religious, and it seems well expressive of the words. The same subject as is heard in Handell's Hallelujahs, "The words of the Lord God omnipotent reigneth," (a very common case) is brought in, though its treatment is entirely different from that of Handell. The piece was not well performed. The chorus was not only unsteady, but sometimes out of tune. We think the piece itself was somewhat out of place, being adapted to a Church rather than to a Concert Room. This was followed by a posthumous fragment of an oratorio, also by Mendelssohn, called "Christus." It consists of a succession of recitatives and choruses, relating to the birth and death of the Saviour. While it undoubtedly possesses great merit, we doubt whether Mendelssohn would have consented to its publication. It is a first sketch; and it is well known how his first sketches had to yield to after thoughts. Some of the critics, however, praise it very much, and say that it is an advance, even on "Elijah." The series of recitatives and choruses is very peculiar, reminding one somewhat of "Israel in Egypt," yet there is no approach to similarity in the music. It is highly dramatic, and is full of striking passages, such as the singing of the women of the nation, (as does every great writer), for example; a recitative, "Then said Pilate," "In a minor, is followed by a chorus in D minor; this, again, is succeeded by a chorus, highly dramatic, in G minor, attaining a climax in the following chorus, "Crucify him," in C minor. Two old German choruses are introduced, and treated in the masterly manner in which our author is wont to do such things. The "Christus" was well received; and every one spoke well, both of the composition, and its first performance, on this occasion.

This was followed by an anthem composed by Dr. Wesley. The anthem consists of a quartette, solo, recitative and chorus, and is written with orchestral accompaniments. The words are from Isaiah, commencing, "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad," &c. The solo parts were by Madame Clara Novello, Miss M. Williams, Mr. Lockey, and Herr Formes. Dr. Wesley conducted the performance, but it was not well done. The fact is, no such thing can be well done with a great rehearsal; the singers were not sufficiently acquainted with it; consequently, there was a want of confidence; and a kind of sing-off here-and-there effect was the result. We will not pass judgment upon a composition that had not a fair trial; but we were decidedly pleased with the fine contrapuntal arrangement of the chorus. And now followed, as the last thing on the programme of the morning's performances, the CREATION, of HAYDN. We have never before heard it half so well done, except in the solo, chorus, or orchestral parts. The elastic sympathy, however, though exquisitely played, falls now to represent chaos. More modern authors have become so much more chaotic in their storms, and in various representations of Swedish per storms, that Haydn's introduction seems like quite a plain piece of harmony. Perhaps we can hardly

possible. We can hardly attach too much importance to this point: many parents and others seem to think that a knowledge of music is all that is necessary to secure, especially in one who has a fine voice, or who manifests a strong love for the art. Now, nothing can be more certain, than that that a good musical education, as well as one acquired in connection with general cultivation. A person who is not talented in dress, for example, never can make a really good singer. And the same may be said of manner generally. One whose walk is awkward, whose movements are clumsy, whose bow or courtesy is ungracious, whose gesticulation is unwarlike, or whose speech is inelegant, may as well sing as play, for a musical taste cannot be developed, in any considerable degree, except in connection with general improvement of mind and manners. We wish we could say more on this point, and also, in connection, speak of the indispensable necessity of continual improvement in those who would become singers, or teachers of music, or teachers of anything else, but this is not the place.—Miss Williams made a grand point on the word *Lean*, and the tone *O natura*; the chorus which followed, on the same subject, was as good as the previous song.

But now comes *Her Forme*:—*For, behold, darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness shall be upon the people, etc. How deplorable! How subdued! How distant in utterance! The voice is heard as that both tones and words flow freely. The mouth breathes "runneth out at the mouth."* Aya, that is the secret of his success. Again, let it be repeated, for some one may read this who may breathe just the same thing, without our benefit; sufficient time was taken to utter every word, and for every sentiment to sink into the heart of the hearer. It was a good direction that Mr. Eliot used to give, when he was President of the Boston Academy of Music:—"Take sufficient time for the words."—"But, sir, it delays or prolix it is a plain matter of common-sense, that in vocal music time must be taken to give appropriate utterance to the words." Common-sense directions are often better than technical directions; or rather, perhaps, a little common-sense is necessary to enable one rightly to apply the technicals. But *the Lord shall give grace, etc.*; here the proceeds in spirit; it is marked, by us, as the words *He glory*. A grand climax was made on the word "*Know*." The accompaniment—it was so soft—was only the surrounding atmosphere added by the violins and breathing out sympathy to the great subject of song. The people that uttered in *darkness* seem as one great light, as if they were in a length and a depth, and of conception and execution, truly grand. *For unto us a child is born, and was with an extraordinary degree of excellence, technically considered. It commenced *pianissimo*, and gradually, and both voices and instruments were kept down to this softest degree of power, until the violin passage leading to the words "wonderful," and then in an instant came *fortissimo*. The contrast was very great; and this was repeated in the subsequent parts of the chorus. Considered as a more modest exploit, it was most successful; but it seemed to us to be obtained at a sacrifice of the subject of the song—soft to loud; and *gracioso*—if, we think, in such better taste. The chorus was finely brought out as it proceeded, presenting the sublime subject with amazing power, and setting up the response in the heart. "Even so ride forth mighty conquerors, and unto us is born a son, and the whole world is brought under the dominion of the Prince of Peace." The Pastoral Symphony followed, softly and gently; in close legato tones it flowed along, seeming to anticipate *Pace* on earth and good will to men. During the singing of the chorus, the people stood. Madame Clara Novello delivered the succeeding recitative as well as it is possible for them to be done; so perfectly pure in her voice, that one would suppose it must come from an angel indeed. She produced a thrilling effect on the words, *And they were sore afraid*. Joy was characteristic of the recitative, *And angels said unto them, Fear not, etc.*, and this arose to triumph as she came to the words, *Christ is born*. The sweet very long passage that made very emphatic, the word "Christ." Coming within the compass of her best and most powerful tones, the effect was most magnificent. As the chorus, *Glory to God on the highest*, was commenced, the people rose, and remained standing, as in *Ps* 150.*

We were sorry to see some of the solo singers leave their places, and retire from the Hall, at this point. It seemed to us they were more players, or performers, having no more interest in the subject than to do our part." The incongruity was a little more apparent from the circum-

stances of the rising of the vast assembly, at the utterance of the words, *Glory to God, etc.* For appearance sake, if from no better motive, every singer should remain in his place throughout the performance. The song, *Rejoice greatly*, was sung by Madame Clara Novello; and Miss M. Williams followed in the recitative. "For unto us a child is born, and the whole world is brought under the dominion of the Prince of Peace." As an expression was made on the words "*the dumb shall sing*, which we could not approve. The words "*the dumb*" were sung in a very subdued manner, as if to describe dumbness, and the contrast in passing to the words "*shall sing*" (Voice) was good. Such attempts to sing words are almost always, purely vocal, but not single words, *—Who shall feel his flesh (say of Z)* was most charmingly sung by the same artist, and the close was touching in the highest degree. Madame Clara Novello, in *Come unto me (B flat)* was equally good, that is, perfect. She took the liberty to raise her voice from *F* to *B flat*, on the latter part of the word "*unto*," with a pause, just before the final cadence, with good effect. Her voice is so perfectly clear on the tone *B flat*, that one could hardly believe it to be a material organ. The chorus, *His flesh is made*—and then an interval of twenty minutes.

PART II.

Listen to the organ; again those minor chords, (*slowly changing*) speak solemn, profound joy, love, and grief. They fill the soul with a delight which can only be expressed by musical tones. *Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world*; most vividly he is brought up to the mind, by the legitimate application or reception of Handel's music. Miss Dolby's "He was despised" was not dissipated by the improvement of the same song, but was uttered with great tenderness. The chorus, *Surely he hath borne our griefs*, was taken in quicker time than it ought to have been; and the music, apart from the words, seemed too much to express the act of inflicting stripes of wounding or bruising, or chastising; but in the second movement, the act of healing, or of deliverance, was expressed. *All we like sheep*, was hurried, yet not more so than a flock of sheep when they run away in a fright, if that was the idea intended; but deliverance from this unhappy captivity came at the passage. *The Lord hath led us on like the eagle in its way*. *Reverend, blessing God on Him*, by Mr. Looney, was followed by our first deliverance from the captivity, musically considered, in *C minor*. *He treated in God that He would deliver Him*—it was sung slowly and with great fervor. Mr. Looney, with his fine voice, and perfect understanding of Handel, sang *Why rebuke him because he said, and the air, Behold and see if there is any sorrow like his sorrow*. The following, *Behold and see if there is any sorrow like his sorrow*, was sung by Castellan; she really did them well; though quite out of her appropriate sphere. *Lift up your heads* were admirably; if we except the hissing stillants, in the words *heads and gaze*; on which, according to the requirements of the rest, the vocal sound was cut off, but the hissing was continuous. This is a common fault on the part of the Atlantic Mr. Looney sang, *Unto us of the angels and He at my time*, and the chorus followed with great spirit, *Let all the Angels of God worship Him*. *Then art gone upon high*; and the chorus, *The Son gave his word*, followed in a slower time than we have often heard it sung; yet, not too slow. *How awful are his feet*, by Mr. Mad. Castellan, and the admirable *Why do the nations*, by Mr. Wells, was not very effective. Bellini sang *Is in America*; he did the recitative passage with the weakness of a Bassoon, but the style of the song was not adapted to his powers. I have heard our own Mr. Boetting sing it better before, perhaps. *Then say our sins*, *Behold* was held up in a most perfect light, and seen and felt of every man. At its close, the President gave a signal for its repetition, which was immediately answered. The people stood, during the performance of this chorus.

An interval of five minutes, and Madame Clara Novello sang *I know that my Redeemer liveth*, the did it well, "There" it did not come up to our own idea of this greatest song of the Messiah. *Since by death*, was by four voices, and *My soul came also the resurrection of the dead*, by full chorus; the next two movements were treated in the same way—*Her Forme*, delivered the recitative, *Behold I will put a song*, in a most masterly manner.—I never saw what

recitative was," said an American gentleman to me,—"I only heard Her Forme"; it is indeed most powerful declamation in his hands. The following song was finely given; but the trumpet was so finely played, with soft and pure tones, and perfect intonation, as to draw one's attention from the voice, and to excite the sympathy of the young performer. The several movements between this and the final chorus were limited, and the Oratorio closed with—"WORTHY IS THE LAMB THAT WAS SLAIN, AND HATH REDEEMED US TO GOD BY HIS BLOOD, TO BRING US POWER, AND MERCY, AND GRACE, AND PURIFICATION, AND PEACE, AND GOOD WILL, AND HIS BLOOD PURIFIETH US FROM ALL UNRIGHTEOUSNESS, AND SHALL PURIFY US TO HIMSELF." AND UPON US THE LAMB REDEEMED US EVER, AMEN. And what shall we say of the Amen? words fall; it is utterly impossible to give anything like a correct idea of the wonderful manner in which this great chorus was brought out. It was the grand climax; it affected the words, Handel seems to take the spiritual regions of pure emotion and seems to carry one far beyond the reach of all ordinary existence. We say HANDEL SOARS, yet we do not believe Handel himself has any adequate conception of the mighty power there was in this, and in some of his other choruses. His no more dramatic, or more effective choruses, Handel seems to have taken in the course of the progress of music in after ages than did Dr. Franklin or the results of his experiments with his kite in the thunder and lightning; and the latter would not be more surprised at the telegraphic communication of these latter days, than would Handel at the effect of his music at the Birmingham festival. With respect to the great Apollo song was not being able to tell whether in the body or out of the body, this wonderful music takes us, and there we are left, until awakening from the reverie, we look around upon gay colors and charming faces, hear the rustling of silk dresses, and the hum of gentle voices, and find that we are still members of human family, and inhabitants of the planet called Earth. The amount received at the performance of the Messiah, this evening, was somewhat more than THIRTEEN THOUSAND, AND FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

THURSDAY EVENING—BETHOVEN'S 9th.

At half past 7 the house was again filled. The concert was a very attractive one, and especially so because the Grand Symphony, *Opus 92*, was performed by Madame Clara Novello, Miss M. Williams, Mrs. Miles Reeves, and Mr. Wells; chorus by the whole choir. We had never heard this greatest work of Beethoven, having unfortunately missed it in several places in Germany. From his great reputation, we were more anxious to hear it than any other symphony composition that had yet lived. The orchestra was in perfect order; all its members were in their places, and were fully awake to the task that was before them. *Coda* was received with more than an ordinary welcome; a little anxiety upon his brow was apparent. He looked around; every eye was fixed upon the violins; it moved—again the recitations of Beethoven were being made known to an eager and closely-attentive multitude of listeners.

We are entirely incompetent to give any description of this composition—*first*, because we do not know it, and secondly, because we have not sufficient musical knowledge to do it. Suffice it to say, that whatever can be suggested to an awakened imagination, by the whole range of sounds which the vibrating atmosphere is capable of producing, or man's perceptive powers are capable of appreciating, it has been brought to view, portrayed, delineated, exhibited, expressed. Handel has done nothing like this; great and unapproachable as he is, he has something in his work of grandly revealing him; and in the kingdom of sounds, we are in that of plants, and minerals, living things, and in surrounding worlds, he is manifesting himself in the researches and investigations of him whom he made in his own image. Beethoven is the grand modern revealer of truth, as it exists in the region of sounds. He has extended the range of our knowledge, and from the combinations and their successions, he has given to the world new views as to the variety and power of tones; so that modern musical science now rests essentially upon his works. We do not mean to extend the *Beethoven*, *Mozart*, or *Vivaldi* mentions from the honored catalogues; but we only speak of Beethoven, in this connection, and in this point of view.

Bluettes du Nord. No. 4.

AIR, CELEBRE DE WARLAMOFF.

Published by F. D. BENTEEN, Baltimore.

Allegretto.

p

mf

p

mf

mf

First system of a musical score. The right hand (treble clef) features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, including a trill marked with 'x' and '1'. The left hand (bass clef) provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. A dynamic marking of *fz* is present in the right hand.

Second system of the musical score. The right hand continues the melodic line with various ornaments and trills marked with 'x'. The left hand maintains the eighth-note accompaniment.

Third system of the musical score. The right hand features a melodic line with a dynamic marking of *mf*. The left hand continues the eighth-note accompaniment.

Fourth system of the musical score. The right hand includes a section marked *dolce* with trills and ornaments marked with 'x'. The left hand continues the eighth-note accompaniment.

Fifth system of the musical score. The right hand features a complex melodic passage with multiple trills and ornaments marked with 'x'. The left hand continues the eighth-note accompaniment.

Sixth system of the musical score. The right hand features a melodic line with a dynamic marking of *f*. The left hand continues the eighth-note accompaniment.

First system of musical notation. The right hand features a complex melodic line with slurs and accents, marked with 'sva.' and 'loco.' above. The left hand provides a steady accompaniment of chords and eighth notes.

Second system of musical notation. The right hand continues with slurs and accents, marked with 'sva.' and 'loco.' above. The left hand includes a 'dim.' (diminuendo) marking and a 'cres.' (crescendo) marking.

Third system of musical notation. The right hand has slurs and accents, marked with 'sva.' above. The left hand features dynamic markings 'ff' (fortissimo) and 'pp' (pianissimo), along with a 'cres.' (crescendo) marking.

Fourth system of musical notation. The right hand has slurs and accents, marked with 'sva.' above. The left hand includes a 'cres.' (crescendo) marking and a 'f' (forte) dynamic marking.

Fifth system of musical notation. The right hand has slurs and accents, marked with 'sva.' above. The left hand includes a 'ff' (fortissimo) dynamic marking.

Musical Studies for the Million.

NUMBER VI.

In listening to the band that passed our window a week or two since, it will be remembered that we observed great difference in the force of the tones: some were very loud, some very soft, while, at the same time, there seemed to be tones recurring at regular intervals which were strongly marked. Now, not only in the tones of Art, but in the sounds, and tones, and motions of Nature, we observe, often, a regularly recurring emphasis, or accentuation. Our very *breathing* is accentuated: we draw the breath gently in, and then, with a certain force, expel it? the double motion of in-spiring air, and expiring it, forms a kind of double measure, one part of which is accented, and the other unaccented. So with the wave upon the shore: the water draws smoothly off, and then re-flows again with violence. Even a watch ticks with an accent: hold it to your ear and listen: Tick, tic, Tic, tic, &c.—a double measure, with a strong accent and a weak one.

These instances, as well as many others, develop the fact, that *accent* is inseparable from *measure*—that both measured *movement* and measured *sound*, involve accent. Hence both in poetry and music we have a regularly-recurring accent. What the accent in music is, I now proceed to show. This will best be done by taking up the different measures, just as we derived them.

The most convenient method of indicating the accent will be with figures: therefore the figure 1 shall represent the strongest accent, and the weaker ones will be indicated by the regularly descending fractions $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{1}{3}$, &c. The accentuation of the measure of "Two," is the following:

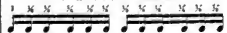


The note which fills the whole measure, then, is marked with the strong accent. We may suppose, if you choose, that the full force of the accent comes upon the *first* part of the measure, and that this force gradually lessens, towards the close, diminishing through all the smaller fractions.—In the first division of the measure into two, one part has the full strength of the accent, the other one half this strength. In the second division, the first eighth-note has the full accent, the *third* (corresponding with half the measure) a *half* accent, while the second and fourth eighth-notes, have a *quarter* accent. In the third division, the same order is observed: the fifth sixteenth-note has a half-cent, (if being the middle of the measure), the third and seventh sixteenth have a *quarter* accent, while the remainder have an *eighth* accent.—This is a very simple arrangement, and will need, of course, no further explanation. I now proceed to give the derived measures of "Two," where the same system of accentuation will be observed.

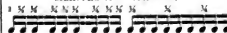
MEASURE OF "SIX."



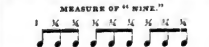
MEASURE OF "TWELVE."



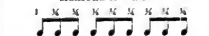
MEASURE OF "EIGHTEEN."



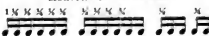
We now pass on to the primitive measure, THREE, and its derivations. And here, it will be observed, an entirely different accent comes in.



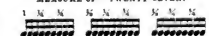
MEASURE OF "NINE."



MEASURE OF "EIGHTEEN."



MEASURE OF "TWENTY-SEVEN."



The only measure now remaining, is the occasional one of "Five," the accent of which is the following:—

MEASURE OF "FIVE."



This, then, exhausts DYNAMICS, as far as accents go. Irregular and occasional accents are sometimes thrown in, but these are designated by certain signs, which are more properly, under the department of *Expression*,—a subject which we cannot now stop to consider, but which will develop itself gradually in the regular course of our Musical Studies. I will close with the single remark, that it will be seen how decided a character *Accent* imparts to measure, and how, by this means, each measure is clearly distinguished from every other. For instance, in the measure of "six," it will be observed, that in the first subdivision, we have six *eighth*-notes; and, again, that in the measure of "Three" (which belongs to an entirely different rhythmic family) we have also six *eighth*-notes. Now, there would be great confusion here, were it not for the difference of grouping, which indicates the style of measure, and also indicates the accent, thus:



Fanny Fern's Column.

"Be better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all."

Oh no; no!—else you have never passed from the shield of a broad, true breast, where for long years you had been lovingly folded, to a widow's weeds, and the rude jostling, and curious gaze, of the heartless crowd!—never knew long, wretched days, that seemed to have no end—never turned, with a stifled sob, from the elasp of loving little arms, and the uplifted gaze of an eye upon whose counterpart you had watched the death-film gather,—never saw that sunny little face overshadowed with grief, when other children gleefully called "Papa!" nor over heard the wail of a little one, who might never remember his father's face!

No! no!—or you have never turned shudderingly away in the crowded street, from the outline of a form, or the onset of a face, or the tone of a voice, that brought the dead mocking before you!—never lain upon a sick bed, among careless strangers, lacking comforts where luxury once abounded, and listening in vain for that footfall, whose lightest tread could charm your pain away!—never draped from your aching sight the pictured lineaments, that quickened busy and torturing memory, till your heart was breaking!—never waked from a dream of *Paradise*, to weep unavailing, bitter tears at the sad reality!—and never (alas!) bent your rebellious knee at God's altar, when your tongue was dumb to praise Him and your lips refused to kiss the Smiter's rod!

Oh no; no! Better *never* to have loved!—Ten fond more gloomy, is the murky day, whose sunny morning was ushered in with dazling, golden brightness! Agoning is the death-struggle of the shipwrecked mariner who perishes in sight of shore and home! Harshly fall careless words, upon the ear trained to the music of a loving voice! Wearily stumbe the tender feet unguarded by love's watchful eye! Oh no; no! better *never* to have loved!—He, whose first breath was drawn in a dungeon, never pines for green fields, and blue skies, and a freer air!—God pity the desolate, loving heart, the *only* star of whose sky has gone out in utter darkness!

FANNY FERN.

Musical News from Everywhere.

—New York.

Madame Berkow continues to draw crowded audiences. We have heard her once or twice, since our last note, at a greater distance from the stage than before; and we have quite come to the conclusion that the accomplished vocalist must sing louder, if she expects to maintain her hold upon the audience. Her more delicate embellishments are not heard by a large proportion of the auditory who sit in the remote part of the Hall; the movement of her hand is seen, and the higher and the lower tones of her swift *orgoglio* and other passages are caught, but the intermediate tones are positively inaudible: people bend forward, and turn their heads sideward and listen eagerly, but lose the sound. Now the patience of any audience will be become weary, at last, of this, and the attentions will fall off, after the first curiosity is satisfied.—Another structure, (after all the sincere praise of last week) which we are moved to make, is the lack of interest in the programme. Will not Madame Berkow soon give us something new, or something, at least, which is not so hackneyed as the ever-be-sung and be-labored, conventional aria, of the Italian opera! The public can now hear (we rejoice to say) an habitual piece or two of truly dignified quality; while the

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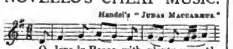
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AND

NEW YORK MUSICAL TIMES.

"Music is the Art of the Prophets: it is the only Art which can calm the agitation of the Soul, and put the Devil to flight."—Martin Luther.

"I ever held this sentence of the Poet as a crown of my crowns: that when God loveth men, they love not Musicke."—T. Morley, 1599.

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RICHARD STORRS WILLIS,
Editor.

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THE MUSICAL WORLD & TIMES

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EVERY SATURDAY,

BY
OLIVER DIXE & RICHARD STORRS WILLIS.

For Terms of Subscription, Rates of Advertising, &c., see Prospectus on last page.

Special Notices.

Review, Music Books, &c.

We have the "New Carolina Series," by Lewis. Mason, under examination, and hope to present our views of it, next week; after which, it is our intention to resume our notices of sheet music. And here we are gratified to state, that our review of your music is doing much good, and is properly appreciated by publishers and music-lovers. One of the largest houses west of the Alleghenies has informed us that they order music altogether from our review, and a music-dealer from the western part of this State subscribed for *The Musical World* a few days since, on purpose that he might make up his orders from the same guide. We have heard, indirectly, the same accounts from many other music-dealers, and our subscribers go for its circulation.

—We had our attention to an advertisement headed the "Singing Boy." Messrs. HERRICK & IRWIN, our new advertisement, but it came too late to appear in this No.

Postage on The Musical World.

Many persons have written to us, in relation to the preparation [by us] of the postage on *The Musical World* on the price would, thereby, be reduced one-half. Our friends evidently misunderstood the new postage law, on this point. It is true that we pay postage on the postage, but there is no necessity for our doing so (on account of our subscribers paying it himself, at the office of delivery) and that now, on itself the postage. Therefore, we advise any subscriber who wishes to benefit, to save from a dime to a dollar, or more, on his postage, to call at the Post Office, and make good the heart of the Postmaster by prepaying the postage on all the publications for which he has subscribed.

The Newburgh Female Seminary.

We call attention to the advertisement, in another column, of this Institution. We are personally acquainted with the system of instruction pursued by the Faculty, and substantially commended the Seminary to the confidence and patronage of parents. Newburgh is one of the pleasantest and most healthy villages in the country, and all the "surroundings" are such as a person of taste and culture would desire to secure for his daughter.

Each Number

Of *The Musical World & Times* will be copyrighted, to secure to us our "Musical Times" original Music and other matter that we do not care to have published in book-form, by any one but ourselves. Editors are at liberty to copy (giving due credit) whatever they please from our columns.

The Musical World

Office is at 87 Broadway, directly opposite the CITY HALL.

Answers to Correspondents.

M. F. C. Ehrlichberg:—"Mr. Editor of *The Musical World*: I have just given a notice in a *Tray* paper and notified to the *New York Musical World* I believe, that Messrs Wm. Hall & Son, have engaged to pay *Waltzes* \$100, for every original Polka or waltz that they may compose for them, (no fee for about two pages), trusting to probability of this, as it has no head (composed by me for the *Star*) for a piece of original music which I value (allowing myself presumption in self-praise) as worth any one set of music of reasonable and intelligible length, that I ever knew, except some *Romant* music; & but a very few pieces of others only; I should like to offer them for your particular notice and trial. They could be played by good music readers pretty readily, but they will require practice if they are. A few good and sensible players could take and feel their rights in them; but any piece of music should be read with reference to the feet of music there in it in numbers, or those could not be much made of it. I am sure a good composer for any a thing and variety—these are voluntary professions during a course of time in which I have had opportunities to relieve and polish. I wish to know to the best advantage I can dispose of them in *Musical World* & Son, and get their worth. They could be arranged with accompaniments & engraving of those wrought after their taste for sale. I would send one or all of them to you some way & give to you if there be a chance for getting good attention to them. If they can make any thing out of any piece of music, they ought to do out of these—if you take notice of such applications as those I trust that you will answer me out." **Ans.**—I will send some of my pieces right along, as I would you 5 of my compositions. It is not as well as there to anything about them not original. I deem them perfectly original. They are pieces which if you have played rapidly once or twice & correctly you can judge them. I would only on your credit and veracity to have them fairly estimated & their merits acknowledged. I don't want anything but what's fair, but I do think if Messrs Hall & Son give Mr. *Waltzes* \$100, for every piece he writes they ought to do the same thing with me. If I understand it, Mr. *Waltzes* is a foreigner, & it is an American which makes a great difference. We ought to encourage the rising young composers of our own glorious country, & not be giving away all our money to unscrupulous foreigners. I wish you'd get this point to Messrs Hall & Son as strong as you can for it is a

great point & it may touch their patriotism & cause them to be liberal with me. Do the best you can say!—"We have given your letter in full, preserving the style and punctuation throughout; as any alteration of either, would detract from the force of your communication. Messrs. Hall & Son decline publishing your "original compositions" because they have as much as they are asked to. Your letter, as published, will doubtless attract much attention, and perhaps cause other publishers to make you satisfactory offers.

W. L. C. Philadelphia:—"Can you inform me of the best set of Musical Exercises now in use, for teaching Vocal music, by whom published, and whether any copy of them can be seen in Philadelphia? I have seen several different sets of Exercises here, none of which are such as I can approve. I have been in the habit of making a great many, such as I want, but I had very laborious, and it occupies a great deal of time. I can give, therefore, to procure something that will save me the labor, any time I feel, at present, entirely unable to give by my engagements. Inform me also, in what style they are got up, and oblige." **Ans.**—Messrs. Large Exercises (of a large folio volume) will be sent across the river, price \$5, to teachers, are the only suitable exercises we know of, if you understood what you want, namely a collection, in some degree, for the blackboard. We know nothing about Philadelphia publishers, never having seen any of their advertisements. You will find a full description of Messrs's Exercises in our advertising columns.—We have sent you all the book No.'s that are to be had.

L. H. Danvers, O. W.—We send you a pretty good Violin for \$25, and an Accordion for \$15; the instruction books will cost you our dollar.

Miss E. A. Cleveland—Declined, with thanks.

W. J. L. Anson, Ky.—We have sent you a copy of the "Old Folks at Home," by mail. See Miscellaneous Musical News.

W. M. Pipersburgh, Va.—Much obliged for that "game,"—hope there is plenty more of the same sort in your vicinity.—The music type you would want, would cost about \$25. It would be cheaper to order the matter to be printed. It is probable that we can get you a small font, which will answer your purpose exactly.

Chris. Bunker, New York.—We can't tell you anything about said volume.

E. E. H. C. Richmond, Mass.—We cannot now ascertain who had the gallicantoo, but the subscription is paid for one year. Your determination in regard to your subscription list, is not preliminary; and our unqualified advice is, that you carry it out.

H. S. Rogersville, Tenn.—Your kind letter, enclosing \$5, is received. Please accept our thanks. See Miscellaneous Musical News.

Miss C. M. N. Rogersville, Tenn.—Your favor of the 14 is at hand, accompanied by Judge L.'s note, and the \$10. We are really very much obliged to you for what you have done, and for your kind offers of future cooperation. *The Musical World* has been regularly sent to you at \$1. If any new name has been sent during your absence, let us know, and we will gladly replace them.

Musical Studies for the Million.

NUMBER VII.

We now enter upon the department of Melody: this department is based upon a fact which *that hand* developed to us, that musical sounds may be high or low. The *pitch* of sounds, then, is the point now to be considered.

The ear recognizes the pitch of a musical tone, be it high or low, and the voice can generally imitate that tone; but how can we indicate the highness or lowness of a tone upon paper?—A contrivance for this purpose we find ready-to-hand, in the musical staff—so-called. This staff consists of five horizontal lines and their intermediate spaces, thus:—

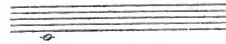


The number of lines chosen is arbitrary: there might have been more, and there might have been less, but five are considered, on the whole, as the most convenient number. When these do not suffice, a continuation of the staff is indicated by the segment of a line, through, or under, or above any additional note, thus:—



But now the question arises, in what manner are musical tones indicated upon this staff?—has each line and space its own particular tone, and how are we to know what that tone is?


Each line and space has its particular tone, and what that tone is, is determined by its distance from a certain *central* tone, which has been fixed and determined on, by the musical world, as a point from which to measure the pitch of other tones. The tone used for this purpose is called C; its position upon the staff we will consider for the present as fixed upon the first added line below, thus:—




We have, then, the name of this central tone and its position upon the staff; but how are we to know *what the tone is*—or knowing it, how are we always to recollect it? It is a difficult thing to remember a tone. We cannot carry a certain definite musical tone about with us; the memory cannot retain so evanescent and fleeting a thing. Blind persons sometimes have a faculty of retaining a certain tone in the mind. I remember there was a blind boy, called Joseph, in Boston, some years since, who had such a definite tone in his mind, and could immediately produce it when called for. His mind seemed to be *pitch'd* upon that tone—it was the *key-note* of his musical nature. This interesting little fellow used to attend the singing-schools, and Mr. Lowell Mason was in the habit of calling out to him, suddenly, "Joseph!—give us C." (without any hint from the piano, or otherwise, where this tone was based.) And, sure enough, C was immediately heard from little Joseph's unerring voice: the tone came clearly out, and was then


immediately tested, by Mr. Mason, on the pianoforte. Sometimes the piano and Joseph differed, very slightly. But the piano itself might have been at fault, that notorious instrument not being *always* in the best of tune. There may be other instances of this kind, but they are rare.

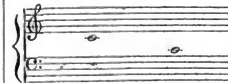
Well, it is not of much importance how we get this musical tone, provided we *have* it: the piano may give it us, or the tuning-fork—a piece of steel with two prongs, which is used for the purpose of keeping in custody, and always producing, the tone C—or we may get C on an organ, or other wind instrument.—I have said that this C is placed upon the first added line below the staff: it has also one other recognized position; and this is upon the first added line *above* the staff. How are we to know in which of these two positions the composer intends it to be, when we see a piece of music?—We know this by a character called a *clef*, placed at the commencement of every staff. When this central C is on the added line below,

we see this character  (G. clef.)—when the

same C is on the first added line above, we see this character  (F. clef.) The first clef is used for Soprano, Alto, and Tenor voices, and the second is used for Bass voices. These clefs are generally used together in music, thus:—

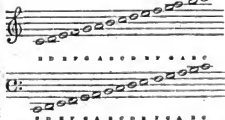


The character  is called a *brace*, and is used to unite two, or more, staves, as in the case just given. It may be remarked, that other *clefs* than these were formerly used in old music, which *changed* the position of the central C to various parts of the staff; but we will not divert the attention to this subject now; it may come up hereafter. It will be understood, then, that the *same* tone is indicated by both of the musical characters we here see upon the two staves:—



If you want to hear what this tone C is, any musical person will strike it upon the piano for you.

Now, then, we have a starting point for the *pitch* of tones. Before availing ourselves of this to determine the pitch of other tones, I will state the fact, that each line and space of the two staves is named after a letter of the alphabet, in the same way that we have C, as above. The letters chosen for this purpose, are, C, D, E, F, G, A, B. They are arranged below, where they severally belong:—



The dots are where each of the letters ought to be. I put the letters below, because the printing materials are not intended for letters on the staff, but only notes.—In the next study we shall add to our stock of musical tones, by the derivation of the so-called musical scale.

Fanny Fern's Column.

LITTLE CHARLEY.

Written expressly for The Musical World.

It is hard to lie upon a bed of sickness, even though that bed be of down. Nauseous, too, is the healing draught, though sipped from a silver cup, held by a loving hand. Wearisome are the days and nights, even with the speaking eye of love ever your pillow. But what if the hand of disease lie heavily on the poor?—what if the "barrel of meal and cruise of oil" fall?—What if emaciated limbs shiver under a *rotted* blanket?—What if lips parched with fever, merely beg for a permitted, but *unattainable* luxury!—What if the tones of the voice be never modulated to the delicately-sensitive ear?—What, if at every inlet of the soul come sights and sounds harsh and dissonant!—Ah! who shall measure the sufferings of the *sick poor*?

Dear little Charley! you were as much out of place, in that low, dark, wretched room, as an angel could well be on earth. Meekly, in the footsteps of Him who loveth *little children*, were those tiny feet treading. Patiently, uncomplainingly, were those racking pains endured. A tear, a contraction of the brow, a slight, involuntary clasp of the attenuated fingers, were the only visible signs of agony.—What a joy to sit beside him!—to take that little feverish hand in mine,—to smooth that rumpled pillow,—to part the tangled locks on that transparent forehead, to *learn* of one, of whom the Savior says, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." But never did I bless God so fully, so gratefully, for the gift of *song*, as when,—with that little sensitive heart held close to mine,—I made him forget his pain by some simple strain. I had sung for my own amusement: I had sung when dazling lights, and fairy forms, and festal hours were *inspiration*: but never with such a rest, and with such a thrill of happiness, as when, in that wretched room, I soothed the sufferings of "little Charlie." The garland-crowned *prima donna* with half the world at her feet, might have envied me the tightened clasp of that little hand, the suffused, earnest gaze of that speaking eye, and that half-whispered, plaintive,—*no more!* Charley is so happy now!

Aye! Charley is happy now! Music, such as only the blessed hear, fills his soul with rapture. Never a discordant note comes from the harp, swept by that cherub hand, while forever

that majestic anthem rolls on, in which his infant voice is joining,—"Worthy the Lamb."

FANNY FRAN.

MR. CLAPP'S SOLLOQUY.

Written expressly for The Musical World.

ANOTHER girl!—What can Mrs. Clapp be thinking-off! it's perfectly ridiculous! There's four of them now; and that's four more than is necessary. I don't believe in girls—lovers and lace, ringlets and ornaments, jewelry and jumpers, silks and satins!—What's to be done? There's a whole chest full of my old coats I've been saving to make my boys' jackets. I wish Mrs. Clapp ever would think as I do.—Another girl—who? to keep the name in the family, I'd like to know! I shall be extinct! And now she wants me to put up a note in the church for "blessings received!"

Well,—I suppose my girls will turn to boys, one of these days. (It's hard to be facetious when a man's to be crossed and thwarted in this way once a year.) Mrs. Clapp has a very obstinate streak in her disposition in this respect. It's waste powder to reason with her: it seems to go into one ear and out at the other. If she says going on one particular track, you may just fold your arms and let her take her time to get off it. She *knows* I prefer boys, (that woman does,) just as well as she knows her name is Hetty. Well—there's a limit to human patience. I shall tell her, very decidedly, as soon as her grub-probation is over, that a stop must be put to this. It's no use for a man to pretend to be master in his own house, when he isn't!

FANNY FRAN.

The Birmingham Festival.

We were compelled to omit, last week, a portion of Mr. Mason's report of the Birmingham Festival; and, in doing so, we selected such portions of it for publication in this No., as would best bear being separated from the parent-letter. In speaking of the oratorio, *Ellijah*, Mr. M. says:

We cannot now enter into any review of the excellencies of the oratorio, but must assume that our readers have heard it, or have at least studied the score as to know something of this grand production of Mendelssohn; which has certainly taken stronger hold of the English, than any other oratorio since the days of Handel. It seems to be the opinion of musical men, that *Ellijah* ranks with the greatest productions of human genius, and is destined to live with the *Messiah*, *Irene* and *Semsem*. Indeed, not a few are found who even give to *Ellijah* the preference to a perfect whole, in the first place; who say, that it is free from those weaknesses that are found in all similar productions, and that in every place, the music, worthy of the subject, is faultless. While we are clearly of the opinion that it ranks very high, coming next, perhaps, to Handel, and while we may be disposed to admit that in a mere scientific or technical view it may be more finished than the *Messiah*, still we cannot, as yet, believe that it comes near to that immortal work, or that it will ever become an universally popular; nor that in point of true sublimity it is to be compared for a moment with the greatest of all Handel's productions—"Innocent in Boyer."

Since writing the foregoing, we have thought that the entire cast of the oratorio would be interesting to your numerous readers who are in possession of *Ellijah*; and who, in being a musician, who has not obtained a copy of this great work.

PART I.

PROLOGUE, *Her Formosa*, "As God the Lord."
DUET and CHORUS, Madama Castellan and Miss Williams, "How spreadeth her lark's war,"—*Lark low thine ear*."
RECITATIVE and AIR, Her Formosa, "I wish all your hours."

• We are happy to inform our readers that Mr. Oliver Disson, of Boston, is about to issue a cheap edition of *Ellijah*.

RECITATIVE, Miss Dobby, "Eljiah got thee here."
DOUBLE QUARTET, Madama Castellan, Mr. Ball, Miss Taylor, Miss Williams, Mr. Lester, Mr. F. W. Williams, Mr. Weiss, and Mr. Sontag, "For he shall come."

RECITATIVE, Miss M. Williams, "New Cherub's book."
RECITATIVE, and DUET, Madama Castellan and Her Formosa, "Giveth the law."
RECITATIVE and CHORUS, Her Formosa and Mr. Lester, "As God the Lord."
RECITATIVE, Her Formosa, "Call him leader."
RECITATIVE and AIR, Her Formosa, "I wish I were near all you boys."

QUARTET, Madama Castellan, Miss M. Williams, Mr. Lester and Mr. Weiss, "Call thy barber."
RECITATIVE and CHORUS, "I wish I were a hawk."
RECITATIVE, Her Formosa and Chorus, "Take all the proposals."
AIR, Her Formosa, "Is not my word like a Fire."
AIR, Madama Viciedo Garcia, "Go, take them."
RECITATIVE and CHORUS, "G.O. use of God's word."
RECITATIVE as CHORUS, Her Formosa and Madama Castellan, "G.O. Lord, lead these wretches."

PART II.

AIR, Madama Clara Novello, "Heave ye up, Israel."
RECITATIVE, Her Formosa, "The Lord hath availed."
SOLO, Madama Viciedo Garcia, and Chorus, "Here ye set record."

RECITATIVE, Mr. Sims Reeves, "Man of God."
RECITATIVE and AIR, Her Formosa, "It is as high as Lord."
TRIO, Madama Clara Novello, Miss M. Williams, and Miss Dobby, "Ere thine eyes open."
RECITATIVE, Miss Dobby and Her Formosa, "Ariel, Eljiah."
RECITATIVE and CHORUS, "G.O. Lord, lead these wretches."
RECITATIVE, Her Formosa and Madama Clara Novello, "Hail."
RECITATIVE, Miss Dobby, "Advance him stand."
RECITATIVE and Chorus, Madama Clara Novello, Mr. Ball, Mr. M. Williams, and Miss Dobby, "Hail, holy, holy."
CHORAL RECITATIVE and SOLO, Her Formosa and Chorus, "Go, return ye again."

AIR, Her Formosa, "For the mountains."
AIR, Mr. Sims Reeves, "This shall the righteous."
SOLO, Madama Clara Novello, Miss M. Williams, and Mr. Ball, "The Lord shall be seen."
QUARTET, Madama Clara Novello, Miss M. Williams, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Weiss, "G.O. Come every one."

Of the *Messiah*, Mr. Mason says:

There is an astonishing rage for the *Messiah*, in England; it is always the great attraction at these Festivals. It is beginning to become popular in America. We remember that a few years ago a large Choral Society in an American city, called on our advice as to what music they should procure; as they had not got the *Messiah*, we recommended it; but our recommendation was met by the objection that it was too old-fashioned, it is out of date; and if we remember rightly, Haydn's *Seasons* was taken; and we had a choice a shining place, when they might have had a gold sovereign. A few years after, they repented, the *Messiah*, and hereafter it will be their most valuable oratorio. Whatever may be the reason, the fact is certain, that in England the *Messiah* is vastly more popular than any other oratorio. The best judges of music, professors and amateurs, the learned and the unlearned, the noble and the ignoble, the great and the little, those who ride in proud carriages with servants thronged with lace and collar, and those who walk through the rain with a cotton umbrella, the old and grave, and the young and gay, those who love music, and those who do not know whether they have any love for it or not,—all do homage to this mighty production of Handel. Handel is the Shakespeare of music; there has never been but one Handel, and it is not at all probable that there will ever be another. Handel has written but one *Messiah*, nor could he, had he lived until this hour, have written another. He might have improved upon this, but another of equal merit, he could not have produced. This oratorio has been heard for a century, and it is as fresh and new now as ever; indeed the more it is heard the better it is appreciated. This oratorio, too, has done much for charity; it has succored the orphan, supported the widow, and relieved the distressed; and, indeed, indeed, that men should be willing, even without the luxury of an oratorio, or the gaiety of a ball, to give their goods to feed the poor; and it is truly an expensive charity when one must give five pounds to get one into the poor box; but even in this case we must not suppose the four pounds to be thrown away; by no means. It encourages art and artists, and the Festival of the kind, and tends to increase the improvement and encouragement of musical knowledge and taste. In America we need a less expensive music for the people, as in Germany; but here, where there is so much wealth, let the rich give of their abundance, bring together such an array of talent, as can no where else be collected, and let the results tell to the aid of the improvement of music and the relief of the poor. But for the Birmingham Festival, the *Messiah* of Mendelssohn would not have been written; and Handel's *Messiah* has turned hundreds of thousands from the coffers of the opulent to the support of the hungry and perishing.

The cast of *Samson*, was a most powerful one; and we subjoin the programme, for the

gratification of the members of Sacred Music Societies, and others interested in oratorio performances.

PART I.

RECITATIVE, Mr. Sims Reeves, "This day a solemn feast."
AIR, Madama Clara Novello, "Ye voice of Gaea."
RECITATIVE and CHORUS, "I wish I were a Jew."
RECITATIVE, Miss Dobby and Mr. Sims Reeves, "Mashallah."
AIR, Mr. Sims Reeves, "T'was cold as pop."
RECITATIVE, Mr. Weiss and Miss Dobby, "Brethren and sisters of the land."
AIR, Mr. Sims Reeves, "The glass is cracked."
RECITATIVE and AIR, Mr. Sims Reeves, "Why does the God of Israel sleep."
RECITATIVE and CHORUS, Mr. Sims Reeves, "For thou, my darling son."

PART II.

RECITATIVE, Mr. Sims Reeves and Miss Dobby, "My wife's broken arrow."
AIR, Mr. Sims Reeves, G.O. God of Hosts."
AIR, Madama Clara Novello, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Miss Clara Novello, "But who is this."
RECITATIVE, Mr. Sims Reeves, Madama Clara Novello, and Chorus of Female Voices, "My faith and truth."
DUET, Madama Clara Novello and Mr. Sims Reeves, "Traitor to love."
RECITATIVE, Miss Dobby and Mr. Sims Reeves, "Oh's gone—a woman's snuff-box."
RECITATIVE, Miss Dobby, Her Formosa, and Mr. Sims Reeves, "Woe."
AIR, Her Formosa, "Hear ye and speak."
RECITATIVE and DUET, Mr. Sims Reeves and Her Formosa, "I will do as I please."
RECITATIVE, Miss Dobby, "Thou shalt be glad."
RECITATIVE, Her Formosa, "Thou shalt be glad."
RECITATIVE and CHORUS, "Thou shalt be glad."
RECITATIVE and CHORUS, "Thou shalt be glad."

PART III.

RECITATIVE, Miss M. Williams, Her Formosa, and Her Formosa, "The Lord shall be seen."
AIR, Her Formosa, "Dromingians slave."
RECITATIVE, Miss M. Williams and Mr. Sims Reeves, "Come, ye faithful."
RECITATIVE, Mr. Sims Reeves, Miss M. Williams, and Her Formosa, "This shall the righteous."
RECITATIVE and AIR, Mr. Sims Reeves, "The Holy One of Israel."
RECITATIVE, Miss M. Williams and Mr. Weiss, "Olt Malice."
RECITATIVE, Mr. Weiss and Miss M. Williams, "What shall I do for thee."
RECITATIVE, Miss Williams, "I will give my paternal love."
RECITATIVE, Mr. Mallard, "I will give my paternal love."
RECITATIVE, Mr. Weiss, "I will give my paternal love."
RECITATIVE, Madama Castellan, "I will give my paternal love."
AIR, Madama Viciedo Garcia, "Ye voice of Israel."
RECITATIVE, Mr. Sims Reeves, "Come, ye faithful for lamentation."
AIR, Madama Clara Novello, "Let the right sorceress."
TRUMPET OBLIGATION, Mr. Harper, Jr.

From our Paris Correspondent.

Paris, Sept. 15th, 1862.

STUNNING APPLAUSE—THE ACADEMY AND ALL—NEW INSTRUMENTATION—ALL THE THEATERS AND THE PLOTS OF THE NEW PIERRE—POUR LE DEVELOPPEMENT DE LA MUSIQUE—UNO.

In the midst of the dog-days here, the opera does not do. The lyrical tragedy persists in tuneful agony, without respite. The brotherhood of claqueurs, take their seats in the center of the Pit, as usual; and at a signal from the leader, bring their palms together in sounds heard over the big drum. It is difficult to believe in America, that there is a set of hired men, or what is hired admitted free, whose business is to applaud loud the singer about while the soul-stirring effects of the more shrewd of enthusiasm. Not content to leave it to spontaneity or to let merit find its level, the artists, or the directors, or both, make that the public shall be shown how to applaud. Make it a rule, therefore, in going to the Paris opera, never to sit in the box, and to refrain from the matter here excellent by the gifts displayed; for why should you take the trouble to put hands, feet, and voice in vigorous action when a special body is on duty to make more noise than you can—A claqueur is a trained gentleman. When anything simply common-place is going on—a singer, for example, with a proven voice holds on the step-mountain note as long as he can get it, and they in America, that you are not to be troubled by him, he is to be brushed the key-note the captain-general of the noise in the Pit raises his hands, and then his merry men follow instantaneously. When, however, there is anything good or something very out-of-the-ordinary that the people applaud, then such professional notes is not enough, and the claqueurs accordingly appear transported with ecstasy, as they in America, the summer of a race. A claqueur, at the Hippodrome, is equally natural and interesting, especially when the stag doggedly refuses to run, knowing the thing to be a sham. Sometimes a claqueur falls asleep, and it is amusing to see him start up and begin his professional tribute as though his attention to his important duties had been unwavering. The weeping claqueur is a more noble animal; personal dose seen quite overcome with their feelings, shaking their hands

pressed heads with emotions: is there may be eloquent, or they may not. The custom of getting up gaily to order comes from the twelfth East, and is of remote antiquity. Joy fetitions may be of some dignified old origin: altogether, considering the nature of the institution, it deserves commendation, would say Hugh Stephens.

Despite this drawback to the true expression of sentiment and the open, absolute failure cannot triumph. Eloquence and eloquence cannot sustain the *Jury* as a master piece. It is carefully written; and the intensity of the orchestra is heightened, a new note called *organo* comes, in the shape of a curved shadow, emits wondrous loudness to refresh the pallid ears. That is fair as far as it goes for the limit to note to be to it; whatever the ear will bear cannot go. Mr. History, in the *feature* of his piece seems to avoid the end of his piece, and may be as noted, that the wonder is that humanity was so long suffered down to the undermost fessal Italian De Capo, out of which Handel never got; and did greater the wonder that a standard of classic notes should be regarded as indelible, as if it were necessary to initiate anybody anything or anybody, instead of merely using the non-sense of the word, and the intensity of the music to write a criticism on an open mass of letters may be used and no idea conveyed, for native language, which everybody can read, music is purely and absolutely technical, and that is the reason why dramatic composers are of no little national account. They cannot account the "stump" or form, but depend on others entirely for their interpretation, and the consequence of their three hundred first and subordinate artists is required, not counting the vast illustrations which the eye demands. This exhibition is confined almost to a single city, and so necessarily is nature of vocal gifts, that the shows are that in this capital of Paris where all the talent turns as it were, that the opera will not be adequately filled. The prima donna is either too young and tender, or too old and fat; a tenor has a voice, but is a stick in setting; a bass has a broad free organ, but sings a little sharp at times, or wants the true pulse of genius; a baritone is a splendid artist, with an ocean-like intonation. There is always something deficient. Never is the composer's thought fully set forth. The music may be imagined a heaven in this crowded earthward-world of our own. The shortcomings of the executive artists are thrown upon the imaginative artists in all new pieces; seldomly may come some new interpreter, and then the business ceases and light breaks forth.

The principal female voice at the Académie is Madame Tadolini. She has a good deal of merit, but will not sing the *serenade* with the necessary style. The singer, she should have a want of training. To learn how to sing is a very—very difficult task. It is more difficult than entry or stenography. Certain old in these things may be had, and the interest which the public may take in a speech on each, era or nation, or in a measure where national or party pride and substance pass for expediency and justice, may stamp common-place as insipidities. But the singer has no such resources. He must stand alone. A note is given for him to hold for thirty seconds, so that every one can see the light of his voice if it is loudness; or a passage is given him to execute where all the silliness must be perfect. There can be no sham here. It is not the Fisheries or the Game question where there are two sides and the holder is to be awarded by a committee. Learn then to respect Art. Not as an antiquarian, as it is advertised in the newspapers, but as a vigorous utterance, of which the people are live. It is easy to manufacture a name, but a singer who can throw the soul into the compass of colonial party, and place it in the presence of the faithful, how many have ever called! Of the composers who have assayed to write dramatically—apart from the sticks and comforts of the pen and ink and old inventions, how many can be listened to! And yet there is a crowd of singers, and paper is consequently blackened.

In the poverty of artistic success, in the brutal degradation of the stage where, since Athens flourished, dignity has not existed, in the low social position of artists who sing the people, in the low social position of sufficient kings who have long deprived the language of his day, there is little which is cheering for criticism.—Art is not worshipped, but money is. Provided a singer can extort as much a night, staid by the lowest forms of humanity in eloquence, his measure of success is achieved. But not so will the heaven of beauty be won. Simplicity, conviction, harmony, all are demanded for the triumph of Art.

The new tenor of the Opera, M. Gueymard, has also a great deal of merit. Positively speaking, he does not know how to sing. He cannot join his notes properly. To discover this glaring error is impossible, for a voice cannot be quoted though French men—and even the Parisians and the Apollo can be dangerous. M. Gueymard has a sources organ, that reaches up to B natural, which falls and descends by firm degrees the audience and once over a multitude of days. On M. Gueymard rests the hope of the opera, unless they borrow from the Italians. Those singing birds with the example of Duprez, whose voice was wonderfully strained in trying to outstrip tenor, or dramatic the three reciters of Arandé in *William Tell*, or the French organ of Bonoli in *The Huguenots*—will, the device of an instrument under the Empire, the Restoration, and was killed under Louis Philippe—that is the government allowance for his school was withdrawn. He was a great experimentalist and had the vocal method of teaching which Italy in the last century evoked. He looked upon the Italians as the masters of vocal writing and expression, and his labors were incessant in his faith that France would be the first to give the world a method to parish priests for any children who could sing, and out an army of dirty faces and wooden shoes, he would each year bring up a small choir of virgins, triumphantly exclaiming—"There is the hope of France!" His conception was this side of the grave, unlike that of other great men. But they were living low—economy being required in the wrong way—meant some that his school should be destroyed. He entreated the minister to grant his pupils a hearing, and on an appointed day the flower of fashion and rank was assembled to hear them. Among them was young Duprez—with the broad chest. That decided the verdict. Tenor and applause followed, and the school was saved. It is thought that a king who have not Joseph, and the school went down—but then glory was gained in Africa, for Arab men, women and children were reared into severe rudiments in care.

In America this method adoption of Art is hardly comprehensible. We are always on the move. When not actually being blown up or sunk we are traveling. But Art cannot be caught flying. She must be tenderly reared. It never possessed the secret of equalizing the voice, and it is by no means certain that any composer could do so, by the use of culture. The abandonment of business in Congress—the usual (wrong) that would have been blown out of the Amphitheatron council, or caused an explosion of wrath, if used in the destruction of the Olympic games—is pronounced detestable by the fifteen hundred newspapers in the United States, not counting newspapers, reviews, chronicles, and public opinion. We need a great Chorus to teach us the basis of oratory. What, a singing master a great man? Impossible! Our standard of great men is one-class politicians who are lauded for their universal genius, when they are simply American politicians; and what has been taught the American public of Europe—of the United States and England—may more, if you choose, of political revolutionaries of Rome, of the United States of England, has never been told by any of these so-called great men—except by a great Louisiana, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, or Carolina in the provincial cast of the day.

—At the *Académie*, Verdi's *Zamboni* had been reproduced, called *Jurassic*. A young Tenor, M. Chapuis, took the part of "Gaston," to which he was unequal, and M. Deshayes, who had been the first to sing the part, had been the first to sing the part very fairly. The orchestra acquitted their admirably.

At the *Préaux*, the incomparable Rachel has reproduced as "Mouton" in Racine's *Mitridate*, a heavy tragedy. Mad. Annet's *Marc* is reproduced here. The subject is a young lady whose heart yields to the impressions of love, but her father is about to be ruined in his present ruin, and to save him she marries a wealthy man. Young *Marc*, on the other hand, having become a mother and a widow, marries her true love, and then commences a contest between love and regard for her daughter's interest, which would be injured by a second marriage, and the moral of the play is that these interests carry the day. Mlle Deshayes, who did the heroine, is young and pretty.

The *Opéra* has opened with a piece called *Marie's Day*.

market, initiated from Goethe's tragedy of *Clara*. The subject is taken from one of Beaumarchais' scenarios in which he vindicated the reputation of his sister against the aspersions of a Spanish Duke. Clara, who having promised to become her husband's second, refused at the eleventh hour, to fill his engagements, and excommunicated her to justify his conduct. Goethe (as well as D'Assolant, and several others) who have treated the subject in various manners, considered Villain and Mad's Beaumarchais as perfection.—Goethe contrasts a tragedy in which death sweeps off innocent and guilty, but the new French piece marries them at the end. At the first, it was not well received, but under revision it is now applauded. A *vaudeville*—*Le fils de la mère*, at the same theater, shows the interior of a saloon which has been the scene of a party of the *Opéra*. At the opening of the *Opéra National*, a new little opera composed by Adam, text by Deshayes and Brull, was produced. The plot is of Oriental origin—a fisherman desiring to be a monarch, is gratified one day morning and luxurious. For a time, in the pride and hopes of downright money. He is a prudent man, however, and takes care to marry a most beautiful princess to whom his education had inclined as to a distant star, when she was a baroness. The director serves up the piece, on alternate nights, with different sets of performers.

At the *Gymnase*, we have *Le Drame de Papier*, by the celebrated George Sand. Here is the plot: Nina, Camille, and Flora, are the three daughters of a celebrated man who has died, leaving a fortune of five hundred thousand and without a friend to look up to for protection, save an old Italian woman, who, having been the mistress of their mother, brings them up as her children. Through his excellent teaching Flora and Camille become singers, and so on the stage, the latter with immense success, but poor Flora, without talent or any feeling, sees jealousy, meets with a very discouraging reception. Experience a certain Marie Pauline, who, connected with Camille's society and voice, comes to offer her his hand and heart. Flora, envious of the honors paid her sister, allows, from sheer mortification, a Neapolitan prince to carry her off. The Marquis pursues the fugitive, and challenges the Prince, and the scene of the proffering being one of the best, from the courtly, and the consequence of the adoption. The Marquis is wounded, and by this time the maestro and Camille having arrived, she makes a number of sacrifices to the vanity of Flora, the abandonment of which appears the more extraordinary from the parties being not only on the stage, but recitants, and the spirits of Camille and the Marquis are fully exhausted. The success was complete, and the play was well received. The *Opéra*, Lehaire, Lanier, and Messieurs Godeffroy, Dupuis and Lafont, were the *Voce* and a good deal of credit. The *Voce* which is thoroughly condemned by the press. The piece has been remarked, because some couplets were taken out of a political page. May Marcelline sing the nature of Henry Burman to his ends, singing it reminds, if reminds, which was some of the *Opéra*. And again Gustav says: "He is in his strength," and the reply is: "might is not right," and hereupon commenced another storm. The police have stopped the piece—despotism being complete.

The *Favorites* gives *Revue de la Jeunesse*, in four acts—suggested by Hugo's *Père de la Famille*. Will out-sit the *Opéra*. The *Jeunes gens* *Revue*, made up of two characters—"Rouquillard," the soldier of Henry IV, and "Rouquillard," the courtier, who lived about a century afterwards: the hero is a prime scoundrel—and offers the lights and shadows for good effects.

A one-act piece by M. Godeffroy, a new hand, who took the Institute prize, is to be produced at the *Opéra Comique*. A previous failure for the imitation of a comedy. M. Deshayes, who had such a success as *Violante* here, last season, is successful in the provinces. Madame Fresnall and M. Barrolier (whose baritone is somewhat weak) are concert giving at Lehigh. Mlle Sophie Cravell and her sister have sung at a concert at Wiltshire. W. H. F.

ROQUEVILLE, TENN.

We are glad to learn that musical knowledge is being rapidly disseminated in this village and vicinity. The Faculty of the *Roqueville Female Institute* which was established some three years since, by the members of Hawkins Lodge, No. 47 I. O. O. F., are doing much for music in the section. The Institute (we are informed) is a flourishing connection: Rev. W. Jones, D. D., is President, and Henry Selwidge is Prof. of Music.

Musical News from Everywhere.

—New York.—

MADAME BONTAS has left us. We were strongly impressed, at the last concert, with the fact that she cannot sing Metropolitan Hall, and that she will have to be very chary of her voice to go successfully through with what before her in this country. Even on this last occasion, her effort to fill the Hall was almost painful to our ears; the tone—particularly in Robert's *Swan Song*—being forced up, and much too sharp, throughout. Three concerts a week, with intermediate rehearsals, singing, that, every day, in our estimation, far too much for any singer. The little Paul Judson continues to keep from hold of the audience. He is more applauded, and excites more real enthusiasm, than anybody else. He is, unquestionably, a very attractive and prominent feature in Madame Bontas's concerts. We hope he gets paid well. He is said to receive \$200 a month. Even this sum, if he gets it, might do very well for the first month, but he ought to receive more subsequently; for he is worth more to the concert.

—Amen's last two concerts, for the present, at least, came off at Metropolitan Hall on the evenings of Tuesday and Thursday of this week. Her singing was admirable, as usual; everything else was uninteresting, as usual.

—Somewhere new in the way of amusement is now offered at the entertainments of Mr. Bova, the famous manager of the world-renowned *Dry Ice Theater* in London. Mr. Bova's memory is well stored with anecdotes and reminiscences of all the celebrated actors, authors, wit, singers, *et cetera*, etc., that have flourished for the last half-century, and he serves them up in a pleasing manner.

Miscellaneous.

—Philadelphia.—

Our sharp Correspondent, L. E. S., has favored us with a communication from Philadelphia, in which he says: I have just returned from Alton's second concert, feeling very small, owing to the pressure of the crowd and the sublimity of her singing. You have heard Alton; so, I need say nothing of her perfect style, faultless intonation, and wonderful execution. She is fully appreciated here. Her performance of Rhoda's Variations appeared to set the audience wild; in the *Brindisi*, she was roused three times, and had to repeat it twice, to satisfy the almost crazy audience. At the first concert, there was not so much enthusiasm manifested as might have been expected; but our critics are always cautious on a debut. By the way, Arditi's friends had hard work on Monday evening, to mother with their violent opponents, the disappointment expressed by the audience at his performing the "Soldier Tired" ("obviate the "Audience Tired") would be nearly, if not quite, suicidal. Quakers are patient, but they certainly won't put up with such an infelicity; likewise that previous antique which Rhoda has dragged into his open of "March"—The Last Hour of Summer—will not be endured. Even Arditi's composition for Alton, "Mated Difficulties Solob," is considered a dangerous experiment.

Bontas's announcement is received rather coldly—*spq.* (I tell you this in confidence.) to perform Dr. Arno's antiquated crotchets and quaver, entitled the "Soldier Tired," (obviate the "Audience Tired") would be nearly, if not quite, suicidal. Quakers are patient, but they certainly won't put up with such an infelicity; likewise that previous antique which Rhoda has dragged into his open of "March"—The Last Hour of Summer—will not be endured. Even Arditi's composition for Alton, "Mated Difficulties Solob," is considered a dangerous experiment.

—Boston.—

The Bostonians, we understand, have reason for congratulation in the advent of a new and very talented piano player among them, Mr. Nathan Richardson; a young man who has been studying music for some years in Europe. Mr. Richardson's peculiar recommendation is his possession of Devereux's rare and entirely original method of instruction, his sugaring of scales and other passages being exceedingly ingenious and simple. Boston has needed as yet, piano teachers of the ability of Mrs. Schuchberg and Timm in New York. We trust that Mr. Richardson will prove every way equal to the emergency of the case.

—Kentucky.—

The letter from W. J. L., of Lancaster, that was pub-

lished in *The Musical World* of September 11th, has called forth a letter from Louisville and another from Lexington, each written in a lady's hand; and the fair writers take our correspondent to task, for representing music at such a low ebb, in those cities. They say there are plenty of good musicians in Louisville and Lexington, and that the interests of music are being well cared for, by competent parties. We are glad to hear this important news, and hope our fair correspondents will hereafter keep us posted up, especially in relation to musical matters in Kentucky.—T. S.—We have just received another letter from W. J. L., in which he agrees with the writers above referred to, so far as Louisville and Lexington are concerned.

—A New Organ.—

CONCORD, Sep. 24, 1882.
HERRICK MERRILL, WORLE & TONES.—Mr. J. C. B. Standbridge, of Philadelphia, has recently placed a very fine First Class Organ at St. John's Church, in this city; and, below I hand you a statement of its contents.

Open Diapason, 3d. Up Diapason, Stop Diapason, Principal, Metsela.	GREAT ORGAN.	Twelfth, Fifteenth, Seventeenth, Nineteenth, (3 Banks) Trumpet.
Diapason, Stop Diapason, Principal,	CHOIR ORGAN.	Flute, Flute with, Clarinett.
Open Diapason, Stop Diapason, Clarinet, Principal, Flute with,	SWELL.	Flute, Cornet, Hautboy, Trumpet, Trombones.

Open Diapason, 60 to K. 17 pipes.	PEDALS.
Double Open Diapason, 16 feet, 6 to E. 23 pipes.	
	COUPLERS.
Great Organ and Swell, Great Organ and Choir, Oc- taves down.	Pedals and Great Organ, Pedals and Choir Organ, Swell down.
COMBINE OF MANUALS—60 to F. 60 keys.	

This fine instrument, in some respects, and particularly in the Reed Stops, excels any thing we have before heard in this city, and will tend to place Mr. Standbridge in the front rank among the organ builders of this country. E. T. O.

New Subscribers.

The following ladies' and gentlemen's subscriptions have been received during the week ending Wednesday, October 18th, at which time our paper went to press. Later arrivals will appear next week. N. B.—We can't promise that the orthography of the following names is correct in every case; but if each subscriber recognizes his or her own name, our object will be attained.

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| Wm. H. Everett,
W. F. Marshall,
John Wright,
Robert Deibel,
John H. Miller,
Eliza Clark,
James Campbell,
J. Vanderpool, Jr.,
G. F. Hays,
John Cromlish,
J. Hery,
A. M. Spilott,
H. Briggs, 10 copies,
Robert Tieding,
Alice David,
Miss Mary Holmes,
R. L. Loman,
Sarah A. C. Hartman,
Fredrick H. Hartman,
Mrs. Henry C. Walker,
O. Gwynn,
C. M. Cook,
A. Montgomery,
J. Hendry,
C. K. Root,
Miss Jane Statler,
Misses L. & S. Doup,
R. Queen, Jr.,
A. L. Thomson,
J. M. Cooke,
James Oulston,
Samuel Humphrey,
Wm. L. Shaver,
Miss Susan Wallace,
Miss Mary Cowan. | W. A. Whiting,
H. A. Hopkins,
Miss M. C. Hilds,
John Lindquist,
Mrs. James F. Hestory,
Dr. C. E. Thompson,
Mrs. Mary E. Barrow,
Leonard J. Dickerson,
Jas. L. Thayer,
David B. Colton,
Samuel Joseph,
G. H. Wainor,
W. B. Deane,
Miss Estlin,
Miss Hattie M. Lynde,
E. F. Robb,
D. A. Cushman,
E. W. Daniels,
A. Harvey,
A. Allen,
Miss K. A. Lewis,
B. O. Devereux,
Mrs. G. M. Sande,
E. Lord,
Eleanor Grandy,
B. A. Holton,
B. H. H. Sherman,
Louis Dillman,
W. L. Hovener,
Frank Traver,
Rev. C. Shaw,
Francis M. Naperville,
Miss H. Vail,
Ernest Smith,
D. B. Druggs. |
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|---|---|
| L. A. Hadden,
Miss Harriet Barber,
Walter C. Green,
Mrs. M. Fisher,
Miss Eliza Hayward,
N. T. Spurr,
S. T. Cary,
J. D. Gibson,
Stephen B. Smith,
T. R. Washburn,
Miss Ann Mary Dunderick,
Miss G. Jane Lusk,
Miss Alice Kyles,
Miss Ellen A. Richardson,
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W. K. Phipps. | I. V. Nash,
Chas. A. Petticoles,
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Mrs. J. W. Keane, copies,
Miss Marjette Atkins,
Mrs. Gilbert,
Dr. Hedges & copies,
Wm. H. Parsons,
J. O. Lott,
W. F. Keane,
E. A. Marston,
J. H. Ellis,
Wm. T. Bailey,
Mrs. J. L. Palmer, female Institute,
8 copies,
Albert Gates,
Miss Elizabeth Harvey. |
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A BRIEF HISTORY,
IN THREE PARTS, WITH A SEQUEL.
Continued to The Musical World.

PART I.—LOVE.

A stanza—a thought—a blow—
It stings him like the worm.
A question—will it lay her low?
Or will time heal it ever?

He kindles at the name—
He sits and thinks apart;
Time flows and flows it to a beach,
Burning within his heart.

He loves it though it burns,
And nurses it with care;
He feels the blissful pain by turns
With hope, and with despair.

PART II.—COURTSHIP.

Severely and seriously,
Fights, glances, tears, and vows,
Gifts, tokens, souvenirs, parades,
And courtesies and bows.

A purpose and a prayer;
The stars are in the sky—
He wonders how, 's'no hope should dare
To let him sleep as high!

Still hope allures and flatters,
And doubt just makes him bold;
And so, with passion all in letters,
The trembling tale is told.

Apologies and blunders,
Soft looks, averted eyes,
Such heart into the other rushes,
And wins a prize.

PART III.—MARRIAGE.

A gathering of good friends—
Brief, solemn words, and prayer—
A trembling to the deed and ends,
As, hand in hand, they sweep—
Sweet calm, sweet will, sweet kisses,
And so the deed is done;
Now for life's waves and kisses,
The wedded two are one.

And down the shining stream,
They launch their buoyant craft,
Bliss'd, if they may but trust hope's dream,
But ah! "Truth e'er—'tis!"

THE SEQUEL—"IF."

Is health be firm—if friends be true—
If all be well contrived,
'Tis best to pass—if waits be long—
And not too often told—

If reason always rule the heart—
If passion ever stir its rage—
If love—for eye-to-life imparts
The sort it does to—day—

If Providence, with parent care,
Wrote out the varying lot—
While each contented hour to share
The palace, or the cot.

Oh, ch! if Fate, volitions and cheer,
The spirit always guide—
The heart's toils and heart's desire,
The bridegroom and the bride!

Hail! Winfield Scott!

A PARODY ON "HAIL, SMILING MORN."

By EVERETT L. BAKER.

Hail! hail, Win - field Scott, Win - field Scott; The man that's true and bold, The man that's true and

Hail! hail, Win - field Scott, Win - field Scott; The man that's true and bold, The man that's true and

The first system of the musical score is written in G major and 6/8 time. It consists of four staves: a vocal line and three piano accompaniment staves. The lyrics are: "Hail! hail, Win - field Scott, Win - field Scott; The man that's true and bold, The man that's true and".

bold; Whose no - ble deeds we cel - e - brate this day;

bold, Whose no - - - ble deeds we cel - e - - brate this day;

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "bold; Whose no - ble deeds we cel - e - brate this day;" and "bold, Whose no - - - ble deeds we cel - e - - brate this day;".

* We trust this song will stir up our democratic friends to give us something equally good for publication. Remember—we furnish the music for both parties.

deeds we ce - lo - brate this day, Hail, hail, hail, hail; Who the gay

deeds we ce - lo - brate this day, Hail! hail, hail, hail; Who the gay

face of val - or doth un - fold, who the gay face of val - or doth un - fold, At

face of val - or doth un - fold, who the gay face of val - or doth un - fold, At

whose bright pres - ence Pierce will faint a - way, faint a - way, faint a -

whose bright pres - ence Pierce will faint a - way, faint a - - way, . . . faint a - - way, . . .

whose bright pres - ence Pierce will faint a - way, faint a - - way, faint a -

way, Pierce will faint a - - way, Pierce will faint a - - way, At whose bright pres - ence,

Pierce will faint a - - way, Pierce will faint a -
 Pierce will faint a - - way, faint a way,
 Pierce will faint a - - way, faint a way,
 Pierce will faint a - - way, Pierce will faint a -

way, Pierce will faint a - way, Hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail,
 way, Pierce will faint a - - way, Hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail, hail,

Funeral March

ON THE DEATH OF A HERO.

BEETHOVEN.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The music begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The upper staff features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the lower staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving bass lines. A first ending bracket is visible at the beginning of the system.

The second system continues the musical piece. It maintains the two-staff format. The melodic line in the upper staff shows some chromatic movement. The lower staff continues with a steady accompaniment. The dynamics remain consistent with the first system.

The third system of musical notation shows a change in dynamics to piano (*p*). The melodic line in the upper staff becomes more rhythmic and repetitive. The lower staff continues with a similar accompaniment. A key signature change to one flat is indicated by a 'b' symbol on the lower staff.

The fourth system of musical notation features dynamic markings of piano (*p*), pianissimo (*pp*), and fortissimo (*ff*). The melodic line in the upper staff has a more somber and expressive quality. The lower staff continues with a steady accompaniment. The system concludes with a final cadence.

First system of musical notation, featuring a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The music is marked *fp* (fortissimo piano) and consists of dense, rhythmic patterns in both hands.

Second system of musical notation, featuring a grand staff. The music is marked *cres.* (crescendo) and shows a transition from dense chords to more melodic lines.

Third system of musical notation, featuring a grand staff. The music is marked *cres.* and includes a section with dense, rhythmic patterns in the bass line, indicated by vertical lines.

Fourth system of musical notation, featuring a grand staff. The music continues with dense, rhythmic patterns in the bass line, indicated by vertical lines.

Fifth system of musical notation, featuring a grand staff. The music is marked *ff* (fortissimo) and includes a section with dense, rhythmic patterns in the bass line, indicated by vertical lines. The system concludes with a first ending bracket labeled "1st" and a second ending bracket labeled "2d".

Sketch of the Conservatory of Paris.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82.]

Written for *The Musical World*, by Prof. EMILIA ORLOV.

In the regular order of the public examination the piano-class comes next. The boys are first tested. It is not unusual to find, among these young lads, some of twelve or fifteen years, who have already attained a proficiency which full-grown men might envy. After the boys come the girls, who are far from affording the audience the same degree of musical gratification, although they are, oftentimes, not wanting in talent. But you seek in vain for that fullness of sound and that boldness of touch, in their playing, which is so captivating to the ear. Nevertheless, from other causes, they are welcomed with more enthusiastic applause and hurra: in which it is easy to see, that the French spectator pays his usual tribute to some fine pair of eyes or rosy cheeks and the fair owner never fails to avail herself of whatever advantages she may possess, by which to awaken enthusiasm and elicit the favors of applauding hands!

The composers whose works were used at examinations under my connection with the Conservatory, were Hummel and Herz; now, Thalberg's works are "à la mode." Giesbott, Cramer, and Dussek, who, as composers, were superior to all the fashionable piano writers of the present day, are quite forgotten as too easy, now that both performers and hearers aim only at *façade* of force.

The two most distinguished professors of the piano in the Conservatory, have been LOUIS ADAM—now dead, and father to the present composer, ADOLPH ADAM—and ZIMMERMANN, equally distinguished as a contemporary and pianist, who is still living. Louis Adam presided over the female class, and Zimmermann the male. On the death of Adam, his professorship was solicited, and obtained by HINZ; he soon resigned, however, having yielded to the attraction of American and California dollars; similarly attracted, he would, no doubt, have renounced the Pacific again and visited Australia, had the Australian mines been discovered at the time of his tour.

But we now pass on to the singers, who come next in order. The vocal classes are the last examined, and are the most interesting as regards the professors who have them in charge. The public here meet with names that have often greeted upon the great stage of the capital; these names I have already mentioned on a previous page. To name them, it is to praise them,—they are their own best commendation. The reader will easily conceive, that such men impart to their pupils something of their own prestige. It would be difficult to express the degree of attention and sympathy which is given to those young singers, especially the female ones. Here the young ladies possess an unquestionable superiority over the young men: some of them, even in the Conservatory, enjoy a considerable degree of fame, and are crowned with the first laurels of their class. Such pupils are, of course, destined for the great stage of the metropolis, the grand opera. On the day of their *début*, the house is thronged with multitudes of spectators.—The examination consists in the performance of an *aria*, with recitatives, selected from the operas of the most celebrated masters, particularly Italian, with accompaniment of piano. The pupils of the vocal department having performed their several tasks, the general examination closes.

After the competitions in each of the classes have thus been heard, the jury, or committee, deliberate "on the spot," and then mention the names of those who have been deemed worthy of the first and second premiums. In the violin and violoncello class, the first premium is a corresponding instrument; that is, either a violin or violoncello, obtained from some of the very best makers of Paris, such as Lupot, Gassé, Thibault and Williamson. The instrument bears upon

it the name of the successful compiler, with these words,—“The National Conservatory of Paris to the pupil—18.”—The only award to the second competitor is the proclamation of his name.—If I remember rightly, a flute is also given to the best pupil on that instrument.—To the successful piano competitor a selection of the best piano-music is awarded. A pianoforte has been deemed too costly a premium for the Conservatory, which has otherwise, such heavy expenses to sustain.—To the best singer, a musical score, richly bound, is presented. The second best singer has merely his name proclaimed.

I must remark, however, that these prizes mentioned, are not presented at the time when the names of the successful competitors are announced: another public and ceremonious occasion is ordered for this. Immediately after the examination, a concert commences, which lasts till the first Monday in October. At this time a great festival is arranged by the director, and publicly announced in the Parisian journals. It takes place on the day preceding the term which commences another year, that is, on a Sunday evening. All the pupils are called upon to exert their talents to grace the occasion; and now, the successful competitors for first prizes are again listened to, and then receive the final award of their genius. In addition to this performance, a theatrical entertainment is furnished, consisting of an *opéra comique* in three acts; sometimes, however, only in one act, and occasionally a single act of an Italian opera is performed.—This beautiful festival, to which the most brilliant society in Paris is invited, under the patronage, was presided over by the Minister of the Royal House and sometimes by the Minister of the Interior. I remember to have seen Marshall Count of Laurier, presiding, who was, at the time, Minister of Louis XVIII. He made the pupils and professors a most flattering and eulogistic address, which created not only among them, but the spectators present, the warmest enthusiasm.—It is by such acts as these, that a government promotes the progress of Art, and makes a nation greater than by the bloody battle-field, and the shock of arms.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Correspondence.

Newbury, September, 1862.
MEXASA, DRUM B. WILLIS: GENTLE—I perceive from your first number of *The Musical World* & Times, that you propose me to be the composer of the "Encore Set of Sounds from Home," arranged by F. B. Heilmüller. I would, however, remark that I am not the composer of this said "Encore Set of Sounds from Home;" I only wrote it down from memory. It being Styrian national melodies, and I do not doubt the least but it is arranged for the piano by Mr. Heilmüller. As I said the same, permitted by you to his. Yours respectfully,
W. H. SCHULTZE.

Member of the Germania Musical Society.

In copying the pretty waltzes alluded to, we simply transferred to our column the words of the title page, which read thus: "The celebrated 'Encore set of Sounds from Home,' as performed by the Germania Musical Society, composed by William H. Schultze, and arranged for the piano by F. B. Heilmüller." Mr. Schultze's letter, however, will now set the matter right.

THE LATEST RUMOR OF BONTAS.

It is stated that Madame Sontag intends giving a benefit concert, at no very distant period, in our friend and ally, Mr. James Zerkow, organist of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's church, Brooklyn. The concert will be given in the church itself. Mr. Sontag was the teacher of the Countess Kowale's children. In St. Petersburg; hence the interest felt in him by the kind-hearted and able. We like Mr. Sontag to be a fine fiddler and capable musician, well deserving of this tribute to his genius.

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"I ever held this sentence of the Poet as a canon of my creed: that whom God loveth not, they love not Musicke."—T. Morley, 1600.

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RICHARD STORRS WILLIS,
Editor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1852.

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Whole No. 82.

THE MUSICAL WORLD & TIMES
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EVERY SATURDAY.

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Special Notices.

A New Idea.

A novel case has come up lately in our editorial experience, which, as it may possibly serve as a precedent hereafter, we will briefly state it. A letter was received from one of our Southern subscribers, enclosing a favorite piece of poetry and a bank note, coupled with the request, that, for moneys enclosed, we would get the piece set to music. We accordingly handed the piece over to our friend, Dr. Widener, knowing his facility for writing a pretty song. Our author has obligingly furnished the music desired. Our subscribers will have an opportunity of deciding as to the merits of the composition, for we publish it in this week's number. This writing music "to order" is not a bad idea. Many persons have favorite pieces which they might like to have set to music, and many deserving young composers of our acquaintance might not be aware of undertakers for a reasonable remuneration, such an "order" for the fine Arts. So, let those who may be thus inclined, send along their pieces, and we will do our best for them. We hope our friend and correspondent will be satisfied with the prompt fulfilment of his commission.

Postage on The Musical World.

Many persons have written to us, in relation to the prepayment (by us) of the postage on *The Musical World* as a privilege word, thereby, to reduce one-half. Our friends evidently misunderstood the new postage law, on this point. It is true that we can prepay the postage, but there is no necessity for our doing so (inasmuch as a subscriber may prepay it himself, at the office of delivery, and thus save one-half the postage.

The New Carmina Sacra.

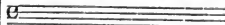
We have a thorough review of this popular work, in types, the publication of which we are obliged to defer till next week. Some idea of the scope of our "series" may be gathered from the fact that it makes every three pages in *The Musical World* new.

Musical Studies for the Million.

NUMBER VIII.

MELODY CONTINUED—THE DERIVATION OF A SCALE.

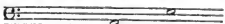
Any string or wire, if made sufficiently tense, will produce a musical tone. Suppose a string of a certain length and tenacity to give a certain definite tone. If that string be shortened one half, another tone is produced, which is *twice as high* as the first tone. For instance; suppose a string of a certain tenacity to give us a tone, which we will indicate upon the second added line below the Bass staff: in other words, the tone C.



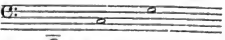
One half of the string will produce a tone, which is as high again. We will therefore indicate this tone on the next highest C upon the staff, thus:



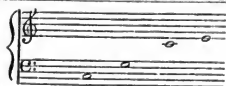
One third of the string we find will produce a tone about five steps, or degrees, higher than the second: we therefore indicate it thus:—



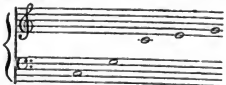
One fourth of the string produces a tone four steps higher; (which is the central C already spoken of)



One fifth of the string gives a tone three steps higher;—



And one sixth of the string gives a tone three steps higher still:



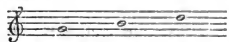
It may here be asked, How do you know that one tone is twice as high as another; and one tone five, and another three steps higher than a previous one. To this I can only reply, *The ear tells me so.* If this is not the case with your ear, you must take my word for it, until, by and by, your own ear corroborates the fact. There is no way of proving to you, that I know of, that one tone is two, three, five or eight steps higher than another tone.

Now, if familiar with music, you can strike the tones we have thus procured from Nature, on the pianoforte, and if not musical, you can get a friend to do so for you. It will be found, that they are beautifully concordant, both when struck alternately, and when struck together.—Nature, then, has given us six tones, thus far, three of which seem repetitions or imitations of others, on a higher pitch; that is, we have the C three times, and the G we have twice. We will reject, then, the repeated tones, and keep only one of each kind: here they are:—



a harmonious and beautiful *trinity* of tones; they sound well in succession, and they sound

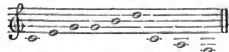
well in combination. The ear is perfectly satisfied with them—it reposes on them, as something which fills the musical sense, and leaves nothing wanting. To these three tones is given the name of TRIAD. But, pleasing as these tones are, in themselves, there are not enough of them for our musical purposes. We must have a greater variety. These which we already have, seem so perfect however, that it would be well to form, in some way, a similar combination of other tones—that is, to imitate Nature, taking the hint from her of what she considers good music. Let us see. This triad is formed upon C. The note which Nature gave us, at first, after C and its repetitions, was G. Now suppose we try to form a similar Triad on G, exactly like the first, in all its proportions: here we have it:—



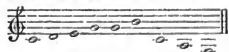
We have now six tones, but even these are not enough. Suppose we take again the tone C, and form the triad downwards, instead of upward, thus:



We have now the following nine tones:—



We will see if we cannot connect these tones, in some manner, so that they will lie closely together on the staff, and form, perhaps, a kind of tune. The first tone is C; the next one in order would be D; we have a D, but it is higher up; we will bring it down and place it on the corresponding spot below: thus: C, D, E, F, G, A.



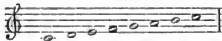
The next tone would be F—F we have, but it is quite below, the last one in the series: we will bring it up. C, D, E, F.



The next tone is G. This we have already, and then a repetition of the same tone. One of these we will reject, and pass on to the next tone, which is A. A we also have below, and we will bring it up to the series. C, D, E, F, G, A.



The next tone in suspension is B, which already stands where it ought. The only tone left is C. Now, in playing or singing over this tune, the ear seems to require that we should go just one step higher. The last note leads to something else; we are not content to remain upon B, but C seems to follow immediately after. We will, therefore, raise the remaining C to where the ear wishes it.



Here we have, then, quite a good tune. There is something natural and pleasing about it—Like the triad, it is complete in itself. This little tune is the musical SCALE: which we have thus regularly formed from the original Triad, given us by Nature. Upon this scale the whole theory of music is based. It is the key-stone of the musical arch—the basket, which contains within itself all the mystery of sweet sounds.—In our next Study, we shall investigate, somewhat more nearly, the peculiarities and construction of this scale.

The Norwich Musical Festival.

Furnished expressly for The Musical World, by
LOWELL MASON.

LONDON, September 20, 1851.

THIS, like the Birmingham Festival, is (trivially) but is omitted last year, on account of the absence of Mr. Benedict, in America. Previous to the commencement of Mr. Benedict, was that of the Gresham Professor Mr. Ed. Taylor, the friend of Spohr, who was instrumental of the introduction of the great German composer's oratorio into England. Indeed Professor Taylor translated and adapted the English words to several oratorios and other vocal compositions of the Capellmeister of Cassel. The success of Spohr's oratorio was represented as having been highly satisfactory, and we wonder why the directors of the Norwich Festival, who had the honor of first bringing out these great works, should not, at least, cause one of them to be performed, on every Festival occasion. There certainly must be other reasons than those of musical merit, since at the Festival, the present year, two original oratorios (as called) last been performed, which, to the ears of the vast majority of those of Spohr. The loss of novelty is undoubtedly one of those reasons; the announcement of something new, or to be performed for the first time, always influences many, even though the novelty should consist in but the sense of the thing, as the present instance. The great mass of people, really have but little true musical feeling, with respect to performance, and still less do they know of musical composition. Hence, let any ignorant announce a new oratorio, and many will run after him, and pay their money to listen to something which they suppose to be very wonderful. It is really astonishing to see the amazing presumption and self-complacency of some persons assuming to be oratorio composers. The fact is, there have, as yet, been but two or three persons who have attempted to compose oratorios, whose works have stood the test of time. That others will be raised up, we have no doubt; but modesty becomes a youthful aspirant to the distinction of composer of an oratorio.

The two new oratorios announced for this Festival were *Jerusalem*, by Dr. Wm. R. Beadell, and *Jerusalem*, by Mr. Henry H. Furness, and we report had spoken on the merits of both of them that we felt a desire to go and hear. An engagement in London, however, prevented our attendance on Wednesday morning, when "Israel Restored" was performed. If we may judge by the reports of the musical men we have met, although it is much the better of the two, it proved to be a failure: promising indeed some good points in the effective places, both solo and chorus, but yet undergoing, on the whole, of its dignified name, and sinking quite into insignificance by the side of Handel, or the popular writer already named, whose compositions were produced under the direction of the Gresham Professor.

We arrived at Norwich on Wednesday, (four-and-a-half hours from London,) in early season for the second evening concert. The performance was given at the Gresham Professor's Hall, a large and convenient room, though greatly inferior in size and general arrangement to the Town Hall, Birmingham. The size of the room is one hundred and twenty-four feet by seventy-five. The roof is supported by twelve Gothic pillars, six on each side, which are injurious alike to hearing and seeing. The orchestra is fitted up at the West end of the Hall, and opposite to it, at the East end, is the patron's gallery, occupied by the Lords

and Ladies, or by such persons as choose to pay double price for their tickets. In front of the patron's gallery, stalls or reserved seats were fitted up, at fifteen shillings each; in the space between them and the orchestra, the tickets were ten shillings and sixpence; but as those latter were unreserved places, it was necessary to be in previous attendance for half an hour or more at the outer door, and then to wait an hour inside, after having fought one's way to a seat. The Hall is ornamented with pictures, and contains a very good organ.

The chorus was constituted as follows:

Female Soprano	41
Male "do"	75
Female Alto	5
Male "do"	47
Tenor	20
Bass	27
Total	215

THE ORCHESTRA CONSISTED OF

21 First Violins	4 Basses,
20 Second Violins	4 Horns,
15 Allos	4 Trumpets,
11 Violoncellos	6 Trombones,
11 Double Basses	2 Obolists,
4 Flutes	4 Solo Drums,
4 Clarinets	24 Cymbals,

—in all, 118 instruments besides the Organ.

THE SOLO SINGERS WERE

Mad. VIANEY GARRA,	Mr. JOHN KENNEDY,
Mrs. LOUISE PARR,	Mr. LOCKY,
Mrs. ALICE BROWN,	MR. BULLOCK,
MR. ALBERT,	MR. FLEMING,
Mrs. DUNN,	MR. WALKER,
MR. GARDNER,	

THE INSTRUMENTAL SOLO PERFORMERS

Mrs. GARDNER and Mr. GARDNER	Violin
Mrs. GARDNER	Violoncello
Mrs. GARDNER	Organist
Mrs. GARDNER	Organist
Mrs. GARDNER	Conductor

The number of performers was a little less than at Birmingham, but in effect about the same, with the exception of the Soprano and the Alto of the vocal chorus. These were much inferior. The Soprano at Birmingham consisted almost entirely of the full grown voices of men, whereas at Norwich, many of the female voices were quite young; and then there were boys enough to spoil almost any Soprano. The consequence was that the Soprano was sometimes harsh. The whole effect of the performance was also greatly marred by the boyish and girlish conduct, witnessed in standing up to sing, in turning out to sing another with books, in laughing, talking, sending round papers, and general frivolity, unbecoming at any time and especially on such an occasion. But it was not strange to us; we have witnessed something like it before, both in Singing Societies, and in Church choirs; showing that in some of the incidents of choir life, the English do not differ materially from the Americans, and that errors on correctness of deportment in choirs are equally necessary in both countries.

Again, the Alto was composed mostly of men's voices. The effect was a harshness or roughness that has no mercy upon one's nervous system, or musical sensibilities, and that, in the present instance, made one often cut or shrink away as the services there had been deficient; besides, in coming up to the high tones of the *Jerusalem*, it all quite reach the point; making altogether too much of that which the organ (unlike a "wolf")—a name applicable as well to quality of tone (howling) in this case as to intonation. With these exceptions (and they are important ones) the vocal chorus was highly effective. Mr. Benedict is a fine conductor, as is well known on both sides of the Atlantic, and he succeeded in this instance, with great success, to secure the proper results. We had the pleasure of meeting him; he seemed to be delighted to be reminded of his American tour, and spoke of kind treatment received, and enduring friendships formed. Both Benedict and Bennett looked like home, and brought up to the imagination, Castle Garden, Tripler Hall, and Tremont Temple; and in fact, we are looking around for traces of what we met there; we saw there any one who could supply her place. We had, in another department, the Yessour; but she belongs to a different school.

The following was the programme for Tuesday Evening:

PART I.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WORKS OF CLASSICAL COMPOSERS.
OVERTURE, *Jerusalem*, by Wm. R. Beadell. C. M. Yessour, Violoncello.
The principal singers and Chorus.
QUINTETTO, "Israel's Do," Miss Louise Parr, Mrs.

FRIDAY MORNING—THE MESSIAH.

It was very pleasing to us to have an opportunity of listening to this great oratorio of Handel twice in such close connection, performed as it was on both occasions (Birmingham and Norwich) by those who were so competent to do it justice. The popularity of this oratorio is everywhere great. As in most previous times, the crowds assembled for the commencement every seat, and every standing-place, (with the exception of some of the reserved seats to which the occupants did not hasten at so early an hour) was occupied. So full was the Hall, that many men climbed up and obtained standing room in recesses of the windows nearly at the top of the building outside. The conductor presented a most splendid appearance. To me he is attributed the most splendid appearance of the Messiah. It is performed at every festival and never fails to swell every ticket. Can it be that it is because it is fully appreciated? Is it to be attributed to its musical excellence, to its religious character, or to fashion? Probably in part to each. It has been performed so much that it is better understood than any similar music; besides, Handel's music is among the wants of all classes; the learned and the ignorant are alike gratified in its performance; those who have made the greatest progress in art and science find enough in Handel to fill their minds and to draw out their feelings; and like the poetry of Shakespeare, it so delicately human nature, or is so conforming to it, and is so common-sense-like in its character, that it can hardly fail to be appreciated by every human being. Handel is, always so, and his music is adapted to all classes of people. Many, no doubt, are induced by the religious character of the Messiah. To the religious man, this oratorio must be religious in its influence; it falls in well with the general religious education, training, or habits of the English, especially of church-men, and the text (from King James's Bible) is regarded as being the Prayer Book itself. Thus there is influence of habit which has been kindled down and grown stronger from generation to generation. Fathers tell their sons of Handel's Messiah with a kind of religious, national pride. Children are taught to regard it as the greatest musical production of the world ever seen; it is his English, for although Handel was a German by birth, yet he became an Englishman by the production of his Messiah, which has become the fashion also to hear it and to like it. Every body must hear it, and every body must like it. Nor is a single hearing sufficient; it must be heard from year to year, or as opportunity may occur, and of course the more it is heard the more it is admired, as is the case with every work of art which is at once based upon truly scientific principles and adapted to the true tastes of the human mind.

Mr. Benedict took his place two or three minutes before the appointed time of commencement; he was received with a cheering welcome, both from the audience and from the performers—an indication that all is right, that good feeling abounds, and that a good result may be looked for. With what majesty and dignity the overture commenced! Every man in the orchestra did his duty, and the effect was much heightened by the full disposition of the organ, and especially the sub-bass. The organ was not permitted in Birmingham but it was a great mistake. It gives a fullness to the harmony, and is from association peculiarly religious in its character. It would not be appropriate in Covent Garden, at Her Majesty's Theatre, or on any other occasion; but it is well adapted to the occasion as this, and Mr. Benedict was right in the application he made of its powers. Twenty-two violins led off the piece; these were answered by the different stringed instruments in their turn, all moving with as much certainty and precision, as do the planets in their revolutions round the sun. The time was a little slower than at Birmingham, since the effect was much the better for it.

Every man in the orchestra did his duty, and the effect was much heightened by the full disposition of the organ, and especially the sub-bass. The organ was not permitted in Birmingham but it was a great mistake. It gives a fullness to the harmony, and is from association peculiarly religious in its character. It would not be appropriate in Covent Garden, at Her Majesty's Theatre, or on any other occasion; but it is well adapted to the occasion as this, and Mr. Benedict was right in the application he made of its powers. Twenty-two violins led off the piece; these were answered by the different stringed instruments in their turn, all moving with as much certainty and precision, as do the planets in their revolutions round the sun. The time was a little slower than at Birmingham, since the effect was much the better for it.

yet be gentle, civil and kind in its approaches. The chorus was carried through in perfect time, slow and sure. The recitative, *Te with the Lord of Hosts and the following air*, which were by a female solo voice at Birmingham, were here sung by Signor Bellotti. It is not necessary to say that he sang them in excellent spirit and taste, for he has been heard in the same and other pieces in the Messiah in New York. The chorus *For He shall purify* was carried through with the greatest accuracy, and what is remarkable, the recitative passages here and in other choruses, were well done. Mrs. Dohy sang, *Behold! a virgin shall conceive, and O thou that believest—We cannot help remarking upon the most becoming appearance of the singer. She has a fine clear voice, and she sang with a fullness and vigor, such great declamation, and was wholly absorbed not in the music, but in them. The voice, the countenance and the whole demeanor seemed to correspond, and all seemed to say that his name shall be Emanuel, God with us. During the following chorus, too, she stood with the majesty and dignity of a Minister of State, (though always with a beautiful smile, but her) singing, *Behold, since thy flight is come, and the glory of Lord is risen upon thee.* This beautiful department on the part of Mrs. Dohy, was not carried out on the part of the choir, amongst whom there were some laughing, and talking, and apparent congratulations, as soon as the chorus was over, which seemed to say, we have done well. If vastly much regret, if it cannot be subdued, do singers, let us try and win it for a moment, so that we can perform such a performance as the Forces sang (as at Birmingham) the next recitative and air; more need not be said. The chorus, *For unto us*, was much better at Norwich than at Birmingham. It was led off not *Pastores*, but perhaps, *Musa Pisto*, and there was a gradual crescendo all the way to the *fortissimo* on the word "wonderful." The great contrast made at Birmingham in the passage, *Behold, since thy flight is come, and the glory of Lord is risen upon thee*, and although the soft and loud are important, yet they must not be carried too far. The organ, notwithstanding the tenderness of its vibrations, greatly added to the magnificence of this chorus. The people stood during its performance. During the pastoral symphony, which was finely played, there was a general whispering and talking and a general disunion of attention, which was very regrettable and now that the music was merely instrumental, they felt at liberty to communicate their delight one to another. The organ was very effective in its leading notes in this piece. The angel came, in the human form of Miss Louisa Fyne; she looked the solo of the great assembly as she told that *There were angels singing in the field.* The voice was indeed so sweet and soft, that we could not but be struck with the beauty of her voice, and her delivery of the same and the following recitatives was ringing in the ear to her disadvantage. The chorus, *His yoke is easy, and his burthen light*. This chorus should float in the air; it should not sink down to the earth. It should be light, buoyant, spiritual, not subjected to the laws of gravitation. Although we should not dare to say it, lest we might be regarded as unduly harsh, still we could not but be struck with the beauty of her voice, and her delivery of the same and the following recitatives was ringing in the ear to her disadvantage. The chorus, *His yoke is easy, and his burthen light*. This chorus should float in the air; it should not sink down to the earth. It should be light, buoyant, spiritual, not subjected to the laws of gravitation. Although we should not dare to say it, lest we might be regarded as unduly harsh, still we could not but be struck with the beauty of her voice, and her delivery of the same and the following recitatives was ringing in the ear to her disadvantage. The chorus, *Behold the lamb of God*, went well as to time, but the voices were not kept down to mezzo piano as they ought to have been, nor were the crescendos and the diminuendos (so important in this chorus) well observed. Mrs. Dohy sang very effectively. *He was rejected, despised of men—yet it had not so much the appearance of singing as of impressing the sentiment by the power of vocal vibrations.* The chorus, *Surely His yoke is easy, and his burthen light*, was sung much better than at the Birmingham Festival, because of the time, which was considerably slower; so also, *And with thy stripes we are healed, and the following, All we sleep, each of which were given in a more steady, firm and lofty manner. The grand chorus in G minor, He trained in God, was very well sung, and was considerably better than at Birmingham. The recitative, *Thy Redeemer*, and the air, *Behold and see, verily Mr. Sims Reeves.* The air, especially, was given with great tenderness, and with deeply sympathetic tones, and manner; touching, indeed, was the utterance of the last words, *his own sacrifice.* In the chorus, *The Lord gave the word, the Lord's rev'ry' alle was well sung, and the new situation was a great improvement. This terrible general he intended! The first part of the chorus. This chorus is fine and was sung by four voices, and although the voices were perfect, yet the chorus was very much injured by the change. Here again Handel has made all the provisions for soft and loud required, and the chorus is vastly better when sung according to his intention. Signor Bellotti sang, *Who do ye know, and notwithstanding the great superiority of Herr Formes's****

we think Bellotti's performance the better of the two; his vocalization is perfect, like a good touch upon the Piano Forte; there is none better. Mr. Sims Reeves sang, *Thou shalt break thee, vastly better than Signor Tamburini, but they were not satisfied with his performance. We have heard the air which Brahms has neither famous, much inferior by a mighty effort on the word "dash." Mr. Reeves made no violent attack upon this word; his effort rather was to give a proper character to the whole song, and not to depend so much upon the utterance of a single word. This was certainly in good taste. And now came the *Hallelujah*—the time could not have been better; Mr. Benedict's time in Handel is always with a fullness, but the air was sung as if on the passage by tribute and also in the words, *of King of Kings and Lord of Lords*, but the chorus told admirably.*

Madame Viardot Garcia sang, "I know that my Redeemer liveth!" it was transported to accommodate her voice, but this was abundantly atoned for by the deep, appropriate expression with which it was sung. Madame Viardot would sing in a song of this general character were it a Mass, fugue, or adapted to her voice; for she sings with a pathos and tenderness of feeling, unhard, unfeignedly, which "I know that my Redeemer liveth!" as it stands, is beyond her reach. We have never yet heard justice done to this chorus. It requires a great voice, a great heart, and a finished singer. We need not particularize other pieces. The whole oratorio was sung without omission, and although we do not think it may be better to shelve ordinarily, it was not so long.

The closing "Amen" chorus, was given in slower time than we have usually heard it, and of course, as it was perfectly sustained throughout, carried with it great dignity and grandeur; it was like the rush of mighty waters, and towards the close, where the most remarkable contrast between the passage, *Behold, since thy flight is come, and the glory of Lord is risen upon thee*, and the meaning of many words. What an astonishing chorus is this! We must not omit to speak of the first vocal passage in this chorus, leading off the principal subject in simple tones. It was a most beautiful touch of Handel, and on this occasion the passage was performed by twenty-two violins, all blending so as to form a perfect chorus, and given with a stability, compactness, and delicacy, and determination, which cannot be expressed in words, and the here bestowed by those who have heard his effects. Great is Handel's oratorio of the Messiah! Great in its wonderful and audacious triumph! Great in its musical inspiration! Great in its moral power: Ye eheers who seek for music of a high order in the oratorio form, purchase Handel's Messiah! There is nothing on earth like it! Do not satisfied with any thing else but the truth of the matter, and the more you take the easier find, as *And the glory of the Lord, The Lord gave the word, and For unto us a Child is born.* Thus the Hallelujah, *Worthy is the Lamb, and Jesus will soon follow; and also, surely they are still more difficult, as *And he shall purify*, *Surely He has born our griefs, Behold the Lamb of God, and others.* The music is indeed different, it cannot be expressed in words, and the here bestowed will be productive of rich reward. Instruments, too, are essential; but where orchestral instruments cannot be obtained, even a quartet of strings will help along very much. Or a pianoforte (*if it is a pianoforte*) may furnish a satisfactory accompaniment; but it must be its best, and there must be some one to play it. Such practice as Handel's music will give, will give a vast amount of growth, mental improvement, and a good taste, and will really help much other music, contained in the *two-books*, but it will lead to discrimination, and a plain taste which is at once based on true philosophy, and is yet so simple in its structure as to meet the wants of the people, will never suffer by being brought into close connection with Handel or Mendelssohn. The *And Handrieh, Terk and Dundee, who live as long as the singing in Handel's, it will really help much other music, contained in the two-books*, but it will lead to discrimination, and a plain taste which is at once based on true philosophy, and is yet so simple in its structure as to meet the wants of the people, will never suffer by being brought into close connection with Handel or Mendelssohn.*

SINGERS MUST BE CAREFUL.

A singing-master in the Northern corner of Iowa recently disclosed his plan in attempting to sing "high B." It appears that there was a contest between the victim and a rival teacher as to which should be employed to teach a certain singing school. The rival teacher had a fine voice, and although an acquaintance with Handel will not occasion a very large part of modern palimony to appear laudible, foolish or disgusting, those of the character of those above mentioned will stand firm and unmoved, and will be taken up after an hour with music of a higher relative character, with new health and increased delight.



Fanny Fern's Column.

Written especially for *The Musical World*.

"Twelve o'clock at night, and all's well."

False prophet!—Still and statue-like, at yonder window, stands the wife. The clock has told the small hours; yet her face is prest closed against the window-pane, striving in vain, with straining eye, to pierce the darkness. She sees nothing; she *sears* nothing—but the beating of her own heart. Now she takes her seat; opens a small Bible, and seeks from it what comfort she may, while tears blister the pages. Then she clasps her hands, and her lips are tremulous with mute supplication. Hiss!—there is an unsteady step in the hall; she *knows it!* Many a time, and oft, it has trod on her very heart-strings. She glides down gently to meet the wanderer. He falls heavily against her; and, in muffled tones, pronounces a name he had long since forgotten "to lose." Oh! all enduring power of woman's love!—no reproach, no upbraiding—the slight arm passed round that reeling figure, (once erect in "God's own image.") With tender words of comfort, which he is powerless to resist, if he would, she leads him in. It is but a repetition of a thousand such vigils! It is the performance of a vow, with a heroic and patient endurance too common and every-day to be chronicled on earth; too holy and heavenly to pass unnoticed by the "registering angel" above!

"All's well!"

False prophet!—In yonder luxurious room sit, one whose *curse* it was, to be fair as a dream of Eden. Time was, when those clear eyes looked lovingly into a mother's face—when a grey-haired father laid his trembling hand, with a blessing, on that sunny head—when brothers' and sisters' voices blended with her own, in heart-uneison around that happy hearth. Oh! *where are they now?* Are there none to say to the repenting Magdalen—"Neither do I condemn thee—go, and sin no more!" Must the glided fetter continue to bind the soul that loathes it, because man is less merciful than God?

"All's well!"

False prophet!—There lies the dead orphan. In all the length and breadth of the green earth there was found no sheltering nest where that lonely dove could fold its wings, when the parent birds had flown. The brooding wing was gone, that covered it from the cold winds of neglect and unkindness. *Love* was its life; and so—it drooped!

"All's well!"

False prophet!—She walks the earth in purple and fine linen; honest poverty, with tear-bowed face, hunger and shivers, and thirsts, "while the publican stands afar off." The widow pleads in vain to the armed judge for "justice;" and, unpunished of Heaven, the human tiger crouches in his lair, and springs upon his helpless prey!

"All's well!"

Ah, yes, all is well!—for He who "seeth the end from the beginning" holds evenly the scales of justice. "Dust shall yet beg of Lazarus." Every human tear is counted. They shall yet sparkle as gems in the crown of the patient, and suffering Saviour! When the clear, broad

light of eternity shines upon life's crooked path, we shall see the snares and pitfalls from which your *hedge of thorns* has fenced us in! and, in the maturity of our full grown faith, "shall we" *glorify*—our Father not as I will, but as Thou wilt!"

FANNY FERN.

Written especially for *The Musical World*.

"Man have a prescription right to feel."

Shouldn't wonder! Such a tempest in a thimble if they happen to prick a finger! All the servants sent flying down cellar to collect cobwebs from old wine bottles; and up garret to hunt over old bags for a scrap of linen, the right width, and length, and thickness; court-plaster basted; strings unravelled; dozens of old gloves be-scissor'd to find the "cut" *exact*. Telegraphic despatch sent to the firm of "Fass & Fidget," to say that Fidget has met with a serious accident—quite disabled from attending to business. Surcoat pulled off; slippers and dressing gown substituted; *Mrs. Fidget* "not at home" to visitors; big children sent up garret to play, baby and door-bell snuffed!—blinds closed, straw strewn before the house; Sags at "half mast," and the very mischief to play for four and twenty hours, till Mr. Fidget is convalescent!

FANNY FERN.

Musical Notes from Eberlyngere.

—New York.

—*Mr. Botwick* is to have a grand complimentary concert, at Metropolitan Hall, on Thursday evening next, the 26th inst. See the card of her friends in another column. We hope to have the pleasure of recording a brilliant triumph for Mrs. Botwick.

—At No. 423 Broadway, on the second floor, may be found a number of superior pianofortes, selected at the factories of the best and most celebrated makers. In the same place will be found a most obliging gentleman, who will be delight of to sell and pianoforte at satisfactory prices, to his friends, and the pianoforte-buying public generally. This gentleman is Mr. E. G. Brodway, who has established himself at 423 Broadway, for the purpose of gratifying the wishes of those who want superior pianos at reasonable prices.

—*Wendy's* *Novellas* are becoming quite popular. We have not yet heard the songs, but when such papers as *The Tribune*, *Times*, and *Herald*, speak of their performance in terms of unqualified praise, we do not hesitate to commend them as pronounced musical attractions.

Miscellaneous.

—Philadelphia.

We have only space to say that *Deseret* is triumphing in the Quarter City—but this, of course, is no more, as everybody knew she would be successful there.

—Boston.

Access is the excitement in Boston, just now; but in Miss Lehman she finds a strong competitor for the crown of public favor. The latter stumps through the Bostonians well; while the former drives them into a state of frenzied enthusiasm."

—Rochester.

Masses Hastings and Bradbury held a Musical Convention in this city last week, at which, we are informed, the attendance was large, and the proceedings highly interesting and satisfactory. Two concerts were given; one of Sacred, and the other of Secular, Music. We have been kindly furnished with copies of resolutions passed at the close of the Convention, in which Messrs. Hastings and Bradbury are spoken of in terms of the warmest commendation. It appears that alarming reports concerning the prevalence of the cholera in Rochester, so frightened the inhabitants of the rural districts that many were proposed from attending the Convention; yet, nevertheless

there were plenty of enthusiastic music-lovers present, and everything went off in good style.

—Cleveland.

The Annual Musical Convention for Northern Ohio, will be held in Cleveland, on the Monday commencing November 1st, and continuing four days under the direction of Wm. B. Bradbury, of this city. The expenses will be of a modest and interesting character, adapted to the wants of note teachers, chorists, and singers generally, consisting of Lectures on Elementary Teaching, Harmony, Church Music, embracing choir and congregational singing and chanting; practice of Soli or Glee Music, &c. &c. The Convention will be an oratorio—probably the most given on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, to help defray the expenses of the Convention. Miss Field, of Rochester, a popular ballad singer, will be present and assist in the concerts. Mr. H. G. Whipple, of Admiralty, Ky., will also assist in this Convention.

—San Francisco.

This gold-plated city appears to be going about merrily, with the same astonishing strides that distinguish it in other matters. A Philharmonic Society has recently been formed under the most flattering auspices. A friend writes us that: "The San Francisco Philharmonic Society intended to give an oratorio—probably the Messiah—a short time, and they will, from time to time, perform the first oratorio, symphonies, &c. of the great masters. The Society already numbers many members, have purchased one of Chickering's grand pianos, and 3100 worth of Music, and are getting on finely. This potential movement, however, from lack of which musical societies are apt to suffer, and die, is here furnished in lavish abundance. That old saying, 'money makes the mare go,' is fully verified here. Business, science, the Fine Arts, everything, goes ahead with amazing rapidity, and the motive power is coal."—This is truly a pleasant and promising state of affairs; and we shall expect great things from the San Francisco Philharmonic. We give the list of officers for the present year, among which our readers will recognize the names of some old friends, and New York musical favorites.

LIST OF OFFICERS.

Henry Mudge, President,
G. J. Hubert Borden, Vice President,
Treasurer, Mr. P. Rankin,
Casper T. Hopkins, Secretary,
John M. Smith, 1st Director,
J. J. O. H. (Lynch), 2d Director,
James N. Donahoe, 3d Director,
George Lodge, Musical Director.

—Fond-du-Lac, Wisconsin.

As interesting Musical Convention was recently held in this city, at the close of which a permanent organization was effected, under the name of the Northern Wisconsin Musical Convention. Wm. W. Lahn, Pres.; J. A. Kilby and Wm. Lindley, Vice Pres.; Geo. J. Purter Sec. We are indebted to the secretary for copies of the resolutions, and other proceedings, from which we infer that the Convention was carried on in the right spirit, and that the permanent organization will effect much good. Among W. E. Hawley of Fond-du-Lac, Marcellus Hilditch of this State and E. B. Davis of Wisconsin conducted the exercises, which wound up with an excellent concert. A detachment of Indians attended the Convention, and added much to the interest of the occasion by their musical performance. We wish the Northern Wisconsin Musical Convention may prosper and profitable seasons.

Answers to Correspondents.

We are so crowded for room this week, our "answers" must be brief. Each "Cue" can pick out his own. We think one maker's melodeon are just as good as another's; we select one for you, and have it forwarded, and charge nothing for our trouble; we know of no book that will enable you, without an instructor, to learn to play the melodeon—"The price of" Lablache's method for the voice "is \$3;" can't tell the price of "Muir's Explained;" "The World," wrote to Mr. Dixon about it, but he would tell us what it costs—"Fanny Fern" is not an "Old Maid;" we never saw "her," so can't say "how she looks;" we are not "tired of your communications;" but if you would so only we "wrote" where you now are, they would be much improved.

I may not meet thee.

Composed by Wm. J. WETZMANN, M. D.

The first system of music consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a piano (p) dynamic marking and features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment provides a steady rhythmic foundation with eighth-note patterns in both hands.

The second system continues the piece. The vocal line has the lyrics "I may not meet thee as we met In" written below it. The piano accompaniment continues with its characteristic eighth-note accompaniment.

The third system of music includes the lyrics "oth - - er days; Un - - mov'd, I can not bear as yet, . . . a - - noth - - er's". The vocal line is interspersed with piano accompaniment, which maintains the eighth-note accompaniment.

The fourth system concludes the piece. The vocal line has the lyrics "praise." and "In" written below it. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord and a fermata over the last note.

Fa Face Rollen.

Com - ing years I may be - hold That snow - - y brow, With cal - lous heart and eye as

Col Cante

cold, But oh! not now, With cal - - lous heart and eyes as cold But

oh! not now.

I may not meet thee in the throng
 With tearless eye,
 Nor see thee, swan-like, glide along
 And pass thee by.
 In happier hours I may exclaim
 Be fair as then,
 With careless smile may meet again,
 But, oh! not now.

I may not meet thee when the trees
 Are budding new:
 And flowrets wave in every breeze
 Of brightest hue.
 But when the sere autumnal leaf
 Has left the bough,
 To meet thee then may bring relief
 But, oh! not now.

Ah! how fast our joys are flying.

Canzonette, Translated and Adapted by HENRY HUDSON, M. D. Music by FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

Published by F. D. BENTEEN & Co. Baltimore.

Andante. *p*

Ah! how fast our joys are fly - ing, Al - most ev - ry hope hath fled; All the flow'rs we lov'd are dy - ing,

p

Some a - las! al - rea - dy dead! Ro - ses once so sweet - ly bloom - ing, Ah! how sad to see them go - ing,

Espress. *Dim.* *pp* *fz* *pp*

Ah! how sad! ah! how sad! All the flow'rs we lov'd are dy - ing, Some a - las! al - rea - dy dead.

Ev-'ry day but adds to sor-row, While the blos-soms fade a-way;

Dolce. *p*

Sum-mer's gone, a-las! the mor-row On-ly comes to bring de-cay Sum-mer's gone, the rose can nev-er

p *pp*

Bloom-a-gain 'tis gone fur-o-ver; Ah! how sad! ah! how sad! All the flow'rs we lov'd are dy-ing Some a-las! al-

pp *ppp*

rea-dy dead. Ah! how sad! ah! how sad! All the flow'rs are dy-ing.

pp *ppp*

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Wendover... 48
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4th Class—VERY JOYFUL—BOLD AND BRIGHT.
Adrian... 56
Columbia... 58
Wendover... 62
Berkeley... 66

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Dawley... 70
Adrian... 72
Columbia... 74
Wendover... 78
Berkeley... 82

6th Class—CANONICAL—FLOWING, GRACEFUL.
Dawley... 86
Adrian... 88
Columbia... 90
Wendover... 94
Berkeley... 98

7th Class—MORNING.
Dawley... 102
Adrian... 104
Columbia... 106
Wendover... 110
Berkeley... 114

8th Class—EVENING.
Dawley... 118
Adrian... 120
Columbia... 122
Wendover... 126
Berkeley... 130

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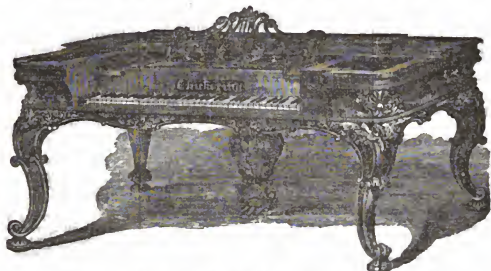
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 "I ever held this sentence of the Post as a canon of my creed; that whom God loveth not, they love not Musicks."—*T. Morley, 1608.*

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RICHARD STORES WILLIS,
 Editor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1852.

[VOLUME IV, No. 9.
 Whole No. 83.]

THE MUSICAL WORLD & TIMES
 IS PUBLISHED
 EVERY SATURDAY.
 BY
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For Terms of Subscription, Rates of Advertising, &c., see Prospectus on last page.

Special Notices.

No Music this Week.

Our friends will excuse the omission of our usual "Musical Study" and the customary page of music, in this week's number. The review of "The New Carmina Sacra" has so overrun our journal, that we are forced out of our usual course, and are obliged to send, for once, an almost purely literary number. The otherwise inauspicious matter, we think will be found interesting.

Postage on The Musical World.

Many persons have written to us, in relation to the preparation (by us) of the postage on *The Musical World* as the price would thereby be reduced one-half. Our friends evidently misunderstood the new postage law, so this point. It is true that we can prepay the postage, but there is no necessity for our doing so, inasmuch as a collector can prepay it himself, at the office of delivery, and thus save one-half the postage.

Each Number

On *The Musical World & Times* will be copyrighted, in some or in our "Musical Studies," original music, and other matter that we do not care to have published in book-form, by any one but ourselves. Editors are at liberty to copy (giving due credit) whatever they please from our columns.

Fanny Fern.

A budget of Fanny's racy articles is excluded, from press of other matter, this week. Never mind, Fanny—we shall do you, and ourselves, all the more justice next week.

MUSIC.

Music!—O how faint, how weak.
 Language fades before thy spell:
 Why should feelings ever speak,
 When thou can'st breathe hot soul so well.
 M. S. z.

Review of Music Books.

NUMBER I.

The *NEW CARMINA SACRA*, comprising the most popular Psalm and Hymn Tunes in general use, with a variety of New Tunes, Chants, Antiphons, &c. A revised edition of *CLARA SACRA*, improved by the insertion of many of the best pieces in the author's other works. In the place of such as were least popular in former editions. By LEWIS MASON. Boston: Klee & Kendall.

We have here a new edition of a work which has been a long time before the public. No work of the kind has, we believe, met with an equal success. As the publishers state in their introductory notice: "It is found in use in all the States of the Union, and among all the different denominations; and, even now, when the press teems with professedly new Church-Music books, *Carmina Sacra* holds on its way, and is probably at this time more generally used as a tune book in public worship, than any other single collection."

Such a book must possess considerable interest for the eye of a musician. It stands out, prominently, as the leading work of this peculiar class of musical literature; and as, perhaps, the truest exponent of the mind of its distinguished author. But, besides this, it possesses for us, personally, another attraction, as the most successful work of a valued, and honored, and beloved friend; a friend whom we have been accustomed to respect and revere from childhood; who first inducted us into the elementary mysteries of music, and elicited and cultivated the earliest musical germ of our mind. Such being the case, we find ourselves in rather an unwelcome position. We would rather not pretend to sit in judgment on the work of a friend. But, having undertaken the obnoxious task of critical reviewing, as something inseparable from our great aim of raising the standard of American music, we cannot, we feel, make an exception in the present instance; but must strive, respectfully and truthfully, to accomplish our task, doing all we can for our friend,—and all we can for Art.

We have proposed for ourselves a systematic

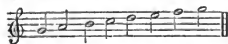
course in the review before us. This course will duly develop itself as we proceed. Connected with this, however, there are a few preparatory remarks which we should like to make.

When a person undertakes the review of a literary work—like our friend Mr. Ripley of the *Tribune*, for instance—he knows perfectly well, that his task is limited to the intellectual portion of the book—to the thoughts of the author: that is, he has nothing to do with the spelling of the words, or the grammatical construction of the sentences; at least he knows, that nothing here will claim his attention, because it is presumed, that an author knows how to spell and how to write, otherwise he would never think of publishing a book. Now, Music, like words, is a regularly reduced and coherent language, and furnished with its spelling-book, its grammar, and every other elementary guidance. It seems, therefore, absurd, that a musical reviewer should concern himself about the mere spelling of musical words, such qualifications being presumed of every person who puts out a musical work; the reviewer confining himself, it would be supposed, to his peculiar and proper province, which is, the musical thoughts of the author—the design of his book, and the manner in which it has been accomplished. But, unfortunately, in music we have still much to do with the spelling-book and grammar. Whether special attention to these matters in the *New Carmina Sacra* will not prove to have been superfluous, we shall directly see.

The *New Carmina Sacra* is a collection of Sacred Music, or a "tune book," (as it is characteristically designated in the preface,) arranged for four vocal parts. There are a few fixed principles in four-part writing, which apply, more or less, indeed, to all kinds of musical writing. 1st. *The chords must be full*; that is, no syllable of the musical word must be wanting; otherwise, that word is a weak and mutilated member of the whole musical sentence. Now, even with three parts, the chords can be full;

the musical sounds is generally considered to be the highest and lowest tone in an organ—of large dimensions. This tone is high and low C. Between these two extreme C's, are comprehended *miniscules*, or *octaves* as they are termed.

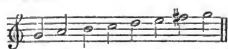
We have now a large range of scales, but they are all based upon the same tone, or C, from which we started. This would prove monotonous to the ear, besides limiting our musical resources otherwise. We have, it is true, reached the *limit* of available musical tones in both directions; but *within* this limit other scales may be formed. Now we will take some tone in the scale of C, as the foundation of a new scale: G, for instance. From this G, form another scale, thus:—



Now, in singing over this scale, there seems to be something wrong just at the close of it. On investigating the cause we find that the *interval* between the last two tones, is too large; it is a *diatonic* or large interval, instead of a *chromatic*, or small interval; we also find that the *preceding* interval, between E and F is wrong: this last being as much too small, as the other is too large. Now the difference of the two can easily be compensated, by increasing the small interval and decreasing the large one: that is, by changing F to an intermediate and higher tone: this establishes the right distance between E and F, and F and G.—Now this change of tone is easily made with the voice; and it is *signified* to the eye by the following character, called a *sharp*.

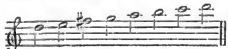
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This sharp is placed immediately before the note, thus:—

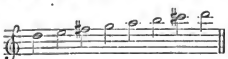


The new scale is now complete, and we may proceed with it as with the other; that is, repeat the same scale, upward and downward, as far as we can go.

We will now proceed to form still other scales: and instead of returning to the scale of C to do this, we will take some tone in the *new* scale from which to start. We started before from the fifth tone of C, and now we will start from the fifth tone of G: that is D.



But here, again, there is the same difficulty; the sixth and seventh tones are wrong. We will apply the same remedy; namely, a *sharp* to the seventh, thus:—



The scale is now correct, being fully approved by the ear; and it may be repeated, upward and downward, like the others.

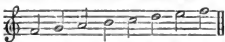
It will be observed, that the previous scale on G has *one* sharp, and the last one has *two*

sharps. Now, going on, in this manner, to form new scales, we shall find that this becomes a law of progression, a new sharp being added for each new scale. For instance, the next new scale would be based upon the fifth degree of the last one, (or A, and would have *three* sharps. Another scale on B, would have *four* sharps, another scale on C would have *five*, and another scale on D sharp, would have *six* sharps. We do not go further than F sharp, because the next step of five would return us, very nearly, to the C again, from which we started. (*Above*.)

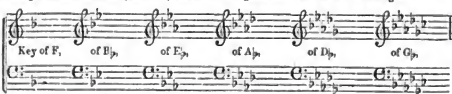


These sharps, then, indicate, that whenever a note occurs on one of the lines or spaces upon which one of them is placed, that note is to be sung or played as though a sharp were directly before it.

We have now, then, seven different scales or keys: but this is not the end of our musical resources. In forming these scales we started from the fifth tone above the original C: we will now start from the *fourth* tone above, or F. Considering this tone as the first one of a new scale we will add to it seven others, thus:—



Here, again, there seems a defect in the scale. But this defect occurs in a different place; namely, between the third and fourth, and the fourth and fifth tones. The interval between A and B is as much too large, as that between B and C is too small. We must therefore regulate the distances again, by the introduction of an intermediate tone, farther from C, and nearer to A. This is also easily accomplished with the voice, and it is signified to the eye by the following character, called a *flat*:— (*Above*.)

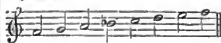


The number of different scales, then, with which we are now furnished is *thirteen*: these being six sharp, and six flat scales which are all

derived from the natural scale on C. These sharps, it may be remarked, which have necessarily been introduced to complete the foregoing scales, are not placed before every sharped note, but are put, once for all, at the beginning of a piece of music, immediately before the *figures*, in the so-called *signature*. The term signature comprises the characters at the commencement of every piece of music; namely, the clef, the sharps (or flats) and the figures. I will give an example of the *signature* of all the scales or *keys* (as they are also called) which we have now derived.



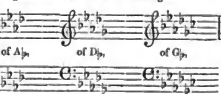
This character we will now apply to the scale in question:—



The scale of F is now regulated; the chromatic intervals coming between the third and fourth, and the seventh and eighth tones; whereas, before, they came between the *fourth* and *fifth* and seventh and eighth.—This new scale may now be extended upward and downward, like the others.

Now, then, we can go on to take the fourth of the new scale, as the beginning of still another. This fourth is B \flat : (B flat.) A similar law of progression will then reveal itself, as to the number of flats. The new key will have two flats: namely, B \flat and E \flat . The next scale is order, founded upon E \flat , would have three flats: the next one (A \flat) four flats; the next (D \flat) five flats; and the next (G \flat) six flats. Another step would bring us back very nearly to C again, therefore we stop.

Here we have then six *flat* keys also. Their *signatures* would be the following:



derived from the natural scale on C. These are termed the *Major* scales: in the next study we shall derive the so-called *Minor* scales.

Studies on Shakespeare.

We publish in this number of *The Musical World*, the first of three admirable studies on Shakespeare, which have been rendered for our columns from the original French. It has sometimes been questioned whether a Frenchman can possibly learn to comprehend the noble idiom of a man, who "was not for a day, but for all time." Yet, after having read with close attention nearly all the English and German criticisms which have ever been written on Shakespeare, from Johnson, Collet, Hazlitt,

Goethe, down to the lesser stars of the criticism firmament, we must confess that not one of them has succeeded in demonstrating the unity of his design, and his thorough mastery of human nature, so clearly or so skillfully as the distinguished critic whose reflections on Hamlet we now present to our readers. The subsequent paper will relate to *Macbeth*, and *Romeo and Juliet*. Poetry is akin to music, and we need make no apology for occasionally varying our disquisitions on rhythm and counterpoint with sound criticisms on a sister art.

Music Printing—A new Era.

We call especial attention to the advertisement of the "Excelsior Printing Establishment." We have received numerous applications from Teachers of music living in far-off places, to furnish them with printed copies of their songs, duets, waltzes, &c., &c., but we never have been able to gratify them. Now, however, anybody, living anywhere, can have his compositions printed in quantities to suit his wants, at reasonable prices, and in a style of unsurpassed elegance. By this means, the young composer can snap his fingers at publishers, and laugh their condemnation and rejection of his pieces to scorn. We like the idea. Mr. A. has composed a song, which he and some hundred friends and pupils like exceedingly; he sends it to a publisher, and the publisher refuses to have anything to do with it. Mr. A. then, perhaps, sends a copy of it to *The Musical World & Times*; but that "valuable journal" respectfully declines the honor of publishing it. The poor composer is headed off everywhere; what is he to do? Hereafter, he could do nothing but remark upon the want of discrimination on the part of publishers; but now, he can apply to the "Excelsior" boys, have his composition brought out in elegant style, sell a few hundred copies to pupils and friends, pocket a snug profit—and compose another piece, and go through the same operation again.

History of an Opera Singer.

[CONCLUDED.]

Translated for *The Musical World* from the French of F. BECCE, by HENRY MARON.

See, then, was the school of which the young person, whose history we are relating, became a member. She called herself *Mrs. Niva*. Mademoiselle Niva was not what one would call very attractive; he writes for her a singer, and did not possess that grace of action which is the result of a good education; but she had a small foot, a beautiful form, a lively and characteristic appearance, and black fiery eyes; her mouth was a little large, it is true, but beautified by a charming smile. She was naturally intelligent, and possessed much wit, though unappreciated. lively and not at all accustomed to obedience, it was difficult to control her. Luckily, however, a rare aptitude and an exquisite sensibility were the means of exciting great hopes for her.

The qualities of *Niva* interested Monsieur Ramler, a young and intelligent man, at that time professor in *Choron's* school. His generous soul was pained at seeing so beautiful a nature rejected by fortune; he exerted to do her a generous hand, and from that moment he considered it his duty to open to the poor girl the road to a better future. At first, it was only with a natural feeling of sympathy with which Ramler presented *Mrs. Niva* to *Choron*, but this sentiment became manifested in a short time, and took a development which astonished himself.

The first lesson which *Niva* received at *Choron's* institution, and placed under the particular care of Ramler. Ramler's class was composed of young men and children. A perfect orator reigned in it, and no one dared say a word against its regulations. The severity of Ramler was so great in this respect, that it was the subject of many jokes on the part of his brother professors. The first lesson which *Niva* received at Ramler were certainly very original. After having presented her to the class, he made her approach, and said:

"Mademoiselle *Niva*, you have, without doubt, been told many bad things about me, have you not? Acknowledge frankly; you have been told that I was a great scolder, peevish and snarling."

Niva merely replied to this question by a malicious smile.

"Very well," continued Ramler, "you will see that I have been extenuated. For to-morrow I shall give you

no other work than to wash your face; afterwards, you will see what can be done."

A great laugh followed these words of the professor.

The next day, *Niva* came to the class looking a little indignant. "Niva," said Ramler to her, "you can occupy yourself with your hands, and I give you just eight days for the grand oblation."

At the end of the eight days the metamorphosis was complete; the beautiful teeth of *Mrs. Niva* were white as ivory, her neckerchief adjusted with more care, her hair well combed, her pretty figure more graceful; in a word, everything had taken a new aspect—the instant of the work was over.

Ramler now occupied himself with *Niva's* musical education. He watched her with a severe eye, assigned her particular hours for study, and made her render him a minute account of her time. All the young girl's actions were put under his control; no one could withdraw her from his solicitude, and neither her mother nor *Choron* ever presented any obstacles to his wishes.

Little by little, *Niva's* voice, being made supple by numerous and well-tempered exercises, acquired a wonderful fullness and beauty. Enchanted with the progress of his pupil, Ramler spared no pains in her musical education. The intelligence of *Niva* adapted itself wonderfully to everything, but it was not without trouble, not without having caused her to shed many tears, that he succeeded in making her willing to sing. There were still, however, at eight, many menaces to return to her native independence; but Ramler was inexorable; he held her constantly under the yoke of his whims. That Ramler was extremely good to *Niva*; he concealed his whole time to her; he even neglected his other business to watch over her education; he provided for her necessary wants; in a word, he was her protector, her guardian, her father.

In this manner *Niva* grew under the instruction of Ramler. She was no longer the young and poor girl, whom he had found in the streets; she had become a charming young lady, her figure graceful, her manner noble and sweet, able to expose herself with facility. He could not regard her without feeling proud; he could not see her without feeling glad. There were still, however, in it I who have made her what she is! and when he heard the murmurs around him: What a charming person—what a mind—what talent!—his heart bounded within him to a joy.

During the lessons, when she stood at his side and sang in and and plaintive tones, his eyes were constantly fixed upon her. He contemplated her with delight; he scarcely noticed her when he found to have one of those accounts which he himself had taught her. *Niva* was the work of his hands, the echo of his soul! Oh! what a delightful task to assist thus in the development of an intelligence which devoted to yourself its existence!—Ramler, who had witnessed his most precious years to this young girl's education, to make her retrospective to his least wishes, to account for every part of his conduct, now that he had accomplished all that he desired, now that he had made her a charming person, was grieved at the perfection of his work. This obedience, this submission, this coexistence without a cloud, exasperated him and made him unhappy. He would rather have had a little mutiny—some caprice; he did not wish that *Niva* should feel obliged to obey him; he did not wish that she should owe him anything; he desired to see her as she was, and not as he had made her. In short, Ramler was in love with *Niva*. Yes! this poor girl, whom he had educated with so much exertion, and whom not long before he had treated with so little consideration; this poor girl had won his heart; he was ready to cast himself at the feet of her, the work of his own hands. It was a passion so profound, so intense, that he did not feel compelled; he desired to see her to complete the interval which separated him from *Niva*—how east of the uttermost of an authority nearly passed, to declare to her the tender sentiments with which she inspired him!—how abundant the errors and worthy part he had played till now, to cast himself on his knees before the young girl who trembled at his sight!—*Niva*, who could never get tired of Ramler who feared so much as she respected him, how would she receive the avowal of a sentiment she was so far from supposing on the part of her benefactor? On the other hand, the character of Ramler was too elevated, he was too sensible of the noble mission with which he had charged himself, to allow for a moment, the unbecoming confidence with which he had inspired his young pupil.

One evening day *Niva* made new progress; she surpassed the greatest expectations of Ramler. Her aptness at acquiring the finest shades of expression in the sublime

art, was truly wonderful. Her beautiful, full voice, her expressive figure, her grand and vigorous style, were the accomplishment of all who heard her; every time she sang before the class, the applause was immense. She was loaded with presents and favored by every body; so well times, her eyes revealed in tears, she would turn to Ramler and say: "Oh! my master! I owe all this to you!"

During three years that *Niva* had been a member of *Choron's* school, no one had heard her, with the exception of Ramler's pupils. One day *Choron* said to Ramler: "When are you going to exhibit your young prodigy?" This question, which proved that *Choron* had forgotten himself to *Niva*, by the wounded vanity of her companions, who were violently jealous of the particular care and attention which Ramler bestowed upon her. A day was at last fixed upon for *Niva* to sing. Three *défilés* had already taken place in one of the largest halls, under the direction of *Choron*. Each professor marched at the head of his class before the chief of the establishment, who approved or blamed, as the case might be.

It was not *Choron*, however, whom the pupils feared, but the criticisms of their comrades. A single smile or murmur would make them tremble and fill them with confusion. It was on a Saturday, in the year 1820, that *Niva* was to make her *défilé* before all the pupils of *Choron's* school. There were not more than thirty persons present, who, knowing the romantic history of the young actress, had expressed a desire to hear her. The curiosity was great and general. Every one was impatient to know the result of three years of study; each one had come there with sentiments more or less favorable to the young *débutante*.

At last, all was ready, and *Niva*, conducted by her professor, advanced to the front of the platform. She trembled, and her breast heaved with anxiety. Ramler held himself at the level, his heart full of agitation. He made a short prologue and whispered to *Niva*: "Courage!" *Niva* then commenced to sing that beautiful air of *Nicodan!*

O se ena vinta a,
Steas she el palapas.

When Madame *Paola* rendered in such a magnificent style. Which *Niva* arrived at this passage so touching:

Tanto sueno a tanta fe...

a perfect thunder of applause drowned her voice. *Choron* jumped on the platform, crying like a child, and throwing himself on *Niva's* neck, covered her with kisses, unable to speak a single word. The pupils all sang spontaneously; Ramler, looking on from the front of the platform, he remembered his emotion; at sight of *Niva*, *Niva* tore herself from *Choron's* embrace, and rushed towards her benefactor. *Beauvau*, *Beauvau* resounded on all sides. This was indeed a beautiful scene, the happliest of Ramler's existence!

Some time before the occurrence of the scene just described, *Choron* had enriched Ramler's class with a new pupil. It was a young man, of a very agreeable physiognomy; his name was *Ernest*. The very first time he saw *Niva* sing, he was filled with admiration of her; he did not find occasion for complimenting her in any way or another. It was not long before Ramler became acquainted with this romance, and it was a source of great pain to him. He tried every means in his power to prevent this attachment; but, as is nearly always the case, the remedy only increased the evil.

One Sunday in the month of July 1820, Ramler and *Niva* were invited to dine at the house of a person of distinction, who had taken a great interest in the destiny of the young actress. *Niva* excused herself under pretext of indisposition; Ramler, however, went alone; but, anxious for the health of his pupil, he excused himself immediately after the dinner, and as soon as he was out of the town, he walked up to his mother to see the *Ernest*, whom *Niva* loved. As it was beautiful weather, he went by way of the Boulevard des Invalides; it was about 8 o'clock in the evening. Having in his hand an enormous bouquet for *Niva*, his heart was in one of those happy transports, so rare in life, when he suddenly perceived two persons who passed by his side.

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The drama goes on, and so does the irrevocation of Hamlet, which is all the drama. But (through he fears that he may decide himself if he judges alone. He calls Horatio to his aid, once more he blasphemes the poor ghost. If the secret crime is not betrayed by the king at the performance of the play—

— If his avenged guilt
Do not itself un-aided— can sweep;
It is a drama of guilt that we have seen;
And my imagination is as free as yours;
As Valens's sibly Give him himself note
For I know you will reveal to his face;
And after, will both our judgments join
In sentence of his revenge."

I know nothing upon any stage comparable to the scene of the players. Crouched at the feet of Ophelia, Hamlet toys with her face, and attentively surveys the face of the guilty. This is not a strong, resolute man, who concentrates and subdues his emotion; he betrays it constantly in every movement. He trembles, he shivers, he talks by fits and starts, he explains all and so Ophelia says: "You are as good as a cherub, my lord." His whole frame is glowing, and so it were, illuminated with aeterna illumination, and anguish. What glances he casts upon Horatio! what terrible signs he makes to him! Then when at length the murderer and his accomplice are distracted from the hall, then Hamlet springs up like a tiger, uttering a cry of avenged triumph.

— Now could I drink but blood,
And do more business as the bitter day
Would quake to look on—
But his vengeance always fails. When, at last, in a sort of rage, he rushes in strike. O-mock-ry, he mistakes the victim; he kills that poor old fool. Polonius, that indolent Geronimo who never did injury to any one. Perhaps he would even consent himself with this sacrifice, if the ghost of his father did not appear to remind him of his oath.

— Do not forget this violation
Is but to what thy aim at blasted purpose."
The murderer then resumes his always deferred task. The Hamlet of his father, troubled by remorse, throw himself on his knees and attempts to pray. Hamlet sees him, and advances to kill him, but he reflects that to do so then would be to send him to the next world in a state of grace, and his uplifted hand again falls without striking the blow.

— Now might I do it, yet, now he is praying;
And now I'll do it—and so he goes to heaven;
And now I'll revenge his death—
A villain kills my father; and for that,
I, his son, do this same villain send
To heaven.
Why this is vile and odious, not revenge.
He took my father's grave full of blood;
Or in the innocent picture of his bed;
At evening, starting; or about some feast;
That has no guilt of intrusions;
And now I'll kill him that he has not sinned against;
And that his soul may be as damn'd, and black,
As hell, whereto it goes."

Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid beat:
When he is drunk asleep, or in his rage;
Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed;
At gaming, swearing; or about some feast;
That has no guilt of intrusions;
And now I'll kill him that he has not sinned against;
And that his soul may be as damn'd, and black,
As hell, whereto it goes."

This scene is usually omitted on the stage; nevertheless it is one of those which afford the best key to the character of Hamlet. As has been said, by the perusal of all the English critics, has best understood Shakespeare, Wm. Hazlitt. "Hamlet is the prince of philosophical operators, and because he cannot have his revenge perfect, according to the most robust idea his wish can form, he misses it altogether." Thus it is in effect, that Hamlet possesses his work of revenge; he makes of it a kind of poem. He makes treaties of peace with the guilty, he advocates in the death of his father a character worthy of the crime which he has to punish; but still, he expands his whole strength in revolutions unavailing; he dies, so to speak, in travail. This trait of character is profoundly true; it traverses the basis of human nature— Where in the world, where the king, who wears the crown, has not, like Hamlet, created an ideal, who has not permitted, like him in his heart or in his head, a type unrealizable, impossible, who has not, like him, always expected, always deferred, saying: "This is not yet it! And we die, meeting the indolent ruler, saying always: to-morrow!"

There is this much of eternal truth in Hamlet: the will crushed by the ideal; the limited power of human nature expressed by the infinite of the imagination. The sense of nothing underneath this very base. Observe

him in the fantastic church-yard scene, handling skulls, and saying in Horatio— "Dost thou think, Alexander looked at this fashion?" the earth?"

"'Tis so.
And smelt so? pah!"

Then, what good to be Alexander, what good the imperial Caesar, to return to that? Hamlet will be neither the one nor the other; he will be nothing, will do nothing. This is why the catastrophe is brought about without his cognizance. It is nothing but a blind instrument. The edifice slowly and patiently built up by his projects of revenge, falls at a blow, and crushes him under its ruin. The events are precipitated upon each other, without order, without connection, with all the uncontrolled and disordered confusion: "For my part," says he, "far from finding fault with the plan of Hamlet, I maintain that some more perfect has ever been invented: I would even say that this plan is not an invention, but that it is a silly. We all like to see a hero, who acts upon his own impressions, who hates or who loves according to the requirements of his own heart, who overthrows all obstacles, and attains the object which he has himself proposed. The poets and the historians would wish to convince us that a destiny thus glorious may be allotted to a human being; the example which Shakespeare furnishes in his Hamlet is less suited to Sater ear rattle, but it is more truthful. His hero has not any fixed scheme, and this is the greatest merit of the admirable plan of the play. This plan does not consist in having a guilty wretch punished in pursuance of a vengeful repute so obstinate as to end in triumphing over all that seems to render it unfeasible. A monstrous crime has been committed; its consequences invade the innocent; the culprit is about to escape from the gulf which threatens him, and at the moment he thinks he has forever avoided it, he falls. Whoever has given himself the trouble to reflect upon the occurrence of life, knows that the results of a crime sometimes ruin the innocent, as a virtuous action profits the guilty, without the intention of one or the other receiving the punishment or the reward which he deserves. Now this is what occurs in Hamlet. In vain does purgatory send one of its inhabitants back to the world to demand vengeance; in vain are all things ordered to fulfil this end; the power of earth and hell cannot prevail against the irrevocable decree of destiny. At length the hour of judgment strikes, and the wicked perishes with the good—"

Thus, who has imitated Hamlet, has entirely reversed this character. Of the Hamlet irrevocable, and changing as the waves, he has made a stational young prince full of will and energy—

"I make up courage de feu sous un dehors paisible,
Et tous mes sentiments, l'aveur Forme.
By gravest an silence, a juvenile torments

Na vous y trompez pas; mes paroles outrage
Et se sentent jusque dans le cœur de tout le monde."

Thus was one of those poets and historians of whom destiny speaks, who absolutely require that crimes should be punished and virtue rewarded. His hero therefore ends by becoming a conqueror, and succeeds to his father's throne. This is more moral, but it is less true. The veritable Hamlet, on the contrary, is the victim of destiny; the drop of water in the ocean; the individual lost and absorbed in general events. The car of events, like that of the Indian, which comes over and crushes him with all who surround him. The event and mad Ophelia is drawn into the current and there perishes. This part of Ophelia, so tender, so devoted, and so sacrificing, is it not that which women play in the life of great men, or of great thinkers, or of conquerors, of all those in short who are engaged in any ambition or by public affairs? It is something like the part of Josephine in the life of Napoleon; the main of his very pillbox tears that flow from the altar of home, and rushes to pursuit of destiny, like Hamlet in pursuit of the ghost. — "My fate is no end."

— Literally— He hides a heart of fire beneath a peaceful exterior, and all his sentiments, so silently grave upon it, never imprudently, — "Do not deceive yourself; such judgments are never announced save when they are straggled."

"— Poor wanderers through this vale of tears, would ye find rest and consolation for your troubled spirit,— would ye know unobscured happiness? If so, we advise you to be deathly without delay. The Mosaic World of Time— Now is the time to embrace."

Louis XIV.—A Musician.

It is a generally known fact that, in his youth, Louis XIV. often figured in the ballets presented at his court. But there is another fact of which most people are ignorant, and that is, that he was passionately fond of making rhymes and light kinds of songs. He used to spend a great portion of his leisure hours in composing, after the model of the songs entitled *bons mots*, a mass of poetry and music; and Meru knows, that it was not of the very highest merit.

None of these trifles have reached us. Contemporary memoirs sometimes mention them; but they take especial care not to quote even the smallest fragment,—out of respect, no doubt, to the "Grand Monarque." However this may be, during the first year of his reign Louis XIV. was in the habit of writing songs on every possible subject; he was a perfect monomaniac in this respect. He was indeed to reproduce his poetical and musical pretensions in rather an odd manner.

One day as that astute courtier, the Duke de Mousieur, for whom Boileau wrote so magnificent an eulogy, was on the point of leaving his Majesty's study, after a serious and interesting conversation, the king stopped him, "I know," said Louis, "that besides a vast fund of sterling sense, your Grace possesses a great deal of wit and taste. Whether the point under discussion is one of the most serious importance, or of the lightest possible nature, you always show the keenest appreciation and the most correct judgment. I have here got a new song, and I should like to know what you think of it."

"Your Majesty does me great honor," replied the Duke; "but I think it would be better if you were to consult Monsieur Quinault, or Monsieur de Bernersde."

"Not at all, Duke. I am particularly anxious to hear your opinion, and I desire that you express it without the least reserve."

"Sir, I am all attention."
Hereupon the king commenced singing, to a popular air, one of the most wretched songs ever written in the French language. After he had concluded, he turned to the duke, and said—
"Well, Sir, what do you think of it?"

"I think that your Majesty is exceedingly kind to take any notice of a rhapsody like that, written by some miserable rhymer—"

"You think that it is bad, then?" said the King, blushing up to the eyes, and then turning very pale.
"I think it is detestable."

"Soppose I told your Grace," continued the King, endeavoring to conceal his feelings, "suppose I told you that the author of the work for which you express such contempt, was the King of France?"

"In that case, I should say to the King of France that he ordered me to speak without reserve, and that I obeyed him."

Louis XIV. reflected for a moment or two, and then stretching out his hand to the Duke, said:—
"You are right, Sir, and I am glad I consulted you. My song is a very stupid one; never mind I will not write any more."

The King kept his word.

TO MUSIC.

Queen of every moving measure,
Sweetest source of purest pleasure,
Mist, why thy power so mighty
Only for the soul of joy?
Only for the smiling guests
At natal or at nuptial feasts?
Rather thy laurels numbers pour
On those whom our eyes gift do pour;
Bid be thine the throbbed hearts
Of those whom Death or Absence parts;
And with the soul's soft whisper air,
Smooth the brow of death's despair.

Review of Music.

PUBLICATIONS NEWLY RECEIVED.

[In our "Review of Music," we have introduced, for convenience in classification, a graduated scale of merit, comprising six degrees, as follows:

- 1.—Trash.
2.—Inferior.
3.—Tolerable.
4.—Good.
5.—Very Good.
6.—Admirable.

Recommended
for
purchase.

Thus, it will be seen that we recommend for purchase the music that we consider "good," "very good," or "admirable." It may sometimes happen that a degree of the scale will have so much assigned to it, owing to there being some of that class on hand for review; in which case a few stars will be inserted, in place of music, for the purpose of carrying the full scale before the reader.]

—Trash—

• • • • •

—Inferior—

- 1.—GARDNER, H. CRAVER. "We part on this green island, love!" Song. 25 cents. Gould & Berry, New York.

—Tolerable—

- 2.—FISCH, Henry. "Japanese polka." Oth & Jackson, New York.
3.—FISCH, Edward. "Daisy Schottland." 25 cents. Oth & Jackson, New York.
4.—SANDWICH, A. "Genie's Amity Kate." Song with chorus. 25 cents. Oth & Jackson, New York.
5.—STREIBER, F. "Polka de Marie belle." G. W. Brunsard & Co., Louisville.
6.—BRADY, Wm. B. "The wife's last words." Song. 25 cents. Gould & Berry, New York.
7.—REDFORD, Geo. C. "The waltz which sticks the parting sun." Song. 25 cents. J. Sage & Son, Buffalo.
8.—SANDWICH, A. "Poor Uncle Tom." Song. Wm. Vandenberg, N. Y.

THE FOLLOWING ARE

RECOMMENDED FOR PURCHASE.

—Good—

- 9.—FRANZONI, T. "A kind word, is it not an easy subject." Song. 25 cents. Oth & Jackson, 499 Broadway. A pretty song on a good subject.
10.—WALLACE, W. "Joach gets the million." Song with chorus. G. W. Brunsard & Co., Louisville. A popular air, words by Geo. Morris. (G. P.'s.) music arranged by W. Wallace (W. V.)
11.—MOZART. "Never think I can deceive thee." Song. 25 cents. Brunsard & Co., Louisville. Mozart's beautiful serenades in "Don Giovanni" is here arranged to English words. The accompaniment is liberally adapted to the piano, but it will answer.
12.—LAFITTE & STRAUSS. "Polkas and Waltzes for four hands." 25 cents. Gould & Berry, New York. A capital Galopade, much admired and danced, "over the water."
13.—CROSBY, Wm. "Uncle Tom's Cabin Song." No. 1. Gentle Eon. 25 cents. W. C. Peters & Son, Cincinnati. A good song, got up in a new and exquisite style. To our lady friends who wish to see something truly unique, we would recommend this and the succeeding song; the title page are enclosed, presenting the appearance of a love border around the title: (much admired by Jenny Lind).
14.—WELLS, H. P. "25 cents of the Romantic—Answer to Ben Bolt." Song. 25 cents. W. C. Peters & Son, Cincinnati. A smooth and flowing melody.
15.—TREVINO, Henry G. "I am not old or, The Song of Jeremy." J. E. Russell, Baltimore. A good song on a good theme.
16.—LOVE, Samuel. "Give me my arrows, and give me my bow." Song. 25 cents. Fifth, Pond & Co., N. Y.
17.—A song in Lover's pleasing style. Easy.
18.—ICONS, William. "Opera Wreath." A collection of opera airs arranged for piano. Two numbers. 25 cents each. Fifth, Pond & Co., N. Y. Got up with a very beautiful and elaborate title page—an ornament to a lady's piano. The music is composed of popular and opera airs; well strong together, but the pro-reading seems to have been neglected: many blunders in harmony.
19.—NEVILL, Hon. Mrs. "Fay for those at sea." Song. 25 cents. Fifth, Pond & Co., New York. A song with unusual vigour. Much, like most of Mrs. Norton's, rather in the amateur style, but not lacking in poetic sentiment.
20.—SANDWICH, A. "The Fireman's Death." Song with chorus; sung by Wood's Minstrels. 25 cents. Gould & Berry, New York. A popular theme composed in popular style.

- 20.—BURNETT, Pringle. "Where the whirling water flows." Duett for two sopranos. 25 cents. Hall & Son, New York.
Musical simple, and agreeable.

- 21.—FRANZONI, Maurice. "Sleep light gently on thy breast." Song. 25 cents. Wm. Hall & Son, New York. A lulling serenade.

- 22.—LORRA, Stephen. "Beautiful Erin." Ballad. 25 cents. Hall & Son, New York. An easy, but effective and pretty song.

—Very Fine—

- 23.—MORSE, Leonard. "Six Songs, No. 2. (Song of Spring.)" 25 cents. Oliver Ditson, Boston.

One of Mendelssohn's finished and exquisite productions. A song never to be tired of, but requiring some little study.

- "Six songs," No. 3. "To the absent one." 12½ cents. An enter song such as the preceding: simple and sweet.

—Admirable—

- 24.—MOZART. "Chefs d'Œuvre de Mozart: No. 19. 'Ronde and air with variations.' Alfred Novello, London, and 509 Broadway, New York. This exquisite Ronde has always been a great favorite of ours. In tenderness and pathos it cannot be surpassed. It is not difficult, and we recommend it to all who appreciate beautiful music.

- 25.—BURNETT, Pringle. Edition of Piano Sonatas. Two No's., Op. 25, 26 and op. 31, 32. Oliver Ditson, Boston.

The publisher deserves great credit for bringing out this beautiful edition of Beethoven's Sonatas. Of the two numbers sent us, op. 25 is a composition in pastoral style partly descriptive. In the first movement, you have raining water and the humming, rustle of the country. A thunder-storm comes up, succeeded by clear and serene weather. The second movement is a dramatic and impressive Andante, in D. minor. A *Ritorno* succeeds, and then a Ronde, in the former pastoral style again. We prefer the first movement, which is beautifully smooth and flowing. Op. 31 in E. is also a noble sonata, the graceful and elevated Minuetto of which, must always be specially admired.

Musical News.

—New York—

ENGLISH OPERA AT NIBLO'S.

A CRITICAL novelty this week has been the production of Flotow's opera of "Martha," anglicized, and put upon the American stage by Mr. Boehm, the principal rôle being assumed by Madame Anna Bishop. The opera, in itself, is a very neat one, the scenic effect pleasing, and calculated to entertain an audience very prettily for an evening. The first performance was imperfect in many respects. In the first act, we had a chorus, behind the scenes, singing just a "beat" or two in advance of the music going on in front; and in the last act, Madame Bishop became involved in a certain labyrinth of modulations, by which she lost the key entirely, and was in the clouds for several obnoxious measures. These, however, are merely matters of more finished rehearsal, which another performance will set entirely right. The action of the opera turns upon a practical joke of two high-born ladies, who assume the character of servants to be "hired out," with other villagers of a hamlet, to young farmers. The joke ends in rather a serious way,—no less than their falling in love with their employers, with whom they are obliged, by the village authorities, (very much against their eventual inclination,) to go home. They escape their servitude, but, by some charming operatic miracle, the farmers turn out to be gentlemen of quality, and the lovers are made happy.

Miss Rosa Jacques is very indefatigable in her part, and in one or two situations appeals strongly to the audience. A singular and somewhat violent contrast to the English element, and style of singing in the opera, is presented in M. Guidi, an Italian, with a thorough

ly Italian school of vocalization, who undertakes the rôle of Lyonel. His sentiment is rather intense, he being, evidently, in a very "bad way," as the heart-matters, throughout most of the opera; but he produces a passage now and then, of genuine vocal beauty. Mr. Leach has a fresh, manly, earnest way of singing and acting, which we like. His has good *foi* for this, in the pathetic Mr. Guido.

The opera was under the direction of Mr. Boehm. Madame Marietta Albion rendered attractive and conspicuous one of the stage boxes, which she occupied with her suite: she tapped approbation to Mr. Guido once or twice, and was an attentive and interested listener throughout. We trust that a fair trial will now be given to English opera, and that Madame Bishop will successfully carry through what Madame Anna Thillon so brilliantly started. English is a desperate language for music, and English skill is singular in matters of vocalization; but let us have all *styles* in the universal realm of sound.

THE PHILHARMONIC give a public rehearsal on Saturday afternoon, November 6th; on the 15th inst. they give a morning rehearsal, and on the evening of the same date their first concert of the present season takes place. We hope to be able to present the programme next week.

We have a "first rate notice," otherwise a thorough criticism, of Eisleif's Quartette Solrée on Saturday evening last, in type, which, for reasons not necessary to state, is postponed till next week.

Miscellaneous.

—Washington—

A HEAVY friend writes that Maria Gemmal, a young violinist who has just won the war in this city. At a concert recently given, "he played," says our friend, "two of Faganini's most difficult studies. De Beriot's 24 fantasia. Arco's croak solo from Bonnycastle, a concert duet for violin and violoncello, and an aria and rondo of great difficulty, by Faganini, *an one string*—the 4th. He plays with the utmost grace, even surpassing in this respect, Bergman and Schultz of the German Musical Company, who are the most graceful performers I know. —The Washington Philharmonic is preparing soon to give a grand concert."

—Herdin, Ct—

We have received an anonymous communication concerning a concert in this village. We never publish anonymous letters.

—Warrenton—

We have been favored with a programme of a concert given in this pleasant village, by the pupils of the Warrenton Female Seminary, under the direction of their able teacher, Prof John F. Brandt. The programme contains pieces of a high order, to perform which would require good musical ability on the part of the executants. We are glad to receive evidence of such musical culture in Warrenton and vicinity.

—Musical Conventions—

Musical Conventions are becoming very popular, and are being held in all parts of the country. Bradley, Baker, Taylor, Johnson, Dewey, Southward, and others whose names we cannot name in the field, may have abundant votes of singing in the band. We are glad to observe this energy and industry on the part of these gentlemen, and hope to see good results follow their labors. All the above-named gentlemen are authors of singing-books, and it happens that we have the latest of each of them on hand for review; we hope many of their books will be sold, that the readers of *The Musical World of Times* may have abundant opportunities of testing, appreciating and enjoying our criticisms.

Arouse, O Slumb'ring Heart!

Vocal Etude by CONCONT. Done into English and inscribed to

MISS JENNY MOWRY,

By GEORGE HENRY CURTIS.

Andante Maestoso.

A - rouse O slumb'ring heart! The voice of truth is

The first system of the musical score, featuring a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Andante Maestoso'. The vocal line begins with a rest, followed by the lyrics 'A - rouse O slumb'ring heart! The voice of truth is'. The piano accompaniment consists of a right hand with flowing sixteenth-note patterns and a left hand with a steady bass line.

sound ing, Hid dream-y doubt de - - part But faith, be it a - -

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'sound ing, Hid dream-y doubt de - - part But faith, be it a - -'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns.

boun - - - - - ding! Your fears be ev - er quel - - - - - ling, Your vows be al - way

The third and final system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics 'boun - - - - - ding! Your fears be ev - er quel - - - - - ling, Your vows be al - way'. The piano accompaniment concludes with a final cadence.

tel ling. And thoughts that slum-ber'd long Hence-forth be all your song

When the tempt-er's eye al-lures Your scorn shall break the

charm; What the er-ring now en-dures May move you to no

harm. Pass the tempt-er by, Hear the er-ring cry. O im
dolce.

mor - - tal! Fight not with the air, Point Christ's lambs with care, To Hearn's por - - tal! It is His

voice of tend' rest tone, That bids your hearts, once sad - ly lone, In peace to

dwell. When af - fic - tion's night draws near, That voice shall cheer you

still; When the part - ing hour is near; Your soul shall fear no ill.



In Him, O safe - ly, safe - - - - ly dwell.



"Ye bless - ed of my Fa - - - - ther!" It is His voice . . . will greet ye



soon: Then heart a - - rouse! . . . in life's full noon, And fight not with the air, But feed His lambs with



care, Hence - forth be this your song.

SONG—BY MOORE.

Go, let me weep; 'tho' hills in tears,
When she who sheds them, truly feels
Some lingering stain of early years
Effaced, by every drop that steals.
The fruitless showers of worldly woe,
Fall dark to earth, and never rise;
While tears that from repentance flow,
In bright exhalation reach the skies.

Leave me to sigh o'er hours that flew
More hild than the summer's wind,
And while they passed a fragrance threw,
But left no trace of sweets behind.
The warmest sigh that pleasure breaths,
Is cold, is faint, to those that swell
The heart, when pure repentance grieves
O'er hours of pleasure loved too well!

A Powerful Instrument.

DURING the early part of the French Invasion of Algiers—occupation, we believe, is the milder diplomatic term—a small party of the French troops fell into an Arab ambush, and those who were not immediately slain or taken prisoners, were obliged to place more trust in their heels than their muskets. It happened that the regimental band was with the party, and the musicians made a retreat with the rest, in a pretentious movement of the most rapid execution. The ophicleid player was, however, embarrassed by his instrument, and he was hesitating about carrying it further, when, happening to cast a Partibus glasse behind, to his consternation, he looted a crowd of horsemen close upon him. Further flight was useless; there was nothing for it but to fight or surrender. Years of desert slavery made a gloomy prospect; and yet what could his side-sword avail against the spear of his pursuer? Desperation is the parent of many a strange resource. The lately abused ophicleid was lifted to his shoulder, musket fashion, and the musket brought to cover his face. The Arab was struck with panic, doubting that he would be able to pierce the armor of the ophicleid. He made a dash for death, with a mouth big enough to sweep half his tribe into eternity. Not a second did he hesitate, but, wheeling round, he galloped off at a pace that soon took him out of what he conceived might be the range of this grandfather of all the muskets. Had Prospero been there to have treated him to a blast, something between a volcano and a typhoon, that side of Mount Atlas would never have beheld him more. Our musician made his retreat good with a higher opinion of the powers of his instrument than he has ever before possessed; and the story was the amusement of the French army for many a day afterwards.

CONCERTS.

Philharmonic Society—Eleventh Season.
THE FIRST CONCERT OF THIS SEASON WILL TAKE place on SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 13th, 1852, at 8 o'clock, at the Grand Opera House, under the management of Mr. H. G. T. HARRIS. Applications for tickets, &c., received by Messrs. Knickerbocker and Lane, No. 28 Broadway, or by Messrs. Knickerbocker and Lane, No. 28 Broadway, or by Messrs. Knickerbocker and Lane, No. 28 Broadway, or by Messrs. Knickerbocker and Lane, No. 28 Broadway.

Maurice Strakosch
ANNOUNCES TO HIS FRIENDS AND THE PUBLIC that he has engaged for the next season, to give a series of **PHILOSOPHICAL CONCERTS**, to be held at the following places: Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, New York, New Orleans, Charleston, Savannah, Augusta, Columbia, Montgomery, Columbia, Nashville, Memphis, St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Detroit, New Orleans, Buffalo, Toronto, Montreal, New Orleans, and Albany.

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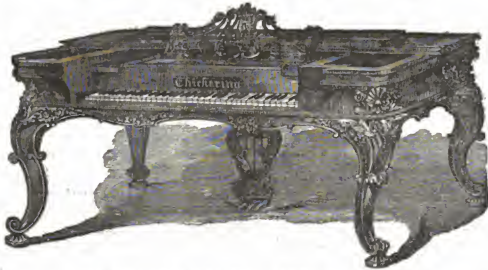
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 "I ever held this sentiment of the Poet as a canon of my creed; that whom God loveth not, they love not Musick."—*J. Morley, 1554.*"]

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RICHARD STORES WILLIS,
Editor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1852.

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Carl Eckert as a Conductor.

MUCH as this gentleman has been lauded, we have observed, during the last concert-series, repeated cases of gross blunders in direction; particularly in Italian music, with which he does not seem so conversant as with German. In the performance of Friday of last week, and of Monday evening last, were marked instances of this. We refer to the piece from *Lucia*, and the Terzett from *I Lombardi*.—It is the duty of a conductor to watch the solo performers, in such instances, and follow their tempo: skillfully whipping-up or retarding the orchestra, according to the varying expression of the singers. Whereas, Mr. Eckert, forgetting that he and his orchestra were not leading but accompanying the singers, drove the instrumentation far in advance, thus completely stranding the vocalists—had we forgot: in one instance (the *Lucia*) he but to do with Madame SONTAG, who triumphantly vindicated her rights as to time and expression: the orchestra were driven far beyond her, when, turning half indignantly around, she finished, deliberately and emphatically, her musical period, compelling Mr. Eckert and the orchestra to fall in with her. It was finely done. That's right!—We exclaimed to our neighbor—Badioli, Pavesini and Roscoe, have each, in their turn, met with the same mortifying experience, and have failed making the very point at which they aimed in the music,

from the same cause. As leader of an orchestra *eleme*, we dare say that few are better than Mr. Eckert. But as a leader in vocal and instrumental score, (particularly in Italian Opera) we begin to have our doubts of his experience and skill.

Sontag's best Evening.

On Monday evening Sontag sang incomparably better than we ever before heard her. Her voice was clearer, more voluminous and musical, while her execution was more than ordinarily felicitous. Perhaps this is to be ascribed to the genial influences of the delicious, Indian-summer air we have been breathing for a few days: an influence by none more keenly felt than by artistic natures. This seemed to have its effect also on Pavesini, who really excelled himself, on the same occasion. In the Terzett, he suddenly rose up to a majestic rendering of his part, throwing great energy, brilliancy and power into the entire performance.

Could we but always tell our friends, beforehand, when is to be the best performance! But the Muse, particularly the Musical, is a Goddess of such endless caprices, that it is impossible to surmise how we shall find her. In fact, she rarely knows herself, until she begins to discourse to us.

This most enjoyable Monday-evening-concert was exceedingly well attended: the ladies looked their prettiest: our wives and sisters all had their best new bonnets on (such was worn every) bright and joyous faces met your eye on every hand; while here and there, in extended group, was a bevy of blooming maidens from the up-town schools—like choice and set-apart beds of roses, in the general garden of attractions. The queen-flower was certainly Sontag herself, who had the true morning-flush of beauty on her cheek, and who was adored more tastefully than ever. By the way, it is said, that the more beautiful daughter of a beautiful mother, is, at present, one of the choicest of Continental flowers.

An item or two of Musical Information.

THE chorus in Madame SONTAG's concert (that mighty, but useless musical force—except as far as the demonstration went) was composed of American and Italian performers. The Italians were paid for their services. The services of the Americans were gratuitous, except that the female singers received, each, one free ticket. On nights when the chorus did not perform, (like the concluding) each male singer received one free ticket, and each female two. Among the Chorus were members of the N. Y. Harmonic Society. In order somewhat to remunerate this promising association, Mad. Sontag consented to sing twice in two oratorios which are to be produced: namely, the *Edifa* of Mendelssohn, and (probably) the *Creation*. The proceeds of the two performances are to be shared equally by the Society and Madame Sontag.

Mr. Fry's Second Lecture.

FAR surpassing the first in interest, was the second lecture of the course. We have no doubt, that each successive evening will now prove more interesting. Should the rest be even as attractive as this second one, Mr. Fry will greatly delight his large and intelligent auditory.

The antique music, given us as the first part of the musical programme, was unique and interesting in the extreme. There was something very appealing in that ancient Chinese choral. The intervals were all *pathetic* in their character, (like the interval between the 3rd and 6th of the diatonic scale,—backward and forward) and the melodical succession had this peculiarity, that it was impossible to tell which *tone* would come next. In our modern music, particularly the Italian, you can anticipate a good portion of it, particularly in those inevitable sequences of thought, of which the Italians are so fond. But anticipation—in this ancient music—is out of

the question. If it were otherwise, we presume it would hardly be ascient.

We think the revelations of primal Art which Mr. Fry is making to us in these lectures, are very extraordinary. Ours, is a great day for facts; and facts, of a most interesting description. Mr. Fry is giving us. They have the same seat to the mind that *novæ* has: and musical news, in a certain sense, which has been lying in continental libraries for centuries, is just now being published to us. We advise to our friends to be present to hear it.

The performances of music in the second part were creditable to all concerned, except—we regret to say it—Mr. Bristow. Such leading!—We have elsewhere commented on Mr. Eckert's conducting, in certain cases. But upon Mr. Bristow's use of the baton, we think we had better be silent. The quartet of unfortunate singers who felt it by far the most acutely, will perhaps be less silent than we,—which consideration confirms us in our expressed resolution.

Mr. Fry, under the circumstances, has made a good selection of vocal artists. Madame Rose de Vries came freshly and vigorously before the audience, bringing them to their feet, almost, with her surprising strength, clearness and brilliancy in the upper register. She has great power over an audience—this lady; despite some little lack of refinement in style. The Vettis, and Coletti also succeeded quite as well—as Mr. Bristow would let them.

A word of Explanation.

In another column will be seen the second article on musical matters—which we promised last week—from the pen of the great *American Sage*. It will be found quite as interesting as the first.

By the way, in our remarks, as to Franklin's views of *verification*, in the last number, a singular substitution of words took place, by which the intended meaning was entirely reversed;—we felt almost as badly as Mr. Girac seems to feel, in a letter from his hand in this number. The text made us say "He (Dr. Franklin) evidently believes, and understands only, the entire subordination of the words to the music."

Now, if our friends, from henceforth, will be kind enough to be entirely oblivious of these words, or even "tear them out of the *Musical World* page," (as Mr. Girac says) substituting therefor the following sentence—we will be overlastingly obliged to them:—

He evidently believes, and understands only, the entire subordination of the MUSIC TO THE words: which is one way of treating the text, and comes under the first classification we made.

Destruction of Chickering's Pianoforte Manufactory.

THE lightning has doubtless already flashed the particulars of this lamentable catastrophe to the remotest of our readers; still, our feelings will not permit us to refrain from referring to what may have thus become familiar news to the public. We consider the destruction of Mr. Chickering's manufactory, with its treasures of

drawings, diagrams, patterns, and the recorded results of a long experience of its renowned proprietor, as a national calamity. It is the saddest blow that mechanical Art has ever received in this country; and the *musical public* ought, in our opinion, to TAKE A PUBLIC DISCUSSION OF IT IN SOME APPROPRIATE DEMONSTRATION. Next week we shall publish an interesting and valuable article on pianoforte-making (which has been sometimes in preparation,) as illustrated by Mr. Chickering's enterprise, previous to the destruction of his manufactory.

MR. WM. B. BRADBURY'S Singing Classes for beginners, will commence on Monday evening next, as advertised in another column. Ye who wish to learn to sing, read said advertisement.—By the way, we have received a letter from Knox College, Illinois, highly eulogistic of Mr. Bradbury's method of teaching, and conducting conventions. We are glad to learn of his success on his late visit to that section. We should be glad to publish the letter, had not the substance of it already appeared in our columns.

Letter from Emilio Girac, Esq.

CONTRIBUTION TO THE ARTICLES ON THE PARIS CONSERVATORY, &c.

November 29th, 1845.
Messrs. DYER & WELLS, GENTLEMEN.—I have freedom to-day your last issue of Nov. 23. I could not help writing to you immediately when, after reading, I found in the last pages of my Sketch of the Conservatory some notices (of the printer, no doubt) which, to me at least, are of essential importance. As I regret, I found in the text:—"Cherubini's poverty in Paris and the Conservatory as a proverbial fact."—The poor of Cherubini had never been proverbial anywhere, for he has never been poor, at least he was not such when director of the Conservatory. The word here mistaken is *Amour-propre*—not *poverty*; integrity; his honesty, I have said, was as proverbial as that of the *Archevêque*; but I felt deeply pained when, in the line below, in the same column, I came to this sentence:—"Cherubini (who at that time was miserably poor) instructed the poor? Instructed the poor? Instructed in their conduct, may be miserably poor. Besides, the words miserably poor, imply something ignoble in the view of whom they are speaking, and make appear that such a poor fellow had hardly the accession of life. Cherubini, as has been too rich at one time than another, but not miserably poor, not even poor in the strict meaning of the word. What I have intimated of him, is that he was not rich, when the directorship of the King's Music Chapel was offered to him. Before he got that honorable office, he had composed several successful works for the French and foreign stage, which supplied him with plenty of means, so as to be pretty well off; had it not been enough for him, his fame as the first Theorist of the time, would have given him numerous scholars if he had attempted or even wished to give lessons in composition; he was constantly declined, except for some obscure pupils such as Aubert, or others in the Conservatory when director of that institution. I am very sorry for this last mistake of copy, and will try to set it right. I read out of *The Musical World* the sentence page, which I considered to be the memory of Cherubini's words. In the third paragraph of the second column, too, it is said, concerning Berlioz: "He offered to transfer to music a field in literature,—but Beethoven's *symphony* had been the *Demagogue*."

You should give me much pleasure, gentlemen, if you were as good as to devise some means of correcting the mistakes which I bring to your notice in this letter. It seems to me, in the column of the "Special Notices," or by an errata. You will really oblige your most obedient servant and friend,
EMILIO GIRAC.

If our friend Mr. Girac had ever edited a paper, he would not be at all surprised at much worse blunders than those in his admirable articles on the Conservatory of Paris; (which, by the way, we observe have been copied in the London Journals from our column.) For our own part, we read over our articles, after they have been set up, in an agony of suspense, lest we should be horrified and our hair set on end, by some atrocious blunder either in grammar or sense. But we have got used to it now. "Nobody ever sees such things but the writer of the article." Accept an editor's philosophy, dear friend!

Dr. Franklin's Opinions on Music.

The following letter on music, by the Philosopher of America, is from the "Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Benjamin Franklin, ELD." by his Grandson, W. Temple Franklin, 1818." The interest which this great man took in the art, may be seen in his letter to the Padre Benozzi, describing "the new musical instrument composed of glasses," of his own invention, (vol. II. p. 330); so also in the letter to Mr. Oliver Neave, "respecting the best medium for conveying sound," *ib.* p. 335.

TO LOAN KACHT.—In my passage to America, I read your excellent work, "The Elements of Criticism," in which I found great entertainment. I only wish you had examined more fully the subject of music, and demonstrated that the pleasure artists feel in hearing music of that composed in the modern taste, is not the natural pleasure arising from melody, or harmony of sounds, but of the same kind with the pleasure we feel on seeing the surprising feats of tumblers and rope dancers, who execute difficult things. For my part I take this to be really the case, and suppose it the reason why those who are unpractised in music, and therefore unacquainted with those difficulties, have little or no pleasure in hearing this music. Many pieces of it are compositions of tricks. I have sometimes, at a concert, attended by a common audience, placed myself so as to see in all their faces, and observed no signs of pleasure in them during the performance of a great part of what was admired by the performers themselves, while a plain old Scotch tune, which they disdained, and would scarcely be prevailed upon to play, gave me interest and general delight.

Give me leave, on this occasion, to extend a little the sense of your position, that 'melody and harmony are separately agreeable, and in union delightful,' and to give it as my opinion, that the reason why the Scotch tunes have lived so long, and will probably live forever, (if they escape being stifled in modern affected ornaments) is merely this, that they are really compositions of melody and harmony united, or rather, that their melody is harmony—I mean the simple tones rung by a single reed. As this will appear paradoxical, I must explain my meaning. In common acceptance, indeed, only an agreeable succession of sounds is called melody, and only the co-existence of agreeable sounds, harmony. But since the memory is capable of retaining, for some moments, a perfect idea of the pitch of a sound, so as to compare with it the pitch of a succeeding sound, and judge truly of their agreement or disagreement, there may and does arise from thence, a sense of harmony between the present and past sounds, equally pleasing with that between two present sounds. Now the construction of the old Scotch tune is this, that almost every succeeding emphatic note is a third, a fifth, an octave, or, in short, some note that is in accordance with the preceding note. Thirds are chiefly used, which are very pleasing concord. I use the word emphatic to distinguish those notes which have a stress laid on them in singing the tune, from the lighter connecting notes, that serve merely, like grammar articles in common speech, to tack the whole together.

That we have a most perfect idea of a sound just past, I might appeal to all acquainted with music, who know how easy it is to repeat a sound in the same pitch with one just heard. In tuning an instrument, a good ear can as easily determine that two strings are in unison by sounding them separately, as by sounding them together; their disagreement is also as easily, I believe I may say more easily and better distinguished, when sounded separately; for when sounded together, though you know by the beating that one is higher than the other, you cannot tell which it is. I have subscribed to memory the ability

ly of comparing the pitch of a present tone with that of one past. But if there should be, as there possibly may be, something in the ear, similar to what we find in the eye, the skillful would not be entirely owing to memory. Possibly the vibrations given to the auditory nerves by a particular sound, may actually continue some time after the cause of the vibration is past, and the agreement or disagreement a subsequent sound becomes, by comparison with them, more discernible; so the impression made on the visual organ by a luminous object will continue for twenty or thirty seconds. Sitting in a room, look earnestly at the middle of a window a little while when the day is bright, and then shut your eyes; the figure of the window will still remain in the eye, and so distinct, that you may count the paces. A remarkable circumstance attending this experiment is, that the impression of forms is better retained than that of colors; for after the eyes are shut, when you first discern the image of the window, the paces appear dark, and the cross bars of the sashes, with the window frames and walls, appear white or bright; but if you still add to the darkness in the eye by covering them with your hand, the reverse instantly takes place—the paces appear luminous, and the cross bars dark; and by removing the hand, they are again reversed. This I know not how to account for.

Further, when we consider by whom these ancient tones were composed, and how they were first performed, we shall see that the harmonical succession of sounds were natural and every necessary in their construction. They were composed by the voice of those days, to be played on the harp, accompanied by the voice. The harp was strung with wire, which gives a sound of long continuance, and had no contrivance like that in the modern harpsichord, which the sound of the preceding could be stopped, the moment a note began. To avoid actual discord, it was therefore necessary that the succeeding emphatic note should be a chord with the preceding, as their sound must cease at the same time. Hence arose that beauty in those tunes, that so appear pleased, and will please for ever, though men scarce know why.²

That these tunes were originally composed for the harp, and of the most simple kind, (I mean a harp without any half notes but those of the natural scale, and with no more than two octaves of strings, from C to C) I conjecture from another circumstance, which is, that not one of those tunes, really ancient, has a single artificial note in it, and that in times where it was most prevalent; that the voice uses the middle notes of the harp, and places the key in F, then the B, which, if used, would be a B flat, is always omitted by passing over it with a third. The conclusion in modern music will say that I have no taste; but I cannot help adding, that I believe our ancestors, in hearing a good song distinctly articulated, sung to one of those tunes, and accompanied by the harp, felt more real pleasure than is communicated by the generality of modern operas, exclusive of that arising from the scenery and dancing.

Most tunes of late composition, not having this natural harmony united with their melody, have recourse to the artificial harmony of a bass, and other accompanying parts. This support, in my opinion, the old tunes do not need, and are rather confined than aided by it. Whoever has heard James Oswald play them on his violoncello will be less inclined to dispute this with me. I have more than once seen tears of pleasure in the eyes of his auditors; and yet, I think even his playing those tunes would please more, if he gave them less modern ornament.

I am, &c.,

B. FRANKLIN.

Fundamental Principles in Musical Taste.

For The Musical World.

MR. EDITOR.—I love sometimes, to help those who are laboring successfully in a good cause. In looking over the notes of an address, delivered some six or eight years since, before a musical convention in Boston, it occurred to me that the train of thought embraced in it, might be interesting to some of your readers. The address was, at the time, solicited for publication but I was then too much occupied to give it the necessary corrections. Respectfully yours,

TH. HAYWARD.

ADDRESS, &c.

AMONG the musicians and amateurs of this country, we find endless diversity in taste. The circumstances is not wonderful. It may be easily explained. Most persons endeavor to form opinions of musical compositions and performances, without reference to any fixed or intelligible law of criticism. They appear to decide such questions as by instinct. Listening to a piece of music, they are pleased or displeased, as the case may be; but know not whether to refer the matter to intrinsic merit or demerit, or to the operation of accidental or extraneous causes. They are often willingly governed by the random decisions of others. Even in so musical a country as Germany, there were not wanting, some years since, of the public concert, individuals who sought to regulate their own criterion by the vitæ smiles of the celebrated Haydn. Examples of this kind, however ridiculous they might seem, are not confined to Germany. They exist among ourselves.

Many are governed in their decisions by the acknowledged talent of composer and executant; as if the genius of a Beethoven could "never soil," or as if a Brahmin could "sing false," or a Chaldean mislead the public taste by florid redundance in style. Others are governed in their decisions by the musical or unmusical reputation of towns, cities and countries; as if a little village had never produced a great man—as if the most important works could be found only in the largest cities—as if every thing but the superior of a German or a Peruvian, must of necessity, have had superior excellence. Through the action of such prejudicial, error, in some quarters, self interest and vanity, and in others, corresponding littleness, depression and discouragement. Hence, it often happens, that public attention is governed more by favor than by real worth.

All this is wrong. Its tendency is pernicious. It induces the enlightened critic, false ignorance, and discourages meritorious effort. It does manifest injustice to individuals. We need therefore, in this department of the art, some established system of principles, by which the taste of common sense and universal sympathy, should abundantly supplied with grammatical rules, and introduced as official observance: but, it is decided (so far, at least, as our own country is concerned) as to rules corresponding with those in rhetoric and belles-lettres. This is a great deficiency, and one which, should, if possible, be supplied. In the absence of it, we see the one hand, ignorance claiming the prize of creation, and on the other, true genius in search of distinctions without the aid of a substantial guide.

But however deficient writers have been, in what might be termed musical rhetoric, it is obvious that there are certain great principles in literature and the arts, which, in the absence of common sense and universal sympathy, may, with propriety, be applied to the subject before us; and these, if we mistake not, may well serve as the basis of musical discrimination.

In accordance with these principles, it may be safely

affirmed, that every piece of music ought to have a distinct object and an accompanying place, and be produced with an appropriate style of execution. It is not that we are not bound to acknowledge excellence in the art, say rather that it is susceptible of being realized or understood. The object and corresponding structure of a piece, too, should never be left problematical by the composer; nor should the excellent overlook this circumstance in the hour of performance. If a piece of music be fully sung or played, we blame the execution, but suspend our censure, perhaps, as to the merits of the composition. When the execution is right, we are prepared to judge of the composer. If the piece appears too learned and complicated in its structure, to be appreciated by the audience—then we regard it as unfeasible for ordinary ears, and blame the selection. Or, if we decide by intelligent discrimination, that it is full of deep and mysterious erudition—we conclude that it is adapted, perhaps, to the taste of future generations, and hand it over, without scruple, to the decisions of posterity.

But let us now specify in our observations.

I.—Music intended for lessons or practice, should not only be grammatical in its structure, like other professions—it should have an attractive, pleasant phraseology, and be arranged with the strictest reference to those progressive steps of improvement, which are observable in the generality of people. Such music, too, should contain passages which are calculated to excite the attention, the conviction of hackneyed or low ideas. Wanting such qualities as these, we unhesitatingly throw it aside. The character of this species of music has more to do with the formation of taste, probably, than most persons are aware.

II.—Music intended for the ball, should be bold and spirited; with rhythm adapted to the steps of the waltz, and phraseology conforming, in some measure, to its notions of taste, its habits and associations. The phraseology should be national rather than artistic. The grand movements of a Beethoven or a Mendelssohn might raise the German waltz to the rank of a waltz, but it would not avail upon the plighted Highlander. It would neither relieve his fatigue, nor serve his aim in the hour of conflict. Under such circumstances, he would be right in rejecting it, and there could be no appeal from his decision. The piece might have intrinsic merit, of a certain kind, but be worthless as music for the occasion.

III.—Music intended for the parlour, should be such as to inspire us with sentiments of refinement, and of virtuous sensibility. In this way, it blends innocent amusement with useful thoughts and contemplations. Wanting such qualities as these, it should doubtless, be discarded. We envy not the reputation of those who stop to dabble superficially, profane and impure sentiments, in the numbers of poetry and the melody of song; nor do we regret the gains of those who are promoting the sale of such pernicious pieces; nor yet do we respect the spirit of worldliness, which leads the purchaser in his inquiry, to set aside every other consideration, in favor of the claims of mere popularity. Whoever has the least desire for right ideas of music on the social affections, should look well to the discriminations here presented. Amidst the vast accumulations of trash, intended for parlor music, we may succeed in finding out sufficient quantities, that are of use, and which can be of high service.

IV.—Catch and ballad tunes, harrs, for their specific object, the promotion of social merriment. For this purpose the imitative traits of style are palpable and often coarse, even to the lowest burlesque. The humor now to be obvious and striking, that all may enjoy it. Musing through those traits would be like meals varieties or without prove a failure. The mirth of such pieces is not barren, especially when it turns upon religious subjects, or upon the solemnities of the grave, or where it mingles vice and virtue in unbalanced alliance. Nor is such music, even meeting the mark, always neutralized by the tenderness of the music. Borne gives ear to the same objection. Many of them are useful for practice, as well as for amusement, on occasions when passively would be out of place. Like good parlor music, they should be chaste and sentimental; with now and then a dash of raillery, frequent and unreserved indulgence in this species of music, like the habit of light reading, has an unfavorable influence upon the mind.

V.—Music for the drama, should embrace most of the foregoing qualities, has reference to some specific plot, or portion of history, which it purports to illustrate. Every such production, if it is unadorned, may dramatic consistency of character. It must have a beginning, a

² Upon this passage, a writer in the "London Encyclopedia" makes the following remarks:—"The three observations of Dr. Franklin are, for the most part, true as well as upon the ground of the treatment of the subject, as an article of internal doctrine, does not, as the Doctor supposes, arise from the nature of the instruments upon which they are played. Besides, it is more than probable that the ancient Irish harp was not strung with wire, but with the same material as the Welsh harp at present; and that strings are not the same permanent tone as those of the modern harp, so that a preceding emphatic note must have extraneous assistance in the form of some other note, which is not the case with the manœuvres of the Irish harp, as well as with those of the modern harp. The conclusion, when the performer finds it proper to interrupt a piece, he has no more to do but to stop the strings, and the sound of the string immediately struck, which is not the case with the violin."

As to the manner upon which the melodies of Scotland are constructed, are covered with the first system of sounds were given by the earliest musicians upon record. This assertion the writer in the quotation by which he supports his position is new and unproven.

middle, and an end. It must be adapted, also, to the appreciation of the listeners, or less, in a great measure, its intended effect upon them. High demands also are made on the score of execution. However, as the leading object of the drama is amusement, its patrons will not be checked by rigid principles. Fashion, and favor, and dazzling novelty, are the prevailing attractions. People, while it is fashionable to be critical, are creating after creating, with apparentapture, listening to songs in a language unknown to them; entered in a style of mimicry which so far transcends their musical knowledge and refinement, as Chinese literature transcends their knowledge of plain English. No matter—fashion controls every-thing, and the dramatic composer has no way of outwitting them their own way, and under their own direction. The times must come, however, when utilitarian considerations will gain the ascendancy. Even now, the Sacred Drama, so-called, is fully amenable to the canons of criticism. Doubtless, there are merer subjects, too numerous to be made the contents of amusement and display. They are very obvious principles has been sometimes disregarded. One error is among the higher specimens of the art. The student cannot afford to neglect them. How far their performance in public will be beneficial, must depend on circumstances. If the composition and performance, together with the accessories, are right, their taste and skill will be promoted; and if the Bible theme thus treated, lose none of their beloved influences upon us, by artistic appliances, then, and only then, should we be fully satisfied with the result.

VI.—Church music, according to the principles we have adopted, should have for its object, the illustration and enforcement of sound subjects. Compositions for performance should have distinct references to this end; and be approved or disapproved according to their required characteristics. There are those who look upon music as a species of mysterious mechanism susceptible of securing religious results, irrespectively of appropriate instrumentalities in the process of effecting them. This theory is in accordance with fundamental principles. *Novus modus* is full of caution. Here, feeling is quite indispensable to the musician; and in all cases, it must be appropriate to the subject in hand. And this principle here insisted upon, is the more important in church music from a consideration of the momentous interests it involves. Here, the subject belongs to the things of time and space. Sacred music intended for devotional purposes, takes hold upon the leisure of eternity. Persons who compose or perform such music in a frivolous or trifling manner are guilty of an irreparable delinquency. They offend against art as well as against religion.

Another question of still greater moment suggests itself. It is this: Will the tasteful employment of religious compositions and embellishes alone suffice for the purposes of real worship? In other words—Will sacred subjects be sufficiently illustrated and enforced, by the power of mere imaginative conceptions and emotions, such as prevail in regular music? It is not required of a man who sings a military song or an amatory ballad, to become in reality an entitled soldier or a complaining Strophon. Nor is it ever imagined that the performers of a musical drama, whether secular or sacred, are acting in any other than assumed characters. Now, the question is, will this same species of imaginative illustration, be sufficient to secure the free devotion of true devotion? If we might be allowed to take account of existing habits, maxims and practices, we should be tempted to decide this question in the affirmative. If we look into the condition of schools and associations and choirs, and witness all their arrangements and transactions, we find these embody a practical answer to this question, which cannot well be misunderstood. If, then, the question be so decided—if the principle thus acted upon in thousands of instances, be really correct, let us improve it to the utmost. Let us openly admit it, and enjoy its advantages. No doubt we shall meet with wondrous success. Let us not, however, stop and extend the same principle to oratory, which is but another species of vocal enunciation. Then, while historicism directs the sacred Ode, our Garricks shall catch the sermon and our Keens become readers of the History!

But, no. All experience is against the anticipation of such results from this course. The tendencies are in the opposite direction. The difficulties which are continually arising, among irreligious singers of a choir, and the paucity of right influences among the more conscientious listeners below, are but too painfully manifest. And how uniformly is a decline in godliness manifested among such professors of religion, as associate themselves

with a choir of unprincipled, anti-devotional performers? Religious romances are to be obtained only in a religious way. This is a principle as obvious as it is important. The Scriptures, which are the inflexible rule of duty, are here, directly in point. They allow of no hazy or perfunctory use of any song; they require truth in the words, and they require, in connection with pleasant music, the true melody of the heart; and this, in connection with a holy walk and conversation.

Let it not be forgotten, that, during the whole period in which the Bible was written, vocal music was little else than a melodious recital of the sacred text. It was as one of the established forms of oratory; it suited the end, but not the use inoperative to the use of oration. The song of praise was no idle acrobatic—no drop-scene in religious exercises. The singers like those who led in prayer, were understood to be involuntarily concerned in what they were uttering in the Divine presence. And this is what the precepts of the Bible still require of us, in our treatment of these momentous themes of song. They must afford a distinct, impassioned enunciation, under the guidance of religious motives, purposes and affections. All ideas of amusement or display, in this connection, must, of course, be displacing to the Master of Assemblies whose name is never to be taken on human or selfish pride, but with the deepest reverence.

Doubtless, the song, melody, cadence, manner, and costume, the great means should be regarded, in some sense, as the elements of the art; and we would have them so considered and treated. They are of immense importance to the musical student. But whoever would study them to the best advantage, or apply them to specific purposes without detriment to the interests of true piety, should keep in mind the important discrepancy pointed; for, unfortunately genius and taste for sacred music, have not always been combined with relevant purposes and feelings.

Church music, then, forms no exception to the fundamental principles we have been contemplating. The nature of true religion requires that the song of praise to God, should proceed from unfeigned joy; while the purposes of general edification, demand, as in pulpit oratory, such chasteness, simplicity and unaffected pathos, as can in some measure be appreciated and enjoyed by the congregated worshippers. And this is responsible to the tenets of the true religion; and our estimate of a composition or performance, which is otherwise unexceptionable, is to be formed accordingly. Tunes should be so constructed as to admit of a proper treatment of the well-known words of a psalm or hymn; and so song, as that the words shall receive additional interest from the exercise. Many a choir, as we have intimated, have a dull, lifeless manner of singing. This is no reason why dull music should be so often compiled for them. Give them such tunes as have some life and spirit, and the singers will become more animated. Nor, because of prevailing secularities in taste, need we frame our psalm tunes upon the style of the ballad. Nor yet let us forget our vocation for antiquity, go back to the older standard, for models of composition. In every season of the revival of church music, recourse has been had, more or less, to the introduction of popular melodies—melodies which possessed, at the time, intrinsic value—which could be carried over to the hymn. It is in the memory of us, that we will set as public, with religious profit and delight. Our favorite choruses were originally of this character. They were the people's melodies; and not the heavy, slow harmonies, which we now find them. Let us follow the practice which has thus been furnished us, of employing living melodies, and not that of singing up those which have long since died of old age. Some of those melodies, supplied as they are with interesting historic associations, will continue to please and be useful. These we can sufficiently cherish without adopting them as models. We live in an age of progress; and cannot afford, as artists and composers, to trend backward in the footsteps of ancient precedent. It has indeed been said, that everything modern has become associated with secular ideas, so as to hinder its religious utility. We might as well affirm the same thing of poetry. But this consideration does not set us back to the times of Chaucer, and Spenser, and Milton, for music is a hymn, and not a history, and not a composition. As to all the notions here mentioned, truth lies between extremes; and the suggestions of common sense should govern us. The style of singing, as already intimated, should be simple, yet free from rascality, affectation, and display. It should be emotional, under the guidance of intelligent, religious piety.

We have dwelt the longer on this division of our subject, because of its great importance, and because of the many difficulties attending it. But, in conclusion, the general principles we have been considering may safely be adopted as the basis of musical education. In every department of the art, we have a right to look for a definite object, and a corresponding style of composition and performance. We have a right, too, to look for some sentimental appeal; and to be dissatisfied with the absence of it, just as in the case of oratory. Even the Italian Opera before an intelligent auditory, forms an exception against our position.

Chiefly speaking, that department in music which is directly related to amusement and display of skill is the least in importance, though the greatest in an artistic point of view. The most useful department is that which relates to the worship of our Lord; and at least it ought to be so; we should endeavor to make it so. We should be willing to labor in this department with unweary diligence; and not rest short of the realization of legitimate influences. We should cultivate the true spirit, as well as the appropriate manner of praise. Christian song should be cultivated in a Christian spirit. We should cultivate the perfectly clean, be it extremely disregarded and forgotten? In some places, however, the importance of the principle is beginning to be understood and acted upon; and the results are truly encouraging and delightful.

Studies on Shakspeare.

Especially translated from the French for The Musical World

NUMBER XL

MACBETH.

ALFRED MARBETH is a drama full of action, it is to many respects akin to Hamlet. It, too, is the struggle of an irresolute spirit against a destiny more powerful than himself. But while Hamlet folds his arms and does nothing, Marbeth, once entered on the career of action, marches forward with a sort of glidy rapidity. Like Othello also, Marbeth is the sport of an evil genius. He is under the ban of the witches, as the noble Moor is under that of lago. Each has a good and elevated but feeble heart, the tempter of the one is the tempter of the other; and the willies of Marbeth, like the perfidious friend of Othello, do evil for the sake of evil, simply to gratify the depravity of their nature.

Nothing can equal the grandeur with which this tragedy opens. We did not speak of the witches' rhythm, the cat's purrings and owl scowling. These barbarous accents, which have been natural in the time of Shakspeare; they were even accepted twenty-five years ago, when in the warmth of literary warfare it seemed necessary to choose one of two extremes. But now, thank God, we can admire Shakspeare without being obliged to petrify ourselves before all his whimsicalities. It is then the object of the scene which impresses and overawes; the weird sisters, going hand in hand about, throw their fiendish shade over the whole extent of the drama.

To Marbeth, they announce that he will be king; to Banquo, that his children will be kings. Temptation enters the heart of Marbeth, he is urged to the deed, and between the principles of good and evil commences. Marbeth is not yet willing to do wrong, but he will allow himself to profit by it; his weak soul shrinks merely from the responsibility of crime—

"If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me, Without my will."

"I fear thy nature; It is too full of the milk of human kindness, To catch the nearest way: Thou wouldst be great; Art not without ambition; but without The illness should attend it: What thou wouldst highly, That wouldst thou doubly wilt."

From the first we perceive that Marbeth will not act by extraneous impulses, that he will be the arm of a superior will. Criminal desire betrays itself upon his first step, and in his words, but he needs some one to unravel, and interpret his mind to him. He is urged, "The more you murder, the more you will kill. Do it, that it may come to him who does the deed." "To alter laws ere they be laid; To leave all the rest to us."

"Only look up, and fear."

"May read strange matters."

"Only look up, and fear."

Musical Studies for the Million.

NUMBER XIII.

The derivation of scales, which is now completed, (thus finishing the subject of *Melody*) is one which, to many, is very obscure. I have developed it according to the very clear and logical system of Abbé Vogler (teacher of C. MARIA V. WEBER, and of METZGERER) and of SCHMIDT of WARTENBERG. By this system, as has been seen, the whole series of major and minor scales, is evolved from the original *triad*.

The subject has, generally, been differently treated; theoretical writers taking the scale of eight tones for granted (like the alphabet of a language) and then repeating this scale upon different tone-pitches. I have lately fallen in with a very clever contrivance to illustrate the so-called transposition of the scale, in a small book just issued by Mr. Wm. B. Bradbury, called "The Singing Bird, or Progressive Music Reader," published by Newman & Iveson. Thinking it may be interesting to the student to look at the subject from every point of view, this ingenious contrivance (with Mr. Bradbury's kind permission) is transferred to our columns, with the author's accompanying explanations. It will well reward an attentive examination.

— We will now represent the Diatonic Scale (the scale of tones and semitones which has been in constant practice,) by a Ladder, consisting of eight rounds or steps, placed at

unequal distances apart. From the first round or step to the second, we will call the distance one foot—from the second to the third the same—from the third to the fourth half the distance, (six inches)—from the fourth to the fifth, a foot—from the fifth to the sixth, a foot—from the sixth to the seventh, a foot—from the seventh to the eighth (or top), half the distance, (six inches).

MUSICAL LADDER, REPRESENTING THE DIATONIC SCALE.

Half — 4 Do. This Ladder we will consider complete; and it may be removed to any position required, higher or lower, without changing its form.

Whole — 3 Si. Now since it has been seen that our Diatonic Scale which we represent by the ladder is movable, while the letters are permanent, never changing—we have a very simple process before us, viz. to reverse the ladder completely so it never stands, without at all changing the order of the steps or rounds.

Whole — 4 Fa. We now take the distance representing all the rounds of the Chromatic Scale, (scale of semitones), and placing this in a perpendicular line, set up our "ladder"—Diatonic Scale—along side. (See below.) We shall then observe at a glance what sounds are necessary to be used for the Diatonic Scale in any key. Commencing by placing the top or lowest round of our ladder (Fig. 1) on C, we find that an sharp or flat is required to give us a period scale. This is therefore called the natural key.

Whole — 4 Sol. Fixation of our Diatonic Scale, (Ladder), upon G. (Fig. 2, a 5th higher than C, we observe that we must take F sharp from the Chromatic Scale, and place of F, in order to secure the half tone between G and A, and also a whole tone between G and F. We now place our ladder upon D, and find that two sharps are necessary, and so on through the whole series.

Whole — 1 Do. We have printed two octaves of the Chromatic Scale, for the convenience of transposing.

TRANSPOSITION—ILLUSTRATED BY THE MUSICAL LADDER. SCALES WITH SHARPS.

Chromatic Scale.	FIGURE 1.	FIGURE 2.	FIGURE 3.	FIGURE 4.	FIGURE 5.	FIGURE 6.	FIGURE 7.
	SCALE OF C.	SCALE OF G.	SCALE OF D.	SCALE OF A.	SCALE OF E.	SCALE OF B.	SCALE OF F#
	NATURAL	ONE #.	TWO #s.	THREE #s.	FOUR #s.	FIVE #s.	SIX #s.
C				A	E	B	F#
B				G#	D#	A#	C#
A		G	D	F#	C#	G#	E#
G#		F#	C#	D	A	F#	C#
G		E	B	E	D	E	D
F#		D	A	F#	C#	G#	E#
F		C	G#	D	A	F#	C#
E		B	F#	E	D	E	D
D		A	D	F#	C#	G#	E#
C		G	C#	D	A	F#	C#
B		F#	B	E	D	E	D
A		E	A	F#	C#	G#	E#
G#		D	G#	D	A	F#	C#
G		C	F#	E	D	E	D
F#		B	E	F#	C#	G#	E#
F		A	D	D	A	F#	C#
E		G	C#	E	D	E	D
D		F#	B	F#	C#	G#	E#
C		E	A	D	A	F#	C#

In the above it will be observed that we have ascended in each successive scale a fourth, or descended a fourth; and that one additional sharp

was required at each successive transposition. This is the regular order of transposition by sharps.

SCALES WITH FLATS.

Chromatic Scale.	FIGURE 1.	FIGURE 2.	FIGURE 3.	FIGURE 4.	FIGURE 5.	FIGURE 6.	FIGURE 7.
	SCALE OF C.	SCALE OF F.	SCALE OF Bb.	SCALE OF Eb.	SCALE OF Ab.	SCALE OF Db.	SCALE OF Gb.
	NATURAL	ONE b.	TWO bs.	THREE bs.	FOUR bs.	FIVE bs.	SIX bs.
C							
B							
A							
G#							
G							
F#							
F							
E							
D							
C							
B							
A							
G#							
G							
F#							
F							
E							
D							
C							

In the above it will be observed we have, in removing our Diatonic Scale from one position to another, ascended a fourth, or descended a fourth, and that one additional flat was required at each successive trans-

position. This is the regular order of transposition by flats.

* This is written as E sharp in this Scale—the same sound as F † This is written upon the staff as C-flat—the same sound as B.

“O, merry goes the Time.”

QUARTETT.

MODERATO.

GEORGE F. ROOT.

Air. Tenor or Soprano.

1. O mer-ry goes the time, When the heart is young; There is nought too hard to climb, When the heart is

Also, a

Baritone

†2. But wea-ry go the feet, When the heart is old; Time com-eth not so sweet, When the heart is

Base.

* young; A spi-rit of de-light Scatters ros-es in its flight, And there's magic in the night; When the heart is young

old; From all that smile and shone, there is something lost and gone, And our friends are few or none, When the heart is old.

III.

O, sparkling are the skies,
When the heart is young;
There is bliss in beauty's eyes,
When the heart is young;
The golden break of day,
Bringeth gladness in its ray;
And every month is May,
When the heart is young.

IV. †

But the sun is setting fast,
When the heart is old;
And the sky is overcast,
When the heart is old;
Life's worn and weary bark,
Lies tossing wild and dark;
And the star hath left hope's ark,
When the heart is old.

* If this part is sung by a male voice let it be an octave higher.

† Sing the alternate verses slow and softer

Jacob gets the Witten.

ANSWER TO "WAIT FOR THE WAGON."

SONG AND CHORUS.



1. I thank you, Mis-ter Ja-eob, but I'm not in-clin'd to go, Your wag-on is so
 2. And then that sweet "love sto-ry, which has weigh'd up-on your heart," Must be a queer sen-

The first system shows the vocal line with lyrics. The second system shows the piano accompaniment for the first verse.

clum-sy, and your team so ve-ry slow, And tho' 'twould make you hap-py, with your
 sa-tion which af-fects an-oth-er part; Your love is in your sto-mach, and no

The second system shows the vocal line with lyrics. The third system shows the piano accompaniment for the second verse.

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Phil - lia by your side, To go in such a "turn-out" would be shock - ing to my pride.
doubt 'tis ve - ry sweet To think, when-o'er I'm by your side, of "something good to eat."

CHORUS.

1. To ride in a wag - on, An old rus - ty wag - on, A
2. A - way with your wag - on, An old rus - ty wag - on, A

squeak - ing lum - ber wag - on, 'Twould be shock - ing to my pride! Be -
squeak - ing lum - ber wag - on, To you it may be sweet, But

sides a jolt - ing wag - on I nev - er could a - - bide.

in a com - mon wag - on I would scorn to take a seat.

III.

Perhaps you may consider that I'm very hard to please,
 But I can ne'er be happy in a dairy, making cheese;
 So keep your little farm house, and just go and mind your plough.
 I'm sure I can do better than consent to milk your cow.

Chorus.—And ride in a wagon, An old rusty wagon,
 A squeaking, lumber wagon, With horses from the plough:—
 To think of such a wagon, It mortifies me now!

IV.

Old Mike was not so stingy when he ask'd me for his bride,
 As to bring a clumsy wagon, and invite me out to ride;
 And tho' he's not so handsome quite as you may deem yourself,
 I think him quite acceptable—especially "his pelf."

Chorus.—I'll ride in a carriage, A fine gilded carriage,
 An easy cushion'd carriage, And own it all myself—
 I'll not decline a marriage With old Mike—and "all his pelf."

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 "I ever held this sentence of the Poet as a canon of my creed: that whom God loveth not, they love not Musicke."—T. Morley, 1592.

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RICHARD STORES WILLIS,
Editor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1852.

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MASON & LAW.

Back Numbers Wanted.

Persons having copies of *The Musical World & Times* of November 21st, (being No. 13 of the present volume) will greatly oblige us by sending the same to this office, in case they choose to part with them. Dealers and agents having copies of the above number on hand, will please forward them as soon as possible.

Good tidings for the Blind.

EARLY one morning last week, we were called upon by a stranger, who stood silently before us for a moment, apparently unconscious of any special errand. Equally as silent as himself, we awaited his commands, when suddenly bending his ear a little towards us, with a half inquiring and doubtful expression of face, he pronounced our name. We immediately discovered that our unfortunate visitor was blind. Taking him by the hand we conducted him to a chair, and he announced himself as Mr. Mahoney, a graduate of the New York Institution for the Blind, and the inventor of a new musical system; by which was to be communicated to those equally afflicted as himself, the most refined and exquisite luxury of their existence.

The only direct avenue of the blind to knowledge, is by the touch. Oral instruction involves the agency of a second person. The touch has been applied (our friends are aware) as a medium of information, in the raised letter of ordinary print; which, elevated from the surface, becomes intelligible, by passing the blind person's sensitive finger over it. But Murec has characters peculiar to itself, distinct from language. To the eye these characters are not confused; but to the touch (when raised, like letter) they are exceedingly so. A moment's thought will convince one of this. There are the five lines of the staff; then the bars; then the notes with their stems and various crests, indicative of length; then the rests and lengthening dots—in short, such a jumble of interesting lines, as necessarily to produce the greatest mental confusion and bewilderment.—It is clearly evident that music is well-nigh impracticable, thus presented. Oral instruction has therefore been resorted to, and the ear, and then the memory, have been the two agents used to accomplish the purpose. Direct communication with any branch of knowledge, is, however, beyond compare, preferable, if it can be secured.

Now, our visitor, (Mr. Mahoney) we found, had wonderfully simplified the language of music, so that raised letters can clearly and intelligibly represent it. The invention has cost him four years of hard study, but it is entirely successful—so much so, that the trustees of the New York Blind Institution, have made an appropriation, and raised letter is already prepared for the purpose. Mr. Mahoney has written an appropriate instruction-book for the piano, with pieces of sacred and secular music for practice, which is directly to be put into the new type, for use. We were rather surprised, by the way, to hear from Mr. Mahoney, that, even by the old system, he is a very successful music teacher, to those who have eyes to assist them. He has about thirty pupils, in various parts of the city, whom he instructs by the usual method.

We consider this, in the truest sense of the words, so, a humane and useful invention; and the more so, because it is so simple, and perfectly practicable. Aside from our own opinion of the matter, (after considerable examination,) Mr. Scharfenberg, Mr. Tinn and Mr. Wallace have each given their written testimonial, that they consider it available for all kinds of music, vocal and instrumental. In our next number, we propose to give a more special explanation of the invention, together with a piece of music, if possible, in the new musical letter.

Letter from Mr. Mason.

His Opinion of our Review of New Carmina Sacra.

London, November 21, 1852.

ERRON OF THE MUSICAL WORLD.—I have received your paper containing a review of "The New Carmina Sacra." I feel much obliged to you for the very careful examination you have bestowed upon this work, and not a little proud at the results to which it has brought you. "No work has, we believe, met with equal success;"—"It stands out prominently as the leading work,"—"the finest book yet examined,"—"it contains an annual number of sound, church

like tunes, such as a true musician may read and use with pleasure"—and it gave the reviewer "no little pleasure, to pass (for the first time in his review-experience) from mere elementary, to higher, artistic ground." Now, I am not surprised that you should have, after examination, expressed yourself thus in relation to this work, for time has proved the book to be, if not *our beau idéal* of a church music book—a very user approximation to it; and, as a standard book it has given, and doubtless will continue to give—a more general satisfaction to choirs than any collection published."

Permit me to express my gratitude that you have so carefully pointed out several errors, typographical and editorial, such as consecutive fifths, &c. It seems strange how such deviations from musical truth should have crept into the book, and yet more strange, perhaps, that they should not have been turned out before this. One reason is, that we have disliked to alter the copies of the tunes, and even now, there are a few things which although it might have been better had they been originally written differently, yet, since they are well known, had better be permitted to remain. The few positive errors, however, that you have pointed out will soon be corrected in the plates, so that the work will be still more perfect.

I beg leave, however, to *inform* your readers, that they have been quite *misinformed*, in relation to *MIS-FORM*. Pray, Mr. Reviewer, how could you have got so much out of the way, for be assured that on this subject of *mis-form*, and also that of *THEN HARMONIES*, you are far from the path of truth. But I cannot now go into particulars; my time is constantly employed in lecturing and teaching at various points in this world of a city; but would you really like to see the reviewer reviewed? Will you risk it? If so, I shall be willing, after a while, to do the work. Seriously, Mr. Editor, the *MIS-FORM* of which you speak, can be defended by the examples of the best writers, from Bach down to Meyerbeer; I do not say that every example that you have quoted, or that might be quoted from the New Carmina Sacra, is such as I would now choose, but I do say, that in general, the rhythmic forms in the work are good, and that you have fallen into old mistakes, in your notice of them. I cannot promise *when* I shall take up this subject, but as soon as I find leisure you shall hear from me. In the meantime, I am glad to hear the New Carmina Sacra is flying on the wings of the wind, finding its way to the remotest part of the country, and making glad the hearts of many who delight in the strains of sacred song.

Very truly yours,

L. M.

REMARKS.

We are happy to have the greater proportion of our remarks thus confirmed by the distinguished author of 'New Carmina Sacra.' We admire his magnanimity and noble candor.

With regard to certain points in the review which are not admitted—such as *mis-form*, particularly—we are not surprised that the strictures we took the liberty of making should not meet with an immediate admission. 'Form'—particularly *metrical form*—the shape and structure of melodies—is a subject, which, as an independent study in musical Art, has but within a few years received any special atten-

tion, and been reduced by a few musical writers, to any order. Schwyder v. Wartensee, has done more than any other man, though Marx has also written upon the subject. Being larx "at school," than our most revered and honored friend, it is not strange that we should be more familiar with a subject, which, we venture to say, has never much engrossed his attention. We have read through whole libraries of music with this special end in view, and expended no little time and thought upon the subject. Some of the fruits of this study we tried to give in our reply to our correspondent, Mr. Wilder, a few numbers back.

Touching the future "rod in pickle," which, like a naughty boy he holds in *terrorem* over our head, we must *en-sen*—to speak—"grin and bear it." "Will you risk it?"—This almost calls to mind the summons from Goliath to David—and perhaps our relative positions might be somewhat similar. Well—we have but a simple stone and sling. Therewith we must *en'try* try to do our best. David, we believe, did—risk it.

Mr. Fry's Third Lecture.

Novel, interesting and exciting, in no ordinary degree, was the third evening with Mr. Fry, at Metropolitan Hall. An instructive and somewhat amusing parallel was drawn between the music of the ancient Hebrews and the Jews; decidedly laudatory of the former, and excessively derogatory of the latter. The brilliant developments of Jewish intellect in modern times, was admirably conceded; but the ancient Jew was incoincidentally flouted, as to artistic proficiency—at least in music. A drawing of an ancient Hebrew harp was exhibited, which, in magnificence of design, and perfection of acoustical structure, surpasses, perhaps, any thing we have in our time.

Decidedly the boldest lecturer of our day, is Mr. Fry. He is the most free thoughted man we ever heard address an audience. Riding over prejudices, convictions, creeds—now electrifying an audience with splendid bursts of genuine American democracy (somewhat republican, perhaps, at times), and then startling and fairly shocking them, with his enalights upon things of revered and hallowed association—we cannot after all, but admire the "youth and jubel" of this nervous, and bold "young American," however we may feel aroused to an equally fierce opposition, upon certain principles, intimidated, and actually advanced. Mr. Fry keeps an audience alive and warm, at all events. He called old King Solomon by a very hard name; which drew out an immediate *silent* demonstration from the audience. And yet we once heard a reverend Connecticut Divine say, that if King Solomon lived in our day, he would be sent to the penitentiary.

The marvel to us is, how Mr. Fry can introduce so much foreign and extraneous matter into a musical lecture. In this respect he resembles, to be en're, the most popular lecturer our country has produced—Prof. Silliman, of New Haven. The fact no doubt is, that Mr. Fry has thought and felt, deeply and intensely, upon all the great questions which concern the age and the times in which we live; and he is an active, and heroic, and fearless partisan in all; so that, motor-like, his mind ranges sig-

nag, from side to side of its course, wherever it may think to deery an antagonist. Go and hear Mr. Fry—both he, and his lectures, are something new.

—We subjoin the introduction to Mr. Fry's second lecture, which is a reply to the criticisms of the Press upon the first lecture of his course. It is independent and original, and will doubtless be read with interest:

Since the first Lecture was delivered here, last Tuesday evening, I have been so fortunate as to receive from my correspondents, and from several of my friends, various opinions respecting it, designed to modify the character of those to come after it. It was pronounced somewhat too long, the least of all things, and the others, shall be shorter, of course. With this view I have left out to-night a treatise on acoustics, prepared by me, according to the original syllabus, the substance of such Lecture might be varied as circumstances demanded. It may be remarked that to treat an artistic, scientific and historical subject briefly, is next to impossible; hours or days are frequently given in Congress to the discussion of managing a road or reducing an item of duty on staple Art, and, in such cases, the speaker is obliged to do something in the first lecture to regret each time; which would have been the case had the committee on the subject assembled. In future the hour will be half past seven or eight precisely. In regard to the plan and spirit of the lecture, I have been contented to render them acceptable. Authorities should have been studied with impartial liberality. Perfection would not be demanded for the performance of a first lecture when, among other things it may be mentioned that nearly three thousand pages of original music were copied for that evening alone. Few can be sufficiently aware of the huge labor which is necessary to redeem our land from the ignoble position of provincialism in Art, to grow up a creature and not a herow—and, among other things, to stop the eternal rattle of Handel, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, as music—or Michael Angelo, Raphael, Correggio or Murillo in painting, as if four men or four thousand men could exhaust Art. To place a name on the list of the tributes due to the author—the applause at rehearsal so seldom given of the scientific and artistic members of the orchestra, and the few who are present at the concert, too long. The length of a piece may be determined by the effect it may produce on the ear, and not by the notes at the first lecture. Neither do I see why I should have selected the great Beethoven to illustrate the first lecture on Harmonies. Beethoven is a name that is over stated, and less listened to; and generally received, as he was the other night here, in cold and dismal silence. The reviewer has not shown any credit to the great ones here. Besides, New York is a bigger name to me than Vienna; America is a bigger name to me than England; and Mr. Hill is leader—both Americans.—When the war of 1813 was declared, it was the intention of the government to withdraw the gray clad forces from the ocean, under the belief that it would be swept from the waters by the indomitable British oak; but Captain Stewart and Balaclava rushed to Washington and entrusted the government to give their craft a chance. The chance was given, and in less than two weeks the fleet of the United States was in the bay of New York, and the rest is well known. There is no longer any exclusive interest of the sea.—The same courage, only is required in Art; not doubting, indeed, that the same success may be attained by advancing bold on chaos and the dark, over the fatigues of the soul. No author would have illustrated my remarks, had he not seen the success of these pieces presented. It was my desire to show to the fullest extent the power of the human mind, and the best ever known in America, and constituting an historical era; if we did not know artistic as we know what political era are; and if we did not know the history of the last few years, no one would have attempted, but which now, with the magnificent prowess of such a company of artists, are due to their exertions, especially those of the innovations in the most spiritual and sublime portions of the most beautiful and interesting works of art. These were called from and surrendered to fate—and should have been praised or condemned—and not passed over because they were deemed too liberal for the times, and sought to present Art in new forms; and keep pace with the force and aspirations of the Art. In new forms, I say, and that they were not in the form of the chosen era, which, like the eagle poem, in twelve books, has had its glorious flight, and its noble and heroic career, and its expected movements—instrumentation such as the orchestral players could not possibly have rendered when the symphony was instituted—especially for all the harp, brass instruments in the guise of colossal, cathedral-like pomp of infinitely richer, and nobler, than the melodiously fine, harp, or Stradivarius, and the variety unknown to the construction of Mozart and Beethoven's time, and the use of the same, but with the counterpoint, melody, rhythm, accent, instrumentation, a grand, progress, climax, pervasion and fantasy, been related in a beautiful and noble manner. These were not out; but, the objection of length, should not be brought against them, for the length of the piece, and the length is greater than a ballad or a stanz. When we come to the lecture on the Orchestra, it shall be shown, what has been done, and what can be done, and the orchestra, more fully than could be exhibited in a first lecture—necessarily an abridgement of detail, an exposition of elements, and a strike of difficulties. These remarks

are given simply out of a profound respect to American Criticism and Art, and a wish to see both, during, high-reaching, genial and considerate; and, without further preface, the History of Stone illustrated will be taken up.

Grand Musical Festival.

THE Festival in aid of the Rev. Mr. Pease and the Five Points House of Industry, it will be borne in mind, takes place at Metropolitan Hall on Monday Evening, Dec. 20th.—The entire strength of the New York Sacred Harmonic Society, with Messrs. Nash & Curtis's Glee and Madrigal Association, both numbering over two hundred voices, will sustain the choruses in the popular Cantata, "Eleutheria."—Mrs. Georgianna Stuart, Miss Maria Scovill Brainerd (a promising young *débutante*), Miss Anna Griswold and Messrs. Colburn and Nash, having generally volunteered their services, will sustain the solos in the same Cantata. The clever quartette of gentlemen—Messrs. Smith, Warner, Camp and Bell, will also assist. The orchestra, consisting of select members of the Philharmonic, will be full and effective. Conductor, G. F. Bristol.—In addition to the poem, "The Mission of Intellect," written expressly for this occasion by Augustine Duganne Esq., a hymn will be sung by some of the little rescued ones of the Five Points. This last-named interesting feature ought alone to secure the sympathy of every true christian philanthropist.

A Chapter on the Pianoforte.

[THE pianoforte is the most universal of instruments. Scarcely a family in this country, beyond the ordinary means of subsistence, is without one. But very few, we imagine, are at all acquainted with the "natural history" of the piano: no information touching the construction of the instrument, the materials used in its manufacture, whence derived, and the amount of capital, machinery, and industry applied, has been disseminated. But these must certainly be interesting subjects, concerning so popular, practical and almost necessary an appendage of social and domestic life. We have long had an article of this description in view. And now that public attention has so generally and sympathizingly been called to this branch of industry by the destruction in Boston of Mr. Chickering's unrivalled establishment, such an article seems peculiarly timely, and in place. We therefore present our readers this week with the following truly interesting and valuable sketch, prepared by our colleague, Mr. Dyer, from materials collected specially by him, for the purpose.—Ed.]

THE PIANOFORTE—JONAS CHICKERING.

LADY: (we write to the ladies;) you are, perhaps, seated at a pianoforte. Possibly you are engaged in the laudable task of mastering the "elements;" you may be at that interesting stage of progress which is marked by the constant repetition of "one two three four, one two three four." For ought we know, you may, at this moment, be vainly endeavoring to coax your left hand to act its part with the same freedom and good will as does your right; or, you may be striving to impress upon the third finger of either hand the absolute necessity of its exhibiting, on all occasions, the same pluck and vigor as its more muscular companions; or,

you may be laboring to give the thumb a clear and practical understanding of the sideward and *underward* movement it is expected to perform. Perhaps you have got beyond all this. It is to be hoped you have; and that you can make adventurous voyages on the open sea of a seven-octave pianoforte, from pole to pole of the instrument, untroubled by flutes, shoals, shoals, sudden modulations, or any of the harmonic quicksands, which reckless composers delight to scatter in the path of the musical voyager.

Well; we propose to write a chapter on pianofortes. A brief statement of the capital, experience, skill and industry expended in a single pianoforte manufactory, cannot fail, we think, both to interest and astonish every person. We have selected, for our purpose, the manufactory of Mr. Jonas Chickering, of Boston; it being the only one we know anything about. Nearly a year since, (when we were preparing to commence the publication of *The Musical World & Journal of the Fine Arts*.) we visited Boston for the purpose of making the acquaintance of some of the leading musical people in that city. Prominent on our list, of course, was the name of Chickering. We had heard of Chickering, and of his "Patent Grand Action Pianofortes," ever since we could remember. At one time, we had an indefinite sort of an idea that Chickering was the inventor of the instrument, and made all the pianos in use. Indeed, the time was, when we looked upon Chickering as one of our most important "institutions," and used to mix his name up with the Tariff, National Bank, Free Trade, River and Harbor Improvements, the Eastern Boundary, and other great national questions. At the time of the aforesaid visit to Boston, our opinion respecting Mr. Chickering had, of course, been greatly modified; still, we had an opinion of him; and for the benefit of our readers, (and possibly to the amusement of Mr. C. himself,) we will state what sort of a man we expected to find him, and what sort of a man we actually did find him.

Knowing that Mr. Chickering had been very successful in his business, and that he was "worth a pin or two," our mind was, naturally enough, "severely exercised" as to what manner of man he might be; and, in walking from our hotel to his office, we mentally painted his portrait to the best of our ability. The result of our efforts was the production of a picture (in our mind's eye) of a gentleman some six feet high; rather stout; aged, but hale and hearty; his hair "frosted over by some seventy winters," and standing obstinately out from his head like Beethoven's; his features, sharp—angular—cutting, and the expression of his countenance severe and determined, with a mixture of *hauteur*. We expected to be received with cool indifference, and made to feel that between a successful millionaire, with the income of a Prince, and an untaged publisher, whose income was much less certain than his outgoes, there is a tremendous gulf, which the latter would do well not to attempt hastily to cross.—Under these impressions, we mounted the stairs that lead to Mr. Chickering's counting-room, entered, asked for Mr. Jonas Chickering, and were directed to seek him in a certain room pointed out. We knocked at the door of said room, supposing we were now at the portals of

the innermost sanctuary. "Come in," said a mild voice. In we went. Instead of finding (as we expected) a gorgeously-furnished office, with the original of the mental portrait above-described sitting in state at one end of it, we found a very practical work-shop; and at a sort of cabinet-maker's bench, we saw a middle-aged man, of medium size, wearing spectacles and a check apron, holding a plane in his hand;—and *this* was Mr. Chickering.

The reader can doubtless imagine our surprise at this discovery. Our pre-conceived notions of Mr. C.'s personal appearance, when contrasted with the reality struck us as being so very dull, that we could hardly refrain from smiling;—but we thanked heaven for the distinction. The real Chickering was worth a regiment of our imaginary Chickering's. As we gazed upon his honest, intelligent and benevolent countenance, we thought we divined at once, the secret of his unparalleled success; and subsequent observation confirmed our first impression on this point. From our present knowledge of Mr. Chickering's character, we have no hesitation in saying that it never was his *primary* object to make money. He always has been, is, and, from the constitution of his mind, he must always be, ambitious to make the best possible instruments, without regard to the time, labor and expense bestowed on their production. This, we are confident, is the governing motive of his mind; and success, must, *perforce*, follow. Mr. Chickering can no more succeed in business, so long as he shall continue in business, than he can get rid of his shadow; for, success is, (so to speak) but the shadow of his character;—and "may it never be less."—Many persons, neglecting the substance, eagerly grasp after the shadow, and, like the dog in the fable, lose both. But Mr. Chickering is only anxious to secure the substance; he does secure it, and the shadow follows, of course.

During our stay in Boston, we took occasion to ramble over Mr. Chickering's establishment, at 334 Washington street, and learn some of the mysteries of pianoforte-making.

In the first place, we found that the lumber used in making pianos, and which consists, for the most part, of oak, rock-maple, pine and spruce, comes from Maine, New Hampshire and New York. The *hard wood*,—(oak and rock-maple),—comes from New Hampshire, and is used for the legs of the pianos and the foundations of the cases. The *soft wood*, or pine, comes from Maine, and is used for a variety of purposes too numerous to mention. The spruce is used only for sounding-boards, and is all obtained in Herkimer County, in the State of New York. Mr. Chickering considers this spruce equal to the Swiss-pine, or fir, and uses it altogether for his sounding-boards—a fact of which the inhabitants of "Old Herkimer" would do well to make a note. While this lumber is yet in the forests of Maine, New Hampshire and New York, it is cut and sawn into blocks, boards and pieces of the most convenient size and shape for the pianoforte-makers, and is thence conveyed by boat and railroad to the factories where it is to be worked up. The selection and purchase of lumber is a matter of the highest importance, and requires the keenest inspection and most faultless judgment; as, the wood must be straight-grained, and free from all knots, shakes, or other imperfections

Mr. Chickering never buys lumber on the recommendation of any one, but always examines it himself. He purchases vast quantities at a time—often a hundred thousand feet, or more, in a lot; and he always has from fifty thousand to seventy-five thousand dollars worth of rough wood, or lumber, on hand.

In addition to the lumber above-mentioned, Mr. Chickering always keeps on hand from thirty thousand to fifty thousand dollars worth of *veneer*. This is composed principally of *rosewood*, comparatively little mahogany now being used for that purpose. It seems strange that so fashionable a wood as mahogany once was, should now be so generally "cut" by Fashion's votaries; but so it is. Woods, like men, and books, and laws, have their day, and are superseded by rivals. Just now, *rosewood* is the favorite cabinet material. *Rosewood* is brought from South America.

The hardware annually consumed at Mr. Chickering's establishments, (we say establishments, for he has four factories,) amounts to no insignificant item. It consists of hinges, screws, castors, locks, etc., which, in the aggregate, amount to several thousand dollars a year.—Then, there are the tuning-plans;—they cost some \$2,500, per annum.

The *ivory*, for keys, is another item of consequence. Until within four or five years, ivory was bought in the tooth, and worked up by the pianoforte-maker, with machinery made expressly for that purpose; but now, it is obtained already prepared for the keys. Messrs. Fursst, Brother & Co., of Desperier, Conn., now furnish prepared ivory for nearly all the principal pianoforte-makers in the Union.

Another expensive item, is, the *wire* of which the strings are made. Formerly, all the wire used for this purpose had to be imported, at considerable expense, from England; but, within a couple of years, a Mr. Webber, of Worcester, Mass., has succeeded in producing a wire which is much superior to anything of the kind made on the other side of the Atlantic; and he now furnishes most of the wire, used for pianoforte strings, in this country. This is a great convenience, for the wire is not only thus obtained more readily, but it is cheaper and better.

The frames of Mr. Chickering's pianofortes are made of solid iron, and are cast at Alger's foundry, in South Boston. They constitute another item of expense, which is by no means insignificant.

It may be that, by this time, the reader begins to think, that to carry on the business of making pianofortes is no trifling affair, and requires not a little capital; and if the reader does think so, he thinks right. Taking the outlay for buildings, the value of real estate, the cost of lumber, machinery, tools and other materials on hand, and the working cash capital necessary to keep everything going on smoothly, and Mr. Chickering must have nearly, if not quite, half-a-million of dollars invested in his business!

We will now endeavor to give an intelligent statement of the process of pianoforte-making. We shall not go into all the particulars, nor begin at the uttermost beginning. That would be unnecessary. As long as ivory is used for covering the keys of pianos, elephants will have to be caught and the denatation operation of extracting their tusks will have to be performed; but

it is not necessary to describe that. So, trees will have to be felled and saws for lumber, and maces must be worked for ore; but it is not necessary to describe these operations. We will begin at Mr. Chickering's factory at Lawrence, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

It has been stated that Mr. Chickering always has on hand from fifty thousand, to seventy-five thousand dollars worth of rough wood, or lumber. Well; this wood is "stuck up at season," in yards prepared for that purpose, at Lawrence. After having been thus exposed to the weather for a couple of years or more, it is removed under cover, where it is left to "season" for some two years longer. Then, it will be seen, that the wood is kept on hand from three to four years before it is considered fit for use. After the wood has been thus dried and redried, it is sawn, and planed, and turned into the right dimensions and shapes for the foundation of the cases, legs, etc. This is all done at Lawrence, by the aid of the river Merrimack, which kindly drives the machinery for Mr. Chickering. (Some of these Yankee workshops are rather exciting places for a novice to visit. There are so many saws, and cogurs, and planes, and turning-lathes buzzing, and boring, and shirring, and whirring around, that, unless one looks sharp he will find an sugar-hole through him, or have a shaving taken off him, before he knows what he is about.) The wood being cut as aforesaid, the pieces are put up in what is called the "drying-room," and dried, or seasoned, for the third time. They remain here a year, or longer; never being used until they have become thoroughly seasoned. In this way, stock for twelve or fifteen hundred cases is always on hand; and when one lot is taken down, another lot is put up in its place, for the next year. Thus, it appears, that, after a tree is cut down and sawn into lumber, it has to undergo a probation of some six years, before it is admitted into one of Chickering's pianos. This is to ensure its good behavior after being incorporated with an instrument; and it is so more than right that Mr. Chickering should be thus exacting; for, if a bit of lumber in a piano should shrink, or warp, or crack, the instrument would inevitably be spoiled. It is well, therefore, to guard against such an outward event, by taking all friskiness out of the wood before letting it into a piano;—just as cautious old gentlemen are careful to ascertain whether a young fellow has seen all his wild oats, before admitting him into their families.

The material being, at last, sufficiently seasoned, it is worked up into what is called the *skeleton of the piano*; which consists simply of the case and legs before they have been veneered—that is, covered with a thin coating of rosewood or mahogany. Mr. Chickering considers the "skeleton" a very important part of the piano, and is particularly careful to have it made in the best possible manner. When these "skeletons" are completed, they are transported, by railroad, from the factory at Lawrence, to the veneering factory, which is situated in Franklin Square, Boston. This veneering factory is an extensive establishment; it is 116 feet long, 65 feet wide, and five stories high. Here, one hundred men are employed in veneering the cases, in carving, and other ornamental work.

The cases being completed at the Franklin

Square factory, are now transported to the finishing rooms in the building No. 334 Washington street, Boston,—where are also the sales-rooms. This building is a very fine one. It is 100 feet long on the street, and 150 feet deep. It forms an L, on a side of which is 60, and the other 50 feet wide. The edifice is five stories high. In this establishment are employed about one hundred workmen, in "finishing" the pianos. This term "finishing" is very comprehensive, the business being divided into upwards of twenty different departments, or classes. To each department a certain number of men is assigned, and they never do anything that does not come under their department. The same men always do the same things from year's end to year's end. For example: the man who makes hammers covers do anything else. He simply hammers away at his hammers from day to day and month to month and year to year. Yes, from year to year! Mr. Chickering has a man in his factory who has done nothing but make hammers to pianofortes for thirty years! But a hammer, even, is not all made by one man. This seemingly small business is subdivided into four departments; one workman making the wood-work; another, the hinges, or jolts; a third puts on the leathers, and a fourth fits the hammers in their places in the instrument. So, the men who put in the strings never do anything else; they who make the sounding boards never do anything else; the men who make the keys never do anything else; and thus it is throughout every department. There are several workmen who have been in Mr. Chickering's employment over thirty years, and have never done but one kind of work. This minute subdivision of labor secures, of course, the greatest possible uniformity and perfection; and herein may be found one of the causes of the great excellence of Mr. Chickering's pianofortes.

The first thing put into the case, is the sounding board, on the quality and preparation of which depends, to a great extent, the character of the instrument; therefore, its preparation receives special attention. As has been already stated, the sounding-board is made of spruce, which comes from Herkimer County, in this State. The spruce boards are kept in a spacious room, in which there is a huge coal fire the year round. The fire is as hot during the most sweltering days of summer, as in the coldest winter time. This is for the purpose of having the boards thoroughly seasoned, inasmuch as the slightest remains of dampness would be fatal. There are some important facts in relation to the preparation of these boards, which we are not at liberty to mention. After the sounding-board has been put in, the case is taken to the varnishing room, and varnished. It is then taken to the "finishing room" *par excellence*, where it is positively and finally "finished"—after passing through the hands of five different classes of workmen. In the first place, it is "strung." Then, the action, (that is, the keys,

* This splendid establishment, with all its equipment, was recently destroyed by fire, on the night of Wednesday, Dec. 1st. The loss over and above the insurance, is estimated at ten millions of dollars, and the damage to Mr. Chickering's business, owing to discontinuance of orders, and other causes resulting from the conflagration, must come near another hundred thousand dollars. But Mr. C. will easily surmount the difficulties consequent upon this calamity; his name—his character is alone sufficient to best back and overcome all the pecuniary catastrophes that could possibly befall him.

hammers, etc.) is put in; and, after the action has been properly adjusted, the tuners follow, and "put the instrument in tune." Next, it is carefully inspected and regulated by a Mr. Brown, an experienced workman, who has done nothing else for a number of years. The pianoforte is then put into the sales-room, where it is again examined by Mr. Chickering himself, who remedies any trifling errors he may discover; but, if he detects an important defect he sends the instrument back to the department in which the error occurred, and has it at once perfected.

We have omitted to mention one point which deserves special notice, viz: the manufacture of the keys. These are made at a factory which is situated in Lenoxset, Massachusetts. Here Mr. Chickering keeps from fifteen to twenty men constantly at work making keys. The business is divided into several branches. One man does the wood work; another the ivory work; a third blacks the keys, etc. Now, to give the ladies—for whose gratification this article, we said, is written—an idea of the complicated character of the action of a pianoforte, and the labor expended upon it, it may be remarked, that, to perfect a key so as to be aortalian, when you strike it, that a toe will follow, *over sixty distinct pieces of material are necessary*. In a seven-octave piano there are eighty-five keys; so that, in the action of such an instrument there are over five thousand pieces of wood, brass, iron, steel, cloth, leather, &c., which have to be handled over, one by one, and two-thirds of them have to be handled several times. Reflect a moment, reader, and get a realizing sense of the vast amount of patient, skillful toil that has been expended in arranging those simple-looking keys, (over which you run your fingers so glibly,) ready to your hand.—That last word, in this connection, strikes us forcibly. Hand—hand-labor is not very highly respected in what are considered the most respectable quarters. The hand is, in fact, considered vulgar; but, it is a mighty appendage, that hand. Suppose the human arm had terminated with the claw of a bird, the paw of a beast, the—anything, in short, but a hand. The human race would never have got beyond fig-leaf garments; yes, they never would have got so far as fig leaves. They never would have got anywhere. The human hand is doubtless an important affair; but, unsupported by the human hand, it had better never have been created.—But to return to our subject.

As has been stated, Mr. Chickering has half a million of dollars invested in his business, and keeps four factories in operation. He makes, on an average, twenty-five pianos a week, or thirteen hundred a year; and keeps some three hundred workmen constantly employed. His instruments have a transcendent reputation, especially his *Grand Pianofortes*. After what has been stated, it will not be difficult to account for their excellence. Mr. Chickering never allows an instrument to be sold until he has himself examined, tested, and approved it. He still works, more or less, at his business; is constantly introducing improvements in pianoforte-making, and perfecting the details of the art; and he is the guiding and directing spirit of the vast operations we have described. True, he has his business so well organized that, to the superficial observer, it seems to "go itself," but,

still, his is the organizing and controlling mind. He watches over everything, directs everything, and perfects everything;—and he makes no fuss about it. It is all done so quietly, one hardly knows that anything is being done at all. This is the crowning feature of Mr. Chickering's enterprise, and at once stamps him a superior man—and this is a good point with which to close this part of the subject.—We have done with the pianoforte-maker; now, a word to the pianoforte-owner.

Perhaps you have one of Chickering's "Grands" by your side. What is it? To most minds, it is simply a mechanical arrangement of wood, iron, ivory, steel, wire, leather and various other vulgar materials, which, taken separately, are beneath the notice of any well-bred lady or gentleman.—It is a mere mechanical affair, and the maker is, of course, only a mechanic. But a pianoforte is more than this: It is thought, courage, genius, industry, invention and skill embodied. Look at your piano, lady! Are you aware that, to produce this simple instrument, men peril their lives hunting elephants in the jungles of India—that the forests of Maine, New Hampshire, New York, and South America, resound with the strokes of the woodman's axe—that the bowels of the earth are ransacked for ore—that numberless mills are kept running night and day—that hundreds of steam-engines constantly ply their tireless arms—that ships traverse the ocean—that from East and West and North and South the trophies of industry and skill and human daring are gathered together at vast expense, and often at imminent peril?—that, in short, dear lady, to place a pianoforte in your parlor, involves, from first to last, a greater expenditure of courage, skill, science and genius, than it took to govern ancient Rome, or than now suffices to rule modern France?—The piano is a noble instrument, and should be nobly treated. Therefore do not thump it, and bang it, and ignorantly rattle over it, or consign it to dusty and cobweb-y oblivion; do not load it down with books, and all kinds of rubbish: this is both injurious to the instrument and *unartistic*—but treat it considerably and tenderly; keep it always nicely dusted,—close it when you have done using it, and be especially careful of its *ce*: let those vocal tendons, so delicately stretched and adjusted, be always kept at the desirable *pitch of tension*; if they fall, the music of the voice is gone, and the brilliancy and power of your instrument is departed. O. D.

New Subscribers.

Since the publication of our last list, the following ladies' and gentlemen's subscriptions have been received, up to Wednesday, Dec. 16, at which time our paper went to press. Later arrivals will appear next week. N. B.—We can not promise that the orthography of the following names is correct in every case; but if each subscriber recognizes his or her own name, our object will be attained.

- Miss Caroline Hatch, Miss A. B. Crookall, R. H. Landman, A. M. Forts, W. G. Patton, F. Wagner, J. J. Walworth, Cyrus O. Kuhn, Mrs. H. Sturtevant, M. W. Wilson, two copies, Miss Ellen Van Deman, Frank R. Knobe, J. A. Nettles, Miss M. E. Avery, Miriam Dixon, S. F. Lane, C. Ingles Jr., W. H. Hildesley, A. Binsinger, Theo. Nibbs, Miss R. L. Hildesley, Miss H. E. Richardson, Miss Esther Towne, C. T. Haskett, Chas. Schrader, R. Gray, Herald, Plaster's Disciple, Henry Dittman, Miss Lucy Baldwin, Miss Melissa Van Buren, Jas. Kinzie, Herr H. Patzengill, S. N. Kingsbury, Miss

- E. Gosson, Wm. T. Shearer, Rufus C. Smith, Russel Butler, Miss Emily B. Fish, A. M. Fox, F. B. Brown, J. G. Howe, A. W. Terry, H. B. Laporte, Jas. R. Williams, W. E. Brown, R. W. Nimmo, J. C. Mutton, H. Tompkins, Wm. Schlarfenberg, Dr. D. B. Yarnott, Miss Harriet Vandenker, Mrs. C. J. Munnery, Miss Mary E. Tommer, Henry F. Porter, R. M. Lamb, B. Buck, R. T. Hyde, Misses S. & M. Ingalls, E. H. Lawson, H. Foster, R. L. Hildesley, A. W. Wainship, J. Dalton, O. J. Marsh, J. W. Clark, Miss Anne Gamble, Mrs. G. O. Robertson, C. Mahoney, Geo. J. Wash, Wm. Fisher, Jas. H. Kitchman, W. J. Hough, Miss M. S. Taggart, Francis Chas. W. Day, Miss A. Randall, Mrs. Gred Newell, Chas. A. Schneider, J. O. Mc Clelland, A. Rose, O. N. Gibbert, Warren Hazen, J. B. Harrison, J. M. Smith, Prof. C. W. Allen, Miss Julia H. Holmes, Francis Drake, Misses R. V. Shorrock, Miss Susan, Miss M. H. Houghton, Abner Harris, T. H. Parsons, R. C. Bryant, J. E. Holmes, L. E. L. A. Lawson, Keston Harper.

Musical Studies for the Million.

NUMBER XIV.

Our last chapter concluded the subject of *Melody*. We now come, then, to *Harmony*, or the art of combining tones. Our present task is, to find all possible combinations in the scales with which we are furnished. But, on investigation, we find that all the combinations of the major scale are to be found in the minor; while there are some in the minor not to be found in the major. We will therefore choose the minor scale and dispense with the major. But in this minor scale there is still one additional element, which we have not mentioned, and which demands a little preliminary explanation. This element is the so-called *sharped 4th*.

The sharped 4th is assumed in the minor scale, because it is a tone which is directly furnished us by nature, it being given in the vibration of the string. This vibration we investigated as far as the original triad—the basis of the scales. We will now proceed to test it still further, thus: suppose the whole of a vibrating string to produce C, by regular division of this string we obtain the following tones.

1:3	1:4	1:5	1:6	1:16	1:12
-----	-----	-----	-----	------	------

Of these tones B \flat is not quite pure, neither is D quite pure; but sufficiently so for musical purposes. The new tone F \sharp , however, is perfectly pure, and is so distinctly given by Nature as to make it prominent in the series, and to justify us in adopting it into the scale. We therefore do so. A curious confirmation of this tone (it may be remarked) is found in the fact, that the *Post-horn* when playing, always gives the sharp-fourth, instead of the natural fourth. This may always be heard by the traveller, in countries like Germany, where the Post-horn is still in use.

The minor scale then, as we now propose to examine it, is thus constituted, (the sharp fourth being transferred to the series.)

We will now proceed to combine regularly, all the tones of this scale; by careful aural ear to omit the sharp fourth.

If two voices meet upon any given tone of the scale the joint tone thus produced is called a *prime*. Thus, if I sound G \sharp and you sound B,

and we then meet upon A, we form upon that A a prime. A prime may of course be formed, then, upon every degree of the scale. We have consequently (to begin) 8 primes.

SECONDS. From A to B forms what is called a major second; from B to C a minor second; from C to D a major second; from C to D# (sharp-fourth) an extended second; from D to E a major second; from D# to E a minor second; from E to F a minor second; from F to G# an extended second; from G# to A a small second. We have, then, three series of seconds, major, minor, and extended.

THIRDS. From A to C is a minor third; from B to D a minor third; from B to D# a major third; from C to E a major third; from D to F a minor third; from D# to F a diminished third; from E to G# a major third; from F to A a major third; from G# to B (above) a minor third. We have then three kinds of thirds, major, minor, and diminished.

FOURTHS. From A to D is a perfect fourth; from A to D# is an extended fourth; from B to E is a perfect fourth; from C to F is a perfect fourth; from D to G# is an extended fourth; from D# to G# is a perfect fourth; from E to A is a perfect fourth; from F to B is an extended fourth; from G# to C is a diminished fourth. There are, then, three kinds of fourths, perfect, extended, and diminished.

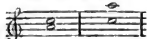
FIFTHS. From A to E is a perfect fifth; from B to F a diminished fifth; from C to G# an extended fifth; from D to A a perfect fifth; from D# sharp to A a diminished fifth; from E to B a perfect fifth; from F to C a perfect fifth; from G# to D a diminished fifth; from G# to D# a perfect fifth. We have three kinds of fifths then, perfect, diminished, extended.

SIXTHS. From A to F is a minor sixth; from B to G# is a major sixth; from C to A a major sixth; from D to E a major sixth; from D# to A a minor sixth; from E to C a minor sixth; from F to D a major sixth; from F to D# an extended sixth; from G# to E a minor sixth. Three kinds of sixths, major, minor and extended.

SEVENTHS. From A to G# is a major seventh; from B to A a minor seventh; from C to B a major seventh; from D to C a minor seventh; from D# to C a diminished seventh; from E to D a minor seventh; from E to D# a major seventh; from F to E a major seventh; from G# to F a diminished seventh. Three kinds of sevenths, small, great, diminished.

OCTAVES. Like the prime, there are eight perfect octaves in the scale.

We have, then, in all, twenty different kinds of combinations in the scale—the prime, 2 seconds, thirds, fourths, fifths, sixths, sevenths, and the octave. Now all these combinations may be inverted; that is, the lower tone may become the higher one; for instance a third by inversion becomes a sixth, thus:



By such inversion all large intervals become small, and small large, thus:

Primes, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, octave.
(Inv.) Octaves, 7th, 6th, 5th, 4th, 3d, 2d, 1st.

From this scheme, we derive the following rule: "In an inversion of intervals, the number from which you pass together with that

which you adopt, must equal the number 9." By inversion also, a diminished becomes an extended interval, an extended, diminished; thus:

Dim—min—perf—maj—ext.
(Inv.) Ext—maj—perf—min—dim.

Of the various combinations now derived, some are concords and some are discords. The following are concords: the prime, and its inversion the 8th—the major 3d and its inversion the minor 6th—the minor 3d and its inversion the major 6th—the perfect 5th and its inversion the perfect 4th—eight intervals then, which are concords.

The following are discords: the 3 seconds and their inversions the 3 sevenths—the diminished 3d and its inversion the extended 6th—the extended and diminished fourth and their inversions the extended and diminished 5th. Twelve intervals then which are discords.

Review of Music.

PUBLICATIONS NEWLY RECEIVED.

[It is our "Review of Music," we have introduced, for convenience of classification, a graduated scale of worth, comprising six degrees, as follows:

- | | |
|---------------|---------------|
| 1.—Trash. | |
| 2.—Inferior. | |
| 3.—Tolerable. | |
| 4.—Good. | |
| 5.—Very fine. | Recommended |
| 6.—Excellent. | for purchase. |

This, it will be seen that we recommend for purchase the music that we consider "good," "very fine," or "admirable." It may sometimes happen that a degree of the scale will be assigned to it, owing to those being some of that class so hard to review; in which case a few stars will be handed, in place of music, for the purpose of keeping the full scale below the reader.)

—Trash—

—Inferior—

—Tolerable—

1.—**ADLER, C. A.** "Puck's Own" Galop. Mts. E. H. Wade, Boston.

A good title—a pretty theme,—and generally well arranged—accepting measures 2, 10, 18, and 20 of page 4.

2.—**LEWIS, Geo.** "Why do I love thee yet?" Song. Ziegler, W. Hall & Son.

G. Lewis composed! produces a good song. As "written and composed" appears on all his songs lately, it would seem that the old saying "a man can only do one thing well" is entirely lost sight of by this composer. At least, whatever merit there may be in "Why do I love thee yet?" is equally divided between the words and the music. We cannot find anything remarkable in either.

3.—**BARTHOLO, L. V.** "Funeral March." Mts. G. Ditson, Boston.

A funeral march to the memory of Daniel Webster, which we suppose the title arranger thought could only be composed by Beethoven. Let no lover of his art look for an extract from the great symphonist in this twenty-five cent piece of music. Each arranger: if the indignity of placing Beethoven's name under the class "tolerable" do not convince you of your error, at least respect the memory of the "Great Expounder."—See that you have no "more left of the same sort," but a worse thing behind this.

THE FOLLOWING ARE

RECOMMENDED FOR PURCHASE.

4.—**OSWALD, T.** "Twelve Fantasies"—"an beautiful German Song-Opus 49"—each Mts. E. H. Wade, Boston.

Very charmingly arranged for small hands.

5.—**PETERLIN, F.** "Easy and melodious studies for the piano."—About twenty pages. \$1. O. Ditson, Boston.

A very useful little work, so far as it goes.—The price is obscure.

6.—**WILLIAMS, A. O.** "Our old homestead." Song. Mts. G. Ditson, Boston & Co., Louisville.

Words by Miss Phoebe Carey. Music fair.—Dedicated to the "young ladies of Hygeia Female Atheneum."

7.—**WALKER, J. A.** "Alfon Schottisch." Mts. W. Hall & Son.

Mr. F. has a light, pleasant solo of melody in his; but

he composes too hurriedly. Alton Schottisch is a case in point.

8.—**BEVER, F.** "Martha." Wm. Hall & Son. New York.

Alas from the Opera of this name, by Flotow, of which "The last rose of summer" is the principal. Effectively arranged.

9.—**CLAY, S.** "I forgive thee." Song. Mts. G. Ditson, Boston & Co., Louisville.

10.—**FRANK, Fran.** "Oh Oaken Schottisch." Mts. Gould & Berry, New York.

"Buckel," if not "Iron bound" might have been hoisted into the title, and it would have appeared well. Pretty music.

11.—**YANKEE, ALAN.** "Boquet Polka." Mts. O. Ditson, Boston.

The "Convivial," "Rose Rose," "Geranium," "Forget-me-not," "Myrtle," "In the Violet," "Red Pink," "Cypress" and "Ribbons" shewers are here picturesquely represented.

12.—**LEWIS, E. J.** "Come my love, my dearest." Revivals from Harold's opera. "Marie." Mts. O. Ditson, Boston. Nicely arranged.

13.—**VANDERWERF, Variations on the Song Schottisch.** Mts. Gould & Berry, New York.

14.—**HELMHEIM, F. B.** "The Germanians" a collection of favorite pieces performed by this band. No. 7.—"Solage Polka," "A. K. "Industry March," "No. 9 "Holoth Waltz." E. H. Wade, Boston.

Good pieces and well arranged.

15.—**OSWALD, J. P.** "Linda Clare." Song. Mts. E. H. Wade, Boston.

Words by W. T. Ball; Music by E. C. Hanly.—Pleasing melody and well arranged.

16.—**OSWALD, Th.** "Fleur de Saison." Moresau's approach. each Solo. E. H. Wade, Boston.

Also selected from "Opera" "Les quatre fils Aymon"—arranged in Otonon's most style.

17.—**OSWALD, Th.** "The Opalinet."

No. 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12 of this work, consisting of familiar airs, covering two pages each, and arranged for small hands, are received. Each number 12cets. Lee & Walker, Philadelphia.

—Very Fine—

—Admirable—

Cincinnati.

A contemporary informs us that, "the Bull, with Stock and Little Adeline. Patti, recently gave three most brilliant concerts in this city. Smith & Nixon's Hall was filled on each occasion, by a fashionable audience. Perhaps no other person, Ziegler's Lynd alone excepted, has so great a popularity throughout our country as the great Norwegian violinist, and popularity among all classes of society, as well as others necessary to very great success. A concert manager, of much experience and shrewdness, added to me the other day, while conversing on this subject: "It is not sufficient that every musical person and every concert-goer be acquainted with your performer's reputation; to ensure a great success your word-awake and your show-black must be able to answer the question: Who is Jenny Lind, or the 10th, who is the Bull?" This is undoubtedly true.—On the 10th instant, (to-morrow) Mrs. Botwick, assisted by Miss, Appy, and others, is to give a concert here. We will doubtless meet with good success.—The lecture season has opened stoutly. We are to have lectures from H. D. Whipple, E. W. Emerson, Donald G. Mitchell, (better known as Dr. Marvel), Horace Mann, T. F. Meagher, and other brilliant stars Lyndon.—There are, however, many blanks left in the coming season, which some of our eastern artists might fill up with pleasure to us and profit to themselves. Can't you send some of them out here? Songs, Alford, Jast, the Germanians, and a host of others, we want; and if they will give us an early call, they will meet with a warm reception. We are becoming quite a musical people; and if we are not always correct in our judgment of performers, we are always ready to be pleased with and pay liberally for their performances.—[We hope our correspondent will let us hear from him often. We understand that Song and Alford will visit Cincinnati some time during the present season.]

"Thou art gone from my Gaze."

Andantino e sostenuto.

GEO. LINLEY—Arranged by J. G. HAEDER.

Mezzo.

1' Thou art gone from my gaze like a beau - ti - ful

Tenor.

2' Of the birds in thy bow'r, now com - pan - ions I

Bass.

Piano.

dream, And I seek thee in vain by the mea - dow and

make, Ev' - ry sim - ple wild flow'r I prize for thy

Entered according to Act of Congress, by WM. HALL & SON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

stream; Oft I breathe thy dear name to the winds float - - ing

sake; The deep woods and dark wilds can a pleas - - ure im-

The musical score for the first system consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal lines in treble clef, with lyrics underneath. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment in bass clef. The music is in a minor key and 4/4 time.

by, But thy sweet voice is mute to my bo - som's lone

part; For their sol - - i - - - - - tuda suits my sad, sor - row - - worn

The musical score for the second system consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal lines in treble clef, with lyrics underneath. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment in bass clef. The music continues in the same key and time signature as the first system.

sigh. In the still - - - ness of night when the stars mild - - ly

heart. Thou art gone from my gaze, yet I will not re-

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal lines, and the bottom two are piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "sigh. In the still - - - ness of night when the stars mild - - ly heart. Thou art gone from my gaze, yet I will not re-".

shine, My heart fond - - ly holds a com - mu - nion with thine: . . . For I

pine, Ere long we shall meet in the home that's now thine; . . . For I

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal lines, and the bottom two are piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "shine, My heart fond - - ly holds a com - mu - nion with thine: . . . For I pine, Ere long we shall meet in the home that's now thine; . . . For I". Above the first vocal line, there are tempo markings: "Ritardando", "lib", and "a Tempo".

feel thou art near, and wher - e'er I may be, That thy

feel thou art near, and wher - e'er I may be, . . . That thy

The first system of the musical score consists of five staves. The top two staves are vocal lines in G major, with lyrics: "feel thou art near, and wher - e'er I may be, That thy". The next two staves are piano accompaniment, and the bottom staff is a grand staff (treble and bass clef) for piano accompaniment.

Cres. *Hollensande.* *Ad lib.*

.Spir - it of love keeps a watch o - - ver me.

Spir - it of love keeps a watch o - - ver me.

The second system of the musical score consists of five staves. The top two staves are vocal lines in G major, with lyrics: ".Spir - it of love keeps a watch o - - ver me." and "Spir - it of love keeps a watch o - - ver me." The next two staves are piano accompaniment, and the bottom staff is a grand staff (treble and bass clef) for piano accompaniment. Performance markings include *Cres.*, *Hollensande.*, and *Ad lib.*

Grand Farewell Concert of Anthony Philip Heinrich.

LETTER TO THE MUSICAL WORLD.—Well knowing the lively interest that you take in everything relating to the advancement of science, and also the pulsance which your beautiful journal excites in the world of art and fashion, I am anxious to offer your cordial sympathies in behalf of the approaching concert of my revered and distinguished friend, the composer, Heinrich, who is about to visit the old world for the purpose of bringing out there some of his multitudinous works.

Mr. Heinrich's principal motive in giving this concert, which is contemplated on a large scale, is to introduce to the American public several new orchestral and vocal compositions of magnitude. The most prominent of these is a regular Symphony, in four parts, entitled "National Memoirs, Grand Bellini Symphony, dedicated by special permission to her most Gracious Majesty, QUEEN VICTORIA." I have myself read the courteous letter, signifying through Earl Gray, the royal acceptance. This work, the essence of the concert, is of wonderful beauty and ingenuity.—The score, which I have examined with deep admiration, must, upon due consideration, command the approbation of the most scrupulous connoisseurs of Europe. The four parts, each peculiar in effect, are distributed in this manner:

- I.—INTRODUCTION, MARIAGE.
- II.—ALEXANDER BARRIS.
- III.—ADRIAN BARRIS.
- IV.—FUGAL TRIUMPHANT.

forming together a magnificent whole, which must be heard in order to be appreciated. The governing motive of this symphony are the unsurpassable themes, *Italy Britannica*, and *God save the Queen*, treated with a novel freshness and artistic skill that might cause a anxious French to shudder, and throw himself at the feet of the author in patriotic ecstacy. One of the most exquisite imaginings to which I have ever listened is the third movement, the *Andante Romanico*—it is in itself a royal landscape, breathing of every mode, murmuring rivulets, and cyprus tasselled, while through the scene that the tender coquette of a shepherd's pipe. Another work which is to make its debut on the occasion is the *President's Funeral March*, for full orchestra, intended as a tribute to the glorious memories of our nation's recently cut twin-stars, Clay and Webster. This composition, of touching and delicate pathos, is an instrumentation of Mr. Heinrich's published "President's Funeral March," for organ and solo-voice.

Doubtless you will remember, O learned editor! reading in school-boy days, the story of Amphion—how that famous gentleman of old, built the city of Thebes by the irresistible music of his harp,—and how he married music as to the method by which such stupendous marvels was accomplished? but now let your marvellous tent ascend, for behold! here is a no less prodigy among ourselves. Mr. Heinrich has not only had the temerity to undertake the rebuilding of the Tower or Babel, by the power of harmony, but has achieved the feat, and intends exhibiting his triumph to the world. Are you fond of mathematics? If so, the symphony, which I have just now would afford you a rare treat, from the taying of the corner stone, to the confounding and final dispersion of the daring conspirators.

A fourth announcement on the programme is a Duet-tament, *Funeral*, *The Feast of Shiloh*, the idea of which was suggested by a festival to be given in New York among the earlier settlers of New England. These and numerous other works of minor importance, both vocal and instrumental, will be performed.

Although Mr. Heinrich's chief object in this concert is to insure the pleasure of interpreting in person his chief *œuvre*, as well as to leave behind him in the best trophies of his pilgrimage, the sweetness of an harmonious remembrance, yet his friends earnestly hope that something more substantial than mere praise—

"Words, words, words!"

may be his award: in short, though it grievously shocks my sensibilities to utter the word—money,—I do hope that a goodly weight of that vulgar terrestrial coin, which articles of your kind to accrue from, may spirit itself with his treasury. Credit there, at least obtained through the influence of your journal, at least one thousand subscribers for the project of my old friend? Ours of the earliest recollections of my childhood is the wonder which he awakened in my mind, when, a small elf, I stole late

the room to list his cantata, *The Log House*. I owe him something for that pleasure. Mr. Heinrich deserves the gratitude of this country, for his exertions in the cause of music here submitting and enthusiastic; nor has his exultation that one yet yet, one might justly think that he had quaffed a goblet from that famous fountain of perpetual youth, that ceased Joan Ponce de Leon such an arduous search some three centuries ago: to add to all, he is a highly honorable and generous-hearted gentleman.

This concert is fixed to take place during the last week in January 1853, at Metropolitan Hall, provided that two thousand subscribers can be obtained, at fifty cents a ticket. Less than this number would not justify him in incurring the expense of the requisite orchestra of from sixty to one hundred performers; his sense of justice not permitting him to accept gratuitous aid from brother performers.

A subscription list, which already comprises several hundreds of the leading names in our city, is now open at the music store of Hall & Son, 239 Broadway. Let the appreciative public testify their homage to genius by entering heartily into the design of so illustrious an artist. If you do not feel personally favor, sit, to take the name of a list, which I enclose, for the purpose of receiving signatures? ACCURA BROWNE.

New York, December 8, 1852.

Organists.—Their Duties and Remuneration.

From the *Lectures Musical Times*

No class of qualified musicians is so badly paid as organists; yet some can have higher claims to the consideration of those by whom organists are employed. The qualifications necessary to be possessed by an organist, independently of his professional knowledge and skill, are manifold, and the due performance of his highly responsible trust requires more than that possessed by a mere mechanical acquisition of the routine of the Church Service. The effect of the reduction which the salaries of the contemporary organists are of late undergoing, will be, that our churches, in one of the most important parts of public worship, will be brought to the level of the meeting-house. The injunction "Sing ye praises with understanding" will be totally lost sight of, and that which, from its dignity and grandeur of performance, gives the heart and mind as well as the voice, a share in the acts of devotion, will descend to the stately and ill-conducted "psalm-singing" of the conventicle. (Rather High Church: *Ed. Musical World*.)

Independently of his professional adaptability to the office, an organist should be a gentleman in manners no less than a scholar; he should have the heart to feel and the capacity to understand the beauties of the service of which he is called upon to take so prominent and important a part: it is not the mere accompaniment of the voice of the congregation that comprises the duties of a qualified organist; great judgment is required in conducting the musical service; for no officer of the church is open to so much criticism as the organist; almost every female member of the congregation who has ever touched the pianoforte considers herself a competent—perhaps a scientific judge of the mode in which the musical church service should be performed: she freely advances an opinion upon the accompaniment, accentuation, interludes and the like—considering perhaps that undue prominence is given to the words of one part of a chant to the prejudice of others; and many improvements, she thinks, might be made in the service if the benighted organist were only imbued with the deep sense of feeling and the vivid representation of the service which she is called upon to perform is possessed. Nor does the poor organist the severe remarks of the members of the congregation of the opposite sex—the churchwarden especially, strutting in the dignity of his appointment, cannot avoid any officer of the church to escape his vigilance and watchfulness—hence the freedom of opinion of the organist is often interdicted

with, and he is blamed by the congregation for acts which had no origin in himself, but which to pamper the ignorance of a supposed *pro-tempore* "overlooker," has been adopted for the purpose of avoiding dispute, and also perhaps of saving his appointment. Nor are clergymen wholly free from interference of this kind—although it is to be hoped that in the present state of musical knowledge, the ministers of religion will not neglect the study of a science that so greatly increases the means placed at their disposal of reaching the hearts of their congregation.

When all these circumstances are considered, it does appear somewhat strange that the salary for the performance of duties at once so important and so conspicuous, should in many instances, scarcely exceed the pittance awarded to the organ blower, or to the pew owner; yet such is the fact—the remuneration seldom reaches fifty pounds a year—indeed in many parish churches, not more than thirty pounds are paid. To the reflective and serious mind the duties of an organist certainly bring their own reward—the proper performance of them is a labor of love; they afford a constant opportunity for the exercise of the highest emotions of our nature; and this no doubt accounts for the acceptance by accomplished musicians of an appointment, the only recommendation of which is the sacredness of its character; yet the laborer in all cases is worthy of his hire, and especially so where a large sacrifice of time and means are required to qualify him for his task. The duty of a clergyman is of the same though of a higher kind, but it would be morally wrong to suppose that because a minister is called upon to perform services which in themselves bring consolation and the purest enjoyment, that he is therefore to be a servant of the community without remuneration; nor is it often thus—the church is notiggarily in such cases, and it would be a matter for regret if it were so. An exorbitant salary for an organist is not necessary, but one that can command talent and efficiency is certainly imperatively called for. No organist, properly qualified, should receive less than £50 a year—more should be expected where extra duties are required—in which category the training of the choir and "week-day service" necessarily come.

Instances have come within the writer's knowledge, wherein the organist's duties have been materially increased and his salary proportionately diminished: he has been required to give up much of his time in the training and teaching the choir; this, interfering as it does with his secular pursuits, inasmuch as his time is his capital, falls heavily upon the organist of a sum barely adequate to remunerate him for time not otherwise available. In a metropolitan parish, the organist—a musician of the very highest qualifications and standing in the profession, has, within a few years, suffered a reduction in his salary to the amount of £20, while the duties of his office are more difficult and more arduous. In another case, after fifteen years' service, an organist at a contributory chapel, rather than yield to the reduction of his salary by exactly one-half, tendered his resignation: his appointment was eagerly sought by a host of impatient organists, and the result was, the office was conferred upon a candidate who had been, for years, the leader of the singing in a congregation, but of small ability as an organist.

The attention of the writer has been drawn to this subject by the reduction of the salary of Mr. John Bishop, by the Rev. W. S. Phillips, rector of St. John's Church, Cheltenham. The proposed gentleman, finding the salary of his organist too exorbitant, thus writes to him: "On looking into Mr. Shipman's list of the services which he has performed, I find he is £60 a year, which is my great surprise £20 more than when I quitted the management of the church: it is a year's pay to revert to one of the original payments—£40 a year for organist, (£) including tating, (£1) and £20 a year for the choir. I suppose the additional £20 is owing to music, &c., in the weekly services, which I consider quite small

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